









► *Lady's Magazine. Vol. 43.— A.D. 1812.*



*Engraved from an original drawing by W.M. Dalt.*

*The Comet.*

THE  
*Ladies's Magazine,*  
OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION  
*for the*  
FAIR SEX;

Appropriated solely to their  
USE and AMUSEMENT.

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VOL. XLIII. for the YEAR 1812.

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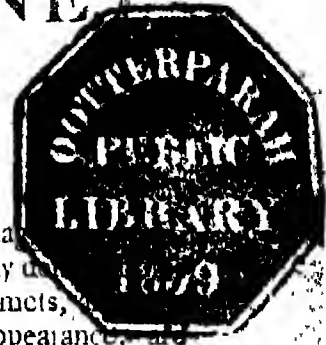
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THE  
LADY'S/MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1812.



*The FRONTISPICE\**

Our incipient volume exhibits a true and lively picture of what the public have lately witnessed on the appearance of the comet.—On the one hand, we see Astronomy pointing to that beautifully majestic phenomenon, and explaining to her pupils the natural causes of its apparently irregular (though, in reality, perfectly regular and seasonable) visit to the inhabitants of our globe—the delighted pupils listening with attentive docility, and absorpt in admiration of the almighty power and wisdom of the great Creator, thus magnificently displayed in his wondrous works.—On the other hand, narrow-minded Superstition is seen turning away, with obstinate unbelief, from the sound reasonings of Astronomy, and uttering to the terrified crowd of her ignorant votaries her sinister ominations of plagues, famines, hurricanes, earthquakes, inundations, and every other calamity, with which almighty wrath is wont to afflict and punish the wayward sons of men.—We sincerely hope that not one of our fair readers is weak enough to listen to the foolish

bodings of this ha- while astronomy clearly d- that the motions of comets, appearance and disappearance, as as regular and natural as those of any of known planets of our system, though the former have been appointed to move in much larger orbits, of which only a small portion lies within the reach of human ken, so that we cannot trace the remainder of their progress through the boundless expanse of immensity:— in short, from the well-founded arguments of enlightened philosophy, we wish every one of our fair readers to be convinced that the appearance of a comet, at such a distance from us, cannot possibly have any greater influence on the affairs of our globe, than the candle, which burns, this night, on the table before her, can have in producing, before morn, a general conflagration at Constantinople, Quebec, or Delhi.

*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*

(Continued from page 552 of our last Volume.)

“I HAVE known the unfortunate object of your ladyship's humanity since the earliest period of life; for with her father I contracted an intimacy when we were fellow students at Trinity college.—Poor man! he was destined to feel those reverses of fortune which too often fall to the lot of those who place dependence upon the promises of the great; for the nobleman who had adopted and educated him from childhood, died without making a will; and those talents, which were

\* We have chosen to give this word in its proper form, *Frontispice*, in opposition to our dictionaries, which usually make a diphthong in its last syllable, as if it were a compound of the English word, *Piece*, to which it has not the most distant relation—being immediately taken from the French *Frontispice*, and that from the Latin *Frontispicium*—a word of the same origin with *Auspices*, *Suspicious*, *Prospicience*, *Despicable*, *Conspicuous*, *Transpicuous*, *Perispicuous*, *Perispicuous*, &c. &c.



calculated to have shone either at the bar or in the senate, were hackneyed out to any sordid employer who would afford him a piece of bread:—After having struggled for several years with poverty and oppression, by the interest of one of his university acquaintances, he obtained an excise-man's place: but his health was then materially injured by the hardships he had endured; and he was, in every sense of the term, a confirmed invalid.

“In the days of prosperity, however, he had formed an attachment to a young lady whose feeling heart could not be influenced by the frowns of fortune, but who was dependent upon an uncle for the means of support.—The moment my friend Clark had obtained a situation which enabled him to procure the necessaries of life, the attached pair were united; which exasperated the young lady's family to the highest degree.—The only fruit of this marriage was the amiable young person who in all probability will owe her future existence to your ladyship's sympathy. She was, and deserved to be, the darling of both parents; and, while the mother taught her to be a useful member of society, the father bestowed the utmost pains upon the cultivation of her mind.

“In proportion to the expansion of intellect, our refinement and sensibility naturally increase; and consequently Eliza found no pleasure in associating with persons in a similar sphere of life. On the contrary, the roughness of their manners, and the coarseness of their ideas, disgusted her; and, with a mixture of civility and coldness, she repelled every overture of intimacy that was made.—To those who were, in every respect, so evidently her inferiors, her beauty seemed to

render her no less obnoxious, than her pride; and a creature who deserved to be both admired and courted, was, in her own circle, almost universally disliked.

“Though this amiable girl was well-informed, and truly accomplished, yet neither her information nor acquirements rendered her inattentive to the domestic duties of life. She took upon herself the cares of the little family, and was at once the entertaining companion and kind nurse to her sick father.—Upon the death of that father, which happened about five years since, she discovered that an annuity of about ten pounds a year was all the provision left for herself and mother; but, instead of repining at her lot, she determined to convert those talents which had been cultivated for amusement, into a means of support.—She had long been in the habit of drawing from nature; and so exquisite is her taste, that she might vie with some of the first landscape-painters. She therefore determined to send her drawings to a shop of great repute in London, the master of which readily agreed to take them all at a certain price.

“Delighted at the idea of being able to support a mother, whom she loved with the fondest affection, the charming girl was indefatigable in her exertions, and procured, not only necessaries, but comforts, for her surviving parent.—She had persevered in this laudable pursuit about four years, when a party of the 23<sup>rd</sup> regiment was quartered in this neighbourhood, the captain of which proved to be the son of that uncle who was so much exasperated at the marriage of her worthy mother.—This young libertine was struck with the charms of the then blooming Eliza, before he discovered the relationship which subsisted between

them: but, accident having made him acquainted with it, he instantly made it an excuse to call at the house; and, by practising those arts with which the dissipated are too well acquainted, he completely imposed upon the unsuspecting mother.

“Elegant in person, insinuating in manners, and completely master of all those arts which can impose upon the fair sex, he soon perceived the influence that he had obtained over the unsophisticated Eliza: but, convinced that he could never undermine the purity of her principles, he cautiously concealed his criminal intentions. — He made a formal declaration of love, and a proposal of a private marriage: the first was accepted with pleasure, but the last positively refused; upon which, he promised to solicit the consent of his father, and displayed several letters, as from that father, to Eliza’s too credulous mother. — The poor woman was delighted at the prospect of being again received into her family, and seeing her beloved child united to a man blest with the gifts of fortune, and endowed with worth of mind: yet, while the objects of his base design believed his views to be most honorable, he boasted to his companions of having reconciled her to a life of infamy and disgrace. — Regarding this villain as her future son, the unsuspecting Mrs. Clarke had often seconded his proposal to Eliza of taking a walk; and, during one of these incautious rambles, he forced her into a post-chaise, which was waiting in a convenient place.

“To paint the distracted state of the unhappy mother is impossible, when Eliza did not return at the expected time. — About two hours afterwards, a letter was delivered to her, which appeared to have been written by her beloved child. — The

purpose of it was to say, that, having accidentally discovered that Captain D\*\*\*’s father was completely averse to the marriage, she had yielded to his solicitation of residing abroad with him until after the old gentleman’s death, when the ceremony would be performed, which was for ever to unite them, and when she should with transport return to her beloved mother.

“The sentiments contained in this vile epistle confirmed the agonised parent that they could never have been dictated by the pure and unblemished Eliza. All attempts, however, to trace the wretch who had robbed her of her treasure, proved unavailing; and the hapless woman gave herself up to grief, horror, and despair. — The loss of her child was accompanied by the loss of the means of procuring a subsistence, and followed by a delirious fever, from which I long despaired of recovering her; though at length I happily succeeded. — A misfortune so severe could not fail to excite emotion in every sympathetic bosom; and I have had the gratification of raising a sufficient sum among my affluent patients, to enable the poor widow to enjoy the comforts of existence for some months. — How the unfortunate Eliza escaped from the power of that abandoned libertine, I am ignorant: but, that she had done so, I accidentally discovered about three days ago, from an officer in the same regiment, who was taken ill at a gentleman’s house in this neighbourhood, who execrated the conduct of his brother officer, and who gave me part of the history, madam, which I have had the honor of relating to you.”

“To say I am interested in the fate of the amiable Eliza, is to say that I am interested in the fate of every virtuous woman. — I replied Lady Mortimer.”

faintly expressing those sentiments which your narrative has inspired; and, as Providence has mercifully blessed me with the means of becoming essentially serviceable to her. I am resolved to settle a joint annuity upon the mother and daughter.

The worthy Doctor Cavendish expressed his admiration of this intention in the strongest terms.—“Do not over-rate, my dear sir,” said her ladyship, “the performance of a duty, which the precepts of christianity so forcibly enjoin—I consider myself but the agent of that beneficent Being who has given me the power of relieving my fellow creatures, and think it must have been his directing hand which conducted me to the spot at such a critical juncture.”

Lady Mortimer, having been informed that Mrs. Clarke lived within a mile of the humane physician's residence, entreated him to take upon himself the pleasing office of acquainting her that Eliza was under her protection, and that on the following morning she would convey her to her fondly attached parent.

Doctor Cavendish, having written a prescription for his patient, who he heard was sleeping, took leave of the benevolent Lady Mortimer, full of that admiration which such noble generosity naturally inspired—and, with sensations of delight, ordered his coachman to drive instantly to Mrs. Clarke's.—To describe the joy and gratitude of that tender mother is totally impossible. Had her strength been equal to her wishes, she would instantly have flown to the object of her regard: but, debilitated by disease, she was under the necessity of waiting until the long-lost Eliza was restored to her.

The refreshing balm of quiet repose acted like a charm upon the poor invalid; and, after having slept

for six hours, she awoke in the full possession of those faculties, which, previous to the enjoyment of it, had appeared so much impaired.—Her expressions of gratitude to Lady Mortimer for the preservation of existence were as strong as it was in the power of language to paint; but, when she discovered, that, through her ladyship's beneficence, that existence was in future to be blessed with competence, she seemed un-able to express her emotions by speech; and, dropping upon her knees, she seized the hand of her benefactress, imploring heaven to shower down its choicest blessings upon her head.

Desirous of effacing any unfavorable impression to which the landlady's account might have given rise, she solicited permission to relate the principal events of her life, but was then informed that her ladyship was acquainted with every circumstance, until the moment her abandoned lover trepanned her away.

“Oh, madam! when I think of that dreadful moment,” said the grateful Eliza, clasping her hands, and elevating her expressive eyes, “how can I sufficiently adore that almighty protector, who prevented me from becoming the victim of depravity and fraud?—Never, during our frequent walks, had that artful libertine given me the slightest reason to suspect the abandoned principles which influenced his mind: his conduct had been uniformly tender and respectful; and he generally addressed me by the appellation of his affianced wife.—On that memorable evening, his conversation had been so peculiarly entertaining, that I was not aware of the distance we had walked, until, turning abruptly round a corner, I perceived we were near three miles from my mother's house.—A post-chaise and

four, evidently waiting for some person, struck me as extraordinary; and I had just expressed my astonishment, when I felt myself rudely seized in the arms of some one, who had evidently sprung from behind the trees, and who, aided by my treacherous companion, forced me into the chaise.

“The blinds were all drawn up; and we set off with a rapidity which would have terrified me with apprehensions at any other time, but which I then hailed as a fortunate circumstance; for death would have been far preferable to a life of disgrace—No longer able to conceal the baseness of his intentions, my depraved companion endeavoured to reconcile me to them, promising at the same time to marry me immediately after his father’s death.

“Prayers and tears were alike un-availing:—in vain did I implore him to restore me to my beloved mother, in vain promise to conceal the atrocity of his conduct from her, if he would but convey me home.—As well might I have expected to stop the raging billows by the power of persuasion; for he called heaven to witness that no force should divide us, while he possessed life and strength.—Agony of mind, united to the closeness of the vehicle, at length completely overpowered my faculties: a cold dew overspread me; and I sunk, apparently lifeless, to the bottom of the carriage.—How long I remained in that state, madam, is uncertain: but, upon again becoming sensible of my wretched situation, I found myself supported in his arms. The blinds were let down, the windows all open, and the carriage was driving upon the banks of a river I had never seen before.—That we had changed horses, was evident, as I perfectly recollected the color of those I saw

standing at the end of the lane:—the man likewise who forced me into the chaise, had left us; yet I had not the slightest recollection of those circumstances having taken place.

“Though my companion renewed his protestations of eternal constancy, yet there was an exultation in his manner of expressing them, which added to the horror of my feelings; and I was persuaded that nothing could prevent the accomplishment of his dreaded purpose, but the actual interposition of a merciful Providence.—Fervently did I commit myself to his protection, and devoutly implore his aid; for we soon turned into a bye road, where no probability of human assistance inspired a ray of hope in my agonised mind.—We again met a relay of horses; but I discovered that the drivers of them had been taught to believe me insane. In vain did I implore them to rescue me from premeditated destruction; for they seemed deaf to my entreaties, my tears, and my sighs.”

“The moon shone with peculiar brightness; and, about half past three in the morning, we reached an extensive forest, in which I could perceive the turrets, of a building which appeared like a venerable castle.—To that abode the drivers were authoritatively directed: but, by a sudden turn, the hind wheel came in contact with an ancient oak; and the shock was so violent, that the carriage was overturned.—It went down on my companion’s side, who, by falling upon his elbow, providentially for me, broke his arm. A violent scream announced the accident, and inspired the liveliest emotions of gratitude in my heart.—The carriage was too much injured to convey us to our destined habitation; yet it was with the greatest

difficulty Captain D\*\*\* could walk: but he ordered the drivers to scrub my hands with a silk handkerchief—an office which they readily performed, as I have reason to believe the poor fellow actually thought me deranged.

“ We were received by a man on whose countenance were depicted villainy’s indicated lines; and even the pain which his employer evidently suffered, could not produce one sympathising look upon his hardened face.

“ A female attendant was summoned to conduct me to my apartment, into which as soon as she had put me, she locked the door. She returned in about an hour with refreshments, which upon my refusing to take, she again retired, with the same precaution she had before observed.

“ Having returned thanks to the Almighty for his interposition in my favor, I examined the apartment, in the hope of making my escape: but bars were so closely placed across the windows, that I could scarcely thrust my hand between.—Still my spirits did not entirely sink, as I could not avoid considering the accident as the fore-runner of my deliverance; and, exhausted by fatigue, I lay down on the bed prepared for me, and enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep.

“ Little practised as I had been in the art of deception, I was convinced it was the only method by which I could escape; therefore, in the morning, when she came to me, I appeared more reconciled, and inquired after my companion with a degree of interest which she might have imagined feigned.—Four days elapsed without any thing material happening, during which time I remained a close prisoner; when, in turning over some books which were

in the closet, I fortunately discovered the key of a door. I eagerly applied it to the lock of my apartment, and, with a delight never to be forgotten, found it easily turn.—Like a miser, I pressed my treasure to my palpitating bosom, and, in an ecstasy of joy, offered up my fervent prayers and praises to God.—How impatiently did I long for the hour when the family were to retire to their chambers! but with what a mixture of delight and trepidation did I open my prison door! Fortunately, however, no one impeded my progress; and, as the clock of the castle struck one, I quitted its walls.—Though the moon was not very brilliant, yet its light was sufficient to conduct me out of the forest; and I continued walking until seven in the morning, when I came within sight of a solitary cottage.

“ As I feared deception in every creature I might encounter, I at first resolved to avoid that abode: but I found myself so exhausted by exertion and fatigue, that I was totally un-able to proceed further, without some support.—A fabulous tale imposed upon the credulous cottager; and I never relished a breakfast half so much before: but, to my great distress, I found I was more than fifty miles distant from the dear abode of my beloved mother.—I continued walking without any refreshment until evening, when I was un-able to proceed. A small inn, or rather public house, invited me to enter, as a universal trembling seized my frame. The mistress of the humble dwelling received me with expressions of kindness and courtesy, and recommended me to retire to bed.—I did so, madam, and never left it, for the space of six weeks.

“ All the money I was mistress of only amounted to five and twenty

shillings" —how trifling! a sum for two months' attendance and care! for, until that period, I was not able to quit the hospitable roof.—With a generosity unprecedented, my benevolent landlady would only accept half the sum I was possessed of; and I again commenced my journey with twelve and sixpence to defray my expenses on the road.—No more, however, was I destined to meet with a being endowed with such angelic benevolence; for I encountered nothing but taunting insult and reproach; and want and weakness had combined to put a period to my sufferings, when Providence mercifully ordained that your ladyship should rescue me from both."

Here Eliza concluded her interesting narrative, which drew tears from the eyes of her sympathising auditress; and, to direct the amiable girl's thoughts into a more pleasing channel, Lady Mortimer laid down a plan she had formed for the future comfort of herself, and mother.—The prospect of being restored to the arms of her attached mother, united to the effect of Doctor Cavendish's prescription, produced such a favorable alteration in the appearance of Eliza, that, when habited the following morning in a loose robe of Miss Downing's, Lady Mortimer could scarcely recognise her.

To do justice to the affecting interview which took place between these fondly attached relatives is impossible; or to describe the secret satisfaction which expanded the bosom of the amiable Lady Mortimer; for she felt, that, though deprived of those dear connexions which had rendered life so desirable, yet, by possessing the power of practising universal benevolence, it was by no means destitute of charms.—By a

deed which her ladyship had drawn up and signed, she put Mrs. Clarke into the immediate possession of an annuity of one hundred pounds, in addition to which, she made her a present of five and twenty, to pay any little debts her long illness might have incurred.

Upon taking leave of the grateful Mrs. Clarke and her daughter her ladyship promised to see them again, if she lived to return. She then stepped into her carriage, to pursue her journey into Devonshire, with more soothing sensations than she had experienced for several months.

(To be continued.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.

(Continued from page 594 of the Supplement to our last Volume.)

WHAT tombs are these, which open to the view? what immortal heroes issue from them, crowned with fresh unfaded laurels? In them the maturity of age is combined with the brilliant charms of eternal youth. Benefactors to mankind, they come a second time to create and improve human society: with a smile, they survey their tombs, which now close for ever.

Homer! . . . yes, 'tis he who sounds the heroic claxon: lo! fiery Mars bestows on valour the glorious meed! lo! in milder strains, Minerva conducts man through the mazy labyrinth of life, and guides his steps into the paths of wisdom and happiness. After Homer, no bard dares to raise the epic song; and the frumpet and the lyre remain for ages suspended and silent on his shrine; till at length the Mantuan swain boldly seizes them, and calls forth sounds, whose melody enchants every ear.—Pindar! what

mortal shall dare to follow thee, soaring in thy audacious flight beyond the heavenly spheres?—Demosthenes opens his lips—and, more powerful than a monarch, he dominates over every mind—moulds each heart to his will—appalls the shrinking tyrant—and fires each soul with enthusiasm.—Brilliant with charms, Thalia displays the mask which she has torn from the face of man: smiling, she exposes to the broad eye of day the deformity of his secret foibles and vices—and crowns with new wreaths the busts of her comic votaries, who formerly shone in Greece and Rome.—Armed with a poignard, and attended by the Passions, Melpomenè succeeds her, and in sublime and dignified strains gives severe lessons to the rulers of nations.—Pure ingenuous Virtue, assuming the features of Socrates, descends to hold familiar converse with mankind.—Tacitus presents the hideous portraits of tyrants, depicted by his bold and masterly pencil: he drags the shrinking monsters before that immense and formidable tribunal, where, as long as time shall endure, they are to hear their ignominious sentence each day pronounced by the united voices of indignant myriads from every nation under heaven.

At length the genius, who, under the name of Urania, formerly saw the incense smoke on his altars, thus addressed the heroes in prophetic strains—

“Generous warriors! you have here contemplated, in their works and their actions, a part of the great men to whom past ages gave existence. The time is now approaching, when the study of these models shall produce another race of superior mortals, who will long remain unrivaled; and it is from Italy, from Albion, from Germany, and from the banks of the Seine, that sounds

shall issue, which will astonish and instruct the universe. The dark veil is at length rent, which shaded the most brilliant deeds of the benefactors to the human race: now rescued from oblivion, they shall henceforward live to all mankind. Already, at the voice of Columbus, a new world springs, as it were, from non-existence. Columbus! in another hemisphere thou hast erected a second throne to man, who proudly calls himself the lord of nature—a throne, which Spanish cruelty has polluted with blood.

“But man is about to rise to still superior greatness. The universe opens on his view: Reason extends her empire on every side: she penetrates into the abysses of the earth; she roams over the extended ocean; she soars sublime, and accompanies the revolving comets in their boundless excursions.

“Thou, Saturn, whose orb rolls at such a distance from our earth, in vain hast thou, during countless ages, concealed in the remote regions of infinite space the numerous satellites, and the vast ring, which illumine and decorate thee:—the searching eye of man will at length detect them, and will witness and record all their revolutions.

“Laborious Egypt! with the blood of thy sons hast thou cemented those enormous pyramids, which were destined to eternise thy mysterious lore engraven in emblematic characters on their sides: but a better art is now invented—an art, which will stamp immortality on the conceptions of mortal man. Instead of setting herself up as an oracle, and waiting till her votaries come to consult her from the extremities of the globe, Wisdom has herself undertaken the task of traveling among the human race, and emancipating them from the shackles of ignorance and error. Let that happy

art, the ready vehicle of all knowledge, be once exercised without restraint; and mankind will become indebted to it for the enjoyment of the greatest blessings in the gift of heaven—intellect and reason.

“Meanwhile every symptom announces that Nature is at this moment silently laboring to bring forth souls of superior mould. A great genius, to whom France shall give birth, will open and point out the road to the most astonishing of sciences; and thou, Albion! shalt justly pride thyself in having produced the man who is to be his successor. His hand regulates the balance which is to weigh the sun and the planets in their course. Already Nature is employed in blending the materials of her wondrous mirror, which she will resign to the same scientific hand. Decomposing the most subtle production of almighty power—separating a single ray of light into seven distinct rays presenting to the astonished eye the primitive colors—he will extend his piercing ken to examine the vast reservoir whence nature derives the different hues to paint the various objects throughout the universe: and the last step of this giant in the career that he has trod, will there plant a boundary; which it is uncertain whether man will ever be able to exceed.

“I could announce the progress of the human mind in other sciences—the lightning snatched from heaven—the fire, that animating principle of nature, elicited from its secret abode, and sportively playing before the eyes of man—the elements decomposed—the invisible air flowing in water—another planet discovered, and the empire of the sun extended in the regions of heaven—fabulous recitals realised—man sailing through the air—new wings added to the voice of Fame,

and rendering him, as it were, present in different places at the same instant. But—what is much more worthy to fix your attention—taking Nature for his guide, and directing his steps by the light of her torch, he will penetrate the gloomy recesses, where, since the commencement of time, Tyranny and Superstition have been wont to fabricate their idols. He discovers how dangerous, how contemptible they are: he boldly strikes at them, and dissipates those ancient and monstrous phantoms which himself had consecrated, and before which he had bowed the knee, forgetful of his native dignity. An eloquent philosopher will impart to mankind a knowledge of their rights: another, on a different theatre, will level superstition and tyranny in the dust. A new luminary arises, to enlighten the earth: from the horizon of France he first pours forth his orient beam: in his course he visits the entire globe: the swarthy sons of Afric adore him in astonishment—enraptured to cultivate with the hand of freedom that soil on which they were born slaves.—Oh! may that glorious luminary enliven every object that lies within the compass of his immense orbit!”

In the rapid transition from a great to a still greater enchantment, the time had imperceptibly elapsed—nor were the warriors conscious of its duration: but, Aurora now beginning to gild the summits of the neighbouring hills, they return to the camp; and the genii wing their way to their native skies.

Absorpt in the sentiments excited within their breasts by the wondrous spectacle they had witnessed, the Gallic and Batavian heroes walked along in silent meditation. William, surrounded by his brothers and several other chiefs, was the first to break the solemn silence.



“ And is it here alone,” said he, “ that we shall exert our efforts in laboring to humble the pride of Spain? Is it not in sight of the Belgic towers that we ought to display our courage? We have at this moment seen ourselves surrounded by our ancestors—those chiefs who were the supporters of our country: their glorious images have presented themselves to our sight, as if to reproach our inactivity. It behoves us to equal their exploits—even to surpass them. But the Belgian, whose rights they defended, was ever ready to second them in their enterprises: and can he now be deficient in spirit, at the moment when his utmost valour is necessary to enable him to triumph? Ah! even if he were, still might the example of our courage stimulate him to vigorous exertion. Barneveldt, it is said, yet breathes the vital air, and travels from province to province, for the purpose of fanning the flame of liberty in the hearts of his compatriots: but why, Barneveldt! dost thou not personally direct thy voice to us?—Away then with all further delay! let us go ourselves, and excite the zeal of our countrymen: let us convince them that Liberty, whom our enemies flatter themselves they can insult with impunity, is not yet destitute of avengers.”

Coligni, a witness of the poignant solicitude which preys on the minds of the Belgian heroes, participates in all their sentiments: but, having received information that their fellow citizens will soon give them proofs of their courage, he delays not to impart to them the grateful tidings; and, foreseeing that the day is not far distant when a separation is to take place between him and them, he invites them to a rural entertainment, prepared for their gratification previous to their departure.

Within the extensive lines of the camp, stood a retired hamlet; and, near to it, an asylum, which Nature had embellished with her most attractive charms, and which the rude hand of war had respected. While the circumjacent fields presented the image of general desolation—while the Loire, stained with blood and covered with floating corpses, hurried from the appalling scene,—here the Naiads, who dwelt secure under the cool shade of the groves that surrounded this enchanting valley, poured forth from their silver urns peaceful and pellucid streams. As soon as the thunders of war had ceased to roar, the feathered inmates of the place returned to their wonted haunts, and soon joined their soothing melody in concert with the grateful murmurs of the passing brooks and the whispering foliage. The perfumes which floated in the air, while they gratified the sense, extended their balmy influence to the mind: nature penetrated the inmost recesses of the soul, and lulled it to calm repose. The chiefs had consecrated this favored spot to the enjoyment of friendly converse; and it was there they delighted to give vent to the overflowings of the heart.

Coligni conducted his Belgian friends to this valley, where a feast awaited them, prepared by the hands of Nature herself. Shaken by the light breath of Zephyr, the trees shed a shower of refreshing fruits on the verdant sward, while the goblets overflow with the mantling juice of the vine, mingled with the pure water of the fountains. A young rural nymph presents the warriors with flowery garlands, while the village swains offer to them the choicest produce of the fields.

During the feast, soft melody is heard to resound from the encircling groves; and soon the assembled te-

nants of the hamlet are seen to advance with measured step through the thicket—invited to the feast, and headed by two lovers, whom mutual passion and the generous hand of Coligni unite on this happy day. Wreaths of flowers bind their temples, wanton in the wind with their flowing locks, and form around them a pleasing chain.

“O rural train!” said the Batavians within themselves—“who deserve to be happy, but are crushed by injustice and oppression—a single glimpse of nature and of happiness banishes the recollection of your misfortunes. Like the tranquil and limpid brook, which to day retains no trace of the passing torrents that yesterday disturbed its peaceful stream, nor anticipates the effects of those which will to morrow pour in upon it from the mountains—your hearts, the abode of spotless innocence, expand to the enjoyment of present bliss, unsolicitous of past or future ills.”

With gladdened eyes and delighted hearts, the warriors contemplate the pure joy of the village train, and for a moment forget their own misfortunes, and the crimes which inundate the world. They raise the hymenæal song, to celebrate the blissful union of those lovers, whose virtue is honored by their whole village: they wish to them and their descendents a full portion of felicity unalloyed by sorrow or care—promise to concur by their efforts in procuring them that happy lot—and, now serving them in turn, present the village throng with delicious fruits, and goblets sparkling with the rich produce of the grape. Their humble guests, on the other hand, pour forth their ardent vows in favor of the warriors; and the pure incense of their heart-felt prayers is acceptable in the sight of heaven,

and wafted by ministering angels to the Almighty's throne.

And now the feast is succeeded by rural dances, in which several of the Gallic and Batavian chiefs take a part: the green-sward gently quivers under their measured steps: the warblers of the grove redouble their strains in emulation of the louder notes of the flute: the rivulets roll their waters in harmonious cadence; and the listening Echoes, in their distant haunts, seem with responsive tread to strike the ground.

(To be continued.)

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 560 of our last Volume.)

CHAP. VI.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,  
How vain your mask of state!  
The good alone have joy sincere;  
The good alone are great.

*Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day.*

It may now be proper to return to the innocent cause of the dissension between the two noble representatives of the house of Saint-Villiers—to Lady Rossford, in short, whose surprise at his lordship's proposals was only exceeded by the mortification which they occasioned to her disappointed suitor. Her ladyship's rejection was however immediate, and given in such terms as assured her ancient adorer, that there was not a shadow of hope for him to rely upon, while the post immediately antecedent to that which conveyed her denial to the father, carried her desire of delay to the son.

Every fear of lord Saint-Villiers being now confirmed, a conviction of the folly of having promulgated his expectations was added to their disappointment; and no extenuation arose in favor of the man to whom it was owing. Vengeance—the only passion his lordship had now the pow-

er of gratifying—he, however, resolved to appease. He therefore immediately ordered his steward to inform the person, “hitherto called *Frederic Saint-Villiers*,” that he must no longer retain that name, which would instantly be assumed by the gentleman who alone was entitled to it, as the issue of a prior marriage to that of the lady, hitherto supposed his lordship’s *only* wife.

This astonishing intimation was immediately communicated to Lord Blenmore, who vainly attempted to dive into the mystery, by interrogating the messenger. The man, however, was not in the secret, and knew nothing beyond the statement which he had been directed to make.

The more Lord Blenmore and Frederic revolved this message in their minds, the more inexplicable it appeared; for, even supposing these newly-avowed nuptials could be substantiated, still it would not bastardise the issue of a subsequent marriage, or do more than subvert his right of eldership: for, to suppose any deception, where Miss Newcombe (Frederic’s mother) was concerned, seemed highly improbable, as she had been a lady both of family and fortune.

It was at last agreed that the most advisable step was for the earl to wait upon Lord Saint-Villiers, who received him with civility, but affected to make a merit of deigning to be questioned on his family affairs.

This merit, however, Lord Blenmore did not seem disposed to acknowledge, as he said, “a matter of such importance as the heirship of the Saint-Villiers title and estates, could not be relinquished on mere assertion, unsupported by proof; nor were sons to be shifted like the scenes in a theatre, by putting them

back or bringing them forward at the pleasure of the mover.

“’Tis all very just, my lord,” said the Viscount, with an assenting bow: “and I think you may be well assured I should not, without having incontrovertible proofs to bring forward, and the strongest conviction of the legality of such a procedure, submit the most private transactions of my life to the censure of the public.”

He then, with an assumed air of candor, proceeded to state the circumstances. He had, while at the university, been entrapped into a private marriage, of which one son was the result; and the affair afterwards coming to the knowledge of his family, he was sent abroad; after which, he never received any letter from his wife, who, it was settled, should continue in retirement during his absence. At first her silence made him uneasy; but a succession of new objects insensibly diverted his attention, and at length so completely abstracted his mind, that he heard from his father without much concern that both his wife and child were dead; and therefore, instead of having upon his return to acknowledge himself as a *Benedict*, the husband of a young woman, who would neither have improved his fortune nor increased his consequence, he was spared the humiliation of such an avowal, and freed from all shackles.

After this, he was engrossed by politics and pleasures, till at length, with the approbation of his family, he married Miss Newcombe, the mother of Frederic, and succeeded to the title by his father’s death in the same year.

“A few months subsequent to this,” continued the Viscount, “I was astonished by the re-appearance of my first wife, who explained it

by saying, that she had, immediately after my departure, been placed, by my father's orders, in a remote part of Scotland, where she bore me a second child, who died soon after his birth:—that she had been in every respect kindly treated, and only distressed by the failure of my correspondence, which was at length accounted for by my father informing her that I had died of a fever in France, and saying, that, as she could not prove her claims as my widow, she must remain in obscurity; but that, while she did so, she should be supported in every comfort she could wish for. A liberal allowance was made to the people she lived with; and she remained as contented as a person in affliction could be, till, upon the late lord's death, all remittances ceased. The family slackened in attention, and at length told her they could not afford to keep her and her child any longer, unless she could procure some money from me.—This," continued his lordship, "was like a ray of light to Matilda: she hastened to London, and found me out.

"Here my difficulties commenced. I felt for Lady Saint-Villiers's situation, as a very hard one. I knew her brother, Colonel Newcombe, was so hot-headed a man, that, should the affair blaze out, nothing but the most fatal consequences could ensue:—besides, though my first wife was an excessive pretty woman, she was a mere rustic; and I should have been ashamed to present to the world such a proof of my early folly.

"In fine," pursued his lordship, "these reflexions determined me how to act:—I knew my own influence, and how powerful the revival of a first love in a female heart would be. I stated to Matilda every consideration, except those arising

from her own deficiencies:—I assured her of a support more ample than her original situation could have led her to expect. I promised every indulgence she could wish for, if she would but acquiesce in the concealment, which my peace, character, and safety, equally demanded. I asked her what happiness she could expect in destroying these, while, on the contrary, such a generous proof of her confidence and affection would bind me to her for ever.—It is unnecessary further to explain all the methods by which I succeeded in carrying my point: and it is universally known, that, at that period, a lady resided under my protection, who had the most unlimited influence over myself and my fortune. Her *rights* were the only part of the affair that remained concealed.—Lady Saint-Villiers was no stranger to the connexion, and was upon the point of demanding a separation, when the object of her jealousy was removed in giving birth to a daughter, at a beautiful villa which I had purchased for her near the capital.—A hope of securing my attentions to herself prevented Lady Saint-Villiers from executing her intention; but all cordiality was at an end between us; and, thus alienated from Frederic's mother, I never felt the same degree of paternal affection for him, as I did for my other two children, of whom the younger died at four years old; but the boy has always been owned and educated as my son. Matilda repeatedly pressed me, previous to her decease, to do justice to her offspring, if it could be effected, consistently with my own safety. Sir John Newcombe, his son, and daughter, all died within the space of seven years: and nothing but a weak compassion for Frederic has withheld me from performing a so-

lenn act of justice. His general bad conduct, and some late flagrant behaviour on his side, have, however, at length decided my resolution of putting in his place a much worthier young man, from whom I may expect the duty of a son: and I have only to remark, that, while the world, and your lordship among others, thought proper to condemn me for the obscurity in which I was educating Frederic, you were little aware of the precarious tenure by which he held his supposed rights in society, and that it was better he should not, by early association with other noblemen's sons, acquire ideas which he might possibly never be enabled to realise."

His lordship added, that he could bring a witness of his marriage with Matilda Williams, and show a certificate from the clergyman who performed the ceremony (in Scotland), though his death some years since would prevent a personal testimony, should either Frederic or his friends be so ill advised as to embroil themselves in legal procedures. For his own part, he continued, he should not regret their doing so, as it would be the most irrefragable mode of establishing the legitimacy of the young man, whose equivocal situation hitherto had occasioned him much disquiet.

This tale was so ingeniously invented, that Lord Blenmore was totally at a loss what to think.—It has been before said that Lord Blenmore was more strict in preserving appearances, than rigid in his principles. He could not avoid seeing, that, however it might be glossed over, there had been a mean, unmanly duplicity in Lord Saint-Villiers's conduct: yet he did not exactly know how he himself might have acted in a similar situation; and accordingly, after having

listened in silence to the extraordinary narrative that had been given, he departed without making any comment.

(*To be continued.*)

*The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

(*Continued from page 594. of the Supplement to our last Volume.*)

*Miss Lenox, to Miss Campbell.*

*Beaumont Lodge.*

MR. La Roche, my sweet cousin, is the most charming old man I ever met with. Misfortune has tinged his features with an air of languor, that is inexpressibly interesting. When I approach him, I feel that his sorrows are contagious. When I sing to him, he gazes on me with such a look of placid melancholy, that my tones relax and I can with difficulty make myself heard. Yet is he pleased—nay, expresses himself delighted—with my efforts to amuse him; while Lord and Lady Beaumont repeatedly thank me for the good effect they are pleased to say my company has had on their beloved La Roche.—And now, my cousin, my dear cousin, let me acquaint you with a most interesting transaction with regard to myself.

You well know, that, from my birth, my hand was destined for Lord Beaumont's son and heir. You likewise know the untoward situation of my mind with regard to this projected match. Well then, prepare to hear a piece of un-expected intelligence. Mr. Fortescue has refused the hand of your Matilda, and, by this refusal, given a freedom to my mind, which before it never knew. I breathe a new creature: I feel as if I were a different being. My soul felt confined under the shackles that were imposed upon me; and I was dissatisfied with myself on account of a repugnance, for

for which could I assign no rational cause. But, to avoid tautology as much as possible, I will relate, as nearly as my memory will permit, the conversation that passed between Lady Beaumont and me, and that in which Mr. Fortescue finally refused to accept me for his wife. His sentiments on this occasion were so entirely in unison with mine, that I felt convinced in my own mind that I was not worthy of him. I really am not worthy of him, my dear cousin. Tender, generous, and every way accomplished, he surely deserves a better fate, than to be united to one who could make no other return to the most animated passion, than cold indifference.

On my arrival at the Lodge, I was received with those warm expressions of regard which I always have experienced from this respectable family.—Fortescue's face glowed, as usual, with an expression of love and pleasure at the sight of me.—Lady Beaumont, taking me by the hand, led me toward a most elegant-looking middle-aged man, saying, "Behold, in this young lady, my dear Mr. La Roche, the daughter of my most valued and beloved friend."—Her ladyship expressed herself in such a strain of panegyric as dyed my cheeks with crimson. Mr. La Roche saluted me in a tender and affectionate manner, and made me many polite and well-turned compliments. For some time, our whole attention was so devoted to Mr. La Roche, that there was no opportunity for any particular conversation, till one morning when Lady Beaumont and I were alone in her dressing-room. I was amusing myself with placing some fresh-gathered flowers in their vases. Her ladyship looked at me very intently for some time without speaking: at last, laying her hand on mine, she

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asked me if I would candidly and sincerely answer a very important question which she should take the liberty of proposing to me. I was at first startled at the seriousness of her manner: but her fine countenance expressed so much complacency and affection, that, pressing her hand in mine, I answered, "My dear Lady Beaumont cannot ask me a question that I will not most cheerfully answer."—"I believe you, my sweet girl. Do you then, Miss Lenox, love my son? or is your heart inclined to give a preference to any other? Be free with me, my dear young friend; and believe me, when I assure you that I have your happiness as much at heart as my own children's. It is true, it has been my first wish to connect those interests: but, if this cannot be, it shall be my study to promote your happiness separately."

Her ladyship was standing. I felt my face glow: I led her to a chair, and begged of her to be seated.—"I am very glad, my dear lady," said I, "that you have entered on this subject. I wished very much to lay open my whole heart to you: to you I can have no reserve. I love your ladyship so well, and have so high an opinion of your knowledge of the wanderings of a female heart, that I can readily trust you with all the emotions of mine, and, in my future conduct, will be guided by your advice.—First then, madam, I tell you, and I tell you true, that I have never yet seen the man whom I could prefer to Mr. Fortescue. And yet I have wished—I will be candid, my lady—I have wished that my parents had not, so very early in life, provided a lover for their daughter. In my cradle, with almost as much solemnity as attends the disposal of a princess, I was betrothed to the heir of Lord Beau-

C

mont, ere he saw the light. Mr. Fortescue, as he advanced in years, professed to me that the wishes of his heart were in unison with the designs of our respective friends. He told me—and he spoke with an ardor which convinced me that he spoke truth—that he loved me, and that he hoped my bosom beat with the same sensations as his.—Lord and Lady Granville had very generously, with the equally generous Lord and Lady Beaumont, assured us that they meant to lay no restraint on our inclinations, but that we were free to choose for ourselves; that the happiness of their children was their first consideration; that they wished to promote a reciprocity of affection between us, not to command us to marry each other, if it should not be mutually the wish of both parties. Happiness thus in my power—friends so condescending—could I, like a wayward child, give a negative, I knew not why—disappoint the dearest wishes of my father and mother, without having one rational reason to assign for my refusal?—I could not: and therefore I received the addresses of Mr Fortescue. Yet I was not happy: I was not satisfied with myself.—Is love, my dear Lady Beaumont, a reality? or is it only an empty visionary vapor, formed to delude our frail sex? Your son has convinced me, Madam, that he feels that passion: his tender, his pathetic complaints of my coldness and indifference—the variations of his countenance—the tremor of his hands—the faltering of his voice—all tell me that his soul is agitated by emotions, to which mine is yet a stranger.—Or, have I formed too high, too romantic an idea of love?—Yet, surely, if ever the enthusiasm of that passion is allowable, it must be in your son and me. Fortune has blessed us with every good thing

which this world can give; and heaven has animated the bosom of Mr. Fortescue with a tender and refined sentiment, without which, I cannot help thinking that life is but a void.—Thus, my beloved Lady Beaumont, have I opened to you my whole soul. Be you my guide, my directress. Do you think it possible for me to make your son happy? If you think I can—it he still wishes me to be his—I will give him my hand, and all that I can command of my heart; and, if I know my own mind, I think, that, when once inseparably united to him, there can be no fear of my entertaining a predilection for any other man."

Lady Beaumont listened with the most attentive patience to my long harangue, to which she made the following reply. "My sweet Matilda! my dear ingenuous girl! how I am delighted to find that you have no real objection to Fortescue! He must, he cannot but be happy with you; and you will be equally so; or, believe me, I would not urge you to this marriage. Those little nice distinctions you have made, originate in youth and susceptibility of soul: but trust me, my dear Miss Lenox, when I tell you that too much refinement is oftener productive of misery than of happiness. You have seen a variety of gentlemen, many of whom were my son's equals in every respect—some, possibly, his superiors: yet you have avowed that you never saw one among them, whom you could prefer to Fortescue. You esteem, you regard him before all others: he fondly loves you.—it is a connexion most anxiously wished for by all your friends. Shall then, my dear young friend, this flattering prospect of happiness be sacrificed to a vain chimæra, to your too delicate scruples?—You say, my love, that you feel none of those

embarrassments at the sight of Fortescue, which seem to agitate him whenever you appear; that you are a stranger to those fluttering sensations, which, in your opinion, characterise a real passion. Yet this may be accounted for—and you may not be insensible to your lover's attachment. You have been intimately acquainted with each other from childhood: You have long known his sentiments for you: the unreserved familiarity of a long acquaintance naturally banishes all reserve. Accustomed to look on him as your lover, you could not possibly feel those doubts and uncertainties, which, in any other situation, might have perplexed and agitated your gentle bosom.—I hope my reasoning is not partial. I have endeavoured to forget that I am Fortescue's mother, and am at this moment only the very sincere friend of Miss Lenox, respecting whose future happiness I am most anxiously concerned—a happiness, which I think I promote, by advising you to give your hand to my son. Thus, my dear Mailda, with the same candor as you opened your mind to me, have I delivered to you my sentiments. Still you are free: let your own heart direct you; and be assured, that, whatever may be your final determination, you will never be less dear to me than at this moment."

Dear, generous good Lady Beaumont!—My reason was convinced of the force and justness of her arguments. I assured her ladyship, that Mr. Fortescue should find no more unnecessary delays from me to the speedy celebration of our nuptials. I had now made this most amiable woman happy:—could I be otherwise myself? But this heart, this wayward heart of mine still sighed, my beloved Campbell—I knew not why,—

At dinner, I dreaded to meet the joyous glances of Mr. Fortescue: for I had no doubt that her ladyship had communicated to him our conversation: and the idea of the satisfaction which I thought would animate his countenance, was somehow or other offensive to me. I therefore sat some time without venturing to raise my eyes toward my lover:—at last by accident my eyes met his: but how was I surprised, when, instead of the joyous satisfaction which I expected to see sparkle in his face, an air of pensive languor was impressed on every feature! Astonished at this, I with more freedom looked up at him: but, for the first time, Mr. Fortescue turned his fine eyes from me; though, in so doing, I heard a sigh escape him. This transformation, so unaccountable to me, employed my mind so entirely, that I retired from table as soon as I could, and went into the garden, there to indulge more freedom of thought. I had not long been there, before Mr. Fortescue joined me. We were both for some moments too much embarrassed to enter into conversation, till my lover, recollecting himself, with his face in a glow, thus addressed me—"My ever dear Miss Lenox! the auspicious moment, so long, so ardently wished for on my side, is at last arrived, in which you have sweetly, kindly promised to name the day that will make me the happiest of men. Lady Beaumont has related to me the conversation that has passed between you, and has assured me, that, from the unreserved confidence you have placed in her, she is convinced that you honor her son with your affection, and that you too, my sweet friend, have no longer any doubts with regard to your attachment to me. If this was real, I would not



exchange situations with the first of men on this side heaven. But this cannot be: you do not love me, Miss Lenox. This one sentence conveys more conviction to my mind, than the most eloquent of my mother's arguments. You do not love me, my dear Matilda! your heart at this moment bears witness to the truth of these few expressive words. This hand, this dear hand then, fondly as I have ever loved you, will be of no value to me. I must be a wretch indeed, that could wish to shackle a mind so ingenuous and free as yours, with fetters that death only can loosen. Be free then, my amiable Miss Lenox—free as air. Let me be your first, your dearest friend: but never can I be your husband. For my sake then, my ever charming friend, give not your valuable hand in marriage, till you meet with a man for whom your heart will beat with those tumultuous sensations which now agonise mine.”

—Perceiving that I was so greatly affected, that I had not power to answer him, he proceeded—“Let me remove every trace of uneasiness from those lovely features. We shall all be happy, my Matilda. Our friends are generous: they will not murmur at our conduct. You have every reason to be satisfied with yourself; you have done more than half your sex would have thought necessary, to comply with the wishes of your friends. And, to make your generous mind easy on my account, I think I shall be happy now this affair is finally terminated between us—much happier, than with the doubts and fears, which, if united to you, would, I am well convinced, for ever torture my bosom. And, what is more, I do not give over my hopes of being happy in the matrimonial state.—I am sensible of the improbability of my meeting with

a woman, possessed of half your accomplishments, who will think favorably of me: but, if I can meet with a kind and gentle fair one, who can love me for myself alone, she shall find that I am not insensible.—Let me then, my dear and amiable friend, see you smile and be happy: and believe me, it is the first and dearest wish of my soul to contribute to your felicity.”

Good God! my Campbell! can I describe the various emotions which at this moment agitated my heart? How amiable, how very amiable did Mr. Fortescue appear! The gratitude, the esteem, with which I always beheld him, was at that moment, I thought, heightened into a tenderer sentiment. I reproached myself for a capriciousness in my disposition, which could disappoint the dearest wishes of two families, so dearly beloved by me, and which deprived me of a man so worthy in every respect as Mr. Fortescue. That generous man saw the uneasy situation of my mind, and most kindly and affectionately soothed and composed my perturbed spirits.—Lady Beaumont—the kind, the benevolent Lady Beaumont, when we met, was more attentive to me than ever. Even My Lord, whom his son had apprised that the connexion between us was at an end, pressed my hand with his usual benevolence, and told me, that, though he was greatly mortified at not having me for his daughter, he could not, even had he wished it, love me less.

At night, when I retired to rest, the transactions of the day appeared to me so wonderful, that sleep, as you may suppose, was banished from my eyes.—What a strange, unaccountable creature must I be, who, even at the moment when Fortescue appeared in the highest

point of view in my eyes, could feel satisfaction in the idea of his renouncing me for ever! Yet I was sensible, that I had sacrificed a real and permanent good to an enthusiastic visionary prospect.—Mr. Fortescue was most certainly my sincere and disinterested lover: it is very, very improbable that I should meet with one equally so.—Lovers I shall most certainly have: my grandfather's estate, independent of my rank, and what my father may do for me, will procure me plenty of professional lovers: but to these mercenary suitors I can never give a heart which I refused to Mr. Fortescue. And, as I have been so unfortunate as to disappoint the hopes of Lord and Lady Granville, whatever may be the feelings of my wayward heart, I will never give my hand in marriage, but with their full consent and approbation. This is a determination I have solemnly vowed in my own mind.

I have received a most kind and affectionate letter from my considerate mother, in which there is not expressed the least complaint or regret at what is past. Lady Louisa smiles and tells me, that this is, to her, the most mysterious piece of business imaginable; that her ideas are not sufficiently enlarged to distinguish the friendship and regard I have ever professed for Fortescue from what is usually accounted love—or, what is still more perplexing to her, to find out the motive that could actuate her cousin to refuse the hand of the woman whom she knew he loved so well. All this, she says, is strange, wondrous strange.—Perhaps, some time or other, she may have a better idea of it, than she has at present.

Mr. Fortescue is gone, for a few days, to his uncle Lord Ossenvor's. He told me, before he went, in an

accent, half grave, half gay, that he had been so long accustomed to address me as a lover, that the more distant character of a friend appeared rather awkward to him at first; but that he flattered himself, that a short separation would restore him to me as a friend, and as a friend only.

Beaumont Lodge will soon be thinned of its inhabitants. My gay brother is collecting company from far and near, to celebrate, at the Abbey, the approaching festival of his coming to age.—Mr. La Roche is going to France, to settle his affairs, previous to his quitting that kingdom entirely.—My Lord Beaumont accompanies him.—I shall bring with me to the Abbey Lady Beaumont, and my lovely friend, Lady Louisa Falkland, the earl and countess her father and mother, with her brother Lord Stanley, and the Mr. Fortescues.—A multiplicity of beaux, my brother's friends, I find, are expected. Therefore, my pretty cousin, take care of your heart! Excuse the exorbitant length of this tedious scroll, the conclusion of which, I flatter myself, you will believe—that I am most affectionately yours,

MATILDA LENOX.

(To be continued.)

BENEDICT; a true History.

(Continued from page 560 of our last Volume.)

WHEN the carriage stopped at the door, I was met by my friend Pemberton, on whose dejected countenance was impressed the most heartfelt sorrow. "Oh! Henry! how sensibly do I feel this more than kindness!—but, alas! my friend, all hope is at an end!" Here tears prevented him from proceeding; and, putting his arm within mine, he conducted me into the drawing-room.—"Doctor R\*\*\*," said he, leading me towards an elderly gen-

the man, whom I instantly recognised as a celebrated physician.

“ You are come to a melancholy house, sir, and upon a most affecting occasion,” said the doctor. “ Would to heaven I had been favored with Mrs. Pemberton’s command, when I was first summoned here; for I then should have indulged a hope that your immediate presence might have been of essential use: but the fever has been so rapidly increasing within the last twenty-four hours, that the cheering influence of hope is nearly lost.”

Had I been accused of deliberate murder, my spirits could scarcely have received a severer shock; for I had flattered myself that the feelings of a mother had magnified the danger; and I must have appeared like a man who was horror-struck.— Pemberton, who, upon introducing me to the physician, had quitted the room to conceal the violence of his agitation, returned in a few minutes, to inform me it was his mother’s wish I should walk up stairs.—I had previously been informed by Doctor R\*\*\* that the violent paroxysms of delirium were succeeded by a total insensibility to surrounding objects, and that the sensitive faculties were either stupefied by opium, or were gradually yielding to the hand of death—I therefore unhesitatingly obeyed the summons: but how shall I paint the anguish of my feelings, when I beheld the so lately blooming sufferer stretched to all appearance upon a death-bed!— Her azure eyes were fixed upon vacancy: her respiration was at once short and weak; and a cold dew stood upon her forehead, which her agonised mother, kneeling, wiped away.

I caught the hand of that mother, and pressed it to my bosom; for I found myself un-able to speak:—

but, recovering myself in a few moments, I kindly repeated the expiring angel’s name.

“ She looks not! she hears not!” exclaimed the afflicted Mrs. Pemberton. “ O God! give me strength to support this trying scene! In mercy, O almighty father! restore the comfort of my existence! spare— spare the life of my beloved child!”— Doctor R\*\*\*, who had followed me into the apartment, gently roused the afflicted mother from her knees, saying, “ For your own and your child’s sake, my dear madam, I conjure you to repress that emotion, which it is so natural for you to feel.—The pulse has acquired strength within the last forty minutes—which I consider as a favorable symptom: and, if the last medicine I administered takes the effect of producing slumbers, I shall then hope the climax of the disease is over— Still, my dear madam, it is necessary to act with the greatest caution, and carefully avoid the slightest agitation.”

While the humane physician was speaking, the exhausted patient closed her languid eyes; when, gently drawing the curtains, he desired the nurse to remain at the bedside; and positively ordered every other person immediately to leave the room.—The anxious mother instantly retired to her own apartment, to offer up her petitions to the throne of grace; and, for three successive hours, we all remained in a suspended state of hope and expectation, more exquisitely agitated than language can describe.

Though the afflicted Mrs. Pemberton had obeyed the doctor’s injunctions, yet she found it impossible to remain long in her apartment; but, placing herself at the door of her beloved daughter’s chamber, she remained there motionless, and al-

most afraid to breathe.—At length a gentle ring roused us all from our melancholy meditations: every heart alternately palpitated with hope, and trembled with dread.—“Do not attempt to go up stairs, sir,” said the doctor, perceiving me rise hastily from the sofa. “It is possible this sleep may have restored the intellects; and the un-expected sight of *you* might produce an agitation that would totally destroy the effect of the medicine.”

Upon saying this, the doctor quitted us, but returned in about ten minutes with a countenance that excited the most pleasing expectation, though we were so eager in our inquiries that we would hardly allow him time to satisfy them.—“I have the happiness of telling you, my patient is evidently better; though her replies to my questions are still incoherent; notwithstanding which, I am of opinion she knows her mother: but much, very much, depends upon composure and quiet.”

In compliance with the urgent entreaties of Mrs. Pemberton, the skilful disciple of *Æsculapius* consented to remain until the following morning: and, as both Pemberton and myself were prohibited from entering the invalid’s chamber, about half past one we retired to bed.—It was then that I began to take a retrospect of the last seventeen hours.—What a change—what a melancholy change had taken place in my situation!—but, alas! there was no change in my tenderness and regard!—On the morning of the preceding day, I had been fondly anticipating my beloved—my adored Louisa’s return:—imagination had painted her rewarding the fervency of my attachment, by acknowledging a reciprocal regard.—But no longer dared I venture to cherish the dear

delusion—no longer must I think of Louisa Delemere but as a friend.—I had sacredly promised to marry Mariann Pemberton, if it pleased the Almighty to restore her health.—Yet alas! in what manner was I likely to fulfil this most sacred of all engagements? was I going to vow eternal love and constancy to one woman, when my whole soul was devoted to another? Shocking thought!—impious profanation of an institution which had been hallowed by the presence of the son of God!

The most miserable wretch that crawls on earth, never felt anguish more insupportable than that which I endured:—but, after some time pacing the room in a kind of phrensiad agony, I addressed my prayers to that being, who alone is able to compose a perturbed state of mind, and soon had the comfort of finding my feelings become more tranquilised.—Sleep, however, was a stranger to my eyelids; and I arose again, as the clock struck six; and, hearing some person enter the adjoining room in which Doctor R\*\*\* had been sleeping, I naturally concluded that the innocent object of my anxiety and suffering was worse than when we retired to rest.

Dreadful as was the idea of resigning my Louisa, yet most fervently had I prayed for the recovery of Mariann; and most sacredly had I formed the resolution of offering that amiable girl my hand.—With trembling agitation, I quitted my apartment, and, gently tapping at the doctor’s door, found him busily employed in preparing for his departure, and putting on his great coat.

“I congratulate you, sir,” said he, in the most animated accents:—“my patient has slept composedly, until within this half hour: the

fever has materially abated; and her perceptive faculties are restored.—She is extremely weak, as must be expected; but I have ventured to mention *your name* to her: I informed her that you had heard of her indisposition, and had sent an express to inquire after her; and, as I was compelled to return immediately to London, I had nominated you as my successor; and had actually written a note to that purpose, by the messenger.—You have now, therefore, only to calculate the exact time a man would be returning to Winchester, recollecting, that you must not measure the speed of a lover by the same standard; and, thus prepared, you may make your appearance, under pretence of *my orders*.”

So saying, this able physician shook me cordially by the hand, wishing me the enjoyment of every happiness that the marriage state could give.—I accompanied him down stairs, where I was met by Mrs. Pemberton, whose sudden transition from the depth of misery, to the summit of happiness, was strongly depicted on her expressive countenance.—“Oh! my dear Henry! what do we not owe to the unexampled skill of Doctor R\*\*\*? I shall ever consider him as an agent acting under the immediate hand of Providence.—Indeed, my best friend,” she continued, pressing the hand of the doctor, “my gratitude will end but with my life; and, if the Almighty in mercy grants the perfect recovery of my beloved daughter, I shall never look at her, without feeling the force of my obligation.”

Though, during the whole of the day, there was no return of delirium, and the fever gradually decreased, yet Mrs. Pemberton informed me towards the close of it, that her be-

loved daughter appeared extremely un-easy and restless; and, fancying it might be occasioned by anticipating *my arrival*, I prepared to appear as if I had traveled express.—To every external sound, the attached girl appeared attentive: we had therefore some difficulty in getting the carriage out of the coach-house: but, by spreading a quantity of straw, and using the greatest precaution, the servants wheeled it under her windows; and, having conveyed it to a proper distance, the horses were harnessed, and it drove rapidly up to the Lodge.—Scarcely was the step let down, and the door fastened, when Mariann’s bell rang with violence. I flew up stairs:—the anxious mother met me in the antechamber, saying, “She is so dreadfully agitated, you had better instantly come in.”

A death-like paleness overspread her once blooming countenance:—as I approached the bed, she extended toward me her emaciated hand.—“How kind this is!” said she, in a faltering accent, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears.

“Dearest Mariann! do not agitate your feelings, if you value Mrs. Pemberton’s and my peace,” I replied, pressing her hand to my bosom, and imprinting upon it a tender embrace.—For several days, the amiable girl continued in what might be termed a very critical state; during which time, I was only permitted to visit her twice in the day: for, though the unbounded affection she felt for me, rendered her desirous of my presence, yet the chaste delicacy of her feelings pointed out the impropriety of my remaining long in her bed-room.—The pleasure, however, which beamed in her languid eyes whenever I entered the apartment, and the dejection which was visible when I bade her adieu, convinced me that

this sacrifice to the rules of decorum cost her many a pang.—At length she was enabled to quit her apartment, and recline upon a sofa in the dressing-room; and then I felt the actual necessity of making a formal declaration.—She received it with a mixture of joy and timidity, which at once rendered her more lovely and interesting.—“Why should I attempt to deceive you,” said the artless Mariann, “after having been no longer able to deceive myself?—Can it be a crime to admire merit, or to love virtue, when adorned with the most attractive grace?—Surely not: but yet, my dear Henry, I cannot be blind to my own imperfections: I am not worthy to possess a heart so transcendently good.—I fear too, I greatly fear, it has some prior attachment, and that sympathy alone would supply the place of love.”

To have deceived the lovely being who by her ingenuousness had a double claim upon my confidence, was impossible.—I therefore frankly acknowledged, that Louisa Delemere had once possessed my warmest affection: “but, dearest Mariann,” said I, “the preference with which you honor me, will soon be returned by the most unbounded love.—In your sympathy I shall find a partner in my afflictions—for afflictions doubtless will fall to my lot: in your approbation I shall feel a stimulus to the practice of those virtues, with which your own angelic disposition abounds; in your love I shall taste that refinement of felicity, which arises rather from the purity of esteem, than from the violence of passion.”

Near two months elapsed from this period, before Mariann could be pronounced in a state of convalescence; during which time I was under the necessity of returning to

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the university for the purpose of keeping a term: for, though I was received as the betrothed husband of Miss Pemberton, our marriage was not to take place for the space of two years.—That violent agitation which I had experienced at the first idea of resigning all pretensions to the too interesting Louisa, was succeeded by a sort of melancholy regret: in short, I took the utmost pains to banish her image from my imagination, and at length, in some degree, succeeded.—The approving and at the same time grateful looks of Pemberton and his mother, who seemed continually to say, “You have insured our happiness,” appeared intended to reward me for the sacrifice, which I had made to them; and the tranquil joy, chastened by native modesty, which illumined Mariann’s countenance, was calculated to set the lord of my bosom at peace.

Neither of Mrs. Melville, nor Adolphus, had I received any intelligence since their first arrival from Madeira, except that the former had hired an elegant mansion in Worcestershire.—Mrs. Pemberton and her family were one evening returning from visiting a poor cottager who was dangerously ill, when our attention was attracted by a man on horse-back, who passed us with the rapidity of lightning.—“That man,” said Mrs. Pemberton with a sigh, “is, doubtless, upon some interesting business, and most probably the messenger of sickness or death. He recalls to my recollection that agonising period,” she continued in a lower accent, “when you, my dear Henry, like a ministering angel, saved me from the depth of despair.”

If our attention had been excited by the speed with which the messenger traveled, very different sensations were produced by seeing him

ride up to the Lodge: and, as both ladies displayed a mixture of alarm and solicitude, I disengaged my arms from them, and darted forward for the purpose of discovering the stranger's business.—“That is Mr. \*\*\*,” said the old butler to him, as I reached the door.—“I have a letter, sir—from young Squire Melville, I believe—though the servants told me as how he cou'd-n't live many hours: so I suppose it is about his honor's illness; for it beant very likely a dying man could have wrote it.—My orders howsoever was, to be sure and find you, and bring you to the castle, alive or dead.”

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; an Historic Romance,

(Continued from page 605, of our last Volume.)

THE master of the vessel pursued his way slowly along the shore: the placidity of his countenance bespoke the serenity of his mind. Lifting his eyes by chance toward the promontory, he perceived on the summit a female, who appeared to be searching for a path to descend to the beach: he hastened to meet her, equally excited by pity and curiosity. The declivity was so steep, that Sappho descended with extreme rapidity. The wind, and the impetuosity of her motion, threw her hair and her garments into wild disorder: she was soon hurried to the shore, where the stranger stretched forth his arms to receive her. Considering her as one who had lost her way, or who was deprived of the use of reason, he addressed her with mildness, saying, “What disturbs you, unfortunate maid? and why do I find you here alone?” He at first imagined that she had been shipwrecked: but he relinquished that idea, on observing that her clothes were not wet, and

recollecting the preceding tranquillity of the ocean.

Sappho, who felt grateful for his care in supporting her from falling, thanked him graciously, and blushing at her appearance, she endeavoured to adjust the disorder of her dress.—They observed each other in silence—Sappho admired the features of the stranger (who was in the meridian of his years) where majesty was tempered with grace and dignity:—he examined attentively the countenance of Sappho:—he had found her wandering and alone; and was doubtful what to think of her morals.—All that he had been able to discover from the few words she had spoken, was, that she was a stranger and a Grecian.—She told him, that, as she walked on the shore, curiosity had induced her to climb the promontory—that her slaves and baggage were at a short distance, and that family affairs had called her to Sicily.—Clitus appeared, and announced to his mistress that the steeds were ready:—Sappho still continued to converse with the stranger, who, struck with the elegance of her manner and the winning affability of her conversation, invited her, if the delay would not interfere with her journey, to repose a short time at his habitation, which he pointed out to her, not far from the sea, seated on a verdant hill, amply enriched with the gifts of Bacchus, and in the highest state of cultivation.—The proposal accorded with Sappho's wishes, who accepted it without hesitation.—As they proceeded towards the mansion, each, mutually prompted by curiosity governed by discretion, endeavoured to discover the other's secrets.

The house was not large; but it was of a convenient size.—The vestibule was ornamented with columns of Parian marble; and on the

frieze was inscribed, "Health and tranquillity." The apartments were ornamented with excellent pictures: the first represented the adventures of Hercules and Theseus, those mighty redressers of wrongs; and, a little further, was the sack of Troy, and the voyages of the sage Ulysses. Sappho examined them with attention, and detailed their respective beauties with so much knowledge of the art, that her host, charmed with the justice of her remarks, endeavoured to prolong the pleasure of the conversation. As they were still conversing, the stranger observed, on the finger of Sappho, a ring, which he thought he remembered; and he immediately said, "If my request is not importunate, permit me to examine that ring, which, if I am not mistaken, is a pledge of hospitality."—"It belongs to our family," replied Sappho, presenting it to him.—He immediately examined it, and exclaimed, "Is it possible? I behold the seal of Scamandronymus, to whom my family is allied by the bonds of ancient hospitality.—Yes, I recollect the Sphinx. . . . Pray, how came this ring into your possession? By what tie are you connected with my old and faithful friend? You must be very dear to him, or very nearly related, since this ring is in your hands. 'Thrice happy day! which gives me the happiness of your acquaintance, and the opportunity of exercising the sacred laws of hospitality! Your stay here will be most pleasing to me, and particularly if it be prolonged."

Sappho was extremely agitated on finding herself thus unexpectedly discovered, but durst not, through fear of censure, reveal her history. Her kind host respected her silence and embarrassment, and relieved her immediately, by saying, "In fulfilling the sacred duties of

hospitality, I will give my name. I am Euty chius of Samos. After many long voyages and vicissitudes of fortune, I have determined to finish in this happy solitude, and in peaceful oblivion, the remaining days of an eventful life: I knew Scamandronymus at Mitylene. In our youth we traveled together: we were crowned on the same day at the Olympic games. This brow, which is now furrowed with wrinkles, has been encircled with laurels gathered in the field of battle. Together we have repulsed the barbarians who threatened to destroy the liberty of Greece. This hand, which I present to you to-day in token of hospitality, has been actively and honorably employed in the defence of my country."

As he spoke, Sappho felt strongly inclined to open her heart to him, encouraged by his example: but, Euty chius, whose experience had taught him the knowledge of the human heart, said "At this moment, I can readily forgive your unjust diffidence, which induces you to conceal not only your country and your condition, but even your name. You do not know the purity of my heart: but be assured that I am full of indulgence for human passions:—they have influenced the wisest men: but, if your silence continues till sunset, you will then have no room for justification: you may, without ever having reason to repent, safely confide to me the motives of your voyage, whatever they may be; and rest satisfied, that, if I can be of service to you in any way whatever, you will find in me a sincere friend and a second father."

The affectionate mildness of his words penetrated her heart, and disposed her to confidence. "You see before you," said she, "Sappho, the daughter of Scamandronymus."



—“And I am his most faithful friend,” replied Euty chius, embracing her with paternal affection.—Her un-experienced heart durst not at first give way to unlimited confidence; but, when it was once gained, her most secret sentiments flowed spontaneously, and without reserve—like the brook, dried up by the burning heat of the summer, which a source revives, and soon causes to overflow its banks.—Sappho related all the details of her adventures. Euty chius, with as much delicacy as compassion, encouraged her to pursue the recital, without venturing to blame, or appearing surprised at any of the circumstances: he only expressed the interest which he felt, by occasional exclamations of concern and affection. He reserved for a more convenient occasion the means of alleviating the weight of her misery.

When she had finished her narration, which was frequently interrupted with sighs and tears, “I thank you,” said Euty chius, “for having thought me worthy to possess your confidence; and my heart, which you have rightly judged, is sensibly alive to your misfortunes. If I have signalised my valour in the field, my success has not been so brilliant in love, to whose relentless tyranny I have been a devoted victim. But, at present, I can only feel for the grief of the good Scamandronymus: his old age will be rendered wretched by your flight. He will never support the load of his affliction, if he receive no tidings of your welfare. ‘Alas!’ he’ll say, ‘my daughter has been shipwrecked! Perhaps at this moment she invokes my aid from the desert rock! Or has she become the prey of hungry sea-monsters? Is she wandering in the dreary forests? or has she fallen down the precipice?’ Permit me to inform him that Pro-

vidence has granted me the happiness of your society: live quietly here: remain as long as you please; the day of your departure will be to me a day of sorrow.”

A slave now appeared, announcing that the repast was served; and Euty chius courteously invited Sappho to proceed to the banqueting-hall.

The solitude of Euty chius was visited and enlivened by friendship. He was frequently visited by the neighbouring inhabitants, and particularly from Catania. The charm of his conversation was a sufficient attraction for his guests; as not only was he well acquainted with the poets and orators of his own time, but his mind was richly stored with the purest principles of philosophy; and he joined to the rectitude of an enlightened judgement all the winning graces of the most brilliant eloquence. Among the number of his guests, was the young Nomophilus, distinguished by the gentleness of his manners, and by an ingenuous candor which few possess. He anxiously promoted philosophical discussions, in which he excelled. Their conversation fell on the division of philosophers into different sects, the little concord that existed among them, and the obscurity of their opinions. Sappho was a prey to the deepest melancholy, and felt no interest in the discussion. They saw from the hall the lofty summit of *Ætna* smoking in the distance. Their discourse assumed a more lively turn, as they amused themselves with the popular credulity. One of the guests observed that the giant, who had for so many ages tossed and tumbled under *Ætna*, ought now to have found a commodious resting-place. Another could not conceive how he was originally overwhelmed by *Ætna*—he, who, on the day when the giants heaped mountain upon

mountain, carried it so easily in his hand.—“Take care,” said a third, “how you insult the piety of your ancestors: if you destroy the faith of popular credulity, you open the barrier to all the vices; and then . . . . .” Then the question was discussed, which has been debated for so many ages, whether the people ought to remain in ignorance; and, according to custom, the most vicious were the loudest on the subject of morality, and the most irreligious on that of Providence. Euty chius, more exhilarated with wine than enlivened by the subject of debate, exclaimed, as he filled their glasses, “Well, my friends, 'tis by this credulous faith that society exists, that my property is respected, and that we now drink wine of Syracuse.”—“If so,” said Nomophilus, “let us believe in the giant Enceladus; and, still more, let us place a giant under yon mountain.”

“It was now that Melanthius played a prelude, and mingled his melodious tones with the notes of his lyre. His voice, which he raised by degrees, resembled at first the distant murmur, gradually encreasing in force, and swelled, until at last, uniting with all the chords of his lyre, it burst with irresistible charms, filling the apartment with melody, and the guests with admiration. He sang some verses from the Iliad with enchanting harmony, delighting the ears, and winning the hearts of his audience. The repast and songs finished, Euty chius and his guests arose from table, and retired to the garden, to inhale the refreshing breath of the evening Zephyrs. Flowers innumerable delight the eye with their variegated colors, and scent the air with their odoriferous perfume. They enameled a verdant lawn, which invites the guests to sit down.

Under the pressure of the most profound affliction, there are always two powerful means of consolation—change of scene, which separates us from the painful object, and the tender pity of compassionate friendship. Sappho found both with Euty chius—she seemed to enjoy some moments of doubtful tranquillity;—a new sky, an unknown sea, other men, other habitations, and other manners, were never-failing sources of admiration. She felt how happy she could have been, if she had brought a heart free from the baneful influence of the passions. Still, however, love, more powerful than every other feeling, awaked those torments which only slumbered, but were not forgotten, and spread a melancholy gloom over the brow of Sappho. Her eyes were frequently filled with involuntary tears, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. Euty chius, who regarded her with the benevolence of a host and the affection of a parent, frequently remarked the expression of sorrow on her countenance; he drew her aside into a neighbouring arbour, and said feelingly, “I wish with all my heart that this abode, and the society you meet here, could restore to your features that serenity which an unhappy passion has destroyed. Far from my mind is the intention of opposing your wishes: on the contrary, I will employ all the means in my power, to promote their completion. You are perhaps not aware that Phaon is well known to me: his family is not less attached to mine by the bonds of hospitality, than yours. I have already dispatched my slaves in all directions, to obtain the earliest intelligence of his arrival; and, when we shall be apprised of his landing, you will find in me a zealous and active mediator.

I have likewise sent a messenger to Scamandronymus, whose old age you have embittered with tears, to inform him that you are in my house, and that I will be to you as a father."

At these expressions of affectionate regard, Sappho was overwhelmed with the distressing thoughts of having deserted a respectable father in his last days, and for a moment felt ashamed of her delirium, and the violence of her resolutions. With tears of anguish, she exclaimed, "I am unworthy to behold the light of heaven, after having abandoned the friend of my childhood, the supporter of my youth, who consoled me in my affliction and misery—my dearly beloved father: and the gods, to make me still more sensibly feel the error of my conduct, have brought me into contrast with a virtuous host. I blush to think of my folly; I have myself alone to blame, since I was not driven to this extremity by paternal severity."—She was on the point of disclosing to Euty chius the offence she had committed against Venus, with the obscure oracle of the Pythia; but a false shame checked and prevented the intended communication.—Euty chius consoled her with the hope of soon beholding Phaon again; and they rejoined the guests, who were assembled round a sparkling fountain. "Ah!" said Sappho, "if reason has not the power to calm the afflicted mind, how irresistible is the voice of Nature! A murmuring spring, the warbling of birds, the sportive Zephyr, the view of a calm sea, the charm of melodious music or divine poetry,—these enchant, or, at least, for a moment, suspend the weight of our afflictions."

Nomophilus, assuming the conversation, said "In your society, it is possible to feel certain pains, which

you can never yet have experienced." . . . Euty chius plucked a rose, and, presenting it to Sappho, said, "You see that the most beautiful flower is armed with thorns: 'tis thus that nature mingles our pleasures and pains; if you pluck the rose without being afraid of the thorns, enjoy life without dreading its crosses."—Sappho received the flower, and replied, "Respectable Euty chius, there are roses full of thorns, without color and without perfume: my life resembles these."

The night was already advanced, when they retired to the house, where they reposed on cushions covered with the most brilliant carpets.

(To be continued.)

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*The Death of Mr. HOWARD, the Philanthrope.*

THE circumstances attending the termination of so valuable and eventful a life as that of our celebrated *Philanthrope*, cannot fail to be interesting to every friend of humanity: and we doubt not that our fair readers will be gratified by the following authentic account, extracted from Dr. Clarke's "Travels in Russia, Tartary, and Turkey," and given in the author's own words.

The particulars of Mr. Howard's death were communicated to me by his two friends, Admiral Mordvinof, then chief admiral of the Black Sea fleet, and Admiral Priestman, an English officer in the Russian service; both of whom were eye-witnesses of his last moments. He had been entreated to visit a lady about twenty four miles from Cherson, who was dangerously ill. Mr. Howard objected, alleging that he only acted as physician to the poor; but, hearing of her imminent danger, he afterwards yielded to the persuasion of Admiral Mordvinof, and went to see her. After having prescribed that which

he deemed proper to be administered, he returned; leaving directions with her family, to send for him again if she got better; but adding, that if, as he much feared, she should prove worse, it would be to no purpose. Some time after his return to Cherson, a letter arrived, stating that the lady was better, and begging that he would come without loss of time. When he examined the date, he perceived that the letter, by some unaccountable delay, had been eight days in getting to his hands. Upon this, he resolved to go with all possible expedition. The weather was extremely tempestuous and very cold, it being late in the year; and the rain fell in torrents. In his impatience to set out, a conveyance not being immediately ready, he mounted an old dray-horse, used in Admiral Mordvinof's family to carry water, and thus proceeded to visit his patient. Upon his arrival, he found the lady dying; this, added to the fatigue of the journey, affected him so much, that it brought on a fever. His clothes, at the same time, had been wet through; but he attributed his fever entirely to another cause. Having administered something to his patient to excite perspiration; as soon as the symptoms of it appeared, he put his hand beneath the bed-clothes to feel her pulse, that she might not be chilled by removing them, and believed that her fever was thus communicated to him. After this painful journey, Mr. Howard returned to Cherson, and the lady died.

It had been almost his daily custom, at a certain hour, to visit Admiral Priestman; when, with his usual attention to regularity, he would place his watch on the table, and pass exactly an hour with him in conversation. The Admiral, finding that he failed in his usual visits,

went to see him, and found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bed-room. Having inquired after his health, Mr. Howard replied, that his end was approaching very fast; that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for having called. The Admiral finding him in such a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole might be merely the result of low spirits; but Mr. Howard soon assured him it was otherwise; and added, "Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject of it is to me more grateful than any other. I am well aware I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by diminishing my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist on vegetables and water, a little bread, and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment; and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers. Then turning the subject, he spoke of his funeral; and cheerfully gave directions concerning the manner in which he would be buried. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village, of Dauphigny, which would suit me nicely: you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my fu-

neral; nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Having given these directions, he was very earnest in soliciting that Admiral Priestman would lose no time in securing the object of his wishes; but go immediately, and settle with the owner of the land for the place of his interment, and prepare every thing for his burial.

The Admiral left him upon his melancholy errand, fearing at the same time, as he himself informed me, that the people would believe him crazy, to solicit a burying-ground for a man who was then living, and whom no person yet knew to be indisposed. However, he accomplished Mr. Howard's wishes, and returned to him with the intelligence. At this his countenance brightened, a gleam of evident satisfaction came over his face, and he prepared to go to bed. Soon after, he made his will; leaving as his executor a trusty follower, who had lived with him more in the capacity of a friend than of a servant, and whom he charged with the commission of bearing his will to England. It was not until after he had finished his will, that any symptoms of delirium appeared. Admiral Priestman, who had left him for a short time, returned, and found him sitting up in his bed, adding what he believed to be a codicil to his will; but this consisted of several unconnected words, the chief part of which were illegible, and all without any meaning. This strange composition he desired Admiral Priestman to witness and sign; and, in order to please him, the Admiral consented; but wrote his name, as he bluntly said, in Russian characters, lest any of his friends in England, reading his signature to such a codicil, should think he was also

delirious. After Mr. Howard had made what he conceived to be an addition to his will, he became more composed. A letter was brought to him from England, containing intelligence of the improved state of his son's health; stating the manner in which he passed his time in the country, and giving great reason to hope that he would recover from the disorder with which he was afflicted\*. His servant read this letter aloud; and, when he had concluded, Mr. Howard turned his head towards him, saying, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He expressed great repugnance against being buried according to the rites of the Greek church; and begging Admiral Priestman to prevent any interference with his interment on the part of the Russian priests, made him also promise, that he would read the service of the church of England over his grave, and bury him in all respects according to the forms of his country. Soon after this last request, he ceased to speak. Admiral Mordvinof came in, and found him dying very fast. They had in vain besought him to allow a physician to be sent for; but Admiral Mordvinof renewing this solicitation with great earnestness, Mr. Howard assented by nodding his head. The physician came, but was too late to be of any service. A rattling in the throat had commenced; and the physician administered what is called the musk draught, a medicine used only in Russia in the last extremity. It was given to the patient by Admiral Mordvinof, who prevailed on him to swallow a little; but he endeavoured to avoid the rest, and gave evident signs of disapprobation. He was then entirely given over; and shortly after breathed his last.

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\* Mr. Howard's son labored under an attack of insanity.

Essays, by an OLD WOMAN,  
No. 1.

On the proper APPLICATION of TIME.

“We complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with; for our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or else in doing nothing that we ought to do.”

SENTECE.

ESSAYS, (observes the intelligent Mr. Knox in that admired collection of writings which has immortalised his name) is but a synonymous term for *attempts*, and, as such, is truly applicable to the offspring of an old woman's imagination.

A much-esteemed authoress of the present day\*, in one of her judicious publications, has laid down a plan, by which her youthful readers may regulate their conduct, so as to *grow old gracefully*; or, if an artist were to embrace her ideas, he would represent Age as accompanied by Virtue, and attended by the Graces.

I am perfectly aware that so great is the prejudice against *old women*, that it requires all the polish which arises from elegant association, and all the refinement which is acquired from good education, to render a being, so universally objectionable, even tolerated in fashionable society. But, as intellect and information are not attached to any period of existence, and as age evidently possesses the advantage of experience, I indulge the hope that the sentiments of an old woman may not be altogether un-interesting. Animated by this pleasing hope, I have endeavoured to arrange my ideas in the form of essays, and, with all the humility of the aged monk, (whom Sterne has so beautifully characterised) now venture to present them before the public.

Without arrogating to myself

any dictatorial consequence, I shall occasionally intersperse my essays with well-intentioned advice, upon those subjects which are peculiarly connected with females:—and, should any of them be thrown into a predicament, from which the counsel of experience can help to extricate them, they have only to address their applications to me—directed to “*Mrs. Oldham, at Mr. G. Robinson's, 25, Paternoster Row.*”

On the importance of time, I have frequently observed, that the most thoughtless and inconsiderate are ever ready to descant: but—while they agree in the necessity of using it with the greatest frugality—like the Prodigal in Scripture, they either lavish it upon unprofitable pleasures, or waste it in idleness.—At every season and every period, time is of momentous importance; but the use or abuse of it never strikes the mind so forcibly, as at the commencement of a new year, when recollection imperceptibly recurs to the last annual revolution, and, alas! few can have the satisfaction of saying, that the fleeting moments have not been lost.

If, with the emperor Titus, we could only lament the loss of a day, how sweet would be the reflexion, and how heart-felt the delight! but—prone as we are by nature to do that which is forbidden, and to omit doing that which we are commanded—in taking a retrospective view of the last twelve months, we shall find that a large portion of our time has been occupied in pursuits more culpable than total idleness.—“Every fool, (observes Lord Chesterfield) who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, has some trite observation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetness; and, though they pretend to feel the necessity of employing it well, they

\* Mrs. Hannah More.

squander it away without considering that its loss is irrecoverable."— This remark is too just to be considered as a libel upon society: but to censure imperfections without pointing out a remedy, is as unavailing, as it would be for a physician to describe all the minute symptoms of a malady, without recommending a proper mode of cure. Doctor Young's sublime description of time was never surpassed, and can scarcely be equalled in any language—

..... We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it then a  
tongue,  
Is wise in man,—As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound!

He then proceeds to tell us that the stroke of the clock is "the knell of our departed hours," and warns us not to waste them!

Though application and economy may recover the waste of fortune, it is impossible for the greatest energy to repair the waste of time: it eludes our grasp, evades every attempt to recall it, yet impresses a sense of the blessing we have lost, in indeleble characters upon the mind.—Though the past is gone for ever, the future lies before us; and we have the power either of using or abusing it, as we please. We may either dispose of it in a manner which will impart tranquillity to our bosoms, or we may waste it in pleasures, which, instead of satisfying, pall upon the mind.

Let not my readers, however, imagine that I am an enemy to innocent enjoyment, or to those pleasures, which, when moderately resorted to, give a zest to life; for the great giver of all good had never endowed us with propensities to enjoy them, if the participation of them could have been considered as a crime. But, in the distribution of our time, the pleasures of the world

should only occupy a certain portion, and never interfere with the actual duties of life: never ought they to be suffered to break in upon those occupations which constitute our usefulness in the present state.

How frequently have I had the mortification of hearing my own sex complain of the languor and insipidity of a country life; and sigh for a return of that season, when, animated by the gaieties of the metropolis, their torpid sensations might again revive!—In vain are the resplendent beauties of summer spread around them, or the glowing tints of autumn expanded before their eyes; for, dazzled by the glare of an illuminated ball-room, they have no vision for the lovely scenes of nature.—But to those females whose minds have not been corrupted by the influence of fashion, or perverted by the power of example, how delightfully interesting is a country life! The loveliness of spring, the more luxuriant charms of summer, the variegated beauties of autumn, and even the sterility of winter, alternately expand their bosoms with gratitude and delight.—Time, which, to the votaries of gaiety, often moves upon leaden pinions, from being usefully occupied, literally flies; while the retrospect of the past points to the bright reward of the future, and sheds its soothing influence over every period of their lives.

Let it not be supposed that I mean to infer that either usefulness or benevolence is exclusively attached to the country; for I know many instances of the active exertion of both in the metropolis, where a portion of each day is devoted to relieving the children of misfortune, and visiting the sick.—This is spending time in a manner most acceptable to our maker, and

fulfilling one of our redeemer's strongest injunctions: it is, in fact, humbly imitating his blessed example, and doing to others, as we would be done by.

A few years back, I was acquainted with a very lovely young woman, who, upon quitting school, was initiated into all the gaieties of fashion. She ran a round of dissipation in the metropolis, and was whirled from Bath to Cheltenham, and thence to all the public places of fashionable resort.—Wherever she appeared, admiration followed her: for novelty added charms to each enlivening scene; and her animated countenance displayed the gratification she experienced from this enchanting method of disposing of her time.—Not one moment was allowed for sober reflexion, or the fulfilling of those duties for which by heaven we were designed:—her life was spent in one continued round of amusements, which, to the young and inexperienced, are accompanied with so much delight.

But, though custom sanctioned this unlawful waste of moments, which, when once lavished upon unsatisfying pleasures, can never be recalled; yet the mind of Selina was formed for higher gratifications; and she soon began to feel the insipidity of fashionable pursuits.—Her heart, which was framed for domestic enjoyments, at length met with an object on whom its softest affections were bestowed:—Plutus attended at the shrine of Hymen, accompanied by the god of love.

The object on whom the fortunate Selina had placed her affections, was one of the most accomplished men of the age: his heart was the seat of every virtue, and his mind was illumined by learning's instructive rays.—To the superficial observer, never were two characters

more opposite, than those of Sir Charles Belgrave and the being whom he had selected for a wife:—*he* was devoted to the pleasures of the country; and *she* had evinced a strong preference for the gaieties of the metropolis.—Though the seat of Sir Charles Belgrave was situated in an excellent neighbourhood, it was upwards of a hundred miles distant from the scene of Lady Belgrave's former enjoyments; and no populous town was near, even to offer the gratification of a country ball.—Thus circumstanced, how was the tedium of a country life to be avoided, or that enemy, time, disposed of? were the questions which Lady Belgrave's fashionable acquaintance eagerly asked; but the noble-minded Sir Charles had prepared an occupation for the object of his tenderness, which he had flattered himself would prove interesting to the benevolent feelings of her heart.—Sir Charles Belgrave, upon coming to the estates of his ancestors, had found his extensive lands not properly cultivated, and his tenants oppressed; for his grandfather had intrusted the whole management of his landed property to an unprincipled steward.—As the greater number of leases were only granted during the life of the late Sir Henry, his grandson resolved not to renew them upon so large a scale, but to divide the land into smaller farms, and build houses upon them, that three might occupy the portion which had been allotted to one.

In the village which nearly joined the park railing, there was but one school for its humble inhabitants, where boys and girls were promiscuously huddled together without any distinction.—Sir Charles, therefore, immediately erected two seminaries, and benevolently resolved to support them at his own expense; that for the girls, to be under Lady



Belgrave's protection, while the boys he determined to superintend himself. In addition to this noble plan, he built twelve small cottages, as receptacles for six infirm persons of each sex; whom the children belonging to the schools were alternately to wait upon, and dress the food which was generously supplied them.

Of these benevolent institutions Lady Belgrave had been kept in total ignorance: but what gratifying sensations did she experience upon her arrival at her husband's seat, on beholding such decided proofs of the amiability of his disposition, and the truly liberal turn of his mind!—The beneficence of this delightful pair was not confined to the youthful or the aged; for the poor of every description felt its fostering influence; and so sweet was the gratification which Lady Belgrave experienced, that she no longer wished to partake of the gaieties of the metropolis.

That time, which her fashionable friends had fancied would drag on so heavily, seemed actually to fly upon eagle's pinions: every part of the day had its regular division; and pleasure never interfered with the duties of benevolence.

Though few possess the power of being so extensively charitable as Lady Belgrave, yet, with a circumscribed income, we may perform the minor duties of benevolence: we may visit the sick, instruct the un-educated, and give to the needy a morsel of our bread.—Time, thus employed, needs not interfere with any moral obligation, or break in upon our pleasurable pursuits: and I will venture to assert that it will give a zest to our religious duties, by emboldening us to address the Almighty Ruler of the world.

(To be continued.)

## MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

*Anecdote of Louis XIV.*—Voltaire, in his posthumous Remains, mentions his having heard the Duke de Brancas relate, that Louis XIV, after the battle of Ramillies, was heard to say, "Can it be possible that God has forgotten all I have done for him?"—alluding, we presume, to his pious efforts for the extirpation of heresy and schism.

*Self-drawn Portraits.*—In the same work it is recorded, that Madame Staël, having drawn a sketch of her own character, and being asked whether she had not omitted any thing in it, replied, "I have drawn only a half-length portrait."

*Turkish Justice*—The following curious specimen of Turkish justice is recorded in Chateaubriand's "Travels in Greece, &c."—Near Mount Ithomé, there was a band of about fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pacha of the Morea, Osman Pasha, repaired to the spot; he surrounded the villages where the robbers were accustomed to take up their quarters. It would have been too tedious for a Turk to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty: all within the Pasha's inclosure were dispatched like wild beasts. The robbers, it is true, were exterminated; but, with them, perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in this affair.

*Anecdote of Michel Angelo.*—Mr. Duppa, in his Life of that immortal artist, relates that he was once engaged by Angelo Doni, a Florentine gentleman, to paint a Holy Family: and when the picture was finished, it was sent home, with a note requesting the payment of seventy ducats. Angelo Doni did not expect such a charge, and told the messenger he would give forty, which he thought sufficient. Michel Angelo immediately sent back the servant, and demanded his picture or a hundred ducats. Angelo Doni, not liking to part with it, returned the messenger, agreeing to pay the original sum: but Michel Angelo, indignant at being haggled with, then doubled his first demand; and Angelo Doni, still wishing to possess the picture, acceded, rather than try any further experiment to abate his price.

*Calmuck Marriages.*—Among the Calmucks, as we learn from Dr. Clarke's

"Travels," the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; and, if he overtakes her, she immediately becomes his wife, and returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued: in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her: and it is asserted that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides, to use the language of English sportsmen, "*neck or nothing*," until she has completely escaped, or until the pursuer's horse is tired out, leaving her at liberty to return, to be afterward chased by some more favored admirer.

*Oriental Mothers.*—In the East, a married woman—instead of being called after her husband, as with us—is, when a mother, denominated from her eldest son, if she have one—if not, from her eldest daughter,—as *Am Yusuf*, Mother of Joseph—*Am Miriem*, Mother of Mary. Hence, in the story of the "Banquet," given in the Supplement to our last volume, the supposed woman is, according to established custom, styled *Am Soleymann*, Mother of Solyman.

*The Lord's Prayer.*—About the time of the Reformation, a dispute having arisen in the university of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, whether the Lord's Prayer might be said to the Saints, or should be confined to God alone—and several meetings of divines having been held on the subject—a confidential servant of one of the doctors ventured to inquire of his master what had occasioned them. The master, with great good humour, told him the subject of the debate; and the servant, with some surprise, asked, "To whom should the Lord's prayer be said but to God?" The doctor then asked in turn, "What should be done with the saints?" to which the servant bluntly answered, "Give them *Ave's* and *Credo's* enow, in the devil's name; for that may suffice them."—This curious conversation is noticed in Dr. Cook's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

*Linen washed by Steam.*—We have been informed that an ingenious gentleman in the vicinity of Islington has applied steam to the washing of linen, and

with most satisfactory success. The linen (we are told) is first soaped, and then, in a close wooden vessel, exposed to the action of steam conducted to it by a pipe from a boiler. After a couple of hours' steaming, it only requires to be rinsed in clear water.—So says our informant.

*Harmless Rattle-Snake.*—Few of our readers are unacquainted with the dangerous nature of the rattle-snake, accustomed to dart, unprovoked, at passengers, and inflict its wounds, usually mortal. The following instance, therefore, of a pacific disposition in one of those noxious reptiles, must appear the more remarkable. It is related by Major Pike, in his "Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of N. America"—"To day, I passed over a remarkably large rattle snake, as he lay coiled up, and trod so near as to touch it with my foot, it drawing itself up to make room for my heel. Dr. Robinson, who followed me, was on the point of treading on it, but, by a spring, avoided it. I then turned round, and touched it with my ramrod; but it showed no disposition to bite, and appeared quite peaceable. The gratitude which I felt towards it for not having bitten me, induced me to save its life."—So far Major Pike: but, after all, it may be a question whether this unnatural tameness in the snake did not arise from the animal's being wounded, sick, or otherwise deprived of the ability to hurt.

*Duel for a Book.*—When the "*Diable Boiteux*" (known to the English reader under the title of the "Devil upon two Sticks") first made its appearance at Paris, so great was the demand for it, and so eager were the public to procure it, that it is related of two young gentlemen who arrived at the same moment, in search of the *Diable Boiteux*, at the shop of a bookseller, who had but a single copy left, that neither of them would give it up to the other; upon which they had recourse to their swords: a duel ensued, and the victor carried off the literary prize.

*Authors.*—From the last literary catalogue published at the fair of Leipsic, it appears that there are now living in Germany no fewer than ten thousand, two hundred, and forty-three authors, each of whom publishes at least once a year.

## POETRY.

*Bout-rimés proposed*—Change, range;  
Fear, sincere; Long, strong; Wise,  
prize; Gain, pain; Strive, drive, Grow,  
low; Cloy, enjoy.

*Lines on reading that the TAUNTON and  
SOMERSET HOSPITAL would shortly  
be ready for the reception of Patients.*

*By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.*

Lo, hoping o'er you tow'ring pile,\*  
A bright descendent of the sky!  
'Tis Pity's self! I see her smile,  
And clear her sorrow-streaming eye.

Even now exultingly she calls  
To Mis'ry's sons and daughters round,  
"Soon, soon, within these sacred walls,  
Shall comfort, home, and friends, be  
found

"The suffering wretch, Misfortune's heir,  
The hapless prey o' racking pain,  
Shall here, with new-born hopes repair,  
Nor seek the friendly dome in vain.

"Here generous souls, with lenient balm,  
Shall foil man's fell'st foe, Disease;  
Shall Anguish, tort'ring fiend! disarm,  
And victims from their pow'r release;

"Shall to th' afflicted poor impart  
A blessing dearer far than wealth,  
Bid the once hopeless wretch depart,  
Enrich'd with renovated health.

"At their control, through all the flame  
The vital stream shall purer glide;  
While, glorying in their strength, the  
lame

Shall cast the useless crutch aside."

How do such souls resemble God,  
Who, emulous, thus succour wor!  
When earth the lowly Jesus trod,  
'Twas thus he bless'd mankind below!

The dead his pow'rful accents heard;  
His touch restor'd the visual rays:  
Th' obstructed paths of sound he clear'd,  
While loosen'd tongues broke forth in  
praise.

O ye, whose feeling bosoms glow  
When others' efforts meet success,  
Whose sympathetic tears will flow  
For fellow-creatures in distress—

Though envious fate to some deny  
The pow'r, the bliss to aid mankind,  
Yet trust, that, register'd on high,  
You ev'ry gen'rous wish shall find.

\* The Hospital.

But ye, with Fortune's favors crown'd,  
Who still the social feelings share,  
And look, with broad survey, around,  
For proper objects of your care—

Here, here indulge your souls' pure joy,  
The luxury to succour wor!  
The cause is God's! your zeal employ,  
And willing bounty here bestow!

Thrice happy man! who, call'd on high  
From this vain, transitory state,  
Shall find meek, dove-ey'd Charity,  
For endless bliss, his advocate!

*The EMPIRE of the DEEP.*

*By J. M. L.*

*Tune "The Invention of Gunpowder."*

WHEN Freedom o'er Britannia's isle  
Her cheering influence spread,  
On Britain's fleet she deign'd to smile,  
And taught our foes to dread:  
And, as old Neptune long since gave  
To Britain's rule the subject wave,  
Her sons have shown they still can keep  
The envied empire of the deep.

To NELSON long was giv'n the pow'r  
To sweep the surgy main;  
Till Death disturb'd proud triumph's  
hour,  
And gave to Britons pain.

But, though each age his loss must  
mourn, <sup>sure,</sup>  
Though now enshrin'd in Death's cold  
Yet Britain's bravest sons still keep  
The envied empire of the deep.

*Stanzas, by Miss JOYNA SQUIRE.*

[\* \* \* The following Stanzas having been unfortunately printed in the Supplement to our last Volume, with some serious typographic errors, accidentally left uncorrected, we have (instead of barely noticing the Errata) reprinted the piece entire, as well for the ease and satisfaction of our Readers, as to do justice to the genius of the fair Authoress, whose productions are well entitled to typographic attention and accuracy.]

On reading an Extract from Mr. SCOTT'S  
"Vision of Don Roderick," ending thus—  
"And he, you chieftain—strike the  
proudest tone  
Of thy bold harp, green Isle—the hero is  
thine own."<sup>1</sup>

THE hero is your own:—proclaim it loud

\* See our Magazine for September, page 432.

Through all your ranks; and let the  
vaunting foe  
Catch the exulting sound, for well they  
know

This boast of Erin, this thrice glorious  
chief,

Whose arm so oft has laid them vic-  
And, daring, snatch'd those high rais'd  
trophies; roud, [now, with grief,  
Which erst those spoils claim'd, but  
Behold bright waving, where Britannia's  
pride, [vaunts beside.

Bold in the righteous cause oppression's  
And Oh! ye gallant bands, to freedom  
de r, [crown'd—

Europe's last hope, with fadeless laurels  
Ye, who, when dangers threat, still  
foremost forad, [fight—

Date in the stranger's cause th' unequal  
Your be the boast, while empires fall  
wound, [freer—

And myriads weep ambition's dread ca-  
Yours be the boast, its proudest hopes to  
blight, [kind,

And teach these dread enslavers of un-  
Fame, for Britannia's sons, no common  
wreath has twin'd.

Britannia's sons you are:—with equal  
pride, [of Fame,

With equal joy, she hears the trump  
In lofty tones, your daring deeds pro-  
claim.

Secure, triumphant, on her favor'd land,  
She grows emaptor'd at each warrior's  
name.

Hibernia's heroes, who disdain the guide  
Of slow pac'd prudence—Scotia's warlike  
band—

Alike she loves, alike delights to own—  
Joint 'vengers of her wrongs, joint guar-  
dians of her throne.

Completion of the *BOOTS-RIMS* proposed  
in our Magazine for November

The *woe-fraught SOUL*.—By J. M. L.  
THE summer day of peace, alas! is run,  
And now to sorrow's midnight hour I  
turn. [shun:

The thought of hope my mind must ever  
Hope's leav'nly torch for me has ceas'd  
to burn:

Careless how soon a life of woe may  
close—

A life embitter'd by her sharpest thorn,  
Whose point was hid in pleasure's early  
rose:—

Let this youth's unsuspecting bosom  
warn!

Joy's hour quick faded, like a blade of  
grass.—

The hour of pleasure soon begins to  
eclips:

I like a gay vision, all its comforts pass;  
And woe shuts out the very name of  
joy.

When shall this soul to peaceful mo-  
ment's wake!— [time leave,

Ne'er, till this earth the trembling vic-  
Ne'er, till a heav'nward journey it shall  
take, [prise!

Where bliss eternal bids no more to

The *ASTROLOGER*—Imitation of the  
French Epigram in our Magazine for  
December

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton

AN almanack maker, with prescient lectr,  
Through futurity's valley dith' approach-  
ing new year, [or snow,

Examind each month for its rain, hail,  
When calms should prevail, and when  
hurricanes blow; [just to step in,

Then call'd to his son from his play  
And write down the weather that he said  
should happen. [his pen

The child for the first time now finger'd  
To fill this high office.—His dad thus  
began.—

“First write, ‘sleet and snow with some  
wind;’ then, ‘some rain.’ [again:

Next, ‘moderate weather;’ then ‘windy’  
And write, ‘gainst that Friday, ‘a tem-  
pest, with hail.’— [and look'd pale,

The child began writing, but stopp'd,  
“Papa sure forgets,—what! such wea-  
ther on Friday! [a high day.”

We don't go to school, 'tis for frolic  
“Well well!” said the prophet, “then  
write, if you please, son,

‘*Quit mind now about;’* or, ‘*quite fair for  
the season.*”

The *LOVE SICK MAID*;

an Imitation of the Writers of the seven-  
teenth Century.

(From the new Edition of Miss Mitford's  
Poems.)

STRANGER, dost see yon pallid maid,  
Reclin'd beneath the willow shade,

Who still, with listless mien,  
Plucks the wild flow'rs that round her  
gleam,

And watches them sail down the stream,  
Tutling a sad wild air between?

Would'st hear, what duns those eyes so  
shen?—

Know, this it is to love!

'Tis thus, upon her lute to play,  
Wabbling the weary hours away,

Like plaintive Pholonel;  
Yet, to one tender pensive song

Returning still, the notes prolong,  
Still on that air captiv'd dwell:—  
Hark! 'tis the song he lov'd so well.—  
Oh! this it is to love!

It is, when, with the painter's dies,  
She bids a new creation rise,  
Surpassing mortal grace;  
In Surrey's form, in Sydney's eye,  
In hero, or in Deity,  
With faithful pencil still to trace  
Her lover's form, and look, and face:—  
Oh! this it is to love!

It is to shun his very name,  
Yet thus in secret nurse the flame,  
As rain-drops feed the fire;  
So the blaze lit at Fancy's eyes,  
Sprinkled with tears and fann'd with sighs,  
As tears depress, or hopes aspire,  
Still fiercer burns, and blazes higher:—  
Oh! this it is to love!

It is to doubt her beauty's pow'r,  
To languish o'er the faded flow'r,  
Drooping and sad like her:  
To doubt her glass, to doubt her eyes,  
To shun false flattery's honey'd lies,  
Yet still, from one dear flatterer,  
Such praise to ev'ry sound prefer:—  
Oh! this it is to love!

'Tis hating her whom he commends;  
'Tis envying all he calls his friends;  
Yet still his presence flying;  
'Tis loathing the sun's blessed light;  
'Tis moaning through the tedious night;  
'Tis musing, weeping, wailing, sighing,  
Not yet to die, yet always dying.—  
Know, stranger, this is love!

*Lines addressed to a young Lady,  
on NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1812.*

I OFFER, Louisa, no idle profession,  
No compliments merely to hail the  
New Year: [confession,  
My heart is content with the simple  
That friendship's chaste passion has  
render'd you dear.

The year now departed was fraught with  
that pleasure: [prove,  
And if destined another's existence to—  
It may teach me, perchance, by ex-  
perience to measure [ship and love.  
How close the connexion 'twixt friend-

#### *The PAINS of MEMORY.*

*(From Mr. Hingham's Poem so entitled.)*  
How oft, in scenes of solitude and night,  
The soul will wing to other days her flight,  
Unbidden mark some thoughtless hour's  
disgrace, [trace,  
The failure see, the sneering group re-

Till ridicule recall'd, confusion, shame,  
Now fire the cheek with indignation's  
flame. [encoreigns,  
How oft, when nature sleeps, and si-  
Will sorrow weep at thought-recurring  
pains, [fled,  
Trace the sad moment when a spirit  
And ev'ry virtue of the absent dead!  
Who has not heard the bell of midnight  
toll  
Appalling accents to his sickening soul,  
Wake up the strugs of long-forgotten  
woe, [show?  
Divided friends and parting anguish  
Who has not sigh'd at time's swift-ebbing  
stream, [dream?  
Or moments flown of love's delusive

*To a Lady, with a GOLD CHAIN.*

*By Lieut. CHARLES GRAY.*

COULD I a cunning workman find,  
With links like these thy heart to bind,  
It never more should wander free,  
But live a willing slave to me.  
Ah no! for, cast in honor's mould,  
Thy heart disdains a chain of gold,  
Resolv'd no tyrant's pow'r to prove,  
But live a slave alone to Love.  
These link, though wrought with nicest  
art,  
Can ne'er enchain a roving heart.  
Love's magic chain, so light and fine,  
Alone must make the wand'rer mine.  
Strong are the links of Love, I ween,  
Although his actions are unseen.  
Then, Cupid, act a friendly part,  
And wind thy chain round Deha's heart!

*TIME, deceived.*

*Addressed to Lady Crewe, by Mr. SPENCER.*  
WHAT! has that angel face receiv'd  
No hurt? Has time forgot his duty?—  
Poor Time! like mortals, you're deceiv'd:  
It is not youth:—'tis only beauty.

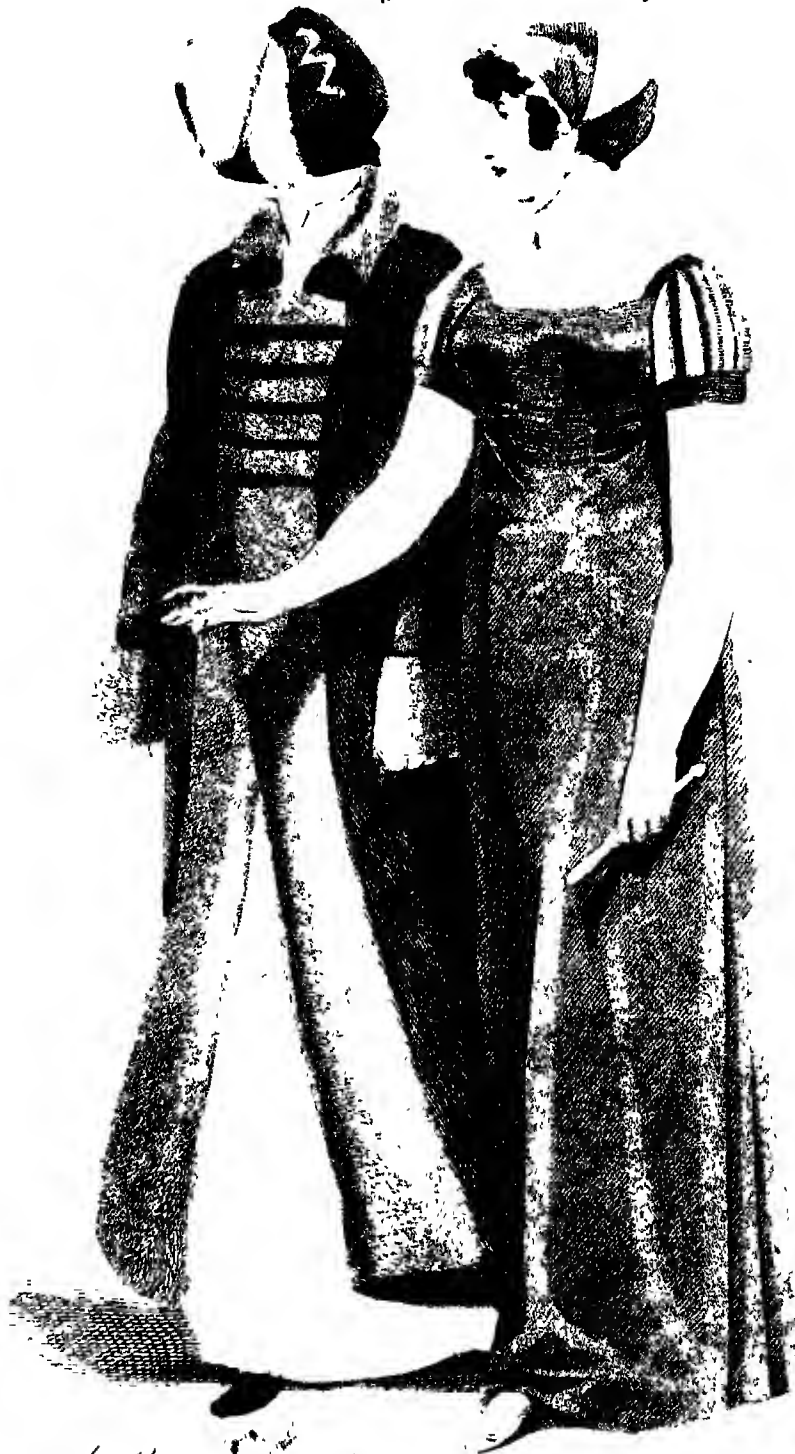
#### *Le COMBAT à Mort.*

A la suite d'une querelle,  
Où le Gascon Mondor avait fait l'insolent,  
Pour en découdre un brétailleur l'ap-  
pelle.— [blant,  
Arrivé sur le pré, Mondor, pâle et trem-  
Dit, " Nous ne nous battons que jusqu'  
au premier sang."—  
" Non, mon petit Monsieur," dit l'autre:  
" point de grâce!  
Le combat ne finira pas,  
Que l'un de nous ne reste sur la  
place."— [je m'en vas."  
" Hé bien!" repart Mondor, " restez-y—  
\*\*\* A Translation or Imitation is requested,  
for our next or any future Number.

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N<sup>o</sup> 1. *Lady's Magazine.* . . *January, 1812.*



*London Morning & Evening Dresses.*

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES.

*Morning dress.*—Pelisse of maroon silk, lined throughout with fur, which, when buttoned, forms a sort of lappel:—Standing collar, to

turn over; and very deep cuffs.—A hat of the same silk, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

*Evening dress,* of green satin, with epaulettes of lace.—Cap of the same, trimmed with lace and a flower.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

\*\* For the meaning and use of the Dates within crotchets [ ], see the Notices on the back of the title-page.

[London, Decemb 23] Cassel, Nov. 24.—At one o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the apartments of the Grand Marshal, immediately under those occupied by the king. His majesty, almost suffocated by the smoke, had scarcely time to quit the apartment, and repair to the queen's room. The fire spread with a rapidity hardly to be resisted. In less than two hours, the whole of his majesty's and the grand marshal's apartments, to the saloon of the council of state, were a prey to the flames. The greater part of the furniture, tapestry, vases, &c. are destroyed.

[21] Petersburg, Oct. 25.—The Turkish troops, which were encamped on the right bank of the Danube, were, on the 14th October, suddenly attacked by the Lieut-General Markoff, and put to flight, with the loss of 1,500 killed, and 300 prisoners.

[94] New York, Nov. 14.—The National Intelligencer says, 2,200 Indians are embodied at Indianna, and threaten hostility against the United States, having shot one of our sentinels.

[25] Temeswar, Oct. 27. The last letters state that the Turkish forces under the Grand Vizier have been reduced to the greatest straits, and have sued for an armistice, which has been refused by General Kutusow, who has taken 5000 prisoners and an immense quantity of military stores.

[25] Jassy, Oct. 31. According to advices from the head quarters of the Turkish army, it was a third time defeated on the night of the 17th and morning of the 18th by a corps of 7000 men; they, however, were fortunate enough to secure a retreat across the Danube, although with great loss. The Russians afterwards attacked the Turkish camp

near Rudschuck, and having made a great booty, pursued their enemies as far as Tirnowo.

[25] Basle Nov. 14.—Count Gottorp, late King of Sweden, lives here in the most retired manner. His chief amusement is the public lectures.

[30] The Paris papers which have reached town to the 24th instant, contain a decree of the conservative senate, for placing 120,000 men, of the conscription of 1812, at the disposal of the minister of war.

[30] A fresh eruption has taken place from Mount Etna, which is thus related in the French journals.—On the 27th of October, several months opened on the eastern side of the mountain; these openings, situate almost in the same line, and at equal distances, presented to the eye a spectacle the most imposing—torrents of burning matter, discharged with the greatest force from the interior of the volcano, illuminated the horizon to a great distance. One of these apertures was at a considerable distance from all the others. The former was about 300 toises beneath the crater, and about one mile from the point called Gamel Laco. five others were situate in a line in the direction of the valley of Oxen (del Bove). The eruption of these last five lasted the whole night; an immense quantity of matter was discharged from them, which was driven to considerable distances. They however ceased the following day to cast forth any lava. The first aperture continued still, on the 15th of December, to emit torrents of fire, and even at the time when this mouth had the appearance of being stopped, there suddenly issued from it clouds of ashes, which descended in the form of rain upon the city of Catania and its en-



virons, and upon the fields situate at a very great distance. The current of the lava was still very slow, since in the space of nine days it had scarcely passed over three miles, and had only reached the rock called della Capra (the Goat's). A roaring, resembling that of the sea in the midst of a tempest, was heard in the interior of the mountain. This sound, accompanied from time to time with dreadful explosions resembling thunder, re-echoed throughout the valleys, and spread terror on every side. Such was the state and situation of Mount Atna on the 18th ult. The eruption still continued, and excited fears of the most terrible disasters.

[3] *Japan*, 11] An edict has appeared in Prussia, according to which all feudal tenures shall expire in four years more; and for this purpose, land deputies are appointed for every province, whose labor centre in the bureau of the chancellor of the state. They are totally to separate the connexion between the landholder and his peasantry; and the latter, in lieu of feudal service, shall give one-half or one third part of his land to his lord.

[4] The receipts and expenditures of the government of the United States, during the year ending on September 30, 1811, have been.

	Dollars.	Cents.
Receipts - - -	19,775,	376.09
Disbursements - - -	15,8	2,657.73
Surplus - - -	3,947,	815.36

[4] On the 8th of November, an engagement took place between a body of American troops and a numerous army of Indians commanded by "The Prophet." Before day break, the Indians commenced the attack so suddenly, that they were in the American camp before many of the men could get out of their tents. The assaults, however, were finally repulsed, though not without serious loss on the part of the Americans.

[4] The Cincinnati Society have proposed erecting a splendid monument to the memory of the late General Washington, at Philadelphia, and are raising subscriptions at New York and other towns, to carry their design into execution.

[4—15] About the middle of November, a serious *fiacas* took place at Sayannah, between some American sailors and the crews of two French privateers lying in that port. Three of the former

were stabbed: the exasperated Americans set fire to and destroyed the two privateers: and their crews (a hoard of ruffians from all nations) were all committed to jail, and afterwards shipped off to Charleston.

[6] Several of the Swedish papers of last month contain the following:— "His royal majesty has graciously announced, that hereafter no foreigners are to be received into the Swedish service."

[7] The last advice from Sweden state, that the king was so far recovered, as to excite a general expectation that he would shortly be able to resume the reins of government, and convolve the diet, which will assemble in the course of the next month.

[7] A letter from Jamaica says, that the following decision has excited a strong sensation in that colony. The principal of a mercantile house, who had advanced a large sum of money to a planter on the mortgage of his estate, (to the amount, it is said, of £30,000 sterling), took the legal measures to effect payment of their claims. The defendant, in arrest of judgment put in a plea that the transaction was usurious, inasmuch as the terms of the mortgage bound the planter to send the produce of his estate to the mercantile house for sale, by which they had their commission on the sale, in addition to the legal interest of their loans. The chancellor, the hon. governor general admitted the plea, and declared the transaction usurious. The planter was in consequence prosecuted, and all his advances to the planter lost; besides his being further rendered liable to a prosecution in a criminal court for usury.

[8] According to tables published in the Almanack of the French board of longitude, the population, of the French empire amount to 43,937,121 souls. Of this number, it is supposed that 28 millions speak the French language, 6,153,000 the Italian, 4,063,000 the Dutch or Flemish, 967,000 the Breton, and 109,000 the Basque. The population of the states connected with the system of France, in which number are included the kingdom of Italy, Switzerland, Spain, the confederation of the Rhine, &c. is estimated at 38,141,541 souls.

[9] The legislature of St. Vincent's resolved, in November, to import 9000 dollars, which were immediately to be cut in such a way as to preserve a sufficiency of change in the island. The cut money then current was to be called in,

[9] Count Rzewski, of Vienna, is said to have in his possession an Arabic manuscript written in the time of the Crusades, which mentions some curious particulars relative to the use of gunpowder in war, and which contains a genuine receipt for the Greek fire. The Count is now employed in translating this rare and valuable work.

[9] *French Usages*—An ordinance relative to the exterior and interior police of the theatre has been issued, prohibiting expressly all persons from reselling tickets bought at the office, or selling such as have been obtained from any other source. None are to disturb the audience by noise, applause, or hissing, before the curtain rises, nor between the acts. In the great theatres, during the whole representation, no one is to keep his hat on after the curtain rises.

[13] The differences between Mr. Wellesley and the Spanish government have not interrupted the ordinary intercourse between them. The loan solicited by the latter is 40 millions of reals, or about four hundred thousand pounds for which the Junta of Cadiz has offered its security.

[13] A duel took place last month at Bourdeaux, between two merchants. On the first fire one of the parties fell, and the seconds immediately approached, supposing that he was mortally wounded; after a close inspection, they found that he had not sustained any injury, his antagonist's ball having glanced aside, and lodged in the trunk of a tree, but he was nevertheless dead—having, it is conjectured, anticipated, by his terriers, that fate which he might otherwise have escaped.

[13] Quebec papers and letters to the 2nd ult. reached town on Saturday. It appears from their contents, that large quantities of British manufactures continue to be smuggled into the territories of the United States from Canada. The custom-house officers on all the frontier stations had been doubled and tripled; but, in despite of their vigilance both the temptation and facilities were so great, that English goods still found admission. On several occasions, some severe contests had taken place between the officers and smugglers, which had not terminated without the loss of lives.

[13] A letter of a late date, from Holland, states, that most rigid measures are now enforced in that country against all persons detected in carrying on a

clandestine correspondence with England. Several masters of merchant vessels have been recently arrested.

[13] The celebrated convent of La Trappe was, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of November, suppressed by a decree of the Swiss council.

[14] The magnificent church of Montreale, near Palermo, was burned to the ground on the 17<sup>th</sup> ult. It was an antique structure, and contained many curious monuments of ancient kings.

[14] An imperial decree of the 19<sup>th</sup> ult. directs the abolition of the feudal system in the departments of the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser and the Upper Rhine. The introductory matter adverts to the general law on this subject; and in the sequel, all honorable distinctions, whether relating to rank or power, are abolished, with the exception of such as are authorised under the edict of the 26<sup>th</sup> of Aug. 1811. The Baronial courts are also put down, and all external signs of them must be removed before the expiration of two months from the date of the decree.

[16] A great number of American seamen had been forcibly conveyed from Denmark to Dantzic, whence they had been forwarded to Antwerp. From the shores of the Scheldt they had written to Mr. Barlow, at Paris, who, on being apprised of their situation successfully applied to the French minister to obtain their liberty. They are to proceed to Rochelle, whence they are allowed to embark for their own country.

[16] Letters from Cadiz supply us with some more particulars regarding the differences between Mr. Wellesley and the Spanish regency. It now appears that it was in consequence of an application from several respectable members of the Cortes, that the British minister suggested the fitness and even the necessity of an alteration in the executive authorities.

[18] One hundred and ninety Scotch emigrants lately arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina from the isle of Skye.

[22] *Septemb. 17*, General Jansen, with the remainder of the French forces in the island of Java, surrendered to the British troops under the command of Lieut. gen. Auchmuty—the whole island is now in the possession of the British forces.

[27] The king of Sweden has resumed the reins of government.

[28] The French entered Valencia, Decem. 26; and Lord Wellington invested Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 6.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Of His Majesty we cannot give a favorable account.—From the examination of his physicians by the Queen's council on the 4th of January, and by a committee of parliament on the 10th, it does not appear that the slightest hope was entertained of his recovery; nor can we report any improvement in his condition, to the present date, January 28.

Summary of Christenings and Burials within the Bills of Mortality, from December 12, 1810, to December 10, 1811—

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the walls, 879—Buried, 1,641.

Christened in the 17 Parishes without the walls, 4480—Buried, 3479.

Christened in the 23 Out parishes of Middlesex and Surrey, 11,242—Buried, 8,742.

Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4044—Buried, 3758.

Christened } Males 10,443 } in all 20,645  
              } Females 10,202 }

Buried } Males 8,868 } in all 17,043  
          } Females 8,175 }

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	-	-	5,106
Between Two and Five	-	-	1,638
Five and Ten	-	-	1,654
Ten and Twenty	-	-	509
Twenty and Thirty	-	-	1,231
Thirty and Forty	-	-	1,641
Forty and Fifty	-	-	1,741
Fifty and Sixty	-	-	1,791
Sixty and Seventy	-	-	1,387
Seventy and Eighty	-	-	1,038
Eighty and Ninety	-	-	449
Ninety and a Hundred	-	-	50
A Hundred	-	-	1
A Hundred and One	-	-	1
A Hundred and Two	-	-	1
A Hundred and Three	-	-	2

Decreased in the Burials this year 2,850

Number of bankruptcies announced in the Gazette during the last year.—In January, 212—February, 212—March, 217—April, 178—May, 205—June, 173—July, 165—August, 119—September, 77—October, 112—November, 247—December, 142—Total, 2044.

Price of Bread—Quartern wheaten loaf, January 2, seventeen pence—Jan. 9, seventeen pence farthing—Jan. 16, seventeen pence—Jan. 23, the same.

[London, December 24] The subscrip-

tions for the detection of the murderers of the Murr and Williamson families amount already to £1,533.

[25] A very extraordinary circumstance occurred on Sunday, in the neighbourhood of Battersea. Two gentlemen, who had been dining with a friend there, received a blunderbuss loaded, to protect themselves in going home. They were found in the morning, lying in an adjoining field, one dead, and the other wounded, it is feared, mortally. The blunderbuss was found discharged beside them. The gentleman who is still alive, has not yet been able to give any account of the extraordinary transaction.

[26] The Magistrates of the county, residing at Hammersmith, have sworn in thirty-two of the inhabitants as special constables, to act during the present alarming period.

[27] At a meeting of the Catholic committee in Dublin, Decemb. 23, Lord Fingail being in the chair, counsellor Hale, a police magistrate, took him by the arm, and gently pushed him from the chair.—Lord Netterville, having been immediately appointed to supply his place, was treated by Mr. Hale in the same manner.—The committee very soon dispersed.

[28] Yesterday morning, John Williams—confined in Cold bath fields prison, under very strong suspicions (which have since been brought to nearly absolute certainty) of his being an agent in the murder of the Murr and Williamson families, noticed in our last Number—was found suspended by his neckcloth from a bar in his cell—having thus terminated his career by an act of suicide.—It was said that Williams was an Irishman—an assertion, which, if generally believed, might be productive of unpleasant consequences, by exciting animosities between the lower orders of our people and the numerous bodies of Irish militia now in England. But, as Mr. Sheridan observed in the House of Commons, on the 17th of January, “not only no one circumstance came out, to justify the opinion” of his being an Irishman, “but every thing that did come out, proved him not to have been an Irishman.” (See the Morning Chronicle, of January 18.)

[28] The new Comet was seen on Sun-

day and Monday evenings at the Glasgow Observatory. It is still in the constellation Eridanus.

[28] *Nottingham Riots*—Letters received from Nottingham state, that the stocking masters and workmen had not yet come to any settlement. Not more than about half of the trade would agree to the list of prices which had been made out and proposed by some of them to the men. They refused, on the ground that other manufacturers, not bound by the prices in question, would be able to undersell them.

[30] The journals from Leicester and Derby, which reached town on Saturday, state, that no further outrages had been committed into those counties. Several persons had been committed to gaol, upon charges of extorting money for the support of the frame-breakers; and they had solicited to be admitted evidence, engaging in that case to give up their principals. Nottingham still continued in a perturbed state, but only a few instances of outrage occurred within the last week.

[31] An aggregate Catholic meeting was held in Dublin on the 26th of December, when, among other resolutions, one was passed for a meeting of the general Catholic Committee in February—and another, “That an humble and dutiful Address to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent be presented so soon as the restrictions on his authority shall cease, upon the subject of the late invasion of our undoubted right to petition, and of the insult offered to the Catholics of Ireland.”

[January 1] Yesterday, the body of Wilhams, the suicide, and supposed murderer, [See Decemb. 28] was dragged on a cart, exposed to public view, to a spot in Hatchill Highway, where four roads meet: there being thrust into a hole of scanty dimensions, it was transfixed with a stake, and covered with earth.

[2] In consequence of the overturn of one of the Glasgow coaches, in the month of October last year, a Mr. Brown lost his life, and his wife was so much bruised as to place her life in imminent danger for a considerable length of time. In consequence of this calamity, an action of damages was brought against the proprietors of the coach, and the proprietor charged with the coach, with which the coach was overturned at the time the accident happened. It is supposed to be occasioned by the want of a necessary table offence.

After perusal of proofs, and a full hearing of council, Lord Meadowbank, Ordinary, found the defendants liable in the following sums.—To Mrs. Brown, in compensation of damages suffered by her person, £300—To her, for the loss of her husband, £200—And to each of the children, eight in number, £130 each, £1040—Total £1540, with full costs of suit.

[2] An advertisement in the *Leeds Mercury*, of Saturday last, offers a striking illustration of the absolute necessity of establishing a system of national education. Of twelve persons, who publicly apologised for an assault committed on the person of a neighbour, only one could write his name—the *marks* of the eleven others appearing at the foot of the advertisement.

[3] A freehold qualification in the county of Lanark was, within these few days, purchased in Edinburgh, by a gentleman in the interest of Lord Douglas, at £800; and a freehold qualification in the county of Ayr was lately sold for £650.

[3] Yesterday the bank of Boldero, Lushington, and Co. stopped payment.

[4] A young gentleman, of a very respectable family, has been taken into custody for stealing silver spoons from an hotel in Bond Street. His inducement, he said, was, that his father would not allow him money enough.

[4] On Wednesday evening, one of the clerks of a respectable banking-house in the city, was apprehended, on a charge of embezzling 1400*l.* the property of his employers.

[5] It has lately been discovered that Henry Gawler, a clerk in the Navy Office, in conjunction with one or more associates, has, for the last thirteen years, practised frauds on the trustees of Greenwich Hospital, to the amount of several thousand pounds, by furnishing seamen with forged certificates, to procure them higher pensions, &c. than they were entitled to.—For each of these forgeries, the forgers received twenty pounds.

[6] From the port of Aberdeen, we see, by the circulated list, upwards of 20,000 tons of shipping belong to that port, exclusive of those on the stocks. No Scottish port, except Greenock, can boast of possessing vessels to the value of half a million. Aberdeen is still increasing.

[7] The quantity of rain fallen last

month, is equal to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in depth.

[7] *Outrages at Lanaburgh*—On Tuesday night, the last of the year, devoted by immemorial usage to innocent festivity, the streets of this city were disgraced by a series of riots, outrages, and robberies, hitherto without any example—During almost the whole of the night, after eleven o'clock, a gang of ferocious banditti, armed with bludgeons and other weapons, infested some of the leading streets, and knocked down and looted, and otherwise most wantonly abused, almost every person who had the misfortune to fall in their way. After they had fairly succeeded in knocking down those of whom they were in pursuit, they proceeded immediately to rifle the pockets of their money and watches, and the least symptom, on their part, of anxiety to save their property, was a provocation to new outrages, which were persevered in until their lives were endangered. These outrages, we understand, were chiefly committed by a band of idle apprentice boys, regularly organised for the purpose, and lurking in stairs and closes, from which they issued, on a signal being given, in large bands, and surrounded and overwhelmed those who were passing by.

[7] The Prince of Wales has had to pay rent and taxes, public and parochial, for Carlton House, amounting, in the course of 30 years, to above 100,000*l.* exclusive of property-tax, though it is a royal palace.

[7] Statement of duties paid by the Distilleries in Great Britain for the last seven years, from 5th January, 1804, to 5th January, 1811, omitting fractions—

To 5th January, 1805	-	£2,322,309
————— 1806	-	2,305,884
————— 1807	-	2,313,869
————— 1808	-	2,706,563
————— 1809	-	2,751,804
————— 1810	-	2,050,079
————— 1811	-	2,427,916

[7] *Burglaries*.—No less than twelve houses in the parishes of St. James's and May le-bon were broke open last week.

[8] Yesterday the session of Parliament was opened by commission from the Regent.

[8] We learn, that thirty more frames were broken at Nottingham, on Saturday night, by the rioters; and at Derby, Loughborough, and the neighbouring places, the disturbances still continued.

[9] Yesterday, Frederic Kellner, a youth of about *seventeen*, a clerk in the Post Office, suspected of felony, attempt-

ed to terminate his existence with a pistol. So, at least, it is *supposed*, as the report of a pistol was heard, and he was seen bloody, and left traces of blood after him in absconding—A reward has since been offered for his apprehension.

[10] *Excommunication*.—Yesterday, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, from a poor woman confined above two years in Bristol jail, under a sentence of excommunication for the non-performance of a penance enjoined by the Ecclesiastical Court, for some defamatory expressions which she had used to another female—The costs are above *thirty pounds*!

[11] *Popish Plot*.—A sort of a treasonable association, said to have been formed by some of the lower class of Irish Catholics, having come to the knowledge of the Catholic Committee—Lord Langall and some other Catholic gentlemen, by direction of the Committee, offered (on the 14th of January) to communicate the particulars to the Attorney-general: but the latter did not seem at all alarmed, and postponed the receiving of the communication till the 6th.

[12] The Nottingham papers received on Saturday, relate numerous instances of frame-breaking during the week, in the vicinity of Nottingham; and also state that a stack, containing twenty tons of valuable hay, was set fire to at Mansfield on Sunday evening, and that on Wednesday evening a large wooden hovel, containing a quantity of straw, the property of Mrs. Daykin, of Bagthorpe, was set fire to at Basford, the whole of which was consumed. Some frames having lately been broken at Basford, an elderly woman, the wife of a person who held seven of them, has sworn to several persons as being concerned in the outrage (two of whom are committed), on which account, such was the indignation excited against her among some of the stacking makers at Basford, that it was judged expedient to remove the family with their furniture, escorted by the military, to Nottingham, as a place of refuge.

[13] A circular has been transmitted to the paymasters of cavalry regiments, acquainting them, that, in consequence of the present enhanced price of corn, the ration of oats is to be reduced from 12 to 10*lb.* per day for each horse, and the ration of hay, to be increased from 8 to 12*lb.*—The rations of forage for horses in quarters remain unaltered.

[14] *Marlborough-street*.—Mr. Thomp-

son, a cow-keeper, at Pinlico, was brought to the office, to give an account of the possession of a stolen horse, the property of Mr. Pimion, a farmer, at Asnstead, near Ipswich. It appeared that the horse was stolen from the Pimion's stable, as long since as October, 1810, and he was identified on Saturday, in Thomas's court, in Long acre. It appeared by the statement of Thompson, that he purchased the horse at Smithfield market twelve months since. but the hack was neglected, and from this neglect the person who sold it is unknown. From the respectability of Thompson's character, there was no doubt of the truth of his statement, but the horse was ordered to be delivered to the owner.

[14] A numerous and highly respectable meeting of the nobility, gentry, and clergy, of the northern part of Buckinghamshire, was held in the Town hall, Buckingham, on Thursday the 9th inst for the purpose of forming an institution in aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A subscription was entered into, which immediately produced more than 200*l.* and that sum was nearly doubled in the course of the two or three following days.

[15] Lieut. Hamilton Crofton, whose extraordinary robberies were noticed in our Magazine for October, was brought to trial at Portsmouth on Wednesday last, and, nobody appearing against him, he was acquitted.

[16] A petition to Parliament, praying the total emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, is now signing by the Protestants of Ulster.

[16] The Catholic Aggregate Meetings are in progress through all the counties of Ireland.

[16] *Mr. White's Subscription.*—Amount advertised this day, above five hundred and sixty pounds.

[17] His Majesty's ships, *Defence*, of 74 guns, and *St. George*, of 95, were wrecked on the coast of Jutland, on the 24th December. On board the two there were between fourteen and fifteen hundred men, of whom not above eighteen escaped.

[17] *Hoxe-street.*—Yesterday a number of persons were brought to this office by summonses, principally from the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, charged with exercising their lawful callings on the Lord's day. They were mostly chandlers, muffin-bakers, &c. They were

convicted in the penalty of five shillings each.

[20] Benjamin Walsh, esq. M. P. whom, in our last Number, we mentioned to have absconded with a large sum of money, the property of Sir T. Plumer—was tried for that offence at the Old Bailey, Jan. 18—and found guilty.

[20] The spirit of riot, that has so long afflicted the town of Nottingham and its neighbourhood, has extended 70 miles north, and has appeared in the opulent and industrious town of Leeds. On Wednesday night last, at nine o'clock, the magistrates were suddenly convened, and were informed that within about two hours an attack was to be made by a number of persons on some premises at Shipstear, where the dressing machinery, introduced about 12 months since, had been established. After a few minutes' consultation, the two troops of horse quartered in the town were ordered out, and proper means were employed to assemble the civil power.

[20] A few days ago, the passengers in a Yarmouth coach, going from the metropolis, were stopped at the toll-gate near Colchester, and on inquiring the cause of delay, were informed that they had travelled the last stage, nine miles, (through Kelvedon) without coachman or guard.

[22] By a gentleman, just arrived from Leeds, we find, that the energetic measures, employed by the principal inhabitants of that town to prevent riot, have been completely successful.

[27] A smart shock of an earthquake was felt on Saturday se'nnight, at many places in Oxfordshire, and the adjoining counties. It was accompanied by a deep rumbling noise, like a discharge of heavy ordnance. In some places this noise was heard for upwards of ten minutes.

[27] By the Population Returns lately made, it appears that the number of females exceeds that of males in every county, except those of Monmouth and Stafford.

#### BORN.

*December 17.* Of the countess of Oxford, a son.

*Decem 24.* Of the lady of W. Wharton Rawhus, esq. a daughter.

*A few nights since.* Of Countess Cowper (prematurely) a son.

*Lately* of the lady of Richard Curran, esq. York place, a still-born child.

*Lately* Of lady Frances B. Riddell, a daughter.

*Lately.* Of lady Ann Wharton Duff, Edinburgh, a daughter.

*Decemb. 28.* Of the lady of W. Hobkirk, esq. Speenham Hill, a son.

*Decemb. 29.* Of the lady of Henry Sanson, esq. Finsbury-square, a son.

*Decemb. 30.* Of lady Lucy Taylor, a son.

*Decemb. 30.* Of Mrs. Peter Mac Evoy, York-place, a son.

*January 3.* Of the lady of F. James Jackson, esq. Brighton, a son.

*Jan. 16.* Of the hon. Mrs. Morris, lady of Edward Morris, esq. M. P. a son, who lived only a few minutes.

*Lately.* Of lady Rumbold, a son and heir.

#### MARRIED.

*December 15.* Major Robert Dale, to Miss Harriet Bainbridge.

*Decemb. 20.* Henry Goulbourn, esq. to Miss Jane Montague, of Portman-square.

*Decemb. 24.* Thomas Buchanan, esq. to the Hon. Catharine Abereromby.

*Lately.* Captain Hancock, R. N. to Miss Elizabeth Longuet.

*Decemb. 27.* Lieut. Col. J. K. Money, to Miss Ann Caroline Taylor.

*Decemb. 30.* John Chesment Severn, esq. Radnorshire, to Miss Price.

*January 2.* Andrew Whelsdale, esq. of Peurith, to Miss Mary Carruthers.

*Jan. 6.* Henry Fyves, esq. M. P. to Catharine, daughter of the bishop of York.

*Jan. 9.* John Stunt, esq. of Highbury Terrace, Islington, to Miss Mary Ann Poulain, of Finchley.

*Lately.* Jonathan Garth, esq. of Rotherhithe, to Miss Ann Anderson, of Lisson-green.

*Jan. 10.* S. T. Deseret, esq. R. N. to Miss Jane Tarver, of Romsey.

*Jan. 15.* Charles Jacomb, esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to Miss Henrietta Ann Dollman, of Gower street.

*Jan. 18.* W. Yarman, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Ellen Mitchell, of Chelsea.

#### DECEASED.

*December 12.* At Lishou, brigadier general Colman, Serjeant at arms to the House of Commons.

*Decemb. 14.* Mrs. Smith, relict of Dr. Smith, in her 81st year.

*Decemb. 17.* Mrs. Grant, mother of the Master of the Rolls.

*Decemb. 19.* Richard Smart, esq. King's Road, Bedford Row, aged 65.

*Decemb. 20.* The Rev. James Norman, of Kibworth Beauchamp, Leicestershire.

*Decemb. 21.* Admiral Sir Peter Parker.  
*Decemb. 23.* Lady Harriet Reade, in her 85th year.

*Decemb. 24.* Sir John Lowther Johnstone, bart.

*Decemb. 27.* At Howden, aged 20, Ann, eldest daughter of John Peirson, esq.

*Decemb. 28.* The dowager Countess Stanhope.

*Decemb. 30.* Geo. Woodford Thomson, esq. M. P.

*Decemb. 30.* Dr. Patrick Wilson, formerly professor of astronomy at Glasgow.

*January 1.* Mrs. Frances Martyn, lady of the Rev. Thomas Martyn, aged 71.

*Jan. 3.* Mrs. Armstrong, relict of General Bigoe Armstrong.

*Jan. 4.* Bicknel Coney, esq. many years a director of the Bank of England, aged 79.

*Jan. 5.* Mrs. Sarah Pim, of Pentonville, in her 88th year.

*Jan. 6.* Sir Thomas Coxhead, aged 77.

*Jan. 11.* Henry Scott, Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry.

*Jan. 14.* Col. Robert Patton, late governor of St. Helena.

*Jan. 15.* Sir Harry Parker, bart.

*Jan. 16.* Mrs. Scaman of Middlewich, Cheshire, aged 88.

*Jan. 17.* W. Cavendish, esq. M. P. son of Lord G. Henry Cavendish.

#### APPENDIX.

*Animals devouring their young.*—An ingenious writer has observed, that the unnatural disposition of rabbits and other animals to eat their young, arises from thirst, or the febrile state of parturition, which these creatures have not the power to allay, he has prevented it, by allowing the animals, some time before and after bringing forth, to drink freely of cold water, with which they appear wonderfully gratified.

*Salmon.*—The great local and national advantage, which may be derived by the preservation of this fish, is illustrated and confirmed by a fact recently ascertained by Mr. Ellis, of Minsterworth, near Gloucester. This gentleman took the roe out of a salmon of 17lb. and counted the eggs, which amounted to 11,352. In supposing this number of salmon to average, in twelve months, 10l. the quantity of food produced by one salmon would be no less than 50 tons, 13 cwt. 44lb. equal to the produce of 100 acres of wheat, at 20 bushels per acre, when converted into flour at 50lb. per bushel.





*Lady's Magazine. February, 1812.*



*The Rescue.*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 2, for February, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The RESCUE
2. London WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Elegant new PATTERN for a VEIL, &c with UNION BORDER.

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LONDON :

*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row ;*

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

The lines by "A. Z." require revision and amendment.

To a *Constant Reader, F Square*, we can, for the present, only reply that inquiry shall be made into the subject, and satisfaction given, if practicable.

The *Completion of Bouts-rimés* by H. M. we would with pleasure insert, if the metrical irregularities were remedied, and the last six lines so altered, that we could make satisfactory sense of them.

The lady who wishes for a *fluid to eradicate superfluous hairs*, may see that her former application was inserted among the "Notices" in our Magazine for October: but we have never received any answer.

"S. B."s stanzas on "*Winter*" are under consideration.

The communications of "J. M. L."—"*My notes, N. Petherton*"—and "*W. E. junior*"—are just come to hand.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1812.

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The TRIAL of LOVE.

(Continued from page 590 of our last  
Volume, and accompanied with an  
illustrative Plate)

ARMGARD shrieked :—the rapidity of the current was carrying her along, when she found herself dragged by the hair, and in a moment after raised above the water. For a few minutes, she and her deliverer struggled with death. but his cries having brought some people to their assistance, they were both saved.

“Heaven be praised!” exclaimed the knight, who still held Armgard in his arms; and she recognised George Walsdorf.

He attended her to the castle: Armgard looked tenderly upon him: her sensibility deceived her: she mistook gratitude for love, and even fancied she had met with the man to whom she was dearer than life itself. Their conversation, during the walk, was wholly engrossed by the danger they had just escaped. “How could you thus plunge into the water to save me? How could you hazard your life to preserve mine?” asked Armgard.—“And how could I have endured existence, deprived of you?” said Walsdorf, passionately pressing her hand.—She would have returned the pressure: but, at that moment, a secret wish arose in her breast, that it had been Echenloe to whom she owed her safety.

A slight fever confined Armgard to her apartment for a few days. She had then leisure to examine closely into the state of her heart, and was soon conscious that it was not genuine love she felt for Wals-

dorf, while Louis. . . . . She did not allow herself to dwell on this last thought: but, with downcast eyes addressing Gertrude, “Surely,” said she, “I ought to prefer George, who proved his love at the peril of his life, to one who”. . . . She faltered, and sighed deeply.

From that day, Armgard determined to extinguish every remaining spark of affection for Louis, and no longer to trifle with her feelings. He was formally discarded; and George Walsdorf became her avowed lover. She bestowed on him the tenderest looks and most bewitching smiles: he even became the subject of her *rêveries*. The image of Louis, however, would often intrude itself on her mind: but he, not being able to guess at Armgard's secret thoughts, and seeing but too well the encouragement she gave to his rival, despaired of ever regaining his former interest in her heart; and one day, seeing them converse familiarly together, he approached them, tears trembling in his eyes. “Adieu, Armgard!” cried he: and, not daring to trust himself with looking at her, he took hold of her hand: she slightly pressed his—involuntarily, no doubt; and he tore himself away.

Armgard affected a gaiety very foreign to her heart: she tried to be entertained by Walsdorf's lively sallies: she smiled; but *ennui* soon overcame her efforts to be pleased, though every mean was employed to amuse her. Happiness was the frequent topic of conversation; and she often assured Gertrude, with a

melancholy air, that she was perfectly happy, and that, as soon as her father (who was then absent) returned, she would confer her partiality for Walsdorf, and reward his attachment with her hand. "It is he," added she emphatically, "who loves me better than he loves himself."

A few days after, the baron arrived at full speed in the courtyard of the castle, and, hastily dismounting, entered the hall with a disordered red step and gloomy countenance — "What has happened?" inquired his alarmed daughter. — "I am put under the ban of the empire!" fiercely answered the proud lord of Hardeburg.

He had entered into a conspiracy against the emperor, which was discovered through the imprudence of some of the confederates. The powerful princes, chiefs in this enterprise, easily made their peace, while the vengeance of the incensed monarch fell entirely upon the lords and private gentlemen concerned in the affair. "Sir George," said the baron, turning to Walsdorf, "troops are already sent against me: I am going to assemble my vassals — the lord of Rotherburg comes to my assistance: if you love my daughter, receive her hand," (Armgard turned pale) "and unite with me to repulse the assailants of Hardeburg."

Walsdorf muttered something about his friends at court, who might be successfully employed to pacify the emperor — Hardeburg approved that suggestion, and said he would willingly accept their mediation in his behalf: "but, in the mean time," continued he, "the imperial forces are in full march against me — we must oppose them: and, while your friends negotiate at court, I depend upon you to fight here with me." — "Your lordship does not consider," answered George, "that, were I to take any active

share in this war, it would defeat the endeavours of my friends toward a reconciliation with the emperor."

"It may be so," replied the baron. "Retire then to your own estate: I trust I shall be able to maintain alone my position here: but this castle is no longer a fit residence for women: let Armgard follow you: my chaplain will this day give you the nuptial benediction; and to-morrow you will take her home as your bride." — Walsdorf, with some hesitation, replied, that "an alliance with a man outlawed as a rebel would be impudent in the present juncture: and, great as was the felicity proffered to him, he thought it highly un-advisable to lose, by such a precipitate union, his favor with the emperor, and even the hopes of healing the breach between the lord of Hardeburg and his offended sovereign." — "The court! the favor of the emperor!" exclaimed the baron angrily; and, calling to his squires, he ordered them to saddle the horses of the lord of Walsdorf. "Farewell, sir knight!" added he. "Commend me to your court friends: but be so kind, as to keep beyond the distance of at least a league from my castle, if you do not wish to encounter the resentment of an outlaw."

"The emperor will know how to avenge my wrongs, and your ingratitude," replied George haughtily. "I saved your daughter's life, and it is thus you reward me! But I despise your threats: farewell, Hardeburg!" He then sullenly withdrew, and, mounting his horse, immediately quitted the castle.

The astonished Armgard could scarcely believe her senses. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "is it then true that love is but an illusion? Walsdorf lately endangered his life to save mine; and to-day a precarious in-

fluence at court appears preferable to the possession of me! He never loved me:—on the other hand, Louis . . . . .” Absorbed in her own thoughts, she heeded not the danger of Hardeburg: the din of arms, and the sounds of mortal noise, reached her ear unnoticed.

The vassals of the baron poured into the castle from all quarters: the halls were filled with armed men: every hand was busied in collecting stores, or repairing the fortification: the environs of Hardeburg hourly assumed a more warlike and animated appearance.

One morning, from the rampart of the fortress, a troop of fifty men were descried in the avenue leading thither; and a herald, approaching the draw-bridge, asked admittance. He was conducted to the baron, who was then with his daughter. “The noble knight, Louis of Echenloe,” said the herald, “hearing that Hardeburg was menaced, sends to the lord of the castle fifty chosen horsemen, and will himself come to defend it, if his presence be not displeasing to the lady Armgard.”—“Displeasing!” echoed Armgard, in evident confusion averting her face, which was crimsoned with blushes.

“We shall expect the lord of Echenloe with impatience,” said the baron. “Meanwhile, your troop is welcome.”—The draw-bridge was let down; and they entered the gates of Hardeburg. At the end of three days, Louis himself arrived, leading a faithful band of fifty more horsemen.—The baron was thus enabled to meet his adversaries in the field: as soon as they appeared under the walls of Hardeburg, he made a vigorous sally against them at the head of his whole garrison; and, had all the combatants fought as valiantly as their leader, it would

have proved the destruction of the imperialists. They were indeed dispersed: but, having received large reinforcements from the neighbouring cities, they rallied, and soon forced Hardeburg and his party to confine themselves within the fortress. At the same time the emperor issued a proclamation, declaring guilty of high treason those knights who dared to oppose the execution of the sentence decreed against the rebellious baron, and enjoining them, under the most severe penalties, to withdraw with their vassals from the besieged castle.

The imperial proclamation produced the desired effect: the allies of the baron immediately retired with their followers: even his bosom friend, Rotherburg, deserted him.—Louis was the only one whose fidelity remained unshaken:—he continued to maintain his position, at the hazard of seeing his estates laid waste, and himself declared a traitor.

The baron being obliged to keep his bed on account of a wound he had received in the late rencontre, the command of the castle devolved entirely on Echenloe. A herald from the emperor now formally summoned him to evacuate it in four and twenty hours, under pain of having his own mansion destroyed. “You may burn it down,” answered Louis: “but I cannot remove from **his** spot.”

On the evening of the next day, from the ramparts of Hardeburg, he beheld thick clouds of flame and smoke arise, which announced the conflagration of Echenloe. He contemplated in silence the destruction of the castle of his fathers, and of his villages: but a tear trickled down his manly cheek, as he reflected on the ruin of their inhabitants.

“Take with you a hundred of our bravest men,” said the baron;

"and rush upon those incendiaries." —Louis was ready to depart, when his eyes fell on Armgard, who sat overwhelmed with sorrow.—"Let them do their worst," said he: "I cannot, must not quit this place."

(*To be continued.*)

BENEDICT, *a true History.*

(*Continued from page 26.*)

I HASTILY took the letter from the loquacious countryman, and instantly recognised Adolphus's hand, though evidently written under great trepidation, as some of the letters were scarcely legible. To describe the various sensations which agitated my bosom while perusing it, is totally impossible: that the reader, however, may form some opinion of them, I shall faithfully transcribe it.

"To Henry \*\*\* Esqre—

"Injured as you are by the villany of my conduct, I ought, and do blush, at making a request: yet, as by that request I may have the power of counteracting the injury I have done you, I venture to implore you to grant it.

"Oh! Henry! could the eye of man penetrate into the remote recesses of an expiring sinner's conscience—could he behold his crimes rising up before him in dreadful array—how would his spirits sink at the appalling spectacle, and his soul shudder with horror and dismay!

"Wretch that I have been! Oh! Henry! I have unremittingly endeavoured to destroy your peace:—I have tried to sacrifice your honor: I have wounded your reputation:—I have injured you in the Delemeres' esteem:—yet all my endeavours to win the lovely Louisa to my wishes, I need not tell you, have proved vain.

"I am now falling a victim to my own misconduct:—the most excruciating sufferings have at length opened my eyes!—Oh! may I but live to make the only atonement that is now pos-

sible—may I have an opportunity of confessing the extent of my crimes! Come to me: fly to me: lose not one moment.—My head grows giddy: my heart is faint! I can no more.—Pardon and pity the wretched

"ADOLPHUS S\*\*\*."

A death-like faintness suddenly overwhelmed me: and I was compelled to catch hold of the iron rail, to save myself from falling; so great was the weakness which ran through my frame.—Pemberton approached at that moment, and, perceiving the color fled from my cheeks, extended his sustaining arms towards me, exclaiming, "For God's sake, my dear Henry, what does this mean?" Unable to reply, I presented to him the letter, which he perused with an agitation little inferior to my own—"Poor Mariann!" said he, "thy peace too must be sacrificed!—Great God! what an execrable villain!"

"My honor is sacred; can you doubt it, Pemberton? But, if possible, conceal the effect of this fatal letter from your amiable sister:—I cannot see her," I continued, perceiving her approaching, "until I have gained a little more composure." So saying, I hurried to my own apartment, leaving my friend to account for my sudden departure.—A few moments' calm reflexion convinced me, that, with the woman whom I intended to marry, I ought not to have any secrets; and, though my heart was torn by the idea, that, had I not entered into a binding contract, I might have been supremely blest; yet the mild virtues of Mariann appealed so forcibly to my feelings, that I resolved not to attempt exculpating myself to the Delemeres, until after my marriage.

Satisfied with the rectitude of my intentions, and perfectly recovered from an attack to which from a boy

I had been subject, I descended to the 'drawing-room in search of the ladies, with the open letter in my hand.—“ I must leave you, my dear Mariann,” said I, in a voice of tenderness. “ but the period shall be as short as possible. This letter, madam,” I continued, presenting it to Mrs. Pemberton, “ will, I am certain, be a sufficient excuse for my departure. I of course wish to know the nature of those injuries which the unhappy Adolphus mentions, that, at a future period, I may have the power of acquitting myself.”

During this speech, Mariann's countenance underwent a variety of changes, which perceiving, I said, “ Do not alarm yourself, my dear girl. It is impossible for me to attempt seeking satisfaction for the injuries to which I allude; as the being who has wounded my honor, is now actually dying.”—The servant at this moment announced the chaise, which Pemberton had ordered for me; and I once more traveled with the rapidity of the wind.

The first person whom I saw upon my arrival at Mrs. Melville's elegant mansion, was the kind-hearted Mrs. Johnson.—“ Ah! my dear Mr. Henry! I thought I should live to see you triumph over all your enemies!” exclaimed the worthy creature, extending her arms towards me, and embracing me with maternal tenderness, which I returned with all the warmth of filial affection.—“ How is Adolphus?” I inquired eagerly.—“ His wound is much easier: but the surgeon is apprehensive that a mortification has taken place.”

“ *Wound!*” I repeated in a tone of astonishment.—“ Yes, wound: did you not know he was wounded in a duel by Mr. C\*\*\*, a neighbouring farmer's son?”—At that moment a servant entered with a re-

quest from his master, that I would walk up stairs: but, great God! what a spectacle did I behold, upon entering the sick man's room! Instead of the athletic form of the once handsome Adolphus, I beheld a figure that seemed scarcely to bear an earthly stamp; for so totally emaciated was his whole person, and so pallid his distorted countenance, that an artist might have portrayed it for the representation of Death.—He extended his hand towards me: but his grasp was chilling:—a clammy dew suffused the palm; and the bony touch of his fingers seemed to convey a sensation of horror to my heart. His voice was at once weak and hollow, as he emphatically said, “ This is more than I deserve! But time is precious,” he continued: “ let Mr. D\*\*\* be called ”

Mr. D\*\*\*, I found, was the surgeon who attended him, and who passed every moment he could spare in the house.—To describe a catalogue of calumnies, that could only have been invented by the most depraved imagination, would afford no pleasure to my readers, and must be extremely painful to myself; I shall therefore merely say, that, when the inventor came to the conclusion, he was completely exhausted; notwithstanding which, he contrived to throw himself from the sofa, and, on his knees, implored my forgiveness.—It was with the greatest difficulty Mr. D\*\*\* and myself raised him from that humiliating posture: the exertion occasioned such an excess of agony, that it was really dreadful to witness. Repeatedly did I assure the unhappy Adolphus of my forgiveness, and conjure him to compose the agitation of his spirits.

Though the minute detail of the various instances in which Adolphus had injured my reputation, could neither prove interesting nor in-



instructive; yet the death-bed of a young man, who from the earliest period of childhood had been suffered to indulge his unrestrained passions, may probably have a most salutary effect. I shall therefore endeavour to paint the affecting scene I witnessed, exactly as it took place.

I have observed, that, previous to the unhappy Adolphus making a disclosure of his iniquities, he desired the surgeon might attend; and, before he began his confession, he requested him to make notes of every thing he said: "For," observed he, "unfavorable impressions are not easily effaced, and it is necessary there should be some positive proof of the cruel manner in which Mr. \*\*\* has been injured."—Upon Mr. D\*\*\*'s observing, that the very wish of having his recantation made public, was a proof of his heart not being totally depraved, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed with energy, "Alas! my dear sir, there is no recantation in the grave! Oh! would to heaven I had formerly seen the atrocity of my conduct in the same light as I do at the present moment!"

The torture of his wound, from the exertion of throwing himself from the sofa, was so violent, that, for some minutes, I thought him in the agonies of death: but an overwhelming faintness stopped the powers of sensation: and, when revived from it, he fell into an uneasy sleep.—During that period, I inquired of the surgeon the cause of the unfortunate duel, and found that Mr. C\*\*\* had a very beautiful sister, whom the unprincipled Adolphus had seduced under a promise of marriage.—The acquaintance between the parties had commenced during Mr. C\*\*\*'s absence with his regiment, as he was a lieutenant in the local militia for the county in

which he resided; and, upon returning to his once happy home, he had the misery of hearing the sad story of his sister's disgrace.—The promise of marriage had not only frequently been given verbally, but also in writing. Mr. C\*\*\*, therefore, in a very spirited manner, demanded the immediate fulfilment of it, or what is termed the satisfaction of a gentleman.—A new object had supplanted the lovely Eliza in her versatile admirer's affections; and the idea of fighting a duel with a young farmer, Adolphus considered as too degrading: he therefore took no other notice of the challenge, than to ridicule it in different companies, and thus, by adding insult to cruelty, rendered himself doubly despicable.—By this disgraceful mode of conduct, Mr. C\*\*\*'s feelings were wound up to agony:—he forced himself into the presence of the destroyer of his sister's honor, and, after horse-whipping him with the greatest severity, told him he would meet him with a more fatal weapon, as soon as he was able to quit his bed.—Three weeks, however, elapsed, before he had the power of doing it: so severe was the chastisement which he had undergone.—They then fought. Mr. C\*\*\*'s arm proved victorious, and my readers are already acquainted with the melancholy consequences.

When Mr. D\*\*\* had concluded his narrative, I expressed my astonishment at not having seen Mrs. Melville in her dying son's apartment.—"Why, to acknowledge a truth, sir," said my communicative companion, "I am inclined to think Mrs. Melville has some private reasons, besides those which are connected with her schemes upon Miss Delemere, for wishing to avoid an interview with the gentleman I have the honor to address; for she cer-

tainly was extremely averse to the letter being sent to you, though Mr. S\*\*\* declared he could not die in peace, without your forgiveness."

That this repugnance arose from a conviction that she had acted as treacherously in money transactions, as she had done with my much esteemed friends, was a circumstance so extremely evident, that it required no explanation; notwithstanding which, I possessed too much delicacy of feeling, to reproach her, at a time when she was laboring under so much distress.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance,*

(Continued from page 30.)

As the fall of rain tempers the heat of a burning atmosphere, so did the conversation of Euty chius pour into the afflicted heart of the amiable fugitive a soothing and salutary balm. The guests amused themselves with various games, according to their different inclinations. Nomophilus eagerly approached Sappho, anxious for the pleasure of conversing with her. This first symptom of kindling love was observed without jealousy. Euty chius could not oppose an interesting conversation, though, in his quality of Scamandronymus's friend, and an acute observer of human passions, he sought with an attentive eye to discover the event of this ardor on the part of Nomophilus. For some time, their conversation did not go beyond the circle of indifferent subjects; and Sappho only gave so much of her attention as contributed to her amusement: but, when he proceeded to utter the most respectful protestations of love, her replies scarcely allowed him to entertain a hope more solid or stable than the smoke tossed about by the violence of the tempest.—Her reserve increased the

passion of Nomophilus.—Happy had it been for Sappho, if she could have listened to sentiments which so readily penetrate the youthful heart: if she could have returned the tender affection of Nomophilus, the sincerest and the most devoted of lovers. But, alas! the first wound had rendered her heart invulnerable to any other.—Unfortunate maid! thus to regret one who seeks to gain thy love, and follow another who shuns thy pursuit!

The night was now far advanced, and the guests successively retired. Nomophilus was the last to quit the apartment—like the bee which extracts the sweets from the waving flower agitated by the Zephyrs, and which will not quit its hold, but follows it in all its airy motions. He reluctantly withdrew, wishing his host that repose he himself is no longer to enjoy.

Euty chius remained alone with Sappho. The silence of the night and the peaceful tranquillity which reigned in this delightful solitude, seemed to invite still stronger proofs of mutual confidence. After a short pause, Sappho said, "It has often occurred to me, during this day which you have rendered so agreeable, to ask you why you live constantly secluded in this retirement: it is not without some powerful motive that you prefer it to the splendor of cities. I have not been anxious to know your country, as you have already confided to me the most important circumstances of your life: but you have neglected the details. I must for ever respect your humanity, and the many virtues you possess, although I am totally ignorant of the happy country which gave you birth."

"It has no longer the same estimation in my mind," replied Euty chius: "for I no longer inhabit it."

H

—“The country of men like you is the universe,” rejoined Sappho.

“Do not imagine,” continued Euty chius, “that, tired with Syracuse (my native city), I have determined to inhabit this solitude, without the concurrence of many adverse circumstances. In my youth I have been the sport of two of the most cruel enemies to a feeling and generous heart. Wearied with troubles and misfortunes in which I had impru'ently entangled myself—enlightened by the vicissitudes of events, and the experience which naturally results from them—I have resolved to pass the few days I may yet remain on earth, in this place, forgetting the past, enjoying the present, and leaving the future to the gods.”—“Happy Euty chius!” exclaimed Sappho—“Oh! that I could partake of your philosophy!”

“Syracuse was once free,” continued Euty chius, “but was enslaved by a tyrant and his posterity. The virtuous citizens formed a party, which I joined; and we made an attempt, to rescue the republic from tyranny, and to transmit to our children that liberty which our ancestors had cemented with their blood. But the virtues which once distinguished my countrymen, were no more: their manners were corrupted; and they preferred the vices and voluptuous ease of servitude, to the austere virtues of independence. The magnanimous few, who endeavoured to rescue their country from slavery, fell an easy sacrifice, as their efforts were not seconded by their debased fellow citizens. No hope remaining of rendering any service to my country, I became an exile from an ungrateful city, not with the view of preserving my life, but in compliance with the dictates of that moderation which is the philosophy of wisdom, and which I

have constantly practised. When liberty falls, and cannot be restored without a conspiracy, history tells us that this desperate resource accelerates the ruin of good citizens, while it prepares the triumph of the wicked, and the consolidation of tyranny. The multitude feel no interest in magnanimous actions, and refuse to accept the blessings of liberty, which they cannot appreciate. The rich prefer their individual enjoyments to the good of their country; and the nobles have been, and always will be, the supporters of despotism.” “It is thus that each portion of the state prepares its own destruction. For my part, when I saw my country reduced to servitude, I withdrew from the bosom of that city which now presented only the shadow of what it once had been. This sea, this sky, this air common to all mankind—temples worthy of the Almighty, whose just and invariable laws they obey—these constitute my country.”

At these words, Euty chius arose, and, leading Sappho to the door, desired her to survey the vast expanse of the etherial vault of heaven, and said, “Behold that infinite space filled with innumerable worlds! Compared with that, not only Syracuse, but the entire globe which we inhabit, is but an atom of dust. At such a sight, who can regret his paternal altars, the temples of the gods, or the opportunity of exercising his virtue? My country had its limits:—this is infinite.”—“It is worthy of you,” interrupted Sappho. “At Syracuse,” continued he, “I was vain of the sublimity of my thoughts. Here I am humbled at their littleness, when I contemplate the universe, which the mind cannot comprehend; and it is at the view of eternal space, that vain man reluctantly acknowledges his insignifi-

ance. But, if I may believe Boötès, the night is far spent, and you must wish for sleep after the double fatigue of a long voyage, and a tedious conversation."

"Sleep is far from my eyes," replied Sappho; "and the pleasure of hearing you would banish it much longer: your political misfortunes have inspired me with the desire to become acquainted with your adventures in love.—But it is late:—may the gods grant you that tranquil sleep which will not close these eyes, condemned, alas! to eternal tears."

"I should have continued my narration until the rising of Aurora," continued Euty chius, "but that I feel repose is necessary for you." He then summoned his slaves, who quickly obeyed his call, followed by Rhodopè, who conducted her mistress to her apartment.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 21.)

Mr. Fortescue, to Sir Henry Hastings.

Stanley Park.

I WAS in town last week, for a few days, and was disappointed in not finding you there. I had no great inclination for that jaunt, but was prevailed on by Lenox to accompany him thither.—I find, Hastings, you are to be one of the party at Lenox Abbey, to celebrate the *fête champêtre*, that is to be given to commemorate the period of Lenox's coming to age. This mad-cap fellow has given such numerous invitations, that I tell him, large as that hospitable mansion is, it will never hold half the company he has invited. But he answered with his usual volatility, "Never fear, Fortescue: it is a fine season of the

year: if the house be not large enough, we have plenty of straw for beds: the canopy of heaven will be a noble covering for them; and, with a skin full of good wine, I would not give a fig for the fellow who would shrink from such accommodation."

I really wished very much to have seen you, Hastings. If you can make it convenient to come to Beaumont Lodge, and accompany our party to the Abbey, you will oblige me. You have often listened to my complainings of Miss Lenox's indifference: sometimes you have you have heard me patiently: sometimes you have laughed at me. The day on which Lenox arrives at the age of twenty one, was originally designed by our friends to have blessed me with the hand of the too amiable Matilda.—Vain foolish mortals that we are! why should we so anxiously look forward to the completion of a project, that a look, a motion, or the accent of the voice, may cause in a moment to vanish into air? Miss Lenox never will be mine, Hastings: I repeat it, she never will be mine, though the lovely one left it to me to name our bridal day. Flattering as this condescension was, I knew the motive which gave birth to it. Duty, esteem, the cold precepts of reason, gave her to me. When the cause was tried between love and prudence, her heart gave a verdict against me. I could not be happy in such a marriage; I must therefore look out for another love.

I am not yet quite so easy as I wish to be. Come then, Hastings: your converse will perhaps restore me to myself. I know you wish to marry. Come, and see Miss Lenox. Possibly you may win that fascinating charmer. By heaven, Hastings, should it be so, I should view thy success with pleasure. I have a

lovely cousin too, who will justly claim some share of your attention. Lady Louisa de'kland is exquisitely handsome. Miss Lenox is no beauty. There may be many Lady Louisas; but, in the circle of my acquaintance, there is but one Miss Lenox. I mean no reflexion on my fair cousin: she is every way amiable, in the strictest sense of the word. But there is often, Hastings, even in a plain woman, a certain nameless something, that will lay closer siege to the heart, than many possessed of the beauty of a Venus de' Medici could do. This irresistible attraction Miss Lenox possesses in an eminent degree. The libertine is awed into respect, at the first glance of her person and manner: the man of understanding, and liberal opinions, finds her a sensible and rational companion: and the chosen few, who possess genuine sentiment and true benevolence, will soon perceive that Miss Lenox is tremblingly alive all over to every delicate and refined sensation. But this all-accomplished woman never can be mine, Hastings: therefore let me wave the subject.

A much-esteemed friend of ours, I find, is returned to England—I mean Harry Middleton. I called at Lord Malcomb's, when I heard they were in town. Brudenel is just the gay, careless, unthinking man of fashion, he promised to be, when at college.—Middleton endeavours, by the most respectful attention, to give him consequence. But this good-natured young man seems to have an infinite deal more respect for his friend than for himself. In the formation of these young men, nature seems to have committed an oversight: Brudenel should have been in Middleton's circumstances, and Middleton should have been Lord Malcomb's heir.—Middleton

is a striking instance of what nature can do, when she wishes to form a complete character, without the assistance of any worldly advantages. Of an obscure origin, unknown to himself, born to dependence, yet is there a native dignity shining about him, which few can equal. Haughty and impetuous in his disposition, yet he governs his passions with so strict a rein, that no one was ever sensible of the least impropriety in his conduct.—Blush, ye titled sons and daughters of folly, when you dare to look down on such a man as this; and no longer be proud of those gaudy distinctions, when, without them, such a man as Middleton can be great.—Without designing it, I have run into panegyric, in praise of our friend. It was by no means necessary; for I know you are as sensible of his merits as I am; and I dare to say you will feel a satisfaction in hearing that he and Brudenel are to be of our party at the Abbey.

It must be owned that Lenox shows his taste in the selection of his company. He tells me, he has asked a few *bon vivant* companions, to give a zest to our pleasures, and to quicken us sober mortals: for he says, too much of one thing, be it never so good, palls without a contrast: virtue would cease to be virtue, if all were virtuous: vice is therefore necessary; for it is the deformity of vice, that shows virtue in its most beautiful coloring. He is a strange fellow in his ideas of things; but, upon the whole, there is some congeniality of sentiment between him and his sister.—Farewell, Hastings! I hope this letter will find you disengaged, so that I may have the pleasure, of introducing you to our ladies at the Lodge.

Yours sincerely,

FORRESTER

Miss Falkland, to Miss Charlotte  
Pembroke,

Lenox Abbey.

TARRY awhile, O Time! Why do your chariot-wheels roll so swiftly? This ejaculation, my friend, springs from the effusion of happiness that dilates my heart.—The summer is on the wane; and we must quit Lenox Abbey.—You complain, and justly, my Charlotte, that I have neglected writing to you.—I have no good excuse to make: I will therefore give you the real cause of my silence, and trust to your good-nature, for forgiveness. I have been engaged in a continued succession of intoxicating pleasures; so that I have not had a moment's time to dedicate to my pen.—Oh! how your lively ladyship would enjoy these jocund scenes! Come then, my dear Pembroke! I am not the only one who wish for your company: the benevolent Lady Granville entreats, as a favor, that you will grace our circle: her mild daughter seconds her mother's request. You will find your Louisa happy, happy as I can wish.

Your arch manner of commenting on my last letter has often drawn a smile from Miss Lenox.—Indeed, my suspicious friend, I was not conscious of any partiality, when I described Sir Henry Hastings to you. But now, now I can own without a blush, that he is not indifferent to me. He has avowed himself my lover; and his addresses are approved by my friends. Come, then, and see your thrice happy Falkland, and her amiable Hastings. Your vivacity will entertain the naturally pensive Matilda. You may make conquests by dozens: you may remove the melancholy which still hangs about the disappointed Fortescue. Or, if you like him better, lay siege to the heart of the

young philosopher his brother. The gay Lenox, too, and many others, I could name: but, to sum up the merits of all in one, come and win the heart of the elegant Middleton.—Happy in your fortune, your independence, you can impartially admire merit, and reward it. Free from the fetters of empty pride, which greatness too often brings, you can smile on un-adorned virtue, and reach out the hand of affluence to poverty and misfortune. By giving happiness to a heart, that before dared not to vent its feelings, you make yourself exquisitely happy. Far different is the situation of many of those whom the world calls great. Slaves to that bugbear ambition, that tyrant of mankind, they may admire humble virtue, but dare not reward it. Obligated to carry a cheerful outside, they are too often, within, the miserable victims of mistaken pride.—I do not often write to you in this moralising strain; but I was led thereto by friendship and pity.

We have had a great deal of company at the Abbey: many of them are gone: among those that remain, are Mr. Brudenel, the only son of Lord Malcomb, and his friend Mr. Middleton—the former a gay well-bred man of about twenty-two; the latter. . . . Assist me, ye powers of description! This young man, to a person uncommonly graceful, unites a soul noble and elevated. To see is to admire him; and the consequence of an intimate acquaintance with him, is to esteem and respect him.—In our sex, he will, too often for their peace, awaken a tenderer sentiment. “And who,” you will ask, “is this all-accomplished stranger?”—Alas! my Pembroke, his birth is not equal to his virtues. His father he never knew, his mother came with this boy,

about three years old, to Lord Malcomb's in the capacity of wet nurse to his son, having just lost her infant child. Lady Malcomb dying in child-bed, Mrs. Middleton had the sole management of the young heir, and gave such entire satisfaction to his lordship, that he thought he could never do enough for her. From wet nurse, she became his lordship's house-keeper. She was particularly anxious about her son, expressing her wish that he might be brought up as a gentleman. My lord—not only from the gratitude he thought he owed the mother, but from the great inclination he had conceived for the boy, whose innocent prattle had often diverted him—determined to give him the same education as his own son. They had the same preceptors, the same attendants; and Brudenel was taught to look on his friend as his equal. There was great delicacy in this mode of education, as the pride of birth very often, in young noblemen, gives a *hauteur* to their manner, that must be very distressing to a generous mind, when in a dependent situation.

Brought up in this manner, it seems quite natural to Brudenel to treat his companion with a respectful attention. The winning manner and natural good humour of young Middleton made him a universal favorite in his lord's family.—There is such an easy elegance in his person, that every one who does not know his situation, thinks that rank is his inheritance. The blush of gratitude glows in his face, when he mentions his birth and education, which he often does. When in company with his equals, the recollection of his obscure birth seems a heavy burden on his mind: and he endeavours, by doing what good he can to others, to express his acknowledgement of the benefits he

has himself received. Yet, with people of rank, there is a commanding haughtiness in his manner, that is at the same time easy and respectful.—Dispel that blush of contempt, which perhaps at this moment o'ershadows your countenance, to find me so minute and diffuse in the praise of an humble dependent. He is formed to conquer prouder hearts than yours, Charlotte. There is a concealed haughtiness in his large dark eyes; yet, when he smiles, you would find him irresistible.

But what am I doing? warming my friend's heart in favor of a stranger. If your sensibility is awakened by my description—if you find yourself disposed to love untitled worth—if you wish to make him happy, by giving him your hand, your fortune, and your heart, for heaven's sake do not come here. The only return you would ask is not in his power to give. Middleton has not a heart to bestow. I wish that he had: I fear his will prove an ill-starred predilection. Will Lord Granville wed his only daughter to the dependent on Lord Malcomb's bounty—the son of a mean woman?—Impossible! Why then, O Middleton, do you gaze so intently on Miss Lenox? why do you so fondly encourage the first approach of an infant passion, that never can meet with success? I too well feel the effects of this passion, to be deceived in the symptoms of it in another. Miss Lenox praises his virtues: but where is that composed indifference, with which she could commend Mr. Fortescue? She feels it not: her heart is agitated by different emotions. The friendship I bear this dear girl makes me unhappy, on seeing the progress of a passion, that can bring with it nothing but anxiety and disappointment. Every one,

but myself, seems a stranger to what, for both their sakes, I wish was not to be seen.

Why does not Middleton leave us? I have pressed Matilda to go with me to the park: but she refuses, without knowing why, though the reason is pretty obvious. Yet is lord Granville sensible how dangerously agreeable this man is. It was but last night, that he talked of leaving us; when my lord, taking him by the hand in the most affectionate manner, told him, he would not hear of his going for some time. "You shall stay," continued his lordship, "and win the heart of Miss Herbert."—This is a city heiress possessed of an immense fortune, who lives in a handsome house, not far distant from the Abbey, and who has already made pretty forward advances to Middleton, which my lord wishes to make him understand. His lordship little thinks that this aspiring swain has higher-bred game in view. Poor Middleton had but little inclination to go, and therefore was easily prevailed on to stay. He made but a confused reply to his lordship's advice relative to Miss Herbert, taking at the same time a side glance at Matilda, who was preparing silk for her embroidery. At that glance Matilda turned pale, and was so fluttered, that she did nothing but entangle her silk.—How strange it is, Charlotte, that Lord and Lady Granville are so blind! Can they think, that prudence, and many other of those autumnal virtues (as *Lenæx* calls them) which accompany the grave age of fifty, will have the same power in the bloom of life? It cannot, it will not be

Your eyes will ache in reading this long epistle: but this subject has made me perhaps tediously prolix. If you have not patience to read it, I know that you sister, the gentle

Emma, will. You are a good girl, Charlotte: but there are little nice strokes of nature, which more sensibly touch the soul of your sister, than they will you or me.—Farewell, my fair friend!—Yours most affectionately, *LOUISA FALKLAND*  
(*To be continued.*)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*  
(*Continued from page 13.*)

A SINGLE nymph of the village train—the young and beautiful Adelaïs—joined not the festive throng. At a distance from her equals, prostrate before a grave o'ershadowed by funereal cypress, absorpt in profound sorrow, she riveted her eyes on the fatal spot, as if her soul wished to penetrate the covering of turf: at length mournfully detaching the flowery wreaths which depended to her zone, she deposited them on the sod, which she bathed with her tears. Her companions crowd around her, and endeavour to force her from this gloomy solitude: but their efforts are vain.

"No!" exclaimed she—"I cannot participate in your festivity! Behold that grave! The revolving year has now brought round the fatal day, on which the youth who had won my affections, fell in battle, while signalling his courage. Time has not power to dry up my tears; nor would I have crowned myself with flowers, but to consecrate them as an offering to his shade. Of that sad consolation, my beloved Ronois! they wish to deprive me! . . . . I honor those warriors—I sympathise in the happiness of the united lovers—but shall I no otherwise be allowed to testify those sentiments, than by joining in pleasures which my heart is incapable of relishing?—The fond remembrance with which I cherish his re-



mains, is the greatest, the only homage I can pay to conjugal fidelity and to valour.—Cruel maids! did I wish to compel you to bury your joy in his grave? Why then do you interrupt my sorrow?"

At these words, reclining her head on the grave, and clasping her arms round the humble stone which marked the spot, she embraced and clung to it with redoubled might.

Her companions, nevertheless, overpowering her resistance, were forcing her away, when Coligni desecrated the scene. He advances to the spot—seizes the hand of Adelaïs—leads her back to the grave—and, taking off the flowery wreath which bound his temples, lays it on the hallowed turf.—Adelaïs fixes on him a look of gratitude; and her tears begin to flow less abundantly.—The dances are now abandoned: the villagers, the warriors, all crowd around Coligni and Adelaïs; all deposit their garlands on the hillock which covers the remains of Ronois. The new-married pair, affected with tender sorrow, carve on the bark of one of the cypress-trees the names of Ronois and Adelaïs; while William, his brothers, Henry, and the young Maurice, erect a trophy o'er the grave, and the Batavians celebrate in martial pæans the generous sacrifice of the warrior who shed his blood in his country's cause.

Thus, under the influence of a powerful charm which none but virtuous souls can feel, even in the midst of a joyous festival, that grave alone possesses attractions, and all hearts are captivated by the misfortune and the grief of Adelaïs, whom her companions had endeavoured to tear from the spot. The peaceful hour which divides day from night, renders still more affecting to every bosom the solemn sentiment that reigns in silence around the grave.

Suddenly Adelaïs springs up—in bewildered melancholy, invokes the shade of her lover—forms some slowly-cadenced steps round the gloomy cypress bower, while her features exhibit the agonising smile of unutterable grief—then, as if recovering from the transient illusion of a flattering dream, suddenly sinks motionless on the grave.—A flood of tears bursts from the eyes of every beholder.

At length breaking silence, "Ronois!" said William—"we have celebrated thy valour—the heroic sacrifice thou hast offered to thy country: may the voice of lamentation, which now echoes to my inmost soul, unite with the cry of justice at sight of thy grave! Hapless lovers! victims of war, that devouring monster, the offspring of tyranny, the prop of despotism, the sport of conquerors! Ah! little do they inquire whether their destructive sword snatches the son from his father, the husband from his bride! —Ye warriors!" continued he, addressing the Gallic and Batavian heroes—"I cheerfully haste to encounter the perils of war, and, if fate have so ordained, to meet death itself, while acting in just defence of the rights of mankind, in opposition to those lawless oppressors of innocence and humanity! but I detest that rage which delights in blood. I communicate to you a sentiment which I feel deeply graven on my heart, and which has oft been more amply developed in our conversations. Since men originally united in society with the sole view of promoting their mutual happiness, and destroying the seeds of contention and hostility, is not every war a civil war? or rather, is not even that too lenient a name? for, the earth being inhabited by a single family descended from one common

parent, each hostile deed becomes an act of fratricide. And yet that earth is converted into a universal field of battle: it presents to view as many traces of the ravages of the sword as of the labors of the plough: it is still more copiously drenched with blood than with the sweat and tears of those who cultivate it; and the sea, ensanguined by the carnages of which it is the theatre, swallows the mangled remains of those slaughter-heaps which the various rivers incessantly whirl into its profound abysses.

“Are we to consider as fabulous the story of men springing up from the serpent’s teeth, and destroying each other at the first moment of their existence? It is the genuine history of man! The scourges, inflicted on the human race by the wrath of heaven, do not at the same period extend their baleful influence to every country of the globe, nor do they exercise unceasing ravage: but war, the habitual phrensy of kings and nations who are fired with the thirst of conquest—war is never totally extinct: the flame is but partially smothered for a season; and, after a temporary cessation, it bursts out anew—implazes the nations of the earth, as if at stated periods—and sometimes rages with such violence as to involve the greater part of mankind in the conflagration, and to threaten their utter extinction from the face of the globe. Oh! may some benignant power at length stifle, in the hearts of nations and of those who govern them, that destructive monster, ambition, ever insatiate of human gore!”

“Who shall dare,” replied Coligni, “to assign the bounds of perfectibility in man? While, barely possessed of instinct not superior to that of the animals with which he had to contend for his prey, he

roamed in the forests, and had no other shelter than such as the rocky caverns afforded, who could have thought, that, at his voice, the scattered members should have coalesced to form the body of society? that those forests, those caverns, should be transformed into fertile plains and flourishing cities? Would it, therefore, be paying too great a compliment to mankind, to expect that the consequences of this fatal ambition shall, at some future period, be less frequent and less destructive?”

“The principles of morality and liberty,” said William, “as yet imperfectly understood, but founded on the basis of eternal and immutable justice, cannot be annihilated. They will again make their appearance on earth; and the light of reason, which man has received from nature—that light, too frequently eclipsed—will never be wholly extinguished. In times past, the subject multitude oft have burst their chains: and who can imagine that the decrees of heaven have condemned them eternally to groan under the weight of those with which they are at present loaded?—Will not the charms of liberty, which now begins to exhibit itself to their eyes—of liberty, for which several nations have combated with immortal renown—excite their ardent wishes, and inspire them with courage to wrest the sword and the rod from the hands of the small number of tyrants who keep mankind in thralldom? Will not the desire of happiness—that desire which the Almighty Creator has himself implanted in the human breast, and which is propagated from generation to generation—will it not be their guide? will it not, in spite of the rocks that oppose their passage, at length conduct them to the port to which Nature herself invites them?”

“That nation, whose characteristic features are simplicity of manners, frugality, and laborious industry—the Batavians, who occupy, as it were, but a speck on the globe, and whose happiness is disturbed by a tyrant—may yet deliver themselves from the yoke, and, in triumphing over the efforts of Spain, who aspires to universal conquest for the purpose of exercising universal oppression, may add to the strength of those who wish to counterbalance her enormous power—may set the world a great example, and contribute to rescue Europe from the chains which are prepared for her. The enterprise is perilous; but it is great and glorious; and the sufferings of the Batavian nation, their courage, their constancy, and their virtues, will teach them to brave every danger in order to achieve it.”

“Nassau!” rejoined Coligni—“by thee and the Batavians be the arduous road pointed out to mankind: heaven seems to have peculiarly designated you as the chosen race who are to precede other nation in that glorious career. Let your valour be signalised in the virtuous contest; and may immortal triumphs be the reward of your generous toils!”

“The spectacle of tyranny and fanaticism, which we daily see exhibited in France, does not hold out to our view a brighter prospect for the time to come. Despotism redoubles its rage; and fanaticism converts man into a tiger of the most ferocious kind—blunts the stings of remorse in his heart, and even teaches him to consider his crimes as so many virtues. . . . Ah! if to such an accumulation of horrors tranquillity were at length to succeed! if the French and other nations could learn to blush for their atrocious deeds! if the human race were to

find a band of powerful defenders! if there were a country where the assembled legislators should raise their voices to pour forth the accents of wisdom! if they humanised the still too savage heart of man! and if that country were my native land! . . . . Oh! haste, ye happier times, which I scarce venture to hope for! and may your approach—so long, so ardently wished for—be unretarded by ambition, hypocrisy, avarice, ignorance, and the host of vices which stalk triumphant o'er the globe!”

In listening to the warriors, the inhabitants of the hamlet felt their souls captivated, by a charm which they had never before experienced: but, fearing their own inability to express with adequate energy the feelings that glowed in their bosoms, they chose the most enlightened and the most respectable among the seniors of the village to be the organ of their sentiments.

“Virtuous heroes!” said he to William and Coligni—“you have at this moment displayed more genuine greatness than you have ever shown in the fields of war, where your intrepidity has exalted you above the rank of mortals. Your lessons, which are new to us, shall never be effaced from our memory:—in listening to your words, we fancied that the Almighty himself deigned to address us in the voice of his eternal wisdom. What language! how energetic from your lips! how it inspired and elevated our souls! Ah! would to heaven you could convey it to the ears—I do not say, of Medici, of Philip, or of other sovereigns whose obdurate insensibility is incapable of feeling such important truths—but, of the whole human race! Though mankind occasionally shut their ears against the maxims of reason—perhaps, like us,

they might be won by the united voices of two sages, whose valour and whose virtues are the objects of their admiration and applause."

During these conversations, the shades of night grew more dark; the wakeful host of stars shine resplendent in the sky; on earth universal rest prevails; the feathered race sleep under the motionless foliage; the circulating juices move more slowly through the veins of trees and plants; and, from the ebon car of Night, solemn Silence descends to take her lonely round. The village train return to their humble abodes, where attendant Sleep awaits to pour on them his balmy blessings: the warriors repair to their tents; and the chiefs, during the solitude of the nocturnal hours, experience the various agitations of soul inseparable from an arduous enterprise.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 16.)

CHAP. 7.

..... He is gracious, if he be observ'd:  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's  
flint—

As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws, congeat in the spring of day.  
His temper therefore must be well observ'd.

Chide him for faults, and do it rev'rently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working.

Shakspeare.

LORD Blenmore had scarcely related to Frederic his conference with the Viscount, when the anger which the youth was venting against this unnatural parent, was calmed by a letter delivered to him from Lady Rossford. — It was the one in

which she requested a delay of their nuptials. Saint-Villiers knew his father was in the habit of writing to her, and doubted not that the disgraceful communication, intimated to himself, had been previously made to his affianced bride. He concluded that her request for delay merely arose from a wish to ascertain his real-situation: for, though the heir apparent of a title, and eleven thousand per annum, had been selected by her ladyship, yet a penniless illegitimate son would, doubtless, be cast off without ceremony.

"And this," exclaimed he— "this is the conclusion of all my prospects!—'Tis time indeed to quit a country, where I am discarded with scorn by a cruel father, and an unfeeling selfish mistress. Read this letter, My lord," added he, presenting it to him: "and believe me, that, sooner than see the woman who penned it, to feed her vanity by imploring her compassion, I would put an end to my existence, as she has put an end to my hopes, and helped to deprive me of all that made life desirable."

Lord Blenmore ruminated more seriously than he had ever done before, on the situation of his guest, and perfectly co-incided with him in what he supposed to be the sentiments that suggested the letter. The Earl would have used more efforts for the future husband of Lady Rossford, or heir apparent of Lord Saint-Villiers, than for a youth unfriended by any one but himself. Some electioneering projects would render a quarrel with Lord Saint-Villiers peculiarly inconvenient; and he dreaded the embarrassment, that would arise to himself, if Frederic should endeavour legally to enforce his claims: for, notwithstanding the plausible tale he had heard, his conscience would scarcely

let him suppose the young man to be any other than what he had hitherto been reputed, till this unexpected change in his affairs arose.

Thus circumstanced, the first suggestion of the Earl's worldly-minded policy was, to prevail on Saint-Villiers to quit the kingdom; and, while he only hesitated how to introduce the subject, he was relieved by his companion's starting up, as if from a profound *rêverie*, and swearing, that, for ten times his wealth, he would not acknowledge such a father, or remain in a country where his treatment had been so infamous; but, resigning at once all his expectations, would carve his own fortune: and, so far from wishing to counteract the projects of Lord Saint-Villiers or Lady Rossford, he could not now receive any mortification so acute as that of supposing his future fate at all connected with them.

These sentiments were highly approved by Lord Blenmore; and he rejoiced upon hearing the young gentleman hint an intention of purchasing into some regiment abroad. This likewise his lordship warmly applauded, and, not allowing him to cool upon the subject, wrote to an army agent in London, to expedite the business as speedily as possible; adding, that, if Mr. Saint-Villiers should require money towards the purchase of his commission, or equipment for foreign service, his banker would have orders to supply it.

Frédéric, without further reflexion, immediately set off for London. Lord Blenmore loaded him with protestations of the indefatigable zeal with which he would watch over his interests, and instantly apprise him, if any favorable development seemed likely to take place; but added his most strenuous advice

that his young friend should lose no time in commencing soldier, to prove himself independent of those from whom he had experienced a conduct so unfeeling. This argument had greater weight, than any other, with him to whom it was addressed, whose mind, unfitted for deliberation, resembled a sort of chaos; with every contending passion up in arms.

In the course of a day or two after his arrival in London, he was possessed of a commission in a regiment then in India.—Could he instantly have joined, many of the errors and misfortunes of his subsequent life might have been avoided: but he found that some weeks must necessarily elapse, before he could embark: and, in that interval, the want of better employment threw him into that most dangerous of all situations—a gaming-house. He there experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, attendant upon the frequenters of such places, and became a prey to those harpies who resort to them, “seeking whom they may devour.” His unrivalled skill at billiards put many hundreds in his pocket: but, while thousands were risked upon cards and dice, his success at the one was by no means equivalent to the failure at the other.

To relate his various adventures at this unfortunate period, would be alike a difficult and a wearisome task; suffice it, therefore, to say, that he was at length arrested, and only extricated from the horrors of a prison, by the sale of his commission.

Thus, every better prospect annihilated—an outcast, partly by misfortune, but still more by imprudence, from his native island—without a home, a friend, or even any rationally projected plan to rely upon—we see him once more at liberty

—cursing the hour that gave him birth, and feeling a degree of misery, which, however its source may be condemned, must excite that sympathy in a feeling breast, which the fallen state of a fellow creature is calculated to inspire.

While in this degraded state, the unhappy courses that had precipitated his destruction, seemed nevertheless the only means of retrieving himself: but, profiting by some of the observations which a fatal experience had taught him, he resolved to be upon his guard. He again placed himself at a billiard-table. The stake was low: his antagonist was a gentleman of fortune, who merely played for amusement, and, though inferior to Saint-Villiers, played well.

To one, who, like the unfortunate hero of our tale, was stimulated by the hope of gain, this was insipid. He felt no motive for exertion; and, as they waited the event of a conquering game, his spirits fell: his mind insensibly became abstracted; and a heedless stroke decided the business against him.

“D\*\*\* me, Saint-Villiers!” said Lord Thackwood, who had only been in town a few days, and entered the room, just as the ball was struck, which had lost the game.—“D\*\*\* me! you’ve forgotten how to play. Why, man, you’re only fit to be made lord mayor, and have a mace carried *before* you; for I’m sure you’re not fit to have one in your own hands. But perhaps your arms have been shackled where you’ve been: and I see you’re devilishly down in the mouth: so no wonder—that’s your *cue*.”

Though Saint-Villiers had sense enough to have despised this futile attempt at wit, the brutal allusion to his misfortunes was too much for his temper: and he interrupted Lord Thackwood with a violent burst of

anger, insisting he should quit the room with him directly. The company here thought proper to interpose: for, though they knew not that his Lordship’s behaviour had the aggravation of exulting over a man whom he had known in a different situation, and always looked up to with envy; yet insulting a gentleman upon his recent misfortune was a low and illiberal species of malice, which roused the indignation of all who heard it; and they were unanimous in insisting that Lord Thackwood should apologise for his rudeness.

Lord Thackwood, like most other spirits who will take advantage of a fallen adversary, was a coward in grain. He now felt completely alarmed, and readily consented to the enforced submission.

Sir Benjamin Merrick—Saint-Villiers’s late opponent—had soon perceived himself matched against a man capable of superior play to what he was then exerting, and, for that reason, had determined not to hazard more than a conquering game: for, though passionately fond of billiards, and having no greater pleasure, than seeing it played to perfection, yet his prudence never suffered him to carry on the contest with those who might be said to pursue it professionally. He had, on previous occasions, been forced very reluctantly to submit to Lord Thackwood, whom in every other light he despised so completely, that he felt a humiliation to own his superiority even in this. He therefore enjoyed his Lordship’s present mortification; and it probably was not without some view towards increasing it, that he started the proposal of Saint-Villiers’s taking his revenge upon Lord Thackwood at the billiard-table.

The haughty spirit of Saint-Vil-

liers spurned at the very idea of playing with one who had insulted him: but, alas! where the bent of the ruling passion lies, 'tis easy to excite to action in conformity with it; and, upon being further urged, he at length complied, though in opposition to his better judgement. He was agitated by the preceding scene:—he felt a momentary regret upon Lord Blenmore's account: his nerves were not firm; and he lost the first game.

Lord Thackwood, though more guarded in what he uttered, was elated to the highest degree, and betrayed the most exulting triumph.

Saint-Villiers was now roused to attention. He found his antagonist considerably improved since they had last played together:—he exerted his skill, and was once more a conqueror.

Lord Thackwood doubled his bets; and so complete was his infatuation, that he persevered until he had lost between six and seven thousand pounds.

Saint-Villiers, who was certainly under obligations to Lord Blenmore—though he knew his character sufficiently well, to be certain that they were only attributable to selfish motives—could not be altogether acquitted in this transaction. Yet the irritation he was under, and other attendant circumstances, should be recollected, before he be too severely condemned. Had he left off with a quarter of his winnings, the spectators would have thought them due to his skill, and rejoiced in the defeat of his illiberal opponent. But there is always a sort of sympathy in British minds, which sides with a sufferer: and, long before the contest ended, Lord Thackwood was regarded as a pigeon, and Saint-Villiers as a rook, who attended, merely to pillage the unwary; while

the circumstance of his having previously lost three games was imputed to the sinister motive of attempting a decoy by concealing his superiority.

Erroneous as was this suspicion, and wholly inapplicable to a man, who, far from laying traps to deceive, might rather be said to be "sinned against, than sinning"—and in whose character, precipitancy was a principal fault—it nevertheless operated most powerfully against him.

Saint-Villiers had the mortification to find himself considered in no other light than that of a designing gambler. His skill at billiards was now so decided, that few would engage against it. He had prudence enough to refrain from hazard: consequently he was much alone; and London, as every other place must be to a man who has no comfortable reflexions in his own bosom, became so wearisome, that he resolved on going to the continent, though without any determinate object, or other view than that of whiling away the time, till some eligible mode of life should open to him.

The different scenes in which he had been engaged, had in some degree weakened the violence of his resentment against his father; and, as far as he was concerned, a sort of haughty apathy was the predominating sentiment. He felt that the treatment he received, and the train of circumstances leading to it, were more reproachful to Lord Saint-Villiers, than to himself; but, when his thoughts glanced towards Lady Rossford, his personal pride at once took the alarm, and he blessed the fate which had delivered him from such a woman, from whom his altered circumstances had stripped a flimsy veil. Had she been faithful, he thought he might even yet have defied the frowns of fortune.—On her

account, he detested the sex; he abjured his country (as he believed) for ever; and, no longer deigning to retain a name to which he was told he had not a legal claim, he assumed the first that accident presented to his recollection, and commenced his travels, as Monsieur D'Armontel.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.

SIR,

Dr. Johnson, in explaining the word *Mackerel* in his Dictionary, has the following observation and couplet: "*Mackerel-Gale* seems to be, in *Dryden's* cant, a strong breeze; such, I suppose, as is desired to bring mackerel fresh to market.

They put up every sail:

The wind was fair, but blew a *mack'rel-gale*.  
*Dryden.*"

I cannot help thinking that the learned doctor was quite out in his idea of a mackerel-gale being a strong breeze; for the couplet appears (at least to me) to convey a different one. The circumstance of every sail being hoisted argues strongly against it: for it is universally known that such a proceeding in a strong breeze would be very dangerous: and the meaning of the line,

The wind was fair, but blew a *mack'rel-gale*,

seems to bear me out:—the wind was fair, but slight: and therefore every sail was hoisted, in order to make the most of it.

It is, I think, very likely that the term *mackerel-gale*, if applied, as I conceive, to a slight breeze, may be borrowed from the appearance frequently produced on the surface of the water by a shoal of mackerel, which exactly resembles the rippling produced by the approach of a gentle breeze; or it may have

some reference to the sort of breeze best suited to fish for mackerel in.

I should be glad to see an opinion or two on this matter from your other correspondents; for, if great men fall into errors, it is apt to lead little men, like myself, astray.

I am, sir, &c. J. M. L.

The OLD WOMAN. NO. 2.

On GOOD TEMPER, and the DUTIES of the MARRIAGE STATE.

As friendship is termed the balm, so may good-nature be termed the sweetener, of existence; a syrup which so happily blends with the acid circumstances of life, that, instead of their souring the mind, and rendering it peevish and petulant, it reconciles it to the most trying events.

In our journey through life, good-temper may be considered as a passport, which will procure us a kind reception in our intercourse with the world; but, at home, its endearing charm has a still more powerful influence; and, whilst it communicates pleasure, it attracts regard.—With advantages like these, is it not extraordinary that so few persons should take pains to encourage this inspirer of happiness? In short, that, instead of considering it as a duty they owe society to conceal any deformity in their disposition, they should actually seem to embrace every opportunity of displaying it?

Seneca observes, "that a good conscience is both the testimony, and reward, of a good life;" and the same may be said of a good temper; for it never fails to recompense its possessor with tranquillity and peace.—The desire of being pleased is universal; and, if the desire of pleasing was so likewise, how different would be the state of many individuals, who are groaning under misery which a domestic tyrant inflicts!—Though an intercourse with



the world is considered as a refiner of the temper, by polishing off the rough angles which nature had impressed upon it, yet how often do we find the mere *surface only* smoothed, while all the rugged particles still remain within!—Ill-nature, and its too frequent companion, resentment, are so turbulent in their effect, so pernicious in their consequences, and so destructive to the peace and order of society, that it is astonishing the desire of self-gratification should not be sufficiently powerful to root out such troublesome inmates from the human breast.

It has long been the subterfuge of the bad-tempered and revengeful, to cast that odium upon nature, which ought only to be attached to themselves. They were born, they say, with passions, which they find it impossible to conquer, and therefore that great allowance ought to be made for them.—Though this mode of arguing may be satisfactory to those persons who suffer themselves to be influenced by these baneful propensities, yet the futility of it is proved, when we find those very persons veiling their bad-temper in the company of their superiors, and putting on a garb of plausibility and sweetness.—But this temporary suppression of these hateful passions always induces them to burst out with greater violence the moment they can obtain vent; and that home, which ought to be the scene of tranquillity and concord, is the spot generally fixed upon, for the explosion of them.

Life is a state of trial and uncertainty, full of vicissitudes, anxieties, and fears:—the fairest prospects may be suddenly over-shadowed; and the brightest sun-shine unexpectedly obscured.—As we are placed in a state so liable to variation, and as we all must meet with trials and

misfortunes, how necessary it is, by cheerfulness and good-humour, to strew poppies and roses amidst the thorns!—Yet the thorns, which adverse circumstances plant in the path of existence, have their points doubly sharpened by bad-temper and spleen; and those very trials, which we should be able to support with cheerfulness and resignation, are rendered, by its effect, difficult to sustain.

Though, in all situations of life, sweetness of temper carries a charm with it, in no instance is it so essential to happiness, as in the marriage state: and, where this is wanting, it requires no small portion both of principle and affection, to enable the being who feels its influence, to support the galling chain.—That link of roses, with which the poets represent Hymen as uniting his votaries, becomes adamant in strength and iron in weight; and those refined enjoyments, which arise from attention and the desire of pleasing, are all swallowed up in the turbulent passions which agitate the mind.

I will not take upon myself to decide whether it is from nature or education that the generality of men are much more impetuous in their dispositions than the female sex; but that they are so, is a truth, which requires neither argument nor disquisition to prove it: in short it is an undoubted matter of fact.—But, admitting the evil irremediable, is there no way, it may be asked, of diminishing it? Is it not in the power of the wife to soften down those asperities of temper, which are so destructive to the happiness of both parties?—There are some men, I allow, who permit their passions to obtain such entire dominion over their reason, that every endeavour to allay them proves unavailing: in short, as well might an attempt be

made to stop an eruption of Vesuvius, or to check the motion of the sea's agitated waves.—In such a case, silently to submit to an unavoidable misfortune, is the only method a judicious female can practise; for every attempt to soften increases irritation, and acts like fuel to a flame.—On the contrary, there are men, whose impetuous passions are extinguished by the united powers of softness and persuasion—and who, in the very moment of rage, will listen to the voice of reason, when it flows from the lips of the woman whom they love.

It is only among the uncivilised part of the creation, that women are deprived of that influence which God and nature intended they should possess; for, in proportion as the mind of man becomes more refined and polished, they are treated with a mixture of tenderness and esteem. “No man” (says Hunter, in his Sacred Biography) “ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. Let him be never so frugal, regular, industrious, intelligent, and successful—all goes for nothing, if she is profuse, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to her trust.”—“With what spirit” (he again observes) “does a man labor in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be faithfully disposed of, and carefully improved! With what confidence will he resort to his farm or merchandise, fly over land, sail over seas, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he is assured that he is not spending his strength in vain—that all is well at home, and that indulgent heaven has crowned all his other blessings with that of a help-mate meet for him! How delightful it is to have a companion in solitude, an assistant in labor, and a partaker in joy! Yet human life is full of varieties, pain-

ful, as well as pleasant: sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of man; and he is but half provided for, the voyage of life, who has found an associate for his happier days only, while, for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathising partner is prepared.—No prudence or foresight can ward off the attack of disease, or prevent the stroke of calamity;—affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool the fever of the blood; yet there is one ear, into which he can pour out all his heart—there is one hand ever ready to relieve him;—one life that is bound up in his:—and, as enjoyment derives its chief relish from participation, so misery loses its chief anguish, in the bosom of sympathy and kindness.”

What a beautiful picture is this, of that mutual dependence upon each other, which the marriage station represents! And, if the lord of the creation (as he is termed) can not enjoy individual happiness, how much more dependent must be the state of the softer sex!—To the protecting care of the husband, women were by nature designated; they ought to be the avengers of every insult, and the sharers of every grief; yet how many instances does private life present of their oppressing, where they ought to succour, and displaying tyranny, where they ought to evince tenderness and esteem!

But, allowing it no uncommon thing for a female to be thus unfortunately situated, admitting, that, though multitudes are daily approaching the shrine of Hymen, yet the greater number find his torch soon extinguished—still there are secret satisfactions to be derived from wedlock, which a state of celibacy never afforded.—The very cares and anxieties attached to infancy, carry

with them a sweet and inspiring influence; and the being able to impart a sustaining nourishment to helpless innocence affords a gratification too exquisite for language to express.—The interesting occupation which immediately succeeds it, has been beautifully described by Thomson, in his Seasons;—and the author, whose judicious observations I have previously quoted, is of opinion that the duties attached to, and the pleasures arising from being a mother, commence from a still earlier period.

“Education, on the part of the mother,” (observes Mr. Hunter) “commences from the moment she has the prospect of being such; in consequence of which, the care of her own health is the first duty that she owes her child.—There are offices” (he continues) “which maternal solicitude alone can pay; and nature has so happily blended the duty with the reward, that they can neither be distinguished nor separated.—In the more advanced stages of education, when the boy is removed from under the maternal wing, the mother still retains her ascendancy, and binds him to her in a silken chain.—What ingenuous young man ever felt the maternal yoke galling, or longed to be emancipated from the glossy fetters with which his mother had secured all the tender affections of his soul? and, while he feels uneasy at the restraints of parental authority, and pants for that independence he is so desirous to obtain, he readily submits to her milder arguments, and, though independent in all other things, feels he cannot live without the smiles of maternal approbation.—Whatever be the disposition, whatever the faculties of the child, *who* so well knows the road to the understanding, and the way to the heart? who has skill, like a mother, to encourage the tim-

id, or repress the bold? who, like her, has power to subdue the stubborn, or confirm the irresolute? who, with such exquisite art, can draw out, put in motion, and direct ordinary or superior powers, place goodness in its fairest and most attractive light, and expose vice in its most hideous and forbidding form? But, in educating children of her own sex, the important trust chiefly, if not entirely, devolves upon her; and where could it be so well deposited? From her own character she derives knowledge; from the world, experience; and maternal affection completely qualifies her for the arduous undertaking.—A mother only can enter into the feelings, the weaknesses, and the necessities, of a young female entering on an unknown, varying, tempestuous, and dangerous ocean; for she remembers how she felt and feared, what she needed, and how she was assisted, relieved, and carried through.—To a mother only, can a young female impart the numberless nameless anxieties, which every step she takes in life must necessarily excite; for, when she converses with her mother, it only appears like thinking aloud.—A mother’s conduct is the liveliest picture of virtue that can be presented: and the hope of her applause, the most powerful motive, (next to her Creator’s) to induce the imitation.”

How gratifying a reflexion must it be to parents to know, that, through their precepts and example, their children are held up as patterns of imitation to the friends of their youth! But how exquisitely more delightful must be the conviction that they have laid the foundation of their eternal happiness in a future and better world; and that, by fulfilling one of the most important duties of christianity, themselves will be cer-

tain of meeting with a bright reward! These refined gratifications may result from the most unhappy unions. A husband's deviation from the path of conjugal duty cannot prevent the wife from enjoying a secret satisfaction in properly forming the minds of her children; though I allow, that satisfaction must be infinitely more exquisite, when both parents take an equal interest in the delightful task. Then the most refined sensations must expand the maternal bosom; and, as time gradually opens her children's understanding, she anticipates the dear delight of beholding her husband's virtues reflected in her sons.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I cannot doubt your readiness to give a place in your work for any attempt in a correspondent to serve the cause of virtue and morality. I shall therefore proceed, without any apology, to introduce to you a little domestic picture, which has at least the merit of being drawn from life. The following is an original letter, from a youth in town, to his parents in the country.—I am, &c. H.

My dear Parents,

I am sorry to say I have been suffering under the complaint which too generally affects young people on their first entering the world. It is a disorder that may, in its rapid progress, ruin the mind, although it may leave the body uninjured. It is a strange disease! The more it preys upon the patient, the more the patient becomes, not only satisfied, but even pleased, with it! And what *bodily* disorder can be like it? I believe the mental physician calls it *self-conceit*. Now that I begin to think, my dear parents, I am ashamed to own that I have been so com-

pletely swayed by this great enemy of youth, this *powerful weakness*, as to suffer my young mind to forget that modesty is the most engaging of moral virtues. I have never once recollected the letters my brother used to write to me while I was at school. In those same letters, you may remember, he never omitted to press upon me the advantage I should find in life by carrying with me the ever-respected demeanour of modesty and steady virtue, on every occasion. In those letters, an older brother, who has seen much of life, expressed the most affectionate anxiety for my welfare; and, having struggled with misfortunes and worldly trials himself, his first desire appears to be to ease the cares of our good parents, and to contribute, so far as his abilities will enable him, to the comfort, respectability, and happiness of the whole family: and yet have I been inattentive to his advice, however anxiously given:—yet have I even been sometimes so ridiculously weak, so stubbornly forgetful of modesty, so daringly self-conceited, so confident of my own superior talents, that I have more than once or twice assumed to myself more grammatical knowledge, more general talent, than my brother! I have ventured on more than one occasion to dispute with him, when I ought to have listened to him as a voluntary tutor! And as to his wife—I have not scrupled to treat *her* opinions always with coldness, and frequently with absolute contempt!—A lad of spirit, like me, to be over-ruled, to be outdone in knowledge, by a sister-in-law!—No! no! that would not suit my superior spirit. What! have I been to school to learn grammar; and then am I to come under the roof of a brother, and there submit, not only to him, but to his wife, above all things?—Yes! very pretty! How should she be a scholar? How

should she know so well as I do? I will not submit to such instruction, such corrections, indeed! Did not my schoolmaster tell me, and my father too, that I was a clever fellow? Yes, to be sure, he did, over and over again. And yet now that I am come away from school, I am *not* a clever fellow! But I see how it is: they can discover my abilities plainly enough; but they are envious and jealous of me! They can see that I shall out-do them all. However, this determination I have made, and am resolved to abide by it. Whenever my sister gives an opinion, I will directly give one in opposition to hers, whatever it may be; and, whenever my brother particularly wishes me to feel the weight of his observations, I will seem as cold as possible, however those observations may affect my welfare. Thus shall I maintain my own dignity, in defiance of the superiority which it is ignorantly supposed this brother maintains in the once obscure family of H\*\*\*\*. I will show that I have genius to rise above him and all the rest of them! Even now, although I have been but three months in town, I am sure I have much more taste than he has. If you were to see his matted pate against my elegant head! Oh! dear me! there's no comparison! He has a head like a country boy; and mine has the hair combed, and turned, and curled, and frizzled, a dozen times a day, in the most fashionable style. They stare at me everywhere; and why is it? Why, because I have a fashionable head, to be sure! What care I about my brother's hints?—He allows that decency is a duty, that a genteel address is a great recommendation:—and yet he pretends that my outward appearance ought not to have so much attention as my mind. What nonsense! Have I not mind enough for any body? I have a mind above instruction; and

I'll soar above the earth, eye above the clouds, entirely by my own abilities—without the assistance of a brother!

In this manner, my dear father and mother, have I suffered my understanding to be weakened by the destructive enemy of the human heart. The corroding strength of self-conceit has almost overpowered my mind; and I can plainly see it has much disappointed my brother, who so strongly recommended to me to be always modest and submissive to my elders, and to those whose opinions were directed for my good. But I now begin to feel something like a desire to become respected by the lovers of modest youth. I have learned that merit, and only merit, will always have encouragement; and, although I have often wondered that my brother never seemed to give me much praise, I confess I now cease to wonder;—for, if I always praise myself, why should others praise me? O my dear parents! I fear my brother has been to blame for allowing me to go on so long without reproof:—but I know he does not like to hurt the feelings of any one; and perhaps he has delayed to check me, in hopes that I should in a short time see myself, and save him the vexation of correcting me. This merit, then, I now claim, as the first proof of my amendment. I have seen my defects, and am determined to become a more pleasing companion for an anxious brother—the submissive, modest, and consequently more respected,

HUBERT.

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*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*

(Continued from page 9.)

THOUGH the spirits of Lady Mortimer were depressed by a succession of domestic calamities, yet the consciousness of having imparted

happiness to the bosoms of two amiable beings gave a tranquil serenity to her mind; and even her health appeared to have derived advantage from the benevolent exertions of the last three days.

As a near relative of the late Sir Henry resided within a short distance of the road through which Lady Mortimer necessarily traveled, she determined to accept an invitation which had been frequently repeated, instead of sleeping at an inn.—By the sudden death of Sir Henry, Mr. Mortimer had unexpectedly come into the possession of part of his landed property, which, united to a large portion of wealth acquired in the East Indies, gave him a degree of consequence in the county, calculated to increase the natural haughtiness of his disposition.—When her ladyship arrived within about ten miles of Mr. Mortimer's splendid mansion, she sent her footman forward with a letter, to announce her intention of sleeping there that night; and, to give the horses time for refreshment, resolved to dine at a small inn, which was striking for its neatness.—The situation rendered it picturesquely beautiful: it stood on the declivity of a hill, embosomed in a grove of trees which overshadowed it.—The village church was within the distance of a hundred yards; while the pines and elms, with which the surrounding space was alternately intersected, gave to meditation a pleasing charm.

As soon as dinner was ended, Lady Mortimer proposed to Miss Downing to take a nearer view of the hallowed ground; and, when they reached the spot, their attention was attracted by observing an aged figure stretched upon a new-made mound of earth.—To a mind endowed with sensibility, sorrow is

always sacred:—Lady Mortimer paused, as if fearful of interrupting his grief; and, leaning upon the shoulder of her young companion, stood attentively gazing upon the affecting sight.—Too deeply absorbed in the sorrow which preyed upon his feelings to attend to the surrounding scene, he remained several minutes in that recumbent posture; but at length arose with a deep-drawn sign.—The sable garb of Lady Mortimer seemed to arrest his notice, as with a solemn step he drew near her; while the drops of sensibility, which trembled in her eye, proved that sympathy or misfortune, or both combined, had deeply affected her.

“*You too have perhaps lost a daughter!*” said the stranger, as he passed her.—“*Oh! I have lost all that rendered life dear to me!*” replied the fair mourner in a tone of heartfelt grief.—The old man stopped, and, gazing at her attentively, exclaimed, “*My child was murdered by treachery and deceit!*” then bursting into a flood of tears, he hastily walked from them, and turned down a narrow lane.

The agonising look which he directed toward the grave, as he made the declaration, united to the impassioned manner in which it was expressed, must have excited an interest in the bosom of any human being not totally devoid of humanity and feeling.—The beauty of the surrounding scenery was lost in the contemplation of those sorrows which had produced such a melancholy effect; and Lady Mortimer immediately returned to the apartment she had so recently quitted, and requested to speak with the landlady of the inn.

It was no idle curiosity which influenced the conduct of that amiable woman, but a far better motive.

She had beheld a being who had excited her tenderest sympathy, and who, it was possible, might labor under the additional misfortune of pecuniary distress, which she hoped might be mitigated by the influence of benevolence.—Having explained to the attentive landlady the reason why she had been summoned, and expressed the sympathy which had been excited by the sorrows of the old man, she requested to know to what he had alluded, by saying his daughter had been “murdered by treachery and deceit.”

“Jack-a-day, my lady! the poor creature has been rather oddish in his mind, as a body may say, ever since the death of his poor child,” replied Mrs. Mason: “and no wonder; for she was one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived.”

“What was the disease which proved fatal to his daughter?” inquired Lady Mortimer.—“Folks said, my lady, as how she died of a broken heart; but she went into a galloping consumption, brought on by a disappointment in love.”

“And what became of her treacherous lover? did he forsake her, to marry some more wealthy fair?”—“Oh! no, please your ladyship: I believe marriage never once entered into His Honor’s head.”

“His Honor!” repeated Lady Mortimer. “There seems to have been something mysterious in the unfortunate young woman’s fate.”—The landlady, perceiving her guest evidently expected an answer, after pausing a few moments, said, “Yes, my lady: but I believe the least said is best.”

This ambiguous reply naturally increased Lady Mortimer’s curiosity; and, after much hesitation on the part of Mrs. Mason, and a thousand hopes that her ladyship would not think she ever took the liberty of

speaking ill of her betters, particularly as she thought her ladyship might be related to His Honor, she gave an epitome of the unfortunate Lucy Darwin’s history in the following words—

“I do not wonder at your ladyship feeling for poor farmer Darwin; for I am sure there is no one can see him, and keep a dry eye in their heads; in short, there is not a man in the whole village, who was, I may say, so much respected: and as to his dear sweet daughter, she was beloved by every creature that knew her.—She was indeed, my lady, as sweet a girl as you ever set eyes upon; and so dutiful to her father, and such an excellent manager of all his household affairs, that there was not a young farmer within twenty miles of us, who would not have been happy to marry Lucy Darwin; and then, my lady, she was so gentle in her manners, and so kind-hearted to every one in distress—and then withal she was such an excellent scholar, that she could talk upon all kinds of subjects.—To be sure, she was a lucky girl in meeting with such a friend as Mrs. Davenport. Mrs. Davenport, your ladyship must know, was an officer’s widow, who lodged with them, and took such a liking to Lucy when she was but a mere plaything, that she would hardly ever let her go out of her apartments; but, as she grew older, she educated her, as if she had been her own daughter, and at the same time taught her how to manage all kind of household matters.—Ah! poor dear lady! it was a blessing that God took her when he did; for, had she lived to see her favorite sinking into an untimely grave, I am sure, and sartin, it would have broken her heart.

“But, my lady, I forget that you did not know Madam Davenport,

and so I beg your ladyship's pardon for mentioning her: but she was a dear good gentlewoman as ever stepped in shoe-leather.—Well! I think it is now about eighteen months since the squire and some of his young companions came to dine at the Star: they had been on a fishing party; and our house is not above a furlong from the river.—As most gentlemen do; they sat drinking a good while after dinner; and my husband was mighty proud at hearing them say the wine was very good: and I suppose he told the young squire so; for he filled him a bumper, and insisted upon his giving them a toast.—“Well, Your Honor,” says my husband, “I'll give you the prettiest girl in all England, though she lives in our little village.” So saying, he bowed to the gentlemen, and drank the health of Lucy Darwin.—It was an unlucky thing, to be sure, his saying she was the prettiest girl in all England: for they all declared they would go to the farm; and, though my husband would have gone down on his knees to prevent them, away they all set out—Fortunately, my lady, Lucy and her father were both gone to drink tea at the parsonage; and, as young Squire Mortimer was not quite so tipsey as his companions, he would not agree to their going there, because he knew something of Mr. Eldridge, and though the might make up some tale to His Honor.

“The next morning, however, who should I see walking with farmer Darwin, but the young squire: for, some how or other, he had heard he had a beautiful mare to dispose of; and he pretended he wanted to buy her:—and buy her he did, that is certain, and ordered her to be brought to our house. ‘Mr. Mason,’ (says he) ‘can you let this beautiful animal stand in

your stable for three weeks or a month? for my father is making some alterations; and, until they are finished, I cannot have her home’

“My husband, as your ladyship may suppose, readily consented; and the mare was an excuse for him frequently to come; and, as sure as he did, he always made some pretence or other, to go to the farm.—Both my husband and I began to grow very uneasy; and (begging your ladyship's pardon) I could not help calling him a fool for having mentioned the beauty of poor Lucy, although I am sartin he had no more thought of any harm happening from it, than the child that's unborn.—Well! my lady, a month passed on, and another to it, and no talk of the horse being taken home; when, one day, the young squire seeing me all alone in the bar-room, walked in, and sat down.—For my part, I was quite astonished at his *condersension*; for he always used to seem so high and proud, that I did not even like to wait upon him when he came to the house.—‘Can you keep a secret, Mrs. Mason?’ says he smiling.—‘If Your Honor will try me,’ says I, courtesying as I spoke, ‘I believe you will find I am as much to be trusted as your own mother.’

“Oh! my mother! why she is the last person I should think of trusting in a love affair:—but the truth is, I have lost my heart, Mrs. Mason, and, strange as you may think it, to a farmer's daughter.—Love, however, my good woman, levels all distinctions; and I mean to marry her—that is, at a future period; but, just at present, it is out of my power.—Were my father even to suspect this intention, he would disinherit me, and send me abroad; and her father has actually forbidden my going to his house: so, my good Mrs. Mason, unless you



will stand my friend in this business, I shall be the most miserable man in the whole world.'

"These, I assure you, were his own words, my lady: and, to cut my story short, he entreated me to request Lucy to meet him at our house.—I told His Honor I hoped he did not mean to deceive her, and that I feared his father would never consent to his marrying her.—'Deceive her, Mrs. Mason!' said he: 'I hope I am not such a villain. I would not injure such an angel of purity, to become master of the whole world. I repeat that it is my intention to marry her; and I only beg that I may occasionally have the happiness of seeing her at your house.'

"I hardly knew how to act, please your ladyship; for I was afraid of offending the young squire; and yet, some how or other, I did not like them *clandestinal* meetings.—I went however to farmer Darwin's, and carried a letter with me from Mr. Mortimer: and never shall I forget how the poor dear girl cried over it; for she said she had made a promise to her father never more to see the squire, and that she could not break her word.—She told me what pains she had taken to struggle against her liking; for, though he had given her a written promise of marriage, she feared His Honor would never consent to his son's marrying such a one as her; but begged me to tell him she should always love him, and pray for his happiness, while she had breath to draw.

"Well! my lady, when he found she would not come here, he was just like a distracted creature; but he watched his opportunity, and contrived to meet her when her worthy father was gone to a neighbouring fair.—Poor dear lamb! she little suspected his cruel purpose, or the

wickedness of his heart; and so she consented to walk with him down a narrow lane, which led to the high road, where he had a chaise and four waiting, into which he forced her.—God Almighty, however, they say, always protects the innocent; and he mercifully protected her; for the man at the turnpike had happened to see the chaise waiting, and, some how or other, suspected, for no good, and determined, if the blinds remained drawn up, to stop it under some pretence or other.—A servant rode first, to pay all expenses; and the man readily let him through: but, when the chaise came up, he pretended the lock of the gate had caught some how; the postillions began swearing; and the squire let down the blind in a violent passion.—Poor Lucy screamed out, and begged the toll-man to save her from destruction, and restore her to her father.—He knew her voice, called loudly for two or three men to assist him, when the squire jumped out at the opposite door. Lucy at the same moment fell down in a fit at the bottom of the carriage, and remained in that state for several hours.

"From that time, my lady, the poor thing never held up her head again, but drooped, and drooped, like a blighted flower; and, though her poor father had all the doctors around the country to her, they said she was dying of a broken heart: and so she did, sweet dear creature! and was buried last Sunday three weeks.

"And now, my lady, I hope you will not be offended with me for what I have told you, as the young squire, I suppose, is your relation," (continued M<sup>s</sup>. Mason courtesying); "for it does not become people like me, to speak ill of their betters: and, if your ladyship had not desired,

me to tell you the story, I should not have said a word; though, God knows, whenever I see poor farmer Darwin, the sight of him is ready to break my heart: and I can't help thinking that those who have brought him into that sad situation, will have a terrible deal to answer for, in the other world."

"A terrible deal, indeed, Mrs. Mason!" repeated Lady Mortimer, shuddering at the very thought; "and, though I admire your prudence in not making that vicious young man's conduct a subject of conversation, yet such characters certainly deserve to be exposed."

Her Ladyship then inquired whether the unhappy father of poor Lucy had any relative with him to watch over his infirmity, and sooth the agitated state of his mind, declaring, that, if he had not, she should consider it a duty to place a proper person to take care of him.—Lady Mortimer, however, had the satisfaction of hearing that the object of her commiseration, though robbed of his dearest earthly possession, was yet rich in friends; and that, from the period of poor Lucy's indisposition, an attached sister resided with him, who at a distance watched his frequent visits to the grave of his happiness.

With a mind strongly prejudiced against the son, from her landlady's description of his vices, Lady Mortimer felt an unconquerable repugnance to becoming the guest of the father; and, had not the servant been sent to announce her intended visit, she certainly would have passed that night at the Star.—The fate of poor Lucy Darwin afforded ample subject for conversation to Lady Mortimer and her young companion, during their drive to Elm Tree Park—a title, which the owner of that splendid mansion had given to

it, in consequence of the park containing a number of elm trees of extraordinary growth.

Though the sun had scarcely declined when Lady Mortimer's carriage entered the park gate, yet her eye was struck by the glittering appearance of the house; for every apartment seemed to be illuminated, so numerous were the lights in every window.

"Oh my dear Emma! how ill does the splendid appearance of that mansion accord with the feelings of my heart!" said Lady Mortimer, pressing the hand of Miss Downing, with the softest pressure of regard.—"Would to heaven I had never thought of paying this hated visit!" she continued:—"and, to complete my mortification, this must be a night of gala."

The carriage at that moment stopped. The folding doors were thrown open; and four servants in rich liveries appeared: two flew to the chaise door, while the other two stood stationed at the entrance, and, with obsequious formality, loudly announced the name of Lady Mortimer.—An elegant young man immediately came forward, and, respectfully taking Lady Mortimer by the hand, entreated she would have the goodness to allow him to become his father's representative. "He is unfortunately confined by the gout, madam," said he; "or I should not have had the honor of receiving you at Elm Park."

The tone of his voice, the elegance of his person, and the insinuating sweetness of his countenance, were calculated to make a favorable impression upon every beholder, but particularly upon a woman of refinement and taste.—The image of poor Lucy Darwin, however, seemed suddenly to rise before her, and check the favorable impression pro-

duced by the elegance of his manners: but, returning his compliment with that urbanity which marked her every action, she requested permission to introduce her young friend, Miss Downing.

(To be continued.)

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 615 of our last Volume.)

“Do you not tremble at the thought of letting me bleed?” said once a prince to a young surgeon.—“Egad, your highness has the most reason to tremble,” replied the surgeon.

The man who said he was the very humble and very obedient servant of occasion, drew a picture of human nature.

Those who flatter themselves that they know mankind, and can foresee what actions they will engage in, argue against free-will.

A man sneezes: this frightens a dog: the dog bites a jack-ass: the jack-ass overturns the crockery of a poor man; the crockery, in overturning, hurts a child. . . . Work for the lawyers!

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

*Cruel Revenge.*—Mrs. Wells, long a dramatic favorite of the public, married, in the hour of distress—in the Fleet prison—a rich Moorish Jew, named Sumbel. —One day, in a dispute between this ill-assorted pair, the Moor angrily expressed a wish that he had his wife in his own country; whereupon a young lady present—a Miss Ray, daughter of a respectable clergyman in Northamptonshire—incautiously answered, “I did not know that gentlemen of your persuasion had any country.”—This remark sunk deep into the Moor’s heart: and, Mrs. Wells (now Mrs. Sumbel) having, some time after, quitted him on account of ill treatment, he availed himself of that event, to plan and execute a cruel revenge on

Miss Ray.—Pretending that he had regularly divorced his wife according to the Jewish law, he made love to the young lady, obtained her consent; and, having made every arrangement for the expected nuptials, he invited his intended bride and her father to an elegant house in town, which he had taken for the purpose, and furnished in an expensive style. Here he for a while entertained them with every appearance of cordial friendship: but, un-expectedly introducing Mrs. Sumbel as his actual wife, and observing Miss Ray quite confused, he impetuously cried; “Good God, Madam! you are not glad to see my wife!”—“Your wife, sir!” exclaimed Miss Ray with considerable emotion: “I thought you had been divorced from her.”—The Moor visibly exulted in the wounded feelings of the unfortunate young lady: and, the longer and more fully to enjoy that fiend-like gratification, he had breakfast served up, and invited Miss Ray and her father to partake; when, pressing her to eat, and observing her to decline it, he at length said to her, “Miss Ray! as you have a country to go to, I recommend your setting off for it as soon as possible.”—She returned to Northamptonshire, became insane, and soon after died!—This transaction, with many additional particulars which we here omit for want of room, is circumstantially related in the Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sumbel, written by herself.

*Gout cured by Poverty.*—In Surgeon Ring’s “Treatise on the Gout,” a curious case is mentioned, of a gentleman who lived intemperately many years, and had many severe fits of the gout, which caused a considerable number of remarkably large chalk-stones. Being reduced to poverty, he turned brick-maker, for the sake of earning his bread; and was surprisingly benefited by his constant employment. His appetite returned; but he had scarcely any thing to eat; he became athletic; and, what is more remarkable, his chalk-stones utterly vanished; and in this temperate way he lived many years.

*Contagious Infection.*—As many articles of dress are manufactured in the close and putrid air of the confined apartments of the poor, where often dangerous infection prevails, it is earnestly recommended that every article of the kind, which will not be injured by wetting, may be well soaked or rinsed in pure water, before it be worn—especially those

of wool, which is particularly apt to catch and retain infection. This simple operation will, in many cases, prevent the extension of infectious disorders, as it is well known, that European residents at Tunis, Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, &c. preserve themselves safe in the midst of surrounding pestilence, by taking the precaution of making every thing, which they receive from the inhabitants, to pass through pure water, before they touch it.

*Turkish Justice.*—In addition to the curious specimen of Turkish justice, quoted, in our last Number, from Mons. Chateaubriand's Travels, we now present our fair readers with the two following, from the same author.—1. The monks of a convent at Jaffa having washed the linen belonging to the altar, the water, impregnated with starch, as it ran away from the convent, whitened a stone. A Turk passed, and, seeing this stone, went and informed the cadi, that the fathers had been repairing their house. The cadi hastened to the spot, decided that the stone, which was black, had become white, and, without hearing what the religious had to say, obliged them to pay ten purses.—2. A girl of a certain village in the Morea, having lost her father and mother, and being mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relations to Constantinople. At the age of eighteen, she returned to her native village. She could speak the Turkish, French, and Italian languages; and, when any foreigners passed through the village, she received them with a politeness which excited suspicions of her virtue. The principal peasants had a meeting, in which, after discussing among themselves the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to get rid of a female whom they deemed a disgrace to the village. They first raised the sum fixed by the Turkish law for the murder of a Christian woman; they then broke by night into the house of the devoted victim, whom they murdered; and a man, who was in waiting for the news of the execution, hastened to the pacha with the price of blood. What caused an extraordinary sensation among these Greeks of the village, was, not the atrocity of the deed, but the greediness of the pacha of the Morea. He, too, regarded the action as a very simple matter, and admitted that he had been paid the sum for an ordinary murder; but observed, that the beauty, the youth, the accomplishments of the

orphan, gave him a just claim to a further indemnity. He therefore dispatched two janissaries the very same day, to demand an additional contribution.

*Creation of Light.*—On that passage of the sacred history, "Let there be light, and there was light," Dr Bidlake has the following remarks in his "Truth and Consistency of divine Revelation."—The account, which the sacred historian gives us, that light was created antecedently to the sun, has caused no little triumph to those who are desirous of detecting improbability. "Was light," say they, "which emanates from the sun, created on the first day? and was the sun itself, the great source of it, created only on the fourth?" This implies absolute contradiction; but, if modern conjecture be well founded, (and there is every reason to confide in it) the body of the sun is not the seat of light: it is an opaque, and, probably, habitable globe; and the light, which appears to flow from it, proceeds from a surrounding atmosphere; and thus the matter of light might have existed before it was called into action. To dwell further on this is needless; for, perhaps, light, like heat, may not be actually resident in the body of the sun, but, being in a latent state dispersed throughout all the system, may be set in action by some principle which emanates from the opaque body, and thus rendered perceptible. Scripture is not to be confounded by conjectural philosophy. Let us then confide in that divine word, which, in the sublime representation of revelation, spoke, "Let there be light, and there was light."

*Instantaneous Light.*—Mr. Mayer, of Pentonville, has obtained a patent for certain improvements in the machine for producing instantaneous light: but, as we have not seen either the machine itself in its improved state, or any description of it which would prove satisfactory to our fair readers, we content ourselves with observing that this, and every other contrivance for the speedy production of light, is worthy of serious attention, not only during the present alarming period of robberies and murders, but at all times and in all situations.

*Russian Courage.*—Sir Robert Wilson, in his Remarks on the Russian Army, gives the following impressive picture of the obedient courage which animates the bosoms of those Northern warriors. "No carnage intimidates the survivors; bullets may destroy; but the aspect of

death awes not, even when a commander's evident error has assigned the fatal station.—“Comrades, go not forward into the trenches,” cried out a retiring party to an advancing detachment: “retreat with us, or you will be lost, for the enemy are already in possession.” “Prince Potemkin must look to that; for it was he who gave us the order: come on, Russians,” replied the commander. And he and his men marched forward, and perished, the victims of their courageous sense of duty.”

*Improved Brewing.*—Messrs. Needham and Rawlins, Islington Green, have lately obtained a patent for a light portable brewing apparatus, of curious yet simple construction, which promises a considerable saving of time and labor, and is represented by them as productive of stronger beer from any given quantity of malt, than can be produced by the ordinary mode.—The machine (besides a light furnace) consists of a cylindrical vessel of sheet-iron tinned, with a double cylinder of the same materials placed within, so as to form three concentric circles.—The inner circle being left vacant, the malt is put into the space between that and the next circle—the two partitions being both full of small holes. The hops are put into the space between the middle and outer circles. Cold water is next poured in, till the malt is covered. The fire is then lighted—the water made to boil, and kept boiling for one hour. The wort is then drawn off; and, when cooled, it is returned into the outer cylinder, which, when disencumbered of the interior double cylinder, serves as a working tun.

*Remarkable Dog Fight.*—Mr. Hooker, in his Iceland Tour, relates a curious anecdote of a singular species of sham fight, maintained by a number of the Iceland dogs, which met for that purpose, as if by previous concert, at a certain hour and at a particular place of rendez-vous, for several successive days.

*Negro Attachment and Sensibility.*—Two African slaves, the one of the Chomba country, the other a Coromantee, were some time since purchased by T. Mackenzie, Esq. of Jamaica, and having evinced a great attachment to each other, were transferred to Air Mount estate, situated in the eastern part of the island. In the course of time, the Chomba, named Sampson, was made a driver or head man; but in September last, hav-

ing displeas'd his master, was dismissed from his situation, and Campbell, the Coromantee, chosen to fill it, till Sampson should be restored to favor. In the mean time Sampson fell sick; but was not considered in immediate danger: it however turned out otherwise; his malady increased rapidly, and he was given over. The moment Campbell heard this, he told his master, that, “if Sampson died, he should die also,” which proved but too true. He no sooner knew his beloved shipmate was no more, than he fell sick and died four days afterwards. What places the disinterested attachment of poor Campbell in a stronger light, is, that, besides succeeding Sampson as driver, he was to have been heir to his friend's property, amounting to about 200l.

*Potatoes.*—A most remarkable proof of the wonderful fecundity of this useful vegetable was shown by Mr. Hoar, of Brenton, upon his farm (which is rather a light and shattery soil) called Barnsole, in the parish of Gillingham, near Chatham, Kent, which he thinks worthy the attention of farmers and agriculturists. In his growth of potatoes, in the year 1810, he promiscuously met with one that appeared to be of an extraordinary size; he examined and weighed it, and found it to contain 101 eyes or sets, and to weigh 4lb. 10 oz. From the circumstance he was induced to plant and cultivate it by itself, to see what it would produce, which in the following season proved to be 6½ bushels (390lbs.) at 6s. per bushel. These potatoes contained 7050 eyes or sets, which he again planted, and in the last month dug up the produce, which proved to be the wonderful quantity of 547½ bushels, weighing 26,850lb. Many of this growth are of an astonishing size, weighing from four to five pounds each, 25 of which weighed 100lb. and one in particular 5lb. 2oz.

*Safe and neat Window-cleaning.*—Those shocking accidents, which too frequently happen from the inhuman and indecent practice of obliging female servants to clean windows on the outside, may in future be prevented by a simple but ingenious contrivance of Mr. Marshall, of St. Martin's Lane. His plan, as far as we can understand the description given to us, consists in cutting off, from each side of the sash, a slip from top to bottom, equal in thickness, (or a little more than equal) to the depth of the groove in which the sash moves. These slips are

again attached to the sash, at the middle of its height, by two pins or pivots—one to each slip—on which pivots, the sash may be made to swing in and out, and brought down to a horizontal or oblique position for cleaning, without ripping off the head, which is to remain a permanent fixture. The sash is moreover furnished, on each side, with a small spring catch, somewhat resembling that of an umbrella, by which the middle part is, at pleasure, immovably fastened to the slips, so that the sash, though thus divided into three pieces, is as firm and steady, as if it consisted only of a single piece. So far for safety:—now for neatness. A correspondent, under the signature of "Eliza," recommends, that windows be cleaned with pure water alone, without whitening or any other addition. Her mode is this.—First, wash the glass and the wood-work with pure water, applied with a large piece of leather—common sheep-skin. When the dirt is well washed off, rinse the leather clean; wring it well, and, with it, rub the

window, till dry.—This, she assures us will give a brightness to the glass; far exceeding that produced by the usual process, besides leaving the wood-work clean and glossy.

*Esquires.*—In a late case which occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, it was decided that a man in trade (a brewer at Richmond), who was styled *Esquire*, should not be allowed to justify bail, because he had assumed that title, to which he had no legal right.

*A Reflection.*—The highest degree of human happiness is not always the portion of the affluent, who eat and drink and sleep, when and where they please. Gratification of any kind pall the appetite, and a continued sameness of indulgence creates disgust. A chequered life is the best and safest; it makes men thankful for prosperity, when they are favored with it; and when, by too much indulgence, they are nearly lulled asleep, dangers and personal hardships rouse, and more loud than a human voice tell them, this is not their rest.

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## POETRY.

### BOUITS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option;—the rhimes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.

Wing, sting; Speed, decreed; Light, flight; Save, crave; Flee, free; Fear, year; Proud, avow'd; Content, repent.

### The frail FAIR.

Stanzas, addressed to a Gentleman, who ridiculed, in the Author's hearing, an unfortunate Female, who solicited his assistance.

#### By Miss SQUIRE.

WHEN Virtue for compassion sues,  
Her prayers too oft are slighted;  
To pity deaf, false man pursues,  
Till innocence, affrighted,  
In the unequal contest falls,  
And flies the post, where vice assails.  
A while her fall the fair one weeps,  
Till, pleasure's charms inviting,

O'er bounds prescrib'd she daring leaps,

And, ev'ry warning slighting,  
Attracts, awhile, of fools the gaze,  
And, in her turn, proud man betrays.

But cease, insulting man; nor dare

Upbraid our sex, for learning  
The lessons, taught us to ensnare  
The young and undiscerning.

Shall men, who seek but to destroy,  
Reprove those arts, themselves employ?

Go, ask you wretch, whose roving eye  
Needs not the tongue's expression,  
To draw from feeling hearts the sigh,  
Or tell, (ah sad confession!)

That, void of virtue's pride and shame,  
Guilt's blacken'd scroll records her name.

Go, boaster! ask her to disclose

To thee her tale of sorrow;  
And, while she paints of vice the woes,  
Blush not for once to borrow

From pity's stream one tender tear:—  
She'll feel, and own, the tribute dear.

For, ah! perhaps, though now of shame  
The varied woes enduring,

She once was rich in peace and fame,  
Till man's false vows, alluring,  
Seduc'd her from the paths of truth,  
And blighted all the hopes of youth.

Then go! her tale may mend that heart,  
 Where pride, despotic reigning,  
 Bids candor's gen'rous train depart,  
 And, pity's voice disdainng,  
 Prompts thee, the fallen mourner to de-  
 ride, [ful glance, aside.  
 And turn from mis'ry's plaint, with scorn.

*The old COQUETTE.*

*By Miss SQUIRE.*

AT fifty, Celia thinks it strange,  
 Her lovers should forsake her,  
 Calls man inconstant, fond of change,  
 And vows, (but don't mistake her)  
 She vows she hates those odious men,  
 And prizes freedom dearly.—  
 Poor nymph! her toilet, not my pen,  
 Could prove this hatred clearly.

There too, were vanity not blind,  
 She might, I ween, discover,  
 Were change, so pleasing to mankind,  
 She ne'er could want a lover:

For, when the magic work is o'er,  
 So chang'd (her mirror shows it)  
 Her face, from what it was before,  
 Its owner hardly knows it.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
 in our Magazine for December.*

*ELLEN.—By J. M. I.*

OFF, when she hears the wintry gale,  
 Does Ellen's aking bosom grieve;—  
 For Edward, doom'd afar to sail,  
 Did home, and love, and Ellen leave!  
 Then, midst the horrors of the storm,  
 Sad Ellen gazes on the sky:  
 She quits each friend, each comfort warm,  
 And braves the tempest raging high;  
 While, as the burning tear-drops flow,  
 She heav'n implores her love to save;  
 "For oh!" she cries with fervent glow,  
 "His heart was true, his soul was brave!"  
 "Then guide, ye pow'rs, his destin'd  
 course,  
 As o'er the waves he's doom'd to sweep:  
 Oh! calm the storm's impetuous force,  
 And save my Edward from the deep!"

*Another.—The STORM.*

*By ANONYMUS, E . . . . m*

How inauspicious was that gale,  
 Which fill'd at once the spreading sail,  
 And me from England drove!  
 Alas! I then had cause to grieve:  
 For who, without concern, can leave  
 The object of his love?

Ere long, the clouds portend a storm—  
 No dread to me:—my soul was warm  
 With thoughts that banish'd fear.

E'en though blue lightnings rent the sky,  
 Though now engulf'd, now toss'd on high,  
 My Anna still was near.

That passion, which had purest flow,  
 With double fervor 'gan to glow,  
 And rouse my drowsy mind.  
 I aid the sturdy seamen brave:  
 All strive with might the ship to save;  
 And Providence is kind.

But, scarce resum'd our wonted course,  
 Ere we were, by superior force,  
 Subdu'd, and captives ta'en,  
 And now no alter'd winds can sweep  
 Our vessel o'er the briny deep,  
 To waft us back again.

*Legend of SEWEN SHIELDS CASTLE.*

\* \* \* This legendary ballad is merely an un-embellished versification of an old tradition, still current in the vicinity of Sewen Shields Castle, which is a small tower on the Roman Wall, in Northumberland.

NOUGHT but some dæmon's baleful step  
 For years had pass'd those lands,  
 Where (all its former grandeur fled)  
 An ancient castle stands.

Where many a lord, and many a knight,  
 And many a baron bold,  
 The meed of valour oft had won,  
 Or tale of love had told.

Once, too, it held Northumbria's king  
 In days of former fame:  
 But now no courteous tenants boasts—  
 And Sewen Shields its name.

And there, too, superstition's spell  
 Had cast its gloom around:  
 And none for years had ever been  
 Within its precincts found—

Till Dixon\*, young advent'rous swain,  
 Who fear'd no mortal arm,  
 Had vow'd to search the site throughout,  
 And find the hidden charm.

The morning frown'd: he made th' at-  
 tempt;  
 And darker still it grew:  
 And, when he reach'd the castle walls,  
 The owls portentous flew.

No well-fed porter now was seen  
 Within the court to wait:  
 And weeds and mould'ring stones appear'd,  
 Where stood the lofty gate.

He cross'd the damp deserted halls:  
 He spoke—but all in vain;

\* The name of the shepherd to whom tradition records this circumstance to have occurred.

For Echo, from the ruin's verge,  
Return'd his words again.  
Through many a passage long and dark  
His weary steps he bent :  
At length a flight of stairs he saw,  
And tried the deep descent.  
He felt unwholesome dewy cold,  
Yet still pursued his way—  
Resolv'd, 'till he had all explor'd,  
No more to view the day.  
At length a gleam of light he saw ;  
A ray of warmth he found :  
And down the stairs he quickly was,  
And trod on even ground ;  
And soon, within a chamber large,  
A blazing fire perceiv'd ;  
And by its flames a sight he saw,  
Which else he'd ne'er believ'd.  
A king and queen, in regal state,  
Were there by Morpheus chain'd :  
And o'er the train of courtiers too  
The same still slumber reign'd.  
And round the fire some faithful dogs  
Their fortunes seem'd to share :  
And, on a table near, a sword  
And horn were placed there.  
As from the scabbard then, with might,  
The blade to draw he tries,  
As it unsheath'd, with awe he sees  
The sleepers all arise.  
Struck with amaze, he put it back.—  
The monarch, pierc'd with woe,  
E're he return'd to death-like sleep,  
Thus spoke in accents slow :  
" A curse, O Dixon, light on thee !  
Why wast thou ever born ?  
Why didst thou not the sword draw out,  
Or wind the bugle horn ?  
" On them our wish'd release depends.—  
A cent'ry now must fly,  
Before a mortal can again  
To break th' enchantment try."  
And now, oppress'd by slumbers dire,  
He sank, till kinder fate  
Should send some knight, who might re-  
store  
His former envied state.  
For Dixon, who these wonders saw,  
And hope both rais'd and crush'd,  
Soon left th' apartment, as at first,  
In solemn silence hush'd.  
And never since, as records say,  
Has mortal ventur'd there ;  
But all, with superstitious dread,  
The sleeping king revere.

APPEAL to HUMANITY,  
in behalf of a distressed Widow, with five  
Children (four of them young Girls), and a  
sixth coming.  
From " *The Widow and her orphan Family,*"  
an Elegy, by Miss STOCKDALE,  
who, with a generous benevolence which does  
honor to her heart, has published (at Mr.  
Stockdale's, Piccadilly) two editions of the  
Elegy—the one at a shilling, the other at  
sixpence—of which the entire produce, with-  
out the smallest deduction for printing, ad-  
vertising, &c. is devoted to the relief of the  
distressed widow, Mrs. Diaper, Feathers  
Court, High Holborn.  
Come then, ye sons of affluence! oh  
come !  
I ask but little of your wealthy store.  
Come, too, ye daughters, who boast  
much at home. [more.  
And give a boon, to make that little  
Ye sons of Britain, place within your  
schools their God to love :  
These babes, and they shall learn  
There fed and cloth'd, and taught the  
Bible rules, [thron'd above.  
Their pray'rs for you shall reach the  
And, when commence a widow'd mo-  
ther's throes—  
A season that in days of bliss demands  
All we can do—oh ! then go, sooth her  
woes! [hands.  
The Lord himself asks pity at your  
With cordials go ; for cordials she will  
need.  
Mothers ! to you I recommend her now,  
God's mercy gives her milk; the babe to  
feed : [it ? how ?  
But how, that past, can she support  
Go, view the infant on its mother's  
breast : [know,  
Go, see the babe that must no father  
Be never by a father fond caress'd :  
Unmov'd, view, if you can, this scene  
of woe.  
But 'tis impossible ! it cannot be !  
Though hard our hearts, we're not  
such monsters yet.— [with me :  
Ye mothers fond, come, come, I say,  
You've felt the same, nor can those  
pangs forget.  
I ask not of the scanty income aught :—  
Comforts from such I would not take  
away : [fraught,  
I ask, of those who are with abundance  
A trifling portion of their golden clay—  
From those who have enough, have e'en  
to spare, [est down,  
From those who sleep on beds of soft-



From those who dwell in Lux'ry's man-  
sions faw, [to frown.  
On whom misfortune ne'er was known  
Such I invite—nor ask, I trust, in vain—  
To raise the widow's and the orphan's  
head: [plain:—  
No! I shall not to such, unhear'd, com-  
By such shall these be cloth'd, by  
such be fed.

*The SOURCE of STRIFE.*

*By WALTER.*

ONCE on a time in sun-shine weather,  
A farmer's poultry hark'd together.  
A pigeon chanc'd to strike their eyes,  
Whose neck display'd a thousand dies.—  
"Oh!" says a cock, without design,  
"That bird's blue neck is very fine."  
A neighbour cock, who mark'd its hue,  
But in a different point of view,  
Reply'd, with no small marks of spleen,  
"Blockhead! his neck's not blue, but green."  
A third exclaims, "Confound you both!  
His neck is red, I'll take my oath."  
To give the chanticleers their due,  
What each averr'd was very true—  
But none had sense enough to see,  
His neighbour spoke as true as he.  
The champion in an instant rose,  
From angry words advanc'd to blows;  
Maintain'd a combat long and sore,  
And fell, alas! to rise no more.—  
Observe, in these, my cocks and pigeon,  
The feuds of men about religion.  
From one fix'd point our eye we strain,  
And see her color very plain;  
Then persecute and mend our brother,  
Because he view'd her from another;  
And, struck with fainter lights, or fuller,  
Beheld her with a different color.  
Here's the short moral of my song—  
We all are right—we all are wrong.]

*The KISS.*

"GIVE me one kiss, one kiss, my love,"  
I murmur'd soft in Julia's ear:  
"The treasure of thy lip would prove,  
Than India's wealth, oh love, more dear."  
"No! no!" she cried, "this must not be:  
This little lip is not yet thine;  
Till Hymen binds thy faith to me,  
I'll give no treasure from the mine!"  
But when, half-hurt, to be denied,  
I sigh'd as if my heart would break,  
She sweetly smil'd, and blushing cried,  
"I will not give—but you may take!"

*The BLUSH.*

*By the Hon. W. R. SPENCER.*

WHEN first o'er Psyche's angel breast  
Love's yet untruant pinions play'd,

Of either parent's charms possess'd,  
My birth their mutual flame betray'd.  
No limbs my airy charms obscure,  
No bone my slim form sustains;  
Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,  
As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.  
I sleep with Beauty, watch with Fear,  
I rise in modest youth's defence,  
And swift appear, if danger's near  
The snow-drop path of innocence.  
Sometimes in Themis' hall I'm seen,  
But soon those sterner duties fly,  
On flow'ry bank, or village green,  
My parents' gentler cause to try.  
Love's sun-shine, beam'd from brightest  
eyes,  
Less cheers his vot'ry's painful duty,  
Than my auspicious light,—which shines  
Like meteors o'er the heav'n of beauty.

*The POOR POET.*

*From the German of BURGER.*

A BARD, more fat than band besem'd,  
With face that like a fool moon gleam'd,  
Bewail'd the luckless fate of rhymes,  
And stoutly raved against the times.  
"You're not in earnest, surely, friend,"  
Cried one who heard him to an end—  
"Your case would hardly seem so bad.  
That belly many a bit has had;  
And for that jolly full moon face—"  
"Ah! Sir, if you but knew my case,"  
Rejoin'd the bard, "this belly now  
"Is not like starving, I avow;  
But let me whisper in your ear,  
I owe it to the landlord here,  
Whose bill stands over now a year." }

*INVASION.*

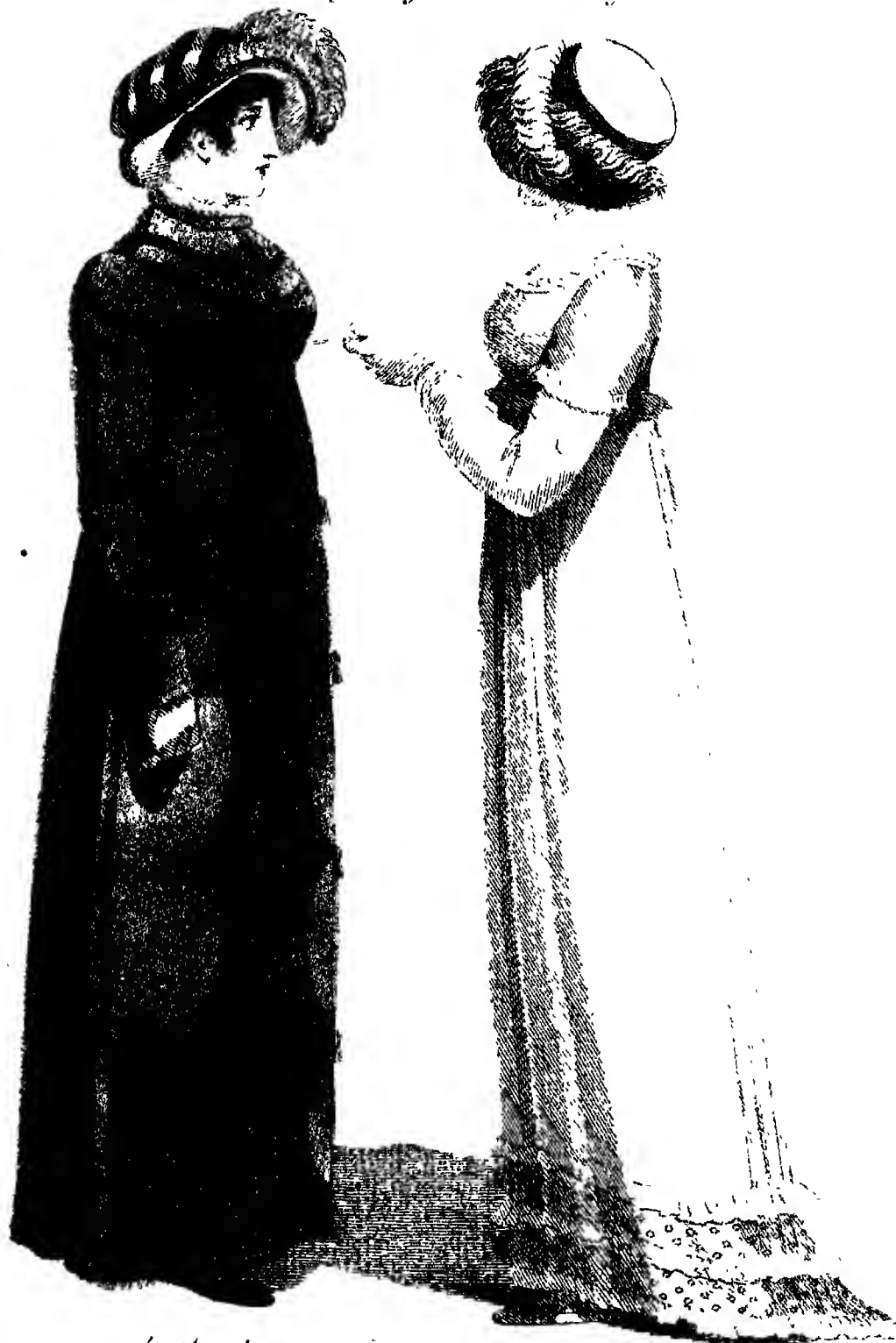
THE French still confide in long night,  
to come over [and Dover  
The troublesome ditch betwixt Calais  
Long nights they may find, and a com-  
fort left still; [come when they will.  
They are sure of short days, let them

*TOUT LE TEMS.*

AU sein des voluptés perdre tous ses  
momens, [sans guide  
Faire des riens, courir et sans frein et  
Vers ces plaisirs légers, de qui l'aile  
rapide  
Comme l'éclair emporte nos beaux  
Mes bons amis, chez bien des gens,  
Cela s'appelle, hélas! tuer le tems.—  
Inscuses!—Le tuer est un vrai suicide.

*A Translation or Imitation by any of  
our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor*





*London Walking & Evening Dresses.*

London Walking and Evening

DRESSES.

*Walking dress.*—A pelisse of green sarsnet, trimmed with velvet of the same color, made in the manner of a round dress; buttons with tassels of silk.—Hat of white satin, trim-

med with green velvet, and feather of the same color.

*Evening dress* of muslin ornamented with two rows of lace round the bottom, and trimmed with frills of muslin, plaited over a slip of salmon-colored velvet. Hat and feather of the same color.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

\*.\* The Dates between crochets [ ] mark the days on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the "Morning Chronicle," or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.

In our last Number, on the authority of the newspapers, we erroneously stated Valencia to have been taken by the French on the 26th of December. For a more correct statement, see February [4].

[London, January 23] The immense number of deserters from the French armies in Spain became so embarrassing to the Spanish Government, that they requested to send a part of them to England. Among these deserters were about 400 native Frenchmen, Bonaparté's own conscripts, who were perfectly willing, but not allowed, to enter into the British service.

[25] The batteries of Cuxhaven, and other batteries on the coast, have been entirely dismantled of their guns, with a view, it is supposed, of preventing them falling into the hands of the English, should circumstances render it necessary to march off all the troops at those stations.

[27] A flattering account is given in the French official journal of the progress made in the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and woad indigo. The former sells at 18 sous per lb. and an expectation is held out, that, by improvements in the process of manufacture, it may be reduced to 15 sous. To give it a decided preference in the market, it is announced that Bonaparté intends to continue, for several years, the heavy duties on colonial sugar.

[27] Constantinople, Oct. 23. The muslin-merchants here are about to establish a manufactory to imitate the German muslins. They expect to have 500 looms at work in a short time.

[27] The king of Sweden, finding his health re-established, resumed the reins of government on the 7th of January.

[28] General Hill entered Merida on the 3th December. He had hoped to surprise General Dombrowski; but his approach was discovered by a patrol. The French general retreated from Merida, leaving magazines of bread and wheat, and several unfinished works. On the 1st Feb. General Hill marched to attack Drouet's force at Almodrego, but the enemy retreated to Zaba, abandoning 450,000 pounds of wheat, &c.

[29] Buenos Ayres, Nov. 5. The differences between this place and Monte Video are completely settled, the other side of the river remaining under the government of Monte Video, and this side with the upper provinces to this place. The commercial communication between the two territories to be placed upon the same footing as before the disturbance took place.

[30] Palermo Bay, Nov. 18.—The Archduke Francis, of Austria, has left Vienna, on a nuptial pursuit after the eldest princess of Sardinia, his niece, whom he has the permission of the Pope to marry. He is not a brother of the emperor, but a first cousin; he is eldest brother to Maximilian and Ferdinand.

[30] New York, Dec. 25.—The senate, on Friday, passed the bill, reported by Mr. Giles, for raising an additional military force of 25,000 and 1 man.—The votes were 26 to 4.

[31] A conspiracy had been formed in Seely, to betray the island, and the whole British force there, into the hands of the

French. The plot was discovered, and several of the conspirators arrested.

[February 9] Advices from Jamaica announce that the House of Assembly has doubled the duties on all articles of grain imported from the United States of America, viz. flour, corn-meal, bread, &c. and pease.

[4] The theatre at Richmond, in Virginia, took fire in December last, while crowded with a numerous audience, and was soon burned to the ground.—Upwards of a hundred and twenty lives are supposed to have been lost.

[4] The French, under Gen. Suchet, having defeated Gen. Blake on the 26th of December, and compelled him to take refuge in Valencia, immediately invested that city, and, after three days and three nights of incessant and destructive bombardment, reduced him to surrender, on the 9th of January, with his whole army, as prisoners of war, to the amount of above sixteen thousand men.

[5] *Genoa, Jan. 11*—According to letters from Palermo, Lord Bentinck, immediately upon his return from England, took the command of the Sicilian land and sea forces. Two proclamations, one issued by the king of Sicily, and the other by the English minister, announced this measure. No changes have hitherto taken place in respect to the civil and administrative powers. Many partisans of the queen have been arrested and executed.

[5] *Vienna, Jan. 16*.—Letters of a late date from Constantinople announce that preparations for war are carried on throughout the whole Ottoman empire with unexampled activity.

[6] Lord Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm on the 19th of January, after a siege of ten days.

[6] The Spanish Regency has been dissolved, and a new executive council of five appointed.

[6] By a decree issued at Hamburg, it is ordered that all officers and soldiers, passing through the city, shall be gratuitously lodged and fed by the inhabitants for two or three days.

[6] *Dantzic, Dec. 17*.—The French gendarmes keep a strict control on all travellers and foreigners arriving here. No foreigner is permitted to pass the borders, unless provided with a passport signed by the French Commandant, the Police-Master, and the Prussian President.

[6] *Messina, Decemb. 6*. Several French

spies and emissaries have been arrested here. Two of them confessed that they had been sent by the French general in Calabria, for the express purpose of assassinating a British officer. A third had been employed, in conjunction with other ruffians, to murder and rob the courier from Palermo, as soon as Lord W. Bentinck should arrive there, in order to seize his lordship's dispatches, and carry them to Calabria.

[10] By intelligence from Lagaira, to the 3d of December, it appears that the government of the provinces of Venezuela was by no means settled. The people of St Martha had declared war against those of Carthagena; and several sanguinary battles had been fought, terminating on the whole in favor of the revolutionists. General Miranda had been prevented, by a dangerous illness, from prosecuting the war against Coro and Maracaybo, and both parties seemed indisposed to further contention.

[10] It is finally settled, that the island of Java is to be a king's settlement, and placed on the same footing as Ceylon.

[13] *Washington City, Jan. 7*.—The bill for raising an additional military force of 25,000 men, yesterday passed its third reading in the house of representatives by a majority of sixty votes. Some amendments have been made by the house, which require the concurrence of the Senate.

[14] An official report to Congress states the whole American navy to consist of fifteen vessels in commission, from six to forty-four guns—all together mounting 342 guns—and five frigates out of repair.

[17] *Vienna, Jan. 28*. Letters from Bucharest say, that a bloody war has been commenced. The Servians have been three times defeated by the Turks. It is rumored that several thousand men in the island of Isali, in the Danube, have surrendered themselves prisoners of war, being no longer able to maintain their position, in consequence of the rising of the river beyond its usual height.

[17] The German papers state, that the publication of the *Altona Mercury*, the *Abeille du Nord*, and the *Political Journal of Hamburg*, has been suppressed.

[17] By a decree of Bonaparté, lately published at Rome, The property composing the endowments of bishopricks of the late court of Rome is declared to be part of the effects of the domain of the

state.—The claimants to the same shall enjoy them during life, on transmitting a statement thereof, with their titles, to the Prefect.—The said parties may become incommutable proprietors, on paying one eighth of the value.—One half of the produce is assigned, as a gift, to the church of St. Peter at Rome, and the remainder to the hospitals.

[17] Intelligence from India states that letters, received at Bombay on the 28th of June, mention the arrival of the English mission at the Persian capital, where they were splendidly and hospitably entertained.—that, in June, there were 14 vessels on the stocks, of which eleven were from 500 to 900 tons; that one, of 1400 tons, was launched at Bombay in March;—and that the city of Bassen, on the coast of Pegu, has been destroyed by fire, with the loss of some thousand lives.

[18] The new republic of Venezuela has issued licences for a direct trade with Tortola, and some other of our West India colonies. The government have likewise issued a proclamation, permitting the return of all persons who had been banished on account of their political principles, on swearing to observe the republican institutions.

[19] *Semlin, Jan. 1.* The Grand Vizier, finding himself absolutely without forage for his cavalry, and provisions for his troops, took the resolution of making a furious sortie with his whole army, cooped up in Rudschnock, amounting to 25,000 men. With these he attacked the trenches and redoubts of the Russians, which surrounded the city on all sides; and a most terrible conflict ensued. The Turks trusted to their salutes and to the speed of their horses; while the Russians were defended by the artillery of their lines; and Pachas and Beys with the utmost courage precipitated themselves into the centre of the enemy's ranks. We are assured, that, during this short but violent struggle, estimating the loss on both sides, 10,000 perished on the field of battle. The Grand Vizier, disguised in the habit of a simple Janissary, forced his way through the Russians, with a corps of cavalry, which the latter were unable to break or pursue.

[19] The French have taken possession of the island of Rugen, and have seized upon, and numbered and registered all the vessels lying there.

[19] At Hamburg, all kinds of grain have been taken possession of on account of the French government.

[20] At the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, possession was taken in the name of Ferdinand VII. and it is said that the British government are pledged to defray all expenses necessary for repairing the fortifications.

[20] The French have evacuated all the province of Avito, taking off all the cattle and grain they could collect.

[20] The Regency of Spain have conferred on Lord Wellington the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, with the rank of Grandee of Spain, of the first class.

[20] The utmost vigor is employed by the new executive authorities, to send off idle persons from Cadiz, to be employed with the armies: and not less exertions are made to collect the contributions for the support of those armies, which heretofore have been too often evaded.

[20]—On the 14th ult. the Intendency of police of Lisbon published an edict relative to the Spaniards resident in that city, requiring them to present themselves within 15 days, provided with proper documents from the Spanish legation. It is said, that, in consequence of this regulation, above 2000 Spaniards left Lisbon.

[22] *New York, Feb. 2.* The President's signature is said to have been affixed to the bill for raising an additional force of 25,000 men.

[23] An alligator was lately shot at Glazepoore, measuring twenty feet in length, and seven in circumference. In his stomach were found several half-digested human limbs, the heads of two children, and above twenty snakes—swallowed, probably, (as gravel is by fowls) to assist digestion.

[24] From recent American papers, we learn that the Indians have commenced hostilities against the United States in various quarters. A body of 400 had encamped at the mouth of Cumberland river, on the north of the Ohio, and had taken thirteen boats, killing every man on board, except two.—The Cherokees, too, are said to have repulsed the troops employed in cutting the road in the Southern part of the Mississippi territory.

[25] *Decemb. 23.* A mutiny broke out in the isle of St. Helena; but it was speedily suppressed—some of the ringleaders tried and executed—and tranquillity perfectly restored.

[25] The king of Sicily has abdicated the throne: the hereditary prince is appointed vicar general (i. e. regent) of the kingdom: and Lord W. Bentinck is nominated captain general of the

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty* does not appear to have made any progress toward recovery since the date of our last publication. If there has been any change in his condition, it seems to have been rather for the worse than the better: and, at the present date (*Feb. 26*), we cannot gratify our fair reader with any pleasing intelligence respecting him.

*Price of Bread*—Quartern wheaten loaf, *January 30*, sixteen pence, halfpenny—*February 6*, fifteen pence, halfpenny—*Feb. 13*, sixteen pence—*Feb. 20*, sixteen pence, farthing.

[*London, January 23*] At the Old Bailey, yesterday, the driver of the Bath mail was indicted under Lord Stanhope's act, for selling eight guineas for ten pounds in bank notes. It appeared that a police officer, of the name of Ruthven, who was the prosecutor, had been in the country, for the purpose of detecting instances of selling guineas, and that, coming to town by the Bath mail, he prevailed upon the driver, not long before they reached London, to sell him the guineas as above. The Jury were out for four hours, and at length returned a verdict of guilty.—The court fined the prisoner 40s. intimating that this light punishment was inflicted in consequence of its being the first conviction under the act; but that future offences of the same nature would be visited more severely.

[24] Subscription for the relief of the British prisoners in France.—Amount advertised this day, above seventy-three thousand pounds.

[25] *The Irish Protestant Petition*—Numbers of the most eminent for rank, wealth, and character, are hourly pressing forward to sign the Protestant petition to Parliament, praying the total emancipation of our Catholic countrymen. It is thought that the Protestant signatures will extend in length more than an English Mile (*Dublin Evening Post*.)

[25] At the Leeds Sessions, the magistrates refused to licence a Methodist preacher, on the ground that he was not appointed teacher to any particular congregation, but intended to act as an itinerant preacher.

[25] Yesterday morning additional troops of the Horse Guards (Blue)

marched from Reading to Nottingham; and orders are issued for the dispatch of two infantry regiments, in consequence of the continuance of the riots in that neighbourhood.

[27] Bills of indictment have been found against upwards of 100 Orangemen for a riot and assault, in the county of Fermanagh, in July last, but the trials have been put off till next Sessions.

[29] Every ship of war fit for service is ordered to be got ready.

[31] *Nottingham, Jan. 28*. The spirit of insurrection, which has so long disgraced the county of Nottingham, has been rendered doubly alarming, from the secrecy with which it has been conducted, and the dispatch with which the objects it embraces have been carried into execution. In most of the villages where so many frames have been broken, parties of the military have been stationed: but their exertions, (great as they certainly have been) have been inadequate towards the apprehension of the offenders. Such is the regularity and dexterity with which their plans have been carried into effect, that it has been found impossible to detect them. They assemble, and disperse, when their object has been obtained, in a moment.—On Saturday night, the frame-breakers passed over the Trent, and broke twenty frames at Clifton (leaving but two whole in the town), and fourteen at Raddington. On Sunday night, forty-five frames were broken at Salsan and the adjacent hamlets; and the same evening, about seven o'clock, three frames were destroyed at Basford, at the house of one William Barnes, under the following daring circumstances:—As three soldiers, who had the care of the frames that night, were sitting by the fire, with their arms resting by them, they were instantaneously seized by a body of men who rushed into the house; and, while a proper guard was placed over them, the men seized their muskets, and stood ventry at the door: and when the frames were demolished, the muskets were discharged, the soldiers were liberated, and the depredators wished them a good night. On Monday evening, three other frames were broken at the same village, and 26 at Catgrave, a village six miles south of the Trent. In

all these instances the depredators escaped.

[31] At the quarter sessions held at New Malton, last week, seven persons in the Methodist connexion applied for licences to preach, which the court refused, on the ground that none of them were appointed to preach to any specific congregation.

[32] Another forgery has been discovered in the bank. A clerk, who had been in the warrant-office for many years, was found to have given forged receipts for sums of money to a great amount, which had been entrusted to him to purchase in the funds, but which it appears he never did.

[33] *January 27*, Mr. Thomas Kirwan was brought to trial in the Irish court of King's Bench, for having attended a Catholic meeting for the election of Delegates. His counsel objected to the jury, because a list of jurors had passed through the hands of Sir Charles Saxe, then acting as secretary of state. The objection, however, was overruled, and the trial proceeded.—*See Feb.* [4]

[34] An advertisement in the "Morning Chronicle" of this date invites emigrants of all nations to the South American province of Caracas—with the promise of grants of land, and all the rights of citizenship.

[*February 1*] Thursday morning a respectable tradesman in Long Acre, in the heat of passion, threw himself out of a three-story window, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this melancholy occurrence was his having quarrelled with his wife.

[1] Yesterday, was decided at Doctors' Commons a suit of nullity of marriage, instituted by the father of William Peter Ponget, against Lucretia Tomkins, his wife, on the ground of minority, William Peter Ponget, the husband, not being 16 years of age at the time the marriage in question was solemnised.—Sir William Scott gave judgement in this case, and was clearly of opinion that there had been a fraudulent intention and studied suppression on the part of both the parties, by omitting his Christian name "Peter," in the publication of the banns, in order to conceal from his parents the fact of marriage, which he had a right to be informed of, as Peter was the only name the party constantly went and was known by among his relations and acquaintances, almost to the total exclusion of the name Wil-

liam, by which the proclamation in church was made; and therefore he pronounced, that the publication of the banns was fraudulent and null, and consequently that the marriage was void under the statute.

[2] On Saturday se'nnight, was exhibited for public inspection at Wisbeach, a bullock's kidney of the extraordinary weight of 6st 3lb—14lb. to the stone. It measured six feet one way, and four feet four inches the other.—The weight of the ox was only 48 stone.

[3] *Jan. 30*, After a four days' trial, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" against Mr. Kirwan.—*See Jan.* [31]

[4] A gentleman, who left Nottingham on Sunday, states, that the town and country adjacent was in a state of quietude; the frame-breakers having in writing assured the masters that they would desist from frame-breaking for a month, in order to give the masters an opportunity of considering their case.

[5] The fate of Mungo Park is now ascertained. A letter from Sierra Leone states, that some presents, which he entrusted to a chief to be delivered to the king of Tambuctoo, had never been delivered; and, on some remonstrance, the ruffian determined to sacrifice him. Seeing their fate to be inevitable, he and his companion embraced, and plunged into the Niger, where they perished. The canoe itself overset; and all their property, memorandums, and papers, were lost.

[6] Three infant children, the age of the oldest not exceeding three months, have been deserted and left exposed by their inhuman parents in the parish of St. George, Hatover square, within the last fortnight. In the same parish, and within a similar period, ten men have deserted their families.

[7] The importation of foreign corn into England, in the year 1810, amounted to 2,221,951 quarters. If that immense quantity be turned into money, it will amount to more than eight millions sterling, the greater part of which was thus carried in specie out of England!

[8] Thirty four thousand guineas in gold, the property of a gentleman deceased, were offered for sale last week, on the change of Belfast.

[9] The Dublin papers of Monday last inform us that the Attorney-General came forward that day in the court of King's Bench, and declared, that, notwithstanding the conviction of Mr. Kirwan, it was not the intention of the



Irish government to press for judgement; and that in the other cases he was instructed to enter a *Noli prosequi*.

[8] *Exeter, Feb. 5.* On Monday night, as a carriage was passing the Friars here, in the middle of the public road, the off horse suddenly sunk into the earth, and disappeared. He had fallen into a well about ninety feet deep, which, some years since, was closed with a slight arch of single brick, thinly covered with earth.—On examination, it was found that the horse had stuck about 20 feet down; and with great difficulty he was drawn up alive to the mouth of the well, when unfortunately the rope broke, and the poor creature was with great velocity dashed down to the bottom, to rise no more alive, as he was pulled up dead four hours after.

[11] *Feb. 6;* Sentence was passed on Mr. Kirwan—to be fined one mark, and discharged.—*See Feb. [4]*

[12] The "*Liverpool Advertiser*" says—It appears that nearly one sixth part of the whole inhabitants of this town, and nearly one fifth of most of the other large towns in this county, are now in a condition to require the aid of charitable relief. Had it not been for the uncommon mildness of the season, it is believed the number would have been much greater. This is a state of affairs, which we believe is without example, except at the time of severe scarcity in 1801.

[13] The grand jury threw out five bills of indictment brought by the Sabbatarian Society against butchers for selling morsels of meat to the laboring poor on the Sunday morning. By the evidence of the spy whom they hire to detect this practice, it was made clear that the poor people, who were thus provided with a Sunday dinner, worked till near midnight on the Saturday, and they were served before ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was also clear that the meat, left unsold on the Saturday, would not, in many cases, keep sweet till Monday, and that the poor are thus able to get a joint at a cheaper rate.

[14] In consequence of the long duration of open and moist weather, the rot has made its appearance very generally among the store sheep.

[14] A few days since, in digging clay on the grounds of Mr. Hobson, of Hoxton, near Hackney, a large fossile horn was discovered, which measured nine feet two inches in length. It is of a semilunar form, tapering towards one end, and hollow for the greater part of

its length. Its diameter at the greater end is about eight inches.

[14] On Thursday s'ennight a remarkable wager was decided by a young man, who, for two guineas, had undertaken to run a wheelbarrow from Mr. Booth's, the Saracen's Head public house, Whapload Wash way, to the Rose inn at Wisbeach, and back again to Mr. Booth's, a distance of about 32 miles, in the space of twelve hours. He performed the arduous task in 40 minutes less than the given time.

[14] Two brewers were convicted last week at Manchester, in the penalty of 200l. each, for using grains of paradise in their beer; and an innkeeper was convicted in 100l. being his first offence, on a like charge.

[15] That a want of employment, and misery, are on the daily increase, the following extract from the "*Liverpool Mercury*," of the 31st of last month, affords a melancholy but undeniable proof:—

Committee room, 30th of January, 1819.

Statement of the number of the poor relieved—

In the week ending Jan. 3d	Families.	Persons.	
	2263	con- sist- ing of {	
10th	3156		8,288
17th	3824		11,205
24th	4248		13,856
			15,350

(Signed) John Brancker, Chairman.

A shocking proof of the increase of paupers in one month, from 8288 to 15,350 persons, independent of those already supported from the parish rates!—Reports of like distress are heard from other manufacturing towns in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, as well as from Glasgow, Paisley, and many other places.

[15] It is determined to proceed with the erection of the Vauxhall bridge, but to make it of iron instead of stone; which may be done at an expense of about 90,000l. A meeting was held on Thursday last, when the body of subscribers came to this resolution.

[17] In an account ascribed to Mr. Scully, the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland are stated to consist of 4 archbishops, 25 bishops, about 1100 parish priests, 800 curates, and between 200 and 300 regular clergy of various orders; amounting to a total number exceeding 2000 clergymen, all incessantly employed in ministering to the spiritual wants of four millions of people.

[19] A man of the name of Melling, who formerly kept a public house in

Wigan, but who lately removed to Liverpool, being on his death-bed, last week, sent for a clergyman, and told him he could not die till he confessed a murder committed by his son (since dead) and himself, on two recruits quartered in his house, one night, about ten years ago, when his son returned from robbing a mail. Fearing they might lead to a discovery, they determined to murder them; which they did, and buried them in the garden. This confession was sent to the magistrates of Wigan, who, on Monday, caused a search to be made; and on Tuesday the remains were found near the place described.

[19] As a reward for Viscount Wellington's services, the Regent has conferred on him the title of Earl of Wellington, and recommended to parliament to make an addition of two thousand a year to his present annuity.

[20] The body of Frederic Kellner was, on Monday last, found floating on the Poplar cut, with a pistol-ball sticking in his neck. (See our last Number, page 46.)

[21] A lady in Devonshire street, Portland Place, lately shot herself.

[21] A warm press took place above bridge yesterday morning, when several useful hands were picked up.

[21] The Common Council voted £3000 toward the erection of an hospital for lunatics in St. George's Fields.

[22] Proposals from Bernadotte, for peace between Sweden and this country, have been communicated to the Regent.

[23] On Monday se'nnight, a boat, with five men on board, was upset in a violent gale, off Happisburgh, in Norfolk, and the men totally disappeared. After some time, the tide drifted the boat on shore, with her bottom upwards, when a wave stove in one of her sides, through which aperture the men emerged in safety; the suddenness with which the boat was upset, having prevented her filling with water, and inclosed a quantity of air, which enabled the men to breathe, as in a diving-bell, while they supported themselves by holding the seats, with their heads above water.

[24] On Friday se'nnight, about eight in the evening, Serjeant Ives, of the West Essex Militia, was stopped, between Stilton and Norman-cross, by a number of fellows, who, after having knocked him down and robbed him of his watch and money, wrenched open his jaws, and cut off a piece of his tongue!—It is said that the serjeant had lately been very active in suppressing the plat-trade, which

is still clandestinely carried on at Norman-cross Barracks; and it is supposed that revenge instigated the ruffians to this atrocious act.

[24] Nottingham, Feb. 21. The frame-breaking is not yet at an end. Five frames were destroyed in this town this morning.

[24] On Friday, Benjamin Walsh, esq. M. P. was discharged from Newgate, in consequence of a pardon from the Regent. (See our Magazine for January, page 47.)

[25] At the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, in Dublin, Feb. 20, five of the chiefs in the supposed popish conspiracy (*Lady's Mag for January*, p. 46) were brought to the bar; when a message was delivered from the Attorney general, stating that no prosecution was intended against them, and that he wished them to be discharged by proclamation.—They were so discharged.

#### BORN.

[January 28] On Sunday, of the lady of G. Holford, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[31] On Wednesday, of the lady of John Guise, esq. Upper Baker street, a daughter.

[February 4] On Friday, of the lady of Isaac L. Goldsmid, esq. a son.

[4] Yesterday, of the lady of T. Northmore, esq. Orchard street, Portman-square, a son.

[8] On Monday, of the lady of Peter Free, esq. a son.

[11] On Saturday, of the Hon. Mrs. Wiun, Charlotte street, Bloomsbury, a son.

[12] Yesterday, of Lady Ellenborough, a daughter.

[14] On Monday, of the lady of S. Davis, esq. Portland-place, a daughter.

[14] On Wednesday, of Lady Sarah Maria Murray, a daughter.

[15] On Thursday, of the lady of Valentine Conolly, esq. Portland place, a daughter.

[17] On Friday, of the lady of John Smith, esq. M. P. New-street, Spring-Gardens, a daughter.

[18] Feb. 8. Of the lady of Gilbert Mathison, esq. Mayfair, a son.

#### MARRIED.

[Jan. 31] Yesterday, the Rev. W. G. Freeman, rector of Milton, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Swabey.

[Feb. 1] On Tuesday, Major Gen. Oswald, to the Hon. Miss Murray, daughter of Lady Charles Aynsley.

[1] Lately, Sir T. Chas. Morgan, M. D. to Miss Owenson, author of the "Wild Irish Girl," &c

[3] On Tuesday, the Rev. Thos. S. Smyth, of Oriel College, Oxford, to Miss Frances Ryle

[4] On Monday, John Lyou, esq. of Helton House, Durham, to Miss Anne Price.

[7] On Tuesday, W. Cotton, esq. of Bernard-st. Russell-sq. to Miss Lane.

[8] On Thursday, the earl of Chester, to Caroline, second daughter of the late Lord G. Murray.

[12] Feb. 4. Chas. Ibbetson, esq. brother of Sir H. Carr Ibbetson, to Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Stoughton.

[13] Feb. 6. B. A. Crosley, esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street, to Miss Heather.

[14] Lately, Dennis M'Carthy, esq. to Anne, daughter of R. Power, esq. M. P.

[15] On Thursday, Mr. Macdonald, to lady C. Edgcombe.

[19] Yesterday, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to Miss Geddes Mackenzie.

[20] On Monday, H. Frederic Androz, esq. to Miss Emma Milbourne

DECEASED.

[Jan. 24] Jan. 16. Mrs. Willes, of Dulwich, niece to the late Dr. Wilcocks, bishop of Rochester, aged 73.

[24] On the 21st inst. Anne, relict of the celebrated Dr. Jobb, in her 76th year.

[25] Lately, the Countess of Bevilley.

[28] Jan. 23. Francis Rodd, esq. Tisbury Hall, in his 80th year.

[Feb. 3.] On Wednesday, the lady of Sir J. Yorke.

[4] On Thursday, Sir Jonathan Lovett, bart.

[6] On Thursday, Dowager Lady Winchcote.

[6] On Friday, Lady Charles Spencer.

[7] On Wednesday, W. Field, esq. Canonbury, in his 83d year.

[11] On Friday, the lady of James Martin Lloyd, esq. M. P.

[13] Feb. 5. Maria, relict of the late Mr. John Harris, and daughter of Mr. Field Willett, of Brandon, Suffolk.

[14] On Monday, Mrs. Charles Wyatt, of Bedford Row, in her 62d year.

[14] On Wednesday, at Buckingham, Mrs. Box, relict of Philip Box, esq. in her 66th year.

[15] Lately, Vice-admiral Lunsdaine.

[15] Lately, Mrs. Price, mother of John Price, esq. of Weymouth House, Bath; aged 100.

[17] On Thursday, at Langport, Somerset, Sam. Stukey, esq. in his 73d year.

[18] Feb. 9. The relict of the Rev. John Honeywood, prebendary of Salisbury.

[18] On Tuesday, the lady of Thos.

Tarleton, esq. of Bouldsworth Castle, Cheshire.

[19] Lately, John Smith, esq. brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

[20] Lately, Diana, lady of Charles Vere Dashwood, esq.

[20] On Thursday Mrs. Jane Maria Mac Evoy, Upper Berkely-street, aged 63.

APPENDIX.

Comparative statement of the population of Great Britain in the years 1801 and 1811; ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th Jan. 1812.—

	In 1801.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England	3,987,935	4,343,499	8,331,434	
Wales	257,178	284,308	541,546	
Scotland	734,581	864,487	1,599,068	
Army, Navy, &c.	470,598	-	470,598	
	5,450,292	5,492,354	10,942,646	
	In 1811	Males.	Females	Total.
England	4,555,257	4,944,143	9,499,400	
Wales	289,414	317,966	607,380	
Scotland	825,377	979,487	1,804,864	
Army, Navy, &c.	640,500	-	640,500	
Totals	6,310,548	6,241,596	12,552,144	
Increase.				
England	-	-	1,167,966	
Wales	-	-	65,834	
Scotland	-	-	208,180	
Army, Navy, &c.	-	-	169,902	

Total 1,611,882

Bankrupts gazetted in the following thirty-five years.

1777, 609; \*8, 692; \*9, 523; 1780, 443; \*1, 145; \*2, 559; \*3, 539; \*4, 539; \*5, 511; \*6, 496; \*7, 501; \*8, 718; \*9, 561; 1790, 552; \*1, 612; \*2, 635; \*3, 1299; \*4, 824; \*5, 704; \*6, 735; \*7, 866; \*8, 724; \*9, 557; 1800, 736; \*1, 881; \*2, 947; \*3, 920; \*4, 884; \*5, 558; \*6, 994; \*7, 1007; \*8, 1101; \*9, 1110; 1810, 1792; \*11, 2044.

Total, 28,107.

An account of the Amount of duties paid on Sugar in Great Britain, in the years ending 5th Jan 1810, 1811, and 1812, respectively; omitting fractions.

Years.	1809.	1810.	1811.
Lady day	£.	£.	£.
quarter	624,522	944,066	1,013,275
Mids. quart.	893,516	928,183	967,777
Mich. quart.	1,852,594	1,920,622	1,556,622
Xmas. quart.	1,413,537	1,051,800	1,046,343
Total	4,784,170	4,844,671	4,586,017





*The awful Hour.*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

**Vol. 43, No. 3, for March, 1812.**

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The AWFUL HOUR.
2. London WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS, TRIMMING, &c.

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LONDON :

*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row ;*

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

*In our next Number, we intend to gratify our fair readers with an interesting female Portrait—a correct Likeness—engraved by Mr. Heath.*

“*The Fleet Prison.*”—We have the pleasure of announcing to our fair readers, that this interesting history—so long interrupted and discontinued through the ill health of the ingenious authoress—will be resumed in our next Number.

“*Sappho.*”—The packets of *February 27th* are come safe to hand—but not yet that from D\*\*\*\*\*.

Mr. *Mayne's* poem we would with pleasure have inserted, had it not already, and *very recently*, appeared in another Magazine.—If he choose to favor us with any of his *original* productions, they shall experience our immediate attention.

*Mary Jane* is right in her conjecture.—She shall be satisfied.

The lines “*on the Death of a Canary Bird*” are too incorrect for publication.

The *present* communications of a youthful *Gosport* correspondent have not sufficient merit to justify their insertion. Perhaps, in his *future* attempts, he may be more successful.

A poem of *twelve* lines, by a *junior* correspondent, requires revision and correction, before we can publish it.

“*R. P. R.*” is under consideration;

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1812.

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*BENEDICT; a true History.*  
(Concluded from page 57, and accompanied  
with an illustrative Plate.)

IN about three quarters of an hour, the unhappy sufferer awoke from his unquiet sleep, complaining of excessive languor, though he acknowledged himself free from pain.—I then took an opportunity of asking him if he had seen any clergyman since his illness. “Oh! no!” he replied: “I dare hardly offer up a petition.—I wish—and yet am fearful of praying.”

“Send immediately for a clergyman, I conjure you, dear Adolphus! He will convince you that the greatest sinner may hope for pardon, if he sincerely repent. You were desirous of receiving forgiveness from a frail earthly being: but of how much more consequence is your obtaining it from the great King of kings!”

A servant was instantly dispatched for the rector of the parish, who immediately complied with the unhappy young man's wishes; and, with all that fervor which renders that sacred service so impressive, began reading the “Visitation of the Sick.”—When he came to that beautiful prayer which begins, “Oh Saviour of the world, who, by thy cross and precious blood, hast redeemed us,” he exclaimed in an agony, “Oh! I cannot, dare not pray for a saviour's mediatorial grace! I—wretch that I have been, to doubt his very existence!—Yes! I have doubted that a redeemer came into the world to save mankind from sin!”

Mrs. Melville, who had entered the room with the clergyman, im-

plored him not to make such a declaration.—“Oh! it is true—too true, my dearest mother! I have even blasphemously asserted this opinion.—Can an outcast like me, then, hope for pardon? Would it not be presumption in me to implore a saviour's aid?”—“No: we are taught to believe,” replied the venerable pastor, “that it is only the hardened and impenitent, who will apply in vain. The unhappy thief upon the cross was not only promised forgiveness, but that, on that day, he should be with the Lord of life in Paradise.—What an inspiring thought for the truly penitent! what an emanation of love, from a source truly divine!”

The conflict of contending emotions was too great for exhausted nature; for, clasping his hands, and raising his expiring eyes, he uttered a groan that penetrated to the heart of his hearers, and, in less than five minutes, expired!—Shrieks, the most violent, burst from the laboring bosom of his almost frantic mother, who beat her breast and tore her hair, in the most alarming paroxysms of grief; and in vain did the mild teacher of Christianity endeavour to impress the duty of resignation: her sorrow was too powerful to be subdued, or restrained.—For my own part, I felt a mixture of horror and apprehension, far beyond the power of language to describe; and, having assisted in conveying Mrs. Melville to her chamber, I determined to quit this mansion of wretchedness, the moment I had obtained an interview with Mrs. Johnson: but, as her



attendance was required, it was some hours before she was able to leave her former mistress.—From that excellent creature I learned that the Delemeres were returned to England, and that my friend George had perfectly recovered his health.—“And now, my dear sir,” said she, “as soon as I can quit Mrs. Melville, I shall prepare to insure your happiness.”

“Insure my happiness!” I repeated in a tone of astonishment.—“Yes: I shall immediately go to Mrs. Delemere, and repeat all Mr. Adolphus told me to say.”—“Told you to say.”—“Yes, my dear sir: he was so fearful that you would not visit a being who had treated you with so much injustice, that he made a confidant of me; and I sacredly promised to go to Mrs. Delemere, and inform her how shamefully your character had been traduced.”—The zeal, which this humble friend displayed for my happiness, drew from me a faithful relation of the engagement I had entered into with Mariann.—“Why, dear, dear Mr. Henry! you, who never did a wicked action,” she exclaimed in a tone of vexation and disappointment.—“sure you wo'n't think of taking a false oath? And if one of the poor things must die for you, sure you wo'n't let it be dear Miss Louisa? for she loves you, I am certain, better than her own life.—Oh dear! oh dear! this is a sad business; and yet there is no one to blame in it—To be sure, no one can wonder at the poor young lady's liking you, or at her mother's wishing to have you for a son: yet, some how or other, I think there is no one deserving of you, but Miss Delemere; and the servants used to say, when you were quite children together, that there never were two such angels before.”

Though the attached Mrs. John-

son had entered upon a theme, which, in any other situation, would have been delightful to me, I thought it my duty to put a stop to it, assuring her, that, as I considered my engagement to Miss Pemberton to be completely binding, she would make me truly miserable, if she went to Mrs. Delemere. Still I assured her, that, as soon as I was married, I would make a point of exculpating my own conduct: “but, circumstanced as I am, my dear Mrs. Johnson,” I added, “I dare not venture to see the too captivating Louisa.”

As it is totally impossible for the reader to form the most distant idea of the agonised state of my mind, I will not attempt to describe it; for all description must prove vain. I shall therefore only add, that the consciousness of not having brought on this excess of misery by my own misconduct, was the only circumstance that could enable me to support its weight.

To a mind abhorring every species of deception, nothing can appear more shocking than to be compelled to wear a double face; and, while the spirits are bowed down by some secret affliction, to be under the necessity of appearing quite serene.—This, alas! was my situation upon returning to Mrs. Pemberton's; for the amiable Mariann watched every turn of my countenance with all the scrutinising observation of an Angus.—The only satisfaction I enjoyed, was from the prospect of returning to college—knowing that there I could indulge a dejection which seemed to unnerve my whole frame, though I attributed it to the restraint I was under the necessity of putting upon my feelings, while in the presence of the being whom I had promised to make my wife.

I had not been returned to the university more than ten days, when

I was seised with a violent fever, which threatened to destroy my life.—Though I considered it as a religious duty strictly to observe my physician's injunctions, yet so completely overshadowed were all my hopes of earthly happiness, that Death to me was stripped of all his terrors, and I could scarcely avoid praying for his arrival. Three weeks had elapsed, without any intermission of a fever which had evidently brought me to the very verge of the grave; when, one morning, I heard several voices whispering in my antechamber, one of which I easily discovered to be that of a female; and, the next minute, my nurse entered, to inform me that a Lady, of the name of Johnson, was come to inquire after my health.—The sight of a sincere friend is at all times a cordial to the spirits, but never so completely so, as during illness; and, raising myself upon my pillow, with a voice more energetic than I had spoken during my illness, I entreated her to walk in.

The worthy creature shed floods of tears over me, sobbing out, "Oh! dear, dear Mr. Henry! I thought how it would be! But cheer up, my dear sir! Providence has much happiness in store for you!"—I shook my head, and faintly smiled.

"Oh! that angel smile!" she exclaimed—"I wish poor Miss Delemere could see it."—"Name not the adored Louisa to me," I replied, placing my hand before her lips, to enforce the injunction. But words and actions were equally vain:—with all the pathos of genuine feeling, she implored me to hear, and to listen without anger or agitation; and I soon learned, that, hearing of my indisposition, she had traveled post to Mrs. Pemberton's, disclosed to her the ardency of my affection for Louisa, and convinced

her that it met with a return.—From thence, she journeyed with the same expedition to Mrs. Delemere's, and, inquiring for George, repeated the confession made by the unhappy young man; to strengthen which, she obtained from the surgeon a copy of the conversation which had passed between me and Adolphus a short time before his death.

To describe the various emotions I experienced during this recital is impossible.—My whole soul seemed to soar upon the expanded pinions of hope:—my eyes brightened: my whole countenance was illumined; for she added, "And, my dear, sir, all the family of the Delemeres are in the anteroom."—This proved a signal for my friend George to enter, who, with tears of contrition, deplored the state he found me in; attributing it wholly to the injustice he had done me in listening to the Machiavelian inventions of a fiend: "for, my dear Henry," said he, "such black arts were employed to entrap us, as none but the most vicious could possibly have invented; while he had his secret agents at work, to blazon forth virtues which he never possessed, though fortunately these did not answer the desired effect.—The impressions of childhood, you know, are not easily eradicated; and my sister's memory had treasured up too many proofs of innate depravity, to give credit to these reports. In short, instead of their exalting him in her opinion, they appeared to be so many instances of the badness of his heart.—Why should I hesitate to own, that the pains he took to blast your reputation, acted as a poison to destroy his own? and not till he had actually contrived to imitate your hand-writing with undeviating exactness, could Louisa be induced to try to conquer her affection.—But she is impatient," he

added, "to evince what any woman might be proud of acknowledging: she is impatient, my dear Henry, to own that your many virtues have made an indeleble impresson upon her heart, and to tell you that she has actually seen the lovely Mariann Pemberton, who has generously resigned you to your long-loved Louisa."

So exquisite was the joy I felt, that it actually deprived me of articulation.—Tears of transport rushed into my eyes.—"Can this be true?" I at length demanded—"Can bliss so exquisite be in store for me? Let me then once more behold that dear inspiring object, whom I have never for one moment ceased to love:—let me hear her say that she disdains not my affection:—the sound of her voice will prove a cordial to my heart!"

She came, my hot\* hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear.

The assurance of my long-loved Louisa's affection did indeed act like a cordial to my heart; for, in less than a week after her arrival, I was able to sit up a couple of hours, and, in the course of a fortnight, was so much recovered as to take an airing.—Perfect bliss, we are certain, falls not to the lot of mortals: the thought of what the amiable Mariann would suffer, frequently proved a check to mine; though I had received letters from Pemberton and his respected mother, assuring me that she sustained the disappointment with more fortitude than they could possibly have believed.—"My beloved girl," said that admired woman in one of her letters, "assures me, that she shall taste more happiness from knowing you are completely blest, than she could possibly have done in an alliance with you, as she had too late discovered you had not a heart to give."

\* The term *could* altered.

My friend Pemberton, the charming Mariann soon found, had one to be disposed of; and, as an intimacy between the families in a short time took place, she made a transfer of her affections—a circumstance, that added greatly to my happiness.

Of Mrs. Melville I shall say but little, as it is impossible to say any thing to her advantage: but my readers will naturally conclude, that, as my fortune was under the cognisance of the lord chancellor, he compelled her to make ample restitution of every farthing which she had endeavoured to deprive me of.

The worthy woman, to whom I owe a much larger portion of earthly felicity than usually falls to the share of the most fortunate individual, resides in my family, in the capacity of housekeeper; and all my servants are taught to obey her injunctions with as much promptitude as mine, or my beloved Louisa's.

I have now brought my history to the period in which I first formed the resolution of writing it; and, though my Louisa declared I might as well describe the course of the transparent rivulet which sweetly meanders through our extensive domain, I think my readers will allow there has been sufficient diversity in my biographical sketches, to prevent them from feeling, while perusing them, what is fashionably termed *ennui*.—I may probably have disappointed some few, by not having given a regular description of that ceremony, which has been the means of insuring my earthly felicity: but, as there must necessarily be a similitude in the form of all marriages, I resolved to leave mine to the power of imagination.—But, when I tell them that I lead a life somewhat resembling that of the ancient patriarchs, my information must have the charm of novelty. Know,

then, that I attend my plough, follow my reapers, and sometimes assist in driving my team.—My beloved Louisa possesses the same antediluvian notions: she visits the sick,—feeds the hungry—and, by her conduct, sets an example of all those Christian virtues, which may be considered as preparatives for that happiness which we are promised in a future state.

—  
*The DUTCH PATRIOTS*  
*of the Sixteenth Century.*  
*(Continued from page 67.)*

BOOK 4.

GENEROUS supporters of oppressed humanity! freely you may indulge in the sweets of calm repose: while Sleep pours his oblivious influence o'er your heads, and banishes the recollection of your misfortunes, a guardian genius—Liberty herself—watches over the Batavians.

In former days, she chose the fertile plains of Greece, as the seat of her empire: 'twas she who inspired Solon, erected the trophies of Marathon and Salamis, and thundered with the voice of Demosthenes. Rome honored her with temples: in Rome she appeared under more masculine and stern features; and, from a race of heroes, descended a heroic progeny. She has been seen in Albion; she has protected the Batavian. But at length, finding herself no longer recognised, she has taken her flight, and retired to live in distant exile, until the dawn of happier days. Far from those nations who are proud of their seeming greatness and even of their chains, she directed her course toward the Alps, where rugged rocks and an ungrateful soil became her favorite abode. There she discovered Catoes in the humble garb of villagers; and, from the summits of those lofty ridges, she invited mankind to participate in the wor-

ship, of which they were the sanctuary.

Embosomed within the circuit of those majestic mountains, stands the temple which she has erected, as the place of her residence. Bold and sublime is its architecture: durable as the rocks on which it rests, as on columns whose bases reach to the centre of the earth, it proudly smiles defiance to all attacks from mortal hand. Pure æther environs its lofty dome; and torrents and lightnings and thunders roll at its feet. While Winter, bristled o'er with horrid icicles, is eternally seated on the summits of those mountains, sweet-breathing Spring and bounteous Autumn enrich with their treasures those craggy cliffs, and narrow the boundaries of his frozen domain. Even the rude rocks produce smiling groves: and, from the precincts of that temple, peace and plenty pervade every city, every hamlet, of the happy Helvetium.

In those fortunate tracts Nature is not fettered by art, but pours forth her riches in wild profusion. Here we behold the headlong cataract impetuously rushing down to the vales below—there, the rippling brook sporting in endless mæanders: here delight to dwell the fleet mountain-goat, and the eagle, who in his towering flight looks down on the subject clouds: at one moment they roam from rock to rock—again, with rapid foot or daring wing, they follow the course of a torrent, and seem ready to plunge with it into the abysses beneath; while, round the bubbling springs, the various tribes of birds, avoiding the tyranny of man, chant their liberty in joyous strains that captivate each feeling heart.

Contiguous to these scenes of wild uncultivated nature, appear prolific herds, of matchless beauty, feeding

in the peaceful vales ; and cabins are discovered, where dwell Innocence with eye serene, primæval Candor, Hospitality with open countenance, faithful Love, with Concord and Felicity, their inseparable companions. His sentiments sublimed, his heart expanded, the traveler arrests his course in this favored spot, where he breathes more freely—feels every passion assuaged within his bosom—and, hurried away by a crowd of new ideas as majestic as the surrounding objects, forgets his distant home, and wishes it were his lot to spend the remainder of his days in these blissful abodes.

From her retired retreat, Liberty had kept her eye fixed on the Batavian : she hears his prayers, and shudders at the dangers by which he is surrounded. Long had she waited for the moment pre-ordained by fate, when with increased glory she should display her ægis in opposition to Tyranny and Fanaticism. Divine strength and majesty shine in her features, her looks, her stature : she clothes herself in celestial panoply, and wings her way to the Batavian plains.

In presence of an innumerable crowd, Alva was erecting in Brussels a monument of his recent victory. His likeness stood in brass—the countenance moulded into a mingled expression of pride and vengeance, while his feet trampled on the liberties of Belgium, and his out-stretched arm brandished a thunderbolt over her provinces. The citizens were compelled to labor with their own hands in the erection of this monument, destined to perpetuate their shame, and inspire them with constant terror. The heavens were veiled with dark clouds, and a gloomy silence reigned through the surrounding multitude. Alva alone gave a loose to the insolence of tri-

umphant joy, when suddenly, in her aerial flight, Liberty was heard to exclaim—“ Batavians, arise !”

At the sound of her voice, which instantly echoes through all the provinces even to their remotest bounds, the clouds are dispelled—the latent sparks of hope blaze out anew, and fire every bosom—the statue totters on its pedestal—Alva himself is seen to shudder—and you, Egmont and Horn ! even in the gloom of your dungeons, feel the lively transports of joy, and for a moment forget your chains.

Barneveldt, whose secret retreat the tyrant's spies vainly endeavoured to trace, but who had not quitted the walls of Brussels—Barneveldt, in his concealment, hears that celestial voice. His courage revives : he determines, even at the hazard of his life, to issue forth from the city, and repair to the Batavian plains. As soon as Night had spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, he directs his steps toward the prison where Egmont and Horn lie immured, to bestow on them, at least in thought, his last adieux. Like a father, who, embracing the tomb of his son, sprinkles the marble with his tears, invokes the shade of his departed offspring, and fondly fancies he hears his well-known accents echoing from the silent mansions of death—Barneveldt presses his bosom against those towers—is unable to quit them—seems to derive from them a new accession of strength and courage, as if the soul were capable of breaking through every barrier. At length he tears himself from the spot, leaving the terrific walls bedewed with his virtuous tears, and, under cover of the shades of night, hastily directs his course toward the country of the Batavians.

In the camp of Coligni, mean-

while, William, notwithstanding the weighty cares by which his mind is oppressed, and his entire devotion to the great cause of his country, is painfully afflicted by the fate of Horn, of Egmont, of his son Buren—and dreads each moment to receive the sad tidings of their death. While absorbed in these melancholy reflexions, a Spaniard, Miramonte by name, makes his appearance, preceded by a herald, and desires a secret conference with him. Surprised at the request, William nevertheless complies with his wishes; and the Spaniard is immediately introduced into his pavilion. Policy and cunning are strongly depicted in his features: his downcast eye is bent toward the ground; but from time to time he suddenly raises it, and darts a rapid and penetrating glance at the Belgian chief. Maurice, who alone had remained with his father, attentively watches the conduct of Miramonte, who, advancing toward the hero, bends before him in lowly obeisance, and with studied deliberation utters these words—

“ I deem myself happy to stand in the presence of the renowned William, whose appearance corresponds with his exalted fame. Alva, who with regret saw himself compelled by necessity to confine in chains two warriors, whose names are pronounced with proud exultation by the voice of Spain, and to bereave you of your son, your dearest hope—Alva, recently crowned by the hand of Victory, seeks not your destruction. A trifling sacrifice can liberate Egmont and Horn from their bonds, appease the minds of all parties, restore you to your domestic enjoyments, and free you from your present confinement—for the whole universe is

no other than a prison to the man who is banished from his native soil. And, in addition to all these happy consequences, Philip at Madrid will open the prison gates for your son's release.”

“ My son is yet alive !” exclaims William—“ and in Philip's own hands ! Say, what is to be the price of his redemption, and that of the other two captives ?”

“ The voice of Fame,” replies the artful emissary of Alva, “ has, then, not yet informed you of the fate of your unfortunate son ? Alva could not send to his royal master a more illustrious hostage. Buren was conducted to Madrid, to grace Philip's triumph. The monarch, the courtiers, Granvelle, long feasted their eyes with the sight : the people, admiring the undaunted resolution of your son, forgot their hatred, lamented his misfortunes, and pitied his youth . . . . But it is yet in your power to recover him to your paternal embraces : the only thing Alva requires as the price of his safety, is, that you should abandon a people who have themselves abandoned you. Belgium, now lying prostrate at Philip's feet, will never again rear her audacious head : and will you any longer consider her as an idol worthy of your incense ? will you offer at her shrine the unavailing sacrifice of every thing most dear to you ?—But, should she even exert herself to second your efforts—were a host of new allies to crowd to your standards—those jarring streams, as you have already experienced, can never be taught to flow in accord in the same direction—whereas—like the ocean, whose decrease would be imperceptible, though numerous rivers should refuse to replenish its tide with their tributary streams—Spain is enabled, with the smallest

portion of her forces, to inundate and ruin every one of your provinces. Consider, in fine, that, by a single word, Philip can destroy your two friends and your son."

"Slave!" replied William—"know'st thou what patriotism is? Let not the sacred name be polluted by thy profane lips! nor dare to insult the Belgians in my presence. Were I to imitate the conduct of our enemies, thy reward should be . . . . . But the captivity of the two chiefs, and that of my son, would not justify an act of perfidy on my part.—Avaunt! return to him who sent thee! tell him that those heroes and my son scorn to accept life and liberty at the price which he demands."

Miramonte immediately retired, covered with confusion, and quaking with terror.

"O shame! o indignity!" exclaimed Maurice, addressing his father—"A member of the house of Nassau—my brother himself—is detained a prisoner in Spain, as a pledge of the submission of Belgium!"

Impatient to learn the object of the Spaniard's message to William, the Batavian chiefs hastily crowd into his tent.—"Alva," cried he to them in a still animated tone—"Alva offers me, the liberty of Egmont, of Horn, of my son—our relatives, our friends, shall be released from the gloom of their dungeons—on condition of our deserting the cause for which we have hitherto fought."

"On the countenance of William," exclaim the chiefs, "we read his magnanimous answer."

"You would yourselves have dictated it," replies Nassau: "for where is the man among us, who would not prefer death to so disgraceful a compromise?—No! no! Let Philip and Alva seek out base

cowards, with whom they may treat on such base terms! Unable to insure their triumph over us, they alternately attack us with the weapons of force and of fraud. But, though the courage of the Belgian were forever extinguished, could we consent to betray him, and to rivet his chains, after the efforts we have already made to burst them?—At all events, that Spanish emissary, unsuccessful in prevailing on us to change our plans, was, no doubt, commissioned to dive into our intentions; and his arrival confirms me in the opinion—an opinion excited in each of our bosoms by a secret presentiment—that the shouts of liberty are heard to resound from the summits of the Batavian towers. Ah! with what ardor would we re-echo them!"

(*To be continued.*)

### *The TRIAL of LOVE.*

(*Concluded from page 54.*)

THE lord of Hardeburg had powerful enemies at the imperial court, who sought his total ruin:—more troops were ordered against him, who brought with them his death-warrant, signed by the emperor's own hand. The castle was surrounded; and Louis displayed the utmost skill and valour in its defence. The chiefs of the besiegers once more offered to Echenloe the emperor's pardon and the restoration of his estates, on condition of his abandoning Hardeburg. The baron himself pressed him to comply: "Accept," said he, "the terms they propose: you can no longer be of any use here: it is *my* life they seek; and you might perhaps more effectually serve me without these walls. Go:—join the emperor's forces:—go, excellent youth."—Louis looked at the trembling Armgard:—"I cannot," answered he: "I will live or die with you."

A gleam of joy penetrated the sorrowful heart of Armgard: she glanced at the knight, and bestowed a smile on him, which was a sufficient recompense for all the sacrifices he made to her. "How strange!" thought she—"George plunged into the river to save my life, and yet forsook me when my hand was offered to him!—Louis left me to die; yet he sincerely loves me:—I can no longer doubt this truth."

The danger of the castle daily increased: the garrison, worn out by fatigue and want of provisions, and the ammunition almost exhausted, made further resistance impossible; and Louis declared they could no longer hold out. Hardeburg, in this extremity, prepared every thing to escape through the subterraneous passages of the western wing of the castle: he urged Louis to remain, and secure his pardon by an honorable capitulation.

"I shall accompany you in your flight," answered Louis with firmness: "never shall our fortunes be separated."—They therefore descended into the vaults with lighted torches:—on passing the tomb of her great grandmother, Armgard felt deep regret; and her tears flowed at the remembrance of the fatal trial.—Louis stopped pensively before the monument. "Dear Louis!" said Armgard, "your steady attachment to us has obliterated every thing. . . ." She was going to proceed, when Echenloe interrupted her, saying, "What I now do, is trifling, compared to three days of inexpressible suffering, which I once endured on your account, and which this place so forcibly recalls to my memory. If you owe me any gratitude, it is for the time I speak of!"

They pursued their way, and reached the further entrance to the

vaults, which was perfectly concealed on the outside amid some ruins. They had no sooner appeared above ground, than they were assailed by a party of armed men, who lay in ambush behind the rocks. Louis drew his sword. "It is not *you* we seek," cried their commander. "Here is your pardon, signed by his imperial majesty. Hardeburg and his daughter are our prisoners."

"I will not accept a favor, from which they are excluded," answered Louis; and, furiously tearing the parchment to pieces, he trampled on the scattered fragments. The terrified Armgard fell senseless to the ground.

"Since you scorn mercy, receive death as a traitor," exclaimed the captain, rushing forward.—Louis buried his sword in his breast, and, attacking the others with the intrepidity of a lion, succeeded, after a long and terrible conflict, in putting them to flight.

He then ran to his beloved Armgard, and, taking her in his arms, turned to his companions, saying, "Let us hasten away, before our enemies return in sufficient number to overpower us."—They fled toward the Rhine, where finding a boat ready to receive them, they were soon out of the reach of their pursuers.

They arrived in a place of safety; and, after a few days devoted to repose, Louis perceived Armgard one evening leaning on a window, and looking mournfully to the opposite bank of the river, while tears stole down her lovely cheeks. "Why those tears?" said he. "Are they not given to the memory of George Walsdorf?" She held out her hand in silence.—"Are they shed for him?" repeated Echenloe.—"No, Louis!" said Armgard—"It is you I love, and with my whole soul."—



“ You love me ! dearest Armgard, is it possible ? ” — “ Ah ! I never ceased to love you,” answered she. — The enraptured Louis tenderly embraced her ; and, the next day, Hardeburg blessed their union. Renewing the conversation, Armgard again said to her lover, “ Is it true that you love me ? ” — “ You are *dearer to me than life !* ” replied he. — “ *Dearer than life !* ” repeated she, smiling. — “ *Yes, dearer than life !* Have I not proved it lately ? ” — “ And why did you not empty the cup ? ” — “ How, Armgard ! do you know . . . . . ” She explained the whole transaction ; and Louis sought in vain within his heart, to account for this strange contradiction in his conduct and sentiments.

Happiness now resided in the humble dwelling of our fugitives. Possessed of his Armgard, Echenloe, without giving a sigh to his former grandeur, would have consented to spend his life in that peaceful, though obscure retreat. However, when he reflected that his adored wife, accustomed as she had been to every indulgence that a splendid fortune can bestow, would now be reduced to indigent mediocrity, he ardently wished to see her restored to her rank, and to the affluence she once enjoyed, and so nobly shared with the unfortunate. The baron, too, could ill brook the loss of his immense property ; and the painful thought of ending his days in exile, in spite of his endeavours to conceal it from his children, Louis perceived, preyed upon his mind. Thus was he doubly induced to make every exertion toward obtaining the restoration of their confiscated estates.

Though he had not, like George Walsdorf, boasted of his influence at court, he had there some near relatives and intimate friends, in the most exalted stations. Besides, it

had been his good fortune to rescue the emperor in an engagement, when surrounded and taken prisoner by the enemy. The monarch not only rewarded him with high military promotion, but ever since had honored him with his favor and protection ; and to this circumstance he was indebted for the pardon so repeatedly offered to him during the siege of Hardeburg. — Louis’s friends interceded for him with indefatigable zeal ; and, gratitude pleading still more powerfully in the emperor’s breast, he yielded to their solicitations ; and, with true magnanimity, extended his clemency to the baron, whose sentence he not only revoked, but re-instated him in his honors, and the whole of his extensive possessions.

When returned to Hardeburg, Echenloe tasted unalloyed bliss ; and, if he sometimes cast his eyes upon the distant ruins of his castle, the regret which its desolated aspect might have excited, was lost in contemplating the felicity to which its destruction had given rise.

After twenty years of the most happy union, on the day when Armgard wreathed the bridal garland for her only daughter Ildegard, that lovely girl assured her mother, that she was *dearer* to her lover *than his life*. Armgard smiled, and related her adventure with Louis. “ What do you think ? ” added she. “ Did your father really prize me above existence ? ” — “ Yes, I believe he did.” — “ Why then did he not drink the trying cup ? — But I will endeavour to explain it to you,” added Armgard. “ Is it not, that, under the influence of passion, we promise much more than reflexion will allow us to perform ? George Walsdorf did not truly love me, although he threw himself into the Rhine to preserve my life. Compassion and

the impulse of the moment actuated him. My Echenloe's heart glowed with the sincerest affection: yet he did not empty the cup, on which he believed my existence depended. He would have drained it to the last drop, had he been permitted, while at the tomb: but three days were given him to deliberate: during which time, the horror that the near approach of dissolution inspires, convinced him that life was the first of blessings."—"Then Albert deceives me, when he says he would die for my sake?"—"No: he deceives himself. When he gives you this assurance, he imagines he would in reality sacrifice his life to your safety. Reason, my dear Hdegard, by degrees dispels the illusions of love: the delusive glare of passion vanishes before her purer light. Do not complain, if time, in abating the ardor of romantic enthusiasm, leaves your mutual attachment unimpaired. The idle dreams of infant love are never realised. Let it be your care, that reason, in dissolving the charm, shall still confirm the choice of your hearts; and, though the flowers, which now strew your path, may fade, be content, if thorns never usurp their place.—Love has a language peculiar to itself: remember, my dearest child, it seldom literally means all that it expresses. So, never exact from your husband more than what reason can approve."—Hdegard followed this advice, and was a happy wife—as happy as her mother.

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAP. 8.

Go then, my friend; nor let thy candid  
 breast [sing:  
 Condemn me, if I check the plaudit  
 Go to the wayward world: complete the  
 rest: [sing.  
 Be what the purest muse would wish to

Be still thyself: that open path of truth,  
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm  
 pursue:  
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth;  
 And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.  
 Still scorn, with conscious pride, the  
 mask of art.—  
 On Vice's front, let fearful caution low'r,  
 And teach the diffident discreeter part  
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that  
 fawn for pow'r.

Mason.

It may now be not improper to advert to the state of those connected with the affairs of Frederic Saint-Villiers, in Ireland.

The Earl of Blenmore, having heard of the purchase of his commission, took it for granted that he would soon join his regiment, and determined, that, unless he came back in affluent circumstances, he would never countenance him again: yet he contrived to have the part he himself had taken, so represented, that more plaudits were given to his disinterested generosity, than it deserved.

Lord Saint-Villiers had scarcely gratified his revenge upon his son, before he repented it. The fabricated story which he had told, was more disgraceful to himself than to the youth whom it was invented to injure; and he was pledged, in a sort of way that he could not evade, to the acknowledgement of one whom he well knew to have no legal claims upon him. His only ray of comfort, therefore, arose from Frederic's being a voluntary exile; which gave a sort of present security that he would not now, if ever, contest his right of inheritance, or seek proof of the validity of his original expectations.

In due course of time, the lately-owned Mr. Saint-Villiers was presented to the world: but, in it, he was rather seen than known; for the whole turn of his mind was so unsuit-

ed to a life of dissipation, that his only anxiety was to get back to the beloved retirement which he had quitted with reluctance.

The story of this young gentleman being an avowed illegitimate son of Lord Saint-Villiers was true. As such, he had been placed, in his childhood, under the care of a clergyman in Staffordshire, who took a limited number of boys to educate.

It was at once the delight and occupation of Mr. Robertson's life to make learning and virtue go hand in hand—to acquire at once the love and reverence of his pupils—and to consider himself as the instrument, under God, of rendering them worthy members of society in this world, and candidates for the still purer felicity that was to reward them in a better. For the gentle docile Charles Williams, (the name by which this young gentleman was known) he felt a peculiar affection, blended with compassion, when he regarded him as a fellow creature, devoid of legal claims upon any one, and solely dependent on the caprice of a nobleman, whose character was such, that it must either be passed over in silence, or held forth as an example, rather for avoidance than imitation.

The care which he bestowed was amply recompensed by the almost filial regard returned by his young *élève*. Few sons could have felt a more animated love; and, if the usual amiability of his disposition was ever betrayed into a little youthful waywardness, the threat of removal in a moment reduced him to order. To emulate his beloved preceptor seemed his only ambition—and to be banished from his hospitable roof, his only dread.

It afforded Mr. Robertson much satisfaction, that Charles was never called home by his father. The necessary

payments were regularly made, by Taylor, Lord Saint-Villiers's English steward, who always expressed himself satisfied with the young gentleman's progress, and spoke not of removing him, till he attained the proper age for going to Cambridge, where he was told he must qualify himself for taking orders, as two valuable livings, in his father's gift, were the provision destined for him.

This scheme so exactly tallied with Mr. Williams's wishes, that his acquiescence was joyfully accorded, and his gratitude boundless on the prospect opening before him. To repeat the admonitions he received, or the sorrow with which he quitted, for the first time, his beloved friends at Messham, would be as unnecessary, as to describe the joy of his return, when he visited them at the expiration of the term, or the heart-felt delight with which his reverend preceptor perceived that the lessons of virtue, which he had inculcated, were too firmly impressed, to yield to the seductions of vice. His principles were such, as fully qualified him for the sacred function which he aspired to fill; and his mental attainments, though more the result of incessant application than of brilliancy of talents, were nevertheless exceeded by few of his contemporaries.

Mr. Williams's health, however, proved unequal to his diligence; and, only a few weeks before he would have reaped the highest university honors, he was under the necessity of quitting Cambridge, in a condition that allowed little expectation of his revisiting it. For many weeks he continued in a state almost suspended between life and death; and it was only by his consenting to give up every species of study, that there appeared the remotest hope of his recovery.

At this period, the only daughter of the worthy Mr. Robertson returned from the school where she had completed her education. The attending and amusing her former companion seemed that portion of the family cares, which peculiarly devolved to her. In such circumstances, that the regard of childhood should ripen into the warmest affection, was a natural event: but Mr. and Mrs. Robertson thought their Elizabeth too young to marry, and made a suspension of all requests to that purpose, for at least a year and a half, when she would be nineteen, the only condition on which the parties should remain together.

At the end of the prescribed period, Lord Saint-Villiers's consent was easily procured, through the intervention of Mr. Taylor, as, even in an interested point of view, the connexion was an advantageous one. Three years previous to the present time, the death of a brother of Mrs. Robertson in America rendered this young lady presumptive heiress to upwards of eighteen thousand pounds; and her parents rejoiced in the prospect of her bestowing it so worthily.

As there appeared no immediate probability of the livings designed for Mr. Williams becoming vacant, he was advised against taking orders for another year or two, lest he should again be drawn into too severe a course of study, before his constitution was sufficiently re-established to bear it.

Preparations began for the intended nuptials. The young couple were, for the present at least, to continue at Messham, to be a family of love and harmony.—A thousand delightful anticipations illumined those days of present happiness, till a fatal event clouded the radiance of the prospect, and showed the youth-

ful pair the instability of all sublunary projects.

Without any previous warning, the good Mrs. Robertson was in an instant arrested by the cold hand of Death; and her sorrowing relatives remained to weep over the inanimate reliques of the best of mothers, of wives, and of friends.

All other ideas were of course suspended by this awful catastrophe: but, as time glided on, and Williams again expressed his wish to receive the hand of his Elizabeth, he was silenced by her avowing a fixed determination that one year should be devoted to the memory of her beloved parent, without permitting other sentiments to mingle with the respect so justly her due.

Though Mr. Robertson would not have exacted so long a period, he was too highly gratified by the veneration it testified for his lamented companion, to do otherwise than applaud it.

When the conclusion of the twelve-month, so anxiously wished for by Williams, was nearly arrived, that most dreadful of all scourges, an infectious fever, was caught by the good pastor, while administering the holy sacrament in a house where it raged. His intended son-in-law soon received the contagion:—it next communicated itself to some of the servants: but, as Miss Robertson was so long in evincing any symptoms of disease, her anxious friends vainly flattered themselves that her health might be spared to their prayers.—She had firmly refused to quit the house, or restrain her attendance on the two beloved patients, in whom all her happiness was centred. Their recovery, recompensed her cares: but severe was the anguish that awaited them. Whether her constitution might have been previously weakened by fatigue and

distress, or perhaps naturally more susceptible of the influence of fever—her danger was considerably greater, than that of any other person in the family had been.

Contrary, however, to the opinion of her physicians, she survived the crisis: and, though an alarming degree of debility remained, they still flattered themselves, that, by time and care, her restoration might be effected. She had already regained sufficient strength to be carried into the air, when the extraordinary summons arrived from Lord Saint-Villiers to call his son to Dublin, where he promised that he should be fully established in those rights with which peculiar circumstances had hitherto prevented his being invested.

All the riches and honors of this world were nothing to the affectionate Williams, in comparison with the delightful task of watching over the hoped-for recovery of his Elizabeth: and it required all the influence of her father to effect his departure, at a period so interesting. The prospect, however, of removing a stigma from his mother's character, was an argument which he could not withstand.—Accordingly, he went to Ireland, and was immediately acknowledged as a Saint-Villiers: but, while all his thoughts and affections were treasured in another kingdom, it may easily be imagined that the gaieties of Dublin, and the amusements of promiscuous society, were to him joyless and insipid.

As soon as possible, he returned to Messham: but there the emaciated figure and languid eye of his Elizabeth struck a damp upon his hopes, which her increasing feebleness rapidly confirmed. It could no longer be concealed from herself or her sorrowing friends, that her original disorder had terminated in consumption.—She meekly bowed to the award of

the Almighty Creator, who, in cutting short her temporal felicity, called her partake of celestial joys. The hours, not devoted to prayer, were spent in endeavouring to reconcile her father and her lover to the impending separation. She expressed her firm conviction of being so unequal to the showy glitter of life, that, in quitting the humble station in which she was born, a constant sense of inferiority and regret would have accompanied her. Heaven, therefore, in its unquestionable wisdom (she added) had changed her lot: and she fervently expressed her wishes to Charles Saint-Villiers, that he would form another and more suitable union in the rank which he was now to fill.

She privately imparted her wishes to her father, that whatever fortune would eventually have been hers, might ultimately be transferred to that beloved youth, on whom, if she had possessed millions, she would have bestowed them. A few weeks, however, terminated all her desires; and one of the best and loveliest of her sex was consigned to that asylum, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Mr. Robertson supported his affliction like a true disciple of that master whose precepts were enforced by his example.—He presumed not to repine at the dispensations of his maker: but he felt like a parent, who, in parting with an only child, resigns every comfort that softened his earthly pilgrimage.

Within a year, his spirit hastened to rejoin those beloved ones, who, in their transit to a better world, had (he considered) but a little preceded him from this. To gratify the last wishes of his Elizabeth had been his principal care. He had no near relatives:—time had dissolved the early connexions and friendships of

his youth: he knew of no one so worthy as Saint-Villiers. Him, therefore, he appointed his heir; and, in so doing, he only conditioned, that, in receiving this portion "of the world's great idol wealth," he should seek to employ it toward the benefit of his fellow creatures—nor, by giving way to unavailing regret, in the prime of youth, suffer his talents to rust, or his time to hang uselessly on his hands.

All the philosophy, all the sense of duty and religion, that he possessed, were requisite to support Saint-Villiers, under the weight of accumulated afflictions that pressed upon him, and to enable him to fulfil the wishes of his more than parent. Convinced, that, by remaining in a place where every object renewed the agony he had sustained, and enfeebled every necessary exertion, he resolved to try how far fresh scenes and different avocations would detach his thoughts. He determined to banish himself too far to be tempted to the indulgence of a speedy return. He requested his father's permission to travel, which his lordship, far from desiring his society, readily gave.

His health was still delicate, and his spirits unfitted for indifferent society. He wished to remain unknown; till such time as he should feel himself equal to the demands of his newly-acquired rank in the world; and therefore, resuming his original appellation, he passed unnoticed, as Mr. Williams, through places where a different style and appearance would have been requisite for the heir apparent of Lord Saint-Villiers:

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE,

(Continued from page 63.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.  
Lenox Abbey.

WHEN I returned from the continent, Sydney, I thought with pleasure of passing a few peaceful months with you in the calm retreat of Rossmount; and it was really with reluctance that I gave up my design, to comply with the pressing entreaties of friends I esteemed.—Days, weeks, nay months, have passed away like a shadow; and I am still at Lenox Abbey. You, with your usual philosophy and prudence, will imagine that some view of future advantage has detained me thus long at the seat of Lord Granville. Away with such speculations, thou man of wisdom! Nature is too powerful: she has broken down the weak barrier, which reason and reflexion, together with your sage precepts, had placed about my heart, as a guard against the admission of the softer passions. But, surely, as Sterne imitably expresses it, "we are not accountable to the Author of nature, for those emotions he has implanted within us; but, from our conduct when under the influence of these dangerous passions, it is, that we shall be condemned or justified."—Oh! I am lost—I am lost, Sydney, in a soft intoxicating passion, that leaves me not master of myself. This weakness, I have often heard you say, is an alloy in our nature—that it debases the soul of man. But you are a cynic, Sydney: you suffered severely, in your youth, from a sensibility which you now despise. But softly, my good friend! Your ideas of the strength and wisdom with which God hath endued the mind of man, are by far too lofty. Trust me, Sydney—and my own experience confirms the asseveration—that we are but frail imperfect pieces

of human nature, alternately governed by passions noble and weak—a prey to desires which we have not strength to suppress, and which, if indulged, too often leave us the miserable victims of mortification and regret.

You will ask me perhaps in what book of philosophy I have found this reasoning.—One glance of the fine blue eyes of Miss Lenox told me so in a moment: At this instant I see you, my dear Phil—see a countenance which I revere, shaded with contempt.—“What! study philosophy in the eye of a woman, that dangerous and destructive being, whose insatiable curiosity first entailed misery on mankind?”—By heaven, Sydney, it is the most pleasing study of my life. I gaze on this fair maid with inexpressible delight; and, when her fine form glides by me, my soul feels raptures not to be described. I must fly: I must, if possible, break the charm that detains me here. I will be with you next week; even though Miss Lenox smile—and the world has not such another bribe to offer to me—nay, should that smile be the last I shall ever see—yet I will be at Rosemount next week. Inclination and persuasion, when they draw one way, how difficult to resist! Lord Granville is most pressing in his invitations to me to continue longer at the Abbey.—When I talked yesterday of quitting this charming family, methought there was a shade in the most expressive eyes that mine have ever seen, which did not seem to rejoice at my leaving the Abbey. O vanity! what have I to do with thee, thou flattering nourisher of a viper that destroys me!—Surely, Sydney, it was a foolish pride in my mother, to wish me to have an education superior to what my birth gave me pretensions to. And why did the too kind, the too generous Lord Malcombe comply with the request of a fond but

vain woman? Why were my sentiments enlarged by so liberal an education? why were my feelings refined by a constant intercourse with the most exalted characters? Surely it had been better for me to have been brought up a sober tradesman—perhaps the natural occupation of my forefathers. (Sydney, my heart recoils at the idea) I might then have been insensibly happy in a style of life suitable to my birth. I should then never have seen Lord Granville's daughter: it could at most have been nothing more than a transitory glance of admiration, which would soon have died away; and I should have sunk again into my native obscurity.

Is it not very strange, Sydney, that my mother should still continue so invincibly silent to all the questions I put to her about my father? But I have long ceased to importune her on this subject, as I perceived she was greatly distressed how to answer me. She had, no doubt, her reasons for her reserve on this subject; and I rather chose to let my curiosity go ungratified, than make her unhappy.—I have often told you, that it had been frequently insinuated to me, that I was a natural son of his lordship's. But my lord, as soon as I was capable of reason and reflexion, took the first opportunity of convincing me this was a false rumor, founded on his partiality to me, and his goodness to my mother. He solemnly assured me, that he had never seen my mother, till she came as nurse to his son; and I was at that time more than three years old; so that you see I have no hopes of being ingrafted on the stock of nobility, even in an illegitimate manner. But whoever was the author of my existence, I cannot be under such obligations to him, as I owe to Lord Malcombe. These I must ever gratefully acknowledge: the

sense of them is indelibly engraven on my mind; and I would fain, very fain make some return for the numerous favors heaped upon me. I have formed a plan in my own mind, which I will impart to you, when we meet; and you shall give me your opinion with regard to the feasibility of my project. Lord Malcombe, it is true, has but one child: but he is not by any means rich. I am therefore, in the manner he has brought me up, a heavy encumbrance on his fortune. Will the proud soul of Middleton long continue so? No, Sydney! I must tear myself from these fascinating pleasures that enchant me:—they were not formed for me.—My hand grows unsteady.—Miss Lenox is walking under my window. I see her fine brown locks waving in the air: I hear her voice, “sweet as the shepherd’s pipe upon the mountains.”

Be not too severe, Sydney, in your animadversions on my weakness. I would fain conquer a passion, which ought ever to have been a stranger to my bosom.—In many places, I have beheld beauty in its most brilliant coloring: but whoever has seen Lady Louisa Falkland, and Lord Granville’s niece Eliza Campbell, will find his most extravagant ideas of beauty realised. Miss Lenox is far inferior to them in delicacy of feature, and dazzling fairness of complexion; but nature has adorned her with more dangerous, more powerful attractions. There is character about her—a marked expression in her eye, a melting harmony in her voice, a grace in her elegantly formed person, that steals on the soul, ere the heart is aware of danger. Such is this too charming woman, who possesses the heart of the dependent Middleton. Yet I, and I only, am silent in sounding the praise she involuntarily excites in every be-

holder:—I dare not trust my tongue on such a subject, lest it should betray me. Think me insensible—think me a stranger to every soft and tender sentiment, too amiable Matilda! but never may you know the impression you have made on my heart.—Having thus committed the secrets of my bosom to paper, an everlasting silence on this subject shall for the future seal my lips.—Next week, Sydney, I shall most certainly be with you. Till then, adieu!—Yours sincerely,

MIDDLETON.

*Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Charlotte Pembroke.*

*Lenox Abbey.*

How gaily, how sportively, did I express the joy of my heart to you in my last letter! Lost in the intoxicating delirium of pleasure, I little thought, my dear Pembroke, that the rod of affliction was even then pending over the heads of friends so dear to me.—What a dismal reverse have a few short days made in this once peaceful, this once happy family! It is now midnight: all is melancholy silence: yet is there not an inhabitant of this mansion whose eyes are closed in sleep. —Charlotte! how shall I tell you?—my Matilda, my friend . . . . Heavens! her voice at this moment vibrates in my ear, and chills me with apprehension. Charlotte! my beloved friend is dying: her voice, once so soft and musical, now expresses in hollow tones the ravings of delirium, and pierces every heart with anguish. Harassed with fatigue and anxiety of mind, Lady Granville has this night insisted on my going to bed: but, as I cannot sleep, I have taken up my pen, to beguile the tedious hours, and to relate to you, as well as I am able, the sad transactions that have brought on our present state of unhappiness. No order, no connexion, can be ex-



pected, in the present distracted situation we are in. I shall therefore notice particulars, as they happen to present themselves to my recollection.

Tuesday last was the day that Middleton had fixed on to quit the Abbey. On Monday morning, he went to take his leave of a neighbouring gentleman, who has been particularly polite to him during his residence here: the young men accompanied him. Miss Lenox and I (Miss Campbell had left us about a week) took a walk in the park. Matilda was pale, spiritless, and unhappy, notwithstanding her utmost efforts to appear cheerful. The most unreserved intimacy had ever been kept up between us: yet Matilda, generous and open in every other respect, is a miser in hoarding up her sorrows. She had therefore never opened her lips on the subject of her unhappy penchant for Middleton. I saw and felt for the distressed situation of her mind, and would have given worlds to have it in my power to relieve her. But, though I wished, I knew not how to enter into a conversation which my friend seemed to wish to avoid. Thus embarrassed, we walked a considerable way without speaking—both of us totally absorbed in our own reflexions.

At last I broke this gloomy silence, and asked Miss Lenox, if she thought it possible for any incident in life to disturb the harmony of our friendship, so as to occasion a coldness or reserve between us.—She turned, and gave me a look which I shall never forget, in which the various emotions of her soul were visibly depicted. “My dear Lady Falkland,” answered she, “I think it impossible for any thing to lessen the regard we mutually feel for each other: but there may be circumstances in life, which may give a re-

serve to outward appearance, while the heart nevertheless beats as true to friendship as ever. There may be self-condemning moments,” continued she in a more languid accent, “in which one would fain conceal even from one’s dearest friend the contest between reason and an involuntary weakness.”

I here with some eagerness interrupted her—“Excuse me, my beloved Matilda: but my sentiments for the first time do not co-incide with yours. Surely, in every moment, in every distress, our troubles may be rather alleviated by the participation of a friend; particularly where there is such a perfect reciprocity of affection—where age and sentiment are the same.”—“My dear Louisa,” replied she, “I perceive your generous intentions: but I would, if possible” (here her head sunk on my shoulder, and the tears traced each other down her glowing cheek)—“I would conceal the emotions, which, I own, now tear my heart with anguish. Pity and spare me then, my dear friend, on this subject:—in a few days, I trust the victory of reason will be complete.”

We were so lost in conversation, that we did not observe how far we had walked, till we came to a gate, which we knew was near four miles from the Abbey. We thought it now high time to return. We had not retraced many steps, when we heard the gate clap. On looking up, Middleton’s man passed us on horseback with the rapidity of lightning. Matilda seemed alarmed, and called to him, to know if any accident had happened: but the man was out of hearing in a moment. Presently one of Lord Granville’s servants came toward us with the same expedition. We perceived that his coat was bloody.—Miss Lenox, in a resolute tone, called to him to

stop: the man reluctantly pulled in his horse. My friend, in a faltering voice, asked him what was the meaning of the violent hurry he was in. He answered that Mr. Middleton was killed; that the gentlemen had carried him into a cottage just without the park; that his man was gone for a surgeon, and that he was going to acquaint his lord with the accident. Having communicated this horrid intelligence, he set off at full speed.

I stood quite thunderstruck with what I had heard, till Matilda, swift as an arrow from a well-strung bow, darted from me, and ran with inconceivable swiftness through the gate. This roused me:—the impropriety, the fatal consequences that might ensue from my poor terrified friend's seeing Middleton in his present condition, struck me: I flew, to overtake her, it possible, but in vain.—I saw her enter the miserable hovel; and, when I came to the house, Matilda was leaning against a door that opened into an inner room. I came up to her but just in time to save her from falling to the ground: she fainted in my arms.—I called out for help; and, casting my eyes round, I was struck with a sight that made my blood run cold within me.

On a bed opposite to the door, lay Middleton, without any signs of life. Hastings, Fortescue, and an old woman, were endeavouring to stop the vast effusion of blood that poured from his wounds.—At the sound of my voice, Fortescue looked up, and started with surprise, on seeing the condition which my friend Matilda was in.—“Good God! my dear cousin!” cried he, “what unlucky circumstance brought you and Miss Lenox here, to be witnesses of of this sad scene?”

In a few incoherent words, I told him how we came thither, while he

placed the lifeless Matilda in a chair. Water, drops, air, every thing in our power was administered, to recover her, but in vain. Distressed with my fears, I knew not which way to turn.—Fortescue and Hastings were as much alarmed as myself.

In this situation of affairs, we saw Lord Granville coming at full speed on horseback toward the cottage. As soon as he entered, impelled by humanity and regard for poor Middleton, with a countenance strongly expressive of his feelings, he pressed forward to the bed on which he lay, and had just taken one of Middleton's cold hands in his, when, happening to look up, he saw his daughter. He started—clapped his hand to his forehead—and, looking first on Middleton, then on his daughter, he exclaimed, “Heavens! Lady Louisa! how could you and my daughter find your way to this scene of blood?” And then, with more severity than ever I saw in his features, he ordered a servant to go immediately to the Abbey, for a carriage.—Pity again took possession of his heart: a tear burst from his eye, and moistened the cold cheek of his child.

At this instant, Middleton's man returned, accompanied by two surgeons. With the assistance of one of them Matilda opened her eyes: but, the moment she saw Lord Granville, she exclaimed, “O my father! and, with a deep sigh, her head sank on my shoulder, and she again fell into a state of insensibility.—I never saw a man more agitated than My Lord: yet he was not insensible to the melancholy condition of Middleton. He very earnestly recommended him to the care of the surgeons, and desired that every possible assistance might be procured for him.

*(To be continued.)*

SAPPHO : *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 59)

NIGHT brought no relief to the torments which rent the heart of the unfortunate Sappho. The plaintive song of Philomela, the melancholy accents of the distant owl, and the monotonous chirpings of the cricket, all announce the hour of repose, which she alone cannot enjoy. The downy pinions of sleep weighed heavily on the eyelids of Euty chius, who did not awake until the sun had already made some progress in his daily course. On repairing to the garden, to inhale the fragrant breath of morn, he there met Sappho, who immediately inquired if he had received any intelligence concerning Phaon. Euty chius replied, that his slaves were not yet returned from their search.—Still conversing, they walked toward an artificial grotto, near which were placed marble seats under the shade of ever-green laurels. In the interior of the grotto, was a cascade, which fell from a considerable height, and formed, in its descent, a shower of rain, which was tinted, by the reflexion of the sun's rays, with all the variegated colors of the rain-bow. The coolness of the morning, together with the silence and the beauty of the place, induced them to remain there; and they sat down opposite to each other on the marble benches.

Sappho, who regretted the interruption which their conversation had suffered on the preceding evening, and who hoped to find some alleviation to her misery in the recital of the adventures of Euty chius, said, "You promised to relate the history of your love:—you have, doubtless, been more fortunate than I."—Euty chius answered, "I have experienced torments as painful as yours: but every one imagines his own misfortunes are the most severe.

I am now like the warrior who has, long since, been wounded in battle, of which he only retains a transient remembrance. When you consider the natural placidity of my character, you will not expect a history fertile in great events: but fate, envious of the tranquillity I enjoyed in my youth, enslaved me under the tyranny of the most cruel despotism. Do not believe those who tell you they have often been in love:—'tis impossible; and you will hereafter feel the truth of my assertion: the first is also the last, the only true passion. But to return—My bosom, calm and unruffled, enjoyed the most profound peace: I was an utter stranger to the dominion of the passions: I knew but one; and that was study. Silence, solitude, my books, and a friend, shared alike my inclinations: these were the pleasures of my unexperienced youth; and in this manner passed—alas! too rapidly—the happiest years of my life—years never to return.

"My ruin was the effect of chance. I saw..... but allow me to conceal her name: for it would neither speak her panegyric, nor mine.—Young as she was, she was deeply skilled in all the arts of coquetry, of which I was entirely ignorant. Bewitching attractions, eloquent conversation, seducing charms—she possessed every thing which the fondest imagination could wish. A multitude of victims had already lamented her inconstancy: yet they were incessantly succeeded by new adventurers. Ever flying from conquest to conquest, the enchantress sedulously strove to attract within her net those simple and ingenuous youths, who readily fell innocent victims at the foot of her shrine. She ruled at once over their youthful affections and unexperienced minds with despotic sway. Such was the

fallacious charm of her discourse, and such was the influence of her eyes, accustomed at will to express pleasure or pain, that she would have enslaved the most unsusceptible and callous of mankind. I soon fell a devoted victim.—I had never yet loved.—When I returned to my dear solitude, I began to experience a restless anxiety, which always increased on reading tales of love. The pity I felt for misfortune, had opened my heart to the impression of the tender passion:—when I saw her, I felt a subtle poison flow in every vein; and when I listened to her, I forgot all the rest of the world. Before I knew her, I had neglected the care of my hair—I wore a coarse cloak,—and pensively sought untrodden and solitary paths:—now, animated by the desire to please, I soon became distinguished for the richness and elegance of my drees, whose lively colors equalled the bloom of my complexion. I raised my auburn hair in perfumed tresses: I attracted a look; and that look banished every other thought from my imagination. My books, which had hitherto formed my greatest pleasure, were now forgotten, and covered with dust. The secret sanctuary of my meditations was forsaken; and I regretted those years which had been consumed in austere and fruitless study, instead of being consecrated to those pleasures which should have charmed the spring season of my existence. I renounced the pen for the lyre, and to its strings I imparted my passion in songs of love. Like a ship which furrows the treacherous sea, my life glided along in constant happiness, without foreseeing the storms of dark futurity.—Of all the ills of love, the greatest and the most universal is the belief in protestations lighter than the passing breeze. If even a real and reciprocal passion so

often proves fickle and transient, what can be expected where on one side reigns candor and sincerity, and, on the other, duplicity and caprice?

“The peasant, who sleeps at the foot of an oak during the heat of noon—the child, who implicitly confides in the words of its mother—never felt more profound security and confidence than I did in the duration of my happiness.—I confidently looked forward to the speedy consummation of my wishes in the sacred bonds of Hymen; when her duplicity was unexpectedly revealed to me. At first I disbelieved the report: I thought her totally incapable of deception.—Can you believe it? this knowledge, instead of extinguishing my passion, only increased its ardor. In the ravings of my despair, I determined to throw myself into the sea: then I wandered into the darkest recesses of the forests, which resounded with my melancholy lamentations. At length I determined, before my death, to overwhelm her with reproaches and confusion. Accordingly, I directed my steps toward her habitation, and entered with the intention of giving utterance to my despair, and renouncing before her eyes an existence which she had rendered insupportable. As I entered the mansion, I was seized with secret horror at the idea of meeting with some more favored rival: but no! she was alone, tranquilly employed at her accustomed occupations. She received me with her usual affability, which I did not expect. I checked the transports of my fury, like one who, running with impetuosity, stops suddenly at the brink of a precipice. My lips quivered with eagerness to vent the bitterest reproaches: but the contrast between her present tranquillity, and the confusion which I thought she must have betrayed if

she had been guilty, shook my resolution; and I was again seduced to the belief of her constancy. The modest tranquillity of expression which appeared on her countenance, was in my mind inconsistent with the consciousness of deception. At length, however, the truth became too evident for me to remain any longer the dupe of her cunning. I became a prey to the most violent affliction. Accustomed to sights of this nature, she listened to me with perfect composure, and feigned to pity my error. She spread her net in her explanation: her tears and protestations were irresistible; and I was once more deceived into a belief of her innocence.

“I left her, condemning myself alone, and upbraiding my cruelty for having been the cause of tears to such lovely eyes:—fatal delusion! and I now blush at the excess of my folly. The flower of my youth\* was withering away: I had felt the cruel pains of the heart; and the calm, which followed, was not pure. My mind was no longer easy respecting the possession of an object which I had once feared to lose: a secret distrust tormented my bosom: and my jealousy increased at the sight of certain rivals, who appeared to attract her attention.—I determined to break my heavy chains: but the siren knew too well how to retain those who wished to fly the shores where they suffered shipwreck. Her conduct, however, at length removed the veil which had blinded me too long:—I found myself the dupe of her artful coquetry; and I then saw that she, whom my illusive imagination had pictured as a divinity, was only a common mortal. Time, which destroys all things, withered her beauty.—I was then like one who has been long plunged into the obscurity of a dungeon, and at length be-

holds the light of heaven. At the present day, tranquil as the veteran pilot who relates the disasters of the tempests he has weathered, I can assure you from experience that time heals the wounds of love.

“In recent attacks, we do not believe in the cure: but the day will come—and I hope it is not far distant—when you will mention with indifference, and perhaps with a smile, the pangs which you now feel—happy in a mutual return of love, or restored to reason by the excess even of your misfortunes. Consider me as a friend so much the more to be depended upon, since I must naturally feel compassion for the torments I have myself endured.”

This récitation appeared to have suspended the painful emotions of Sappho, who listened with mute and fixed attention. When he had concluded his narration, she said, “There is, however, this difference between our feelings, that the most charming illusions for a time rendered you happy, while a severe and cruel candor will not allow me to entertain the slightest doubts of the extent of my misery.”—“Do not condemn,” replied Euty chius, “that sincerity, whose value you cannot now appreciate. It, by deception, he had cherished your illusion, Phaon would have been the most despicable of mankind, and would have transformed one of the purest feelings of human nature into a fraudulent and deceitful commerce.”

Their discourse was continued on a subject so deeply interesting to Sappho, until they saw Nomophilus advancing toward them, who came sooner than usual, eager to resume the conversation of the preceding evening. Euty chius now attended to the culture of his flowers; and Nomophilus took a spade, to assist him.—Sappho felt great pleasure in

observing their exercise: it recalled to her mind those happier times when her most agreeable occupation consisted in the cultivation of her father's garden. Influenced by their example, she lopped off the branches of a tree which shot forth too luxuriantly, and exhibited an additional specimen of her skill, by grafting the tree adjoining.—Euty chius and Nomophilus quitted their work, to observe her ingenuity, and were loud in their praises of her skill.—Euty chius conducted her into a charming orchard, where he had collected the choicest trees and shrubs:—she readily distinguished their different qualities.—Their admiration was increased; yet they could not conceive how, at so early an age, she could unite to the most engaging conversation the knowledge of such a variety of subjects.

(To be continued.)

The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from page 82.)

WITH the same formality which had attended Lady Mortimer's entrance into the mansion, she was ushered into a drawing-room, decorated with a degree of eastern splendor, far too magnificently costly for a private gentleman.—Mrs. Mortimer approached, and, endeavouring to throw a smile over features which nature seemed to have designed should personify the image of Discontent, she expressed the happiness she felt at the honor conferred upon her, in a speech evidently studied for the occasion.—The husband of this Asiatic princess (for to such, from her dress and ornaments, she might have been compared) was reclining upon a Turkish sofa, and unable to rise from it, through the effects of gout.—*Hauteur* and pomposity seemed to struggle for pre-eminence; and, in every word and action, each was alternately display-

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ed.—The timid Miss Downing appeared to shrink from his scrutinising observation, although Lady Mortimer introduced her as a particular friend.—To beings, however, accustomed to judge of the rank each individual held in society by the splendor of their apparel, the unadorned person of Miss Downing sunk into perfect insignificance; and even the flattering appellation with which Lady Mortimer had distinguished her, was not sufficiently attractive to endow her with consequence.—The plain white gown, and simple straw bonnet, too plainly impressed the idea of an humble friend; and the unassuming air of the amiable girl confirmed the opinion, that she was some low-born creature, totally dependent upon the bounty of her benefactress.—Though this opinion was not expressed, yet it was evinced by that air of superiority with which both Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer addressed their unwelcome visitant, when they condescended to pay her those attentions, which, as the master and mistress of a family, politeness demanded of them.—The delicate attentions of the son were, however, calculated to compensate for the haughty demeanour of his parent; and, had not the wrongs of poor Lucy Darwin thrown a veil over all his attractive qualities, he would have obtained the good opinion of Lady Mortimer.—But, when she recalled to her recollection the church-yard scene which she had so recently witnessed—when she reflected upon the heart-rending woes of poor Lucy's ill-fated father—those attractive qualities were viewed but as snares to seduce the unsuspecting; and a degree of abhorrence was excited toward their possessor.

Though, from the brilliant illuminations of the house, Lady Mor-

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timer had apprehended she should encounter a large party, he had the satisfaction of finding that no other company was expected, and that she should only see a Colonel Clavering, and Mr. Roberts, the domestic chaplain.—The former had recently returned from the East-Indies, and was the acknowledged admirer of Miss Mortimer, whose affected airs and studied graces formed a striking contrast to the modest diffidence of Eliza Downing.

After an evening spent in all the form of ceremonious civility, the two travelers retired to their prepared apartments, delighted to shake off the shackles of restrained intercourse, and enjoy a few moments of rational conversation.—There was something so uncongenial to the feelings of Lady Mortimer in the manners of her husband's relatives, that she informed her young companion it was her determination to pursue her journey immediately after breakfast the next morning.—Elm-tree-park was so picturesquely beautiful, that it seemed as if nature and art had vied with each other to embellish the scene, and construct the mansion; yet the stately grandeur, which reigned within the walls, would, to a mind cast in such a mould as that of Lady Mortimer, have rendered a mere cottage preferable to it.—On the following morning, her ladyship arose at an earlier hour than usual, to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scene, and, accompanied by her youthful companion, directed her steps toward a few straggling cottages about a quarter of a mile distant from the park gates.

Lady Mortimer might be termed a sentimental admirer of nature; for she never beheld a fine prospect without feeling her heart elevated with the most refined sensations towards the great Architect of the

world; and, in conversing upon the greatness of his power, and the extensiveness of his benevolence, they reached the cottages, which had attracted their attention when they quitted the park.—At the door of the first, an old husbandman was seated, whose pallid countenance was an index of bodily disease.—Lady Mortimer accosted him, in a voice of condescending sweetness, with the usual civilities of the morning.—The old man returned the salutation with humility and meekness; and, taking off his hat, and placing it upon his knee, requested to know if she would be pleased to enter his cottage, and sit down to rest herself.

No haughty ideas of superiority ever influenced the mind of Lady Mortimer: the distinctions of life she considered as the ordinations of him who can reduce the prince to a situation as deplorable as that of the beggar, and raise the lowly to the pinnacle of greatness.—She accepted the invitation, with an expression of thankfulness, and, upon entering the cottage, beheld an old woman giving three children their breakfast—to each a basin filled with brown bread, and weak tea poured over it, but without the healthful addition of milk.—“Do you not think a basin of milk would be more nourishing than tea, my good woman?” inquired her ladyship, patting the youngest little boy upon the head.—“Yes, sure enough it would, madam,” replied the old woman: “but I cannot get a drop for the poor things.”—“Do not these cottages belong to Mr. Mortimer?” demanded her ladyship, and, being answered in the affirmative, “Surely, then, he would supply these children with sufficient for their breakfast, if you were to ask the favor of him.”

“Oh! madam!” replied the

old woman sighing—"till the squire came to the park, my poor grand-children never wanted milk:—but now the pigs are fed with that which would support these helpless orphans; and the parish hardly allows us enough to buy them a bit of bread"—"Probably neither Mr. nor Mrs. Mortimer is acquainted with that circumstance," continued her ladyship, not choosing to condemn her unfeeling relatives.—"Yes, madam, they do," replied the poor old woman; "and my daughter, who was dairy-maid, was turned away for giving her little nephew a small mugful.—But God Almighty, I hope, will provide for the fatherless: and so, madam, when any thing vexes me, I always say, 'his will be done!' It was God Almighty's will to take their dear parents:—and I bore that, madam, better than any body thought I could have done; and, if it does but please him to spare my poor old man a little longer, these dear babes will then be able to work; and, as we try to teach them their duty, I am sure they will never let their poor grandmother want."—"No! that we wo'n't, granny!" exclaimed all the children: "we'll give all the money we earn to you."—"Now, Bob, I am ready," said the eldest: "let us go to farmer Jackson's, and begin picking of stones."—The old woman kissed and blessed them; and with joyous countenance they went to their work; but not until they had embraced their grandfather, and expressed a hope that they should find him better when they returned.

"Amiable children!" said Lady Mortimer, following them with her eyes, as they skipped over the threshold.—"Providence has, I trust, sent you them as comforters, to compensate for the loss of your son."—The old man raised his eyes to heaven,

as if to implore the Almighty to fulfil her ladyship's prediction, and, passing the sleeve of his coat before them, wiped away the tears, which unbidden streamed down.

When Lady Mortimer directed her steps toward those humble cottages, she had no idea that their inhabitants could have any claim upon her benevolence; for, by their extreme neatness, they presented an appearance of outward comfort, nay even of moderate competence. She knew not that those buildings had been beautified for the sole purpose of giving effect to a picturesque view; and that the lord of the spacious mansion which towered above them, might be applauded for having all his work-people so comfortably lodged.—That the external appearance, and the internal reality, should have been so dissimilar, was a discovery wholly unexpected: but, as the scene she had witnessed was evidently no fictitious appeal to humanity, she conceived she could not meet with more worthy objects for the exertion of benevolence: yet, as Lady Mortimer strictly followed the precepts of her blessed-master, and never boasted of any benevolent deed—though she enabled the old woman to give her grand-children milk for breakfast, she made her promise not to reveal by whom that milk was to be supplied; and, when she met her un-amiable relatives at breakfast, she never even hinted that she had been beyond the boundaries of the park.

It was in vain that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer pressed their guest to protract her visit, and even condescended to ask Miss Downing to join in their request: for, though Lady Mortimer's disposition was a mixture of sweetness and condescension, there was a greater decision in her character than might have been ex-



pected: she therefore merely said, that she had made her arrangements to be at Sidmouth on the following Friday, and could not possibly break through them.—Edward Mortimer, finding that entreaties were unavailing, declared his intention of doing himself the honor of attending Lady Mortimer part of the way; and, for this purpose, he ordered the groom to saddle Lucy, a name, which her ladyship conceived to have been given to the animal, in compliment to the ill-fated Lucy Darwin.

That iniquity should thus triumph over every moral sentiment, and not even blush at mentioning a name which ought to have overwhelmed it with confusion, was a convincing proof to Lady Mortimer that her young relative was as devoid of feeling as he was destitute of principle.—Shocked at this conviction, yet determined to try whether he was totally callous, she expressed a wish of walking through the park. Mr. Edward Mortimer consequently accompanied her, while the horse in question was led by his servant.—Having admired the beauty of the surrounding scenery, she fixed her eyes upon the animal. “That is a beautiful creature!” said she in a tone of admiration. “Have you had her long, Mr. Mortimer? did you not buy her of a farmer about ten miles hence?”

A death-like paleness instantly overspread his features, as he stammered out first an affirmative, and then a negative.—Her ladyship fixed her penetrating eyes upon him, and involuntarily sighed out the name of “Poor Lucy Darwin!”—The sound operated like an electric shock upon her pallid companion, who actually started at the sound, and, complaining of sudden indisposition, declared himself under the necessity of returning home.

Here we will leave the crest-fallen Edward Mortimer, and accompany the amiable being who had called forth his agitation, to pursue her journey to Sidmouth; which she did, without any incident occurring, worthy of observation or remark.

*(To be continued.)*

—  
*The OLD WOMAN:*

*(Continued from page 75.)*

N<sup>o</sup>. 3.—*On the DUTY of CHILDREN to their PARENTS.*

IN the extensive catalogue of moral duties, filial obedience and affection eminently claim the preference; and there must be something innately corrupt in that heart which does not powerfully feel the force of nature's firmest and strongest attachment.

Of all the creatures whom the Omnipotent Creator called into existence, man is the most helpless, and dependent— ushered into life, not only without the power of making the slightest effort to sustain it, but requiring maternal care, and paternal precaution, for a long succession of years; and totally depending upon the watchful solicitude of the former, during the anxious period of infancy and childhood.—If that existence, which we all cling to with such excessive fondness, is valuable in our opinion, how great must be the debt of gratitude we owe to those by whose care it has been preserved! and what pains ought we to take to study their happiness, and evince the combined sentiments of respect, and regard!—How strong is this sentiment, or rather instinct, implanted in the animal creation! for what a length of time will the young colt pursue the footsteps of its mother! and how long, even after its natural nutriment is denied to it, is the gentle cow followed by her calf!

Can rational beings then become

destitute of those tender emotions which irrational animals feel in so eminent a degree? can they break asunder the bonds of nature, and refuse to acknowledge the claims of paternal and maternal love?—Can the positive injunction of Omnipotence be effaced from recollection? or are “honor thy father and mother” unmeaning, and indefinite terms? Yet, as if the Almighty fore-saw the probable dereliction of obedience, he affixed the reward of length of days to the observance of the command.

As the Almighty has allotted rewards, on the one hand, for the observance of his injunctions, he has, on the other, declared that the severest punishment shall attend those who break through his commands—who, instead of honoring their father and mother, treat them with a mixture of contempt, and disregard.—Next to the great Creator of the universe, the authors of our existence are entitled to a mixture of veneration and gratitude; and that bosom must be devoid both of religion and morality, which does not feel the sensations of both.—How interesting a sight is an attached domestic circle! It presents the beautiful simile of the ivy entwining round the oak; and, as time revolves in its gradationary circuit, this applicable resemblance becomes reversed. The aged parent clings to the child he once cherished in his fostering bosom, to sustain him, as he tottering descends into the vale of years; while the grateful heart of that child glows with the tenderest emotions at feeling the vigor of manhood enable him to perform the pleasing task!

Providence in mercy ordained these varying dependencies:—and shall the creature whom he formed presume to oppose the benevolent decree? shall he venture to defy the

ordinances of Omnipotence, and show contempt, where obedience is so positively enjoined?

An undutiful and unaffectionate child appears like a creature acting in such direct opposition to the laws of God and nature, that, unless I had positive proof of the existence of such characters, I should think it impossible such could be found upon the earth: but the following letter, which I received this morning, will convince my readers that I am fully justified in offering the preceding remarks.

*“ To Mrs. Oldham.*

“ Madam,

“ Emboldened by the invitation you have kindly given to your sex in general, to lay open to you the sources of their distress, I venture to address you, with a confidence that you will endeavour to prove yourself my friend.

“ Permit me to inform you, madam, that I am the wife of what is termed a gentleman farmer—or, in other words, my husband inherited about five hundred acres of excellent land; whence you will naturally suppose we enjoy all the comforts which competence and a contented mind can give.—But, alas! Madam! all the blessings of a bountiful Providence are embittered by—Oh! do I live to write it?—by my only child! Yes! by that very being whom we dote upon, are we rendered incapable of enjoying the comforts of life.

“ My dear father, whose memory I venerate, was curate of the parish where my husband resides; and, as he was not able to give me any fortune, he used to say, he wished his girl to be taught usefulness, rather than accomplishments.—Would to heaven I had followed his pious example! But the case was quite different with me and my girl; and, as she must of course inherit her

father's property, I thought it my duty to give her a better education than I had myself received. My husband, though he could hardly bear to have his little Matilda a moment from him, was soon persuaded to consent to my plan; and, as he was extremely fond of music, he pleased himself with the thought of having her taught to play and sing.—We therefore, madam, inquired among our neighbours for one of the best boarding-schools; and, in the course of a few months, our Matilda became a member of it, and delighted us, at the ensuing vacation, by the performance of 'God save the king.'

"I will, however, pass over the years of mere childhood, and only say, that my daughter was taught all the various accomplishments described upon a school-card; as my husband was too generous to grudge any expense.—Each vacation displayed some new acquirement; and, as our ignorance prevented us from knowing whether in any she excelled, we considered her as a prodigy, and looked to her as a source of future enjoyment.—Yet, as she increased in years, I could not help fancying that her attachment to home was materially decreased; and, when I made an observation upon her different studies, she used to exclaim, 'La! mamma! how foolish! I wish you would not give your opinion upon subjects you are not able to comprehend.'—If her poor father asked her to sing to him in an evening, she would say her voice was not in tune: but, if Sir Charles Dashwood, our neighbour, happened to call five minutes afterwards, she would sing Italian to him for a couple of hours.

"These, madam, were the beginning of our sorrows: but I ought to have had sense enough to discover the cause, and, instead of let-

ting her return to a school where filial duty formed no part of education, endeavoured to eradicate from her youthful bosom the pernicious principles she had learned.—This, madam, alas! I did not do: but, in compliance with her wishes, suffered her to remain under Mrs. D\*\*\*'s protection till she was near seventeen; and, as she had for some time been a parlour boarder, she was not under much restraint.—At the time I have mentioned, however, her poor father had a tedious illness, and flattered himself, that, if Matilda was at home, she would spare me much fatigue, and likewise cheer the bed of sickness by the harmony of her voice.

"She came, in obedience to our orders: but, oh! how unlike an affectionate and dutiful child! 'So you have sent for me, to inclose me in a sick chamber, and kill me by breathing the air of disease!' said she, when I flew to meet her at the door of the chaise.

"Oh! Matilda! I replied, 'is this the return you make to your doting father? Unfeeling, unnatural child!—But why, madam, do I trespass upon your time and attention, by minutely describing that want of affection which was afterwards more strikingly displayed?—Instead of finding a soother to sickness in the society of his Matilda, my poor husband found an aggravation to all his pains; for my daughter was continually repining at the dullness of our situation, and lamenting the loss of those friends she had left at Mrs. D\*\*\*'s. When her father was able to quit his chamber, and would have been amused by those accomplishments which had been purchased at so dear a rate, Matilda, instead of gratifying his wishes, regularly complained of lassitude or chagrin; and declared it

was impossible to exert her talents for the gratification of those who possessed neither judgement nor taste.

“ In vain, madam, have I with tears implored her to allow me to instruct her in domestic concerns :— she replies that the fortune she must possess, precludes the necessity of attending to what she terms menial employments.—But, oh ! Mrs. Oldham ! could I describe the air of insult and contempt which accompanies these rejections of my counsel—could I give you an idea of the total want of filial regard which she displays—you would say that no sorrow was like unto my sorrow :— in truth it is beyond the power of language to paint.

“ Though I am fond of reading, yet it is but seldom I can divest my mind of sorrow sufficiently to be entertained ; but, chancing to take up the *Lady's Magazine* in my daughter's apartment, I accidentally cast my eye upon your first essay ; and the idea occurred to me, that, through the channel of your publication, my unhappy daughter might receive some good advice—I say unhappy ; for I am persuaded, madam, it is impossible for any person to enjoy inward peace, who lives in open violation of an important duty.—My poor husband, madam, is almost broken-hearted :—never was father more fondly attached to a child : and, could she be persuaded to alter her mode of conduct, she would, I am convinced, add many years to his life.

“ I shall impatiently expect next month's publication, madam, in the hope that your serious remarks upon filial duty may make some impression upon my mistaken child ; for, though she despises the counsels of a mother, whose education has not been refined and polished, I flatter myself she will attend to the sugges-

tions of more experienced age.— I am, Madam, your devoted, though unhappy, humble servant,

*Mary Martyn.*

That I must have perused Mrs. Martyn's affecting epistle with lively emotions of commiseration, the generality of my readers will naturally conclude ; and truly gratified should I feel, if, through my representations, the distress under which she labors should happily be removed.

The force of example, I am well aware, is at all periods of life impressive ; but particularly so during the period of youth ; and I greatly fear that domestic attachment and filial obedience are but secondary considerations in the generality of schools. Children are unfortunately taught to value themselves upon those superficial accomplishments, which are now considered as a necessary passport to an intercourse with the world, while those useful acquirements, which are so essential in a wife and mother, are considered as totally beneath an accomplished young lady's concern.—Miserable as are the effects of this mistaken mode of education, the evil unfortunately does not stop there, but extends into a wider channel, where its influence is still more deeply to be deplored.

Melancholy as is Mrs. Martyn's situation, I fear she is not a solitary instance of the want of filial regard ; for, when children receive an education so much superior to their station, it is too apt to inspire a degree of contempt for those who have not enjoyed similar advantages.— Were the system of education conducted upon different principles— were children taught by their instructresses that it is the first moral duty they owe to God and nature to treat their parents with respect— miseries, like those Mrs. Martyn

complains of, might be avoided, without diminishing the effect of the pupils' accomplishments.

I have often thought, that, if polite seminaries of education were beheld in that serious light which their importance gives them, and in which they ought to be held, the legislature would interpose its authority to see that they were properly regulated— Though I am well aware there are many admirable characters at the head of female establishments, yet I am equally convinced there are many as totally unfit for the important trust, as I should be to conduct the affairs of government by being dignified with the office of prime minister.

A celebrated writer (I think it was Doctor Johnson) termed schools of the latter description, hot-beds of vice: and, in my long life, I have known so many melancholy effects from bad education, that I can conceive a man acquainted with the world, like that celebrated writer, perfectly justified in the remark.— To declaim against institutions without bringing proofs of their inutility, would be justly exposing myself to censure; to avoid which, in some of my future communications, I may perhaps relate a few striking matters of fact upon the subject, for the edification of my readers.

I cannot take leave of the interesting theme, without reverting to the misguided being who called forth the preceding observations; and I would implore her to ask her own heart, in what light she would appear at the great tribunal, if she were suddenly summoned into another world?—I have already remarked that the great Jehovah strictly enjoined children to obey their parents; and I now warn them of the punishment which must await the infringement of that command;

for, though the Almighty has declared himself a God of mercy, we likewise know that he is as just as he is good.— Our blessed Redeemer likewise enforced the necessity of rigidly obeying every command: and can we suppose that the one, which the law of nature actually enforces, is with impunity to be broken through?

If Matilda will but permit herself to view this important subject in the serious light which it deserves, she will instantly change the whole tenor of her conduct, and, by the future, endeavour to compensate for the past.

(*To be continued.*)

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

As Mr. "J. M. L.," in your last Number, expressed a wish to see the opinion of one or more of your correspondents as to the term Mackerel-gale implying a *strong* or a *gentle* breeze, I intend, with your permission, to give him mine. Dryden's couplet, I think, very obviously conveys that his idea of a mackerel-gale was that of a slight breeze, though Doctor Johnson, it appears, thought it conveyed quite the contrary meaning. Had Dryden meant by it a strong breeze, I presume he would rather have written

They put up ev'ry sail:  
The wind was fair, and blew a mack'rel  
gale

Even then, the circumstance of setting every sail in a strong wind would have appeared, I think, rather inconsistent to common sense. The doctor did not, certainly, examine these lines with his usual acumen. This I can say; that the fishermen, who, from Yarmouth and the neighbouring towns, frequent the eastern coast of England for the purpose of catching mackerel, never

use the term mackerel-gale, but when they wish to signify a *slight* breeze; and, during the summer season, at the above place, I have often been witness to the joy that the approach of this mackerel-gale has lighted up in the countenances of those hardy and industrious men; for it has, as your correspondent conjectured, not only a direct reference to that sort of breeze in which they can manage their boats and fishing-apparatus with the greatest facility, but also it is in these welcome mackerel-gales that the greatest quantity of this fish is generally taken.

The mackerel, it is well known, is a summer fish of passage, that visits the British shores in immense shoals in the months of May, June, and July. As it is naturally a dull, heavy fish, nothing can be more discouraging to the industrious fisherman than the dead calms which frequently prevail during those months; for, when the sea is perfectly smooth and un-agitated, from their sluggish disposition, they hardly care to rise to the surface of the water, but remain inactive at the bottom, and thus disappoint the efforts of their destroyers. But no sooner does a slight breeze darken and gently curl the face of the sea, than they are, as it were, roused from their lethargy, quickly rise in vast numbers, and meet their doom in the nets of the joyous fishermen: then, as soon as the captors have hauled, as they term it—that is, as soon as they have taken the nets with their contents on board—in order to reach the shore, and deliver the fish as fresh as possible, with the greatest alacrity

they hoist up ev'ry sail,  
To profit by th' auspicious mack' rel-gale.

The above observations I have frequently heard made by old experienced fishermen. Hence I will venture to say that the term *mack-*

*rel-gale*, in its general acceptation among fishermen, is applied to a *slight* breeze, whatever be its intended meaning in Dryden's couplet; and that it is so called, both from the circumstance of this sort of breeze being the most propitious, in regard to the management of the boats, nets, &c. and because mackerel are almost invariably taken in greatest quantities in a slight breeze.

I am, Sir, &c.

N. Petherton.

ANONYMOUS.

### MEDLEY

*Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

*A Miracle.*—The king of Benin, (says Voltaire, in his postumous Remains) believing that the Jesuits could perform miracles, proposed to them to make rain fall, or to be hanged. One of the brothers replied, “You shall see it rain to-morrow.”—Accordingly it did rain.—“Oh! a saint! a saint!”—“I am no saint,” replied the Jesuit: “but I have a corn which always twinges when the weather is about to change, and enables me to foretell it.”

*Gigantic Child.*—Messrs. Lysons, in the second volume of their “Magna Britannia,” give the following curious particulars respecting “Thomas Hall, who, having attained almost to the height and proportions of manhood, died at the age of five years and ten months, on the 3d of September, 1747. An account of this extraordinary boy was published in a pamphlet, called *Prodigium Willinghamense*, by Mr. Dawkes, a surgeon. Some particulars concerning him had been communicated, in 1744, to the Royal Society by Mr. Almond, of Willingham, and were published in the Philosophical Transactions; his age was then two years, and ten months; he had attained the height of three feet eight inches and a half, and was large in proportion. Mr. Almond states that he was so strong, as to be able to throw from his hand a blacksmith's hammer of seventeen pounds weight: his voice was a deep bass; he had the marks of puberty, and whiskers on his upper lip; at this time he was carried about as a show. It appears from Mr. Dawkes's pamphlet, that this boy grew at the rate of an inch a month,

until the end of March 1745; in the next thirteen months he grew only five inches; in November 1746, his height was four feet five inches and five-tenths; the length of his foot was eight inches, and the calf of his leg ten inches six-tenths in circumference; he then weighed eighty-five pounds, or six stone and one pound."

*Ornamented Teeth.*—In Sumatra, (as we learn from Marsden's history of that island) both sexes have the extraordinary custom of filing and otherwise disfiguring their teeth, which are naturally very white and beautiful from the simplicity of their food. For files, they make use of small whetstones of different degrees of fineness, and the patients lie on their back during the operation. Many, particularly the women of the Lampong country, have their teeth rubbed down quite even with the gums; others have them formed in points; and some file off no more than the outer coat and extremities, in order that they may the better receive and retain the jetty blackness, with which they almost universally adorn them. The black used on these occasions is the empyreumatic oil of the cocoa-nut-shell. When this is not applied, the filing does not, by destroying what we term the enamel, diminish the whiteness of the teeth; but the use of betel renders them black, if pains be not taken to prevent it. The great men sometimes set theirs in gold, by casing, with a plate of that metal, the under row; and this ornament, contrasted with the black dye, has, by lamp or candle-light, a very splendid effect. They do not remove it, either to eat or sleep.

*Oriental Recitation of Fables.*—The recitation of Eastern fables and tales (says Dr. Russell, in his History of Aleppo) partakes somewhat of a dramatic performance; it is not merely a simple narrative; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story-books, besides the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, (which, under that title, are little known at Aleppo) furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of the different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty, even to persons who at first imagine they are listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites walking to and fro' in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then, when the expression

requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention; and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his hero and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door, endeavour to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs: but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are induced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel. He has no sooner made his exit, than the company, in separate parties, fall a disputing about the characters of the drama, or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious; and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth, than if the fate of the city depended on the decision.

*Persian Etiquette in Visiting.*—From Mr. Morier, in his "Journey through Persia," &c. we learn, that a Persian visit, when the guest is a distinguished personage, generally consists of three acts: first, the *kaleoun*, or water-pipe, and coffee; second, a *kaleoun*, and sweet coffee, (so called from its being a composition of rose-water and sugar); and third, a *kaleoun* by itself. Sweetmeats are frequently introduced as a *finale*. . . . The measurement of their distances in a visit seems a study of most general application in Persia; and the knowledge of compliments is the only knowledge displayed in their meetings; if, indeed, the visits of ceremony, which alone we witnessed, could be considered a fair specimen of national manners, or the state of society.—When visited by a superior, the Persian rises hastily, and meets his guest nearly at the door of the apartment: on the entrance of an equal, he just raises himself from his seat, and stands nearly erect; but to an inferior he makes the motion only of rising. When a great man is speaking, the style of respect in Persia is not quite so servile as that in India. In listening, the Indians join their hands together (as in England little children are taught to do in prayer) place them on their breast, and, making inclinations of the body, sit mute. A visit is much less luxurious in Persia than in Turkey. Instead of the sofas and the easy pillows of Turkey, the visitor in Persia is seated on a carpet

or mat, without any soft support on either side, or any thing except his hands, or the accidental assistance of a wall, to relieve the galling posture of his legs. The misery of that posture, in its politest form, can scarcely be understood by description; you are required to sit upon your heels, as they are tucked up under your hams, after the fashion of a camel. To us this refinement was impossible; and we thought we had attained much merit in sitting cross-legged as tailors. In the presence of his superiors, a Persian sits upon his heels, but only cross-legged before his equals, and in any manner whatever before his inferiors. To an English frame and inexperience, the length of time during which the Persian will thus sit untired on his heels, is most extraordinary; sometimes for half a day; frequently even sleeping. They never think of changing their positions, and, like other Orientals, consider our loco-motion to be an extraordinary as we can regard their quiescence: when they see us walking to and fro, sitting down, getting up, and moving in every direction, often have they fancied that Europeans are tormented by some evil spirit, or that such is our mode of saying our prayers.

*The Dead Sea.*—The following account of that extraordinary sea, or lake, is extracted from Chateaubriand's "Travels in Greece," &c.—We descended from the ridges of the mountains, in order to pass the night on the banks of the Dead Sea, and afterwards proceed along the Jordan. . . . . We followed the fissures formed between the sand-hills in mud baked by the rays of the sun. A crust of salt covered the surface, and resembled a snowy plain, from which a few stunted shrubs raised their heads. We arrived, all at once, at the lake; I say all at once, because I thought we were yet at a considerable distance from it. No murmur, no cooling breeze announced the approach to its margin. The strand, bestrewed with stones, was hot; the waters of the lake were motionless, and absolutely dead along the shore.—It was quite dark. The first thing I did on alighting, was to walk into the lake up to the knees, and to taste the water. I found it impossible to keep it in my mouth. It far exceeds that of the sea in saltiness, and produces upon the lips the effect of a strong solution of alum. Before my boots were completely dry, they were covered with salt; our clothes, our hats, our hands, were, in less than three

hours, impregnated with this mineral.—We pitched our camp on the brink of the lake, and the Bethlehemites made fire to prepare coffee. There was no want of wood, for the shore was strewed with branches of tamarind-trees, brought by the Arabs. Besides the salt which these people find ready formed in this place, they extract it from the water by ebullition. . . . . My companions went to sleep, while I alone remained awake with our Arabs. About midnight I heard a noise upon the lake. The Bethlehemites told me it proceeded from legions of small fish which come and leap about on the shore. This contradicts the opinion generally adopted, that the Dead Sea produces no living creature. Pococke, when at Jerusalem, heard of a missionary who had seen fish in Lake Asphaltites.—Hasselquist and Maundrell discovered shell-fish on the shore.—The moon rising at two in the morning, brought with her a strong breeze, which, without cooling the air, produced a slight undulation on the surface of the lake. The waves, charged with salt, soon subsided by their own weight, and scarcely broke against the shore. A dismal sound proceeded from this lake of death, like the stifled clamors of the people engulfed in its waters. The dawn appeared on the opposite mountains of Arabia. The Dead Sea, and the valley of the Jordan, glowed with an admirable tint; but this rich appearance served only to heighten the desolation of the scene. . . . . The shores of the Dead Sea are without birds, without trees, without verdure; and its waters excessively bitter, and so heavy, that the most impetuous winds can scarcely ruffle their surface.

*Sicilian Assassination, and British Resolution.*—Mr. Vaughan, in his "View of the present State of Sicily," relates, that, at the time when Sir John Sherbrooke was commander-in-chief of the British forces in Sicily, the stiletto was so much in fashion, that, in the course of four months, twenty-three English sailors from our transports, and soldiers, were stabbed in Messina; and no steps being taken by the police, notwithstanding our remonstrances, to check this dreadful evil, the general, it was understood, at length, wanted on the governor Guillinichini, and stated, that, unless some immediate stop was put to these outrages, he should be under the necessity of giving out an order that the first person, found near the body of an Englishman assassinated, should be hanged on the spot.



"And suppose, Sir," said the governor, "that happened to be me?"—"If, Sir," replied the general, "imperious necessity calls forth such an order, it must be obeyed."—Certain it is, from that moment it declined.

*Preservative from Lightning.*—Mr. Davy, in his fourth lecture at the Royal Institution, recommends the following method of escaping the effects of lightning. A walking-cane might be fitted with a steel or iron rod to draw out at each end. In a thunder-storm, one of these rods might be stuck into the ground, and the other be elevated eight or nine feet above the surface; which being done, the person should lie down at a few yards' distance from the cane. By means of this simple apparatus, the lightning, attracted by the wire, would descend into the earth, without injuring him.

*Economic Remarks on Heat.*—The same gentleman, in his sixth lecture, observed, that, from natural causes explained by him, metallic vessels are better calculated to preserve liquids or meats hot, than porcelain or glass vessels;—and that pipes, for heating rooms, should be polished, where they are intended to retain heat, and covered with black paint or varnish, where they are intended to give it off.

*Corns and callous Heels.*—About a month ago, Mr. Napper, of Chichester, in paring his heel, cut to the quick, and, having neglected the wound, brought on a mortification, of which he died.—On occasion of that event, a correspondent offers the following recipe for corns, &c. which he has himself successfully used for many years—Melt any quantity of common soap—which is best done by putting it, in small pieces, with a spoonful or two of water, into any vessel, to be placed in a saucepan of hot water on the fire. When melted, add to it an equal quantity of coarse sea-sand—sifted, however, from the over-coarse particles—still keeping it on the fire, until the sand become equally hot with the soap. Then pour it into a cup, or any thing else of proper shape to serve as a mould—keeping the mould warm by means of hot water, or otherwise, until the mixture be compactly pressed into a solid mass—When cold and hard, this wash-ball, occasionally rubbed, with warm water, against corns or callous heels, will render them quite soft and easy.

*Domestic Refinement of Sugar.*—The following simple process, for refining and clarifying sugar in 24 hours, has been

discovered by Edward Howard, esq. F.R.S. and is successfully practised by a French chemist here. Take brown sugar: sift it through a coarse sieve; then put it lightly into any conical vessel having holes at the bottom, like a coffee-machine. Then mix some brown sugar with white syrup, that is, syrup of refined sugar, to the consistency of batter or thick cream, and pour it gently on the top of the sugar in the vessel, till the surface is covered. The syrup will soon begin to percolate, and leave the surface in a state which will allow more syrup to be poured upon it, which is to be done carefully. The treacle will be found to come out at the bottom, having left the whole mass perfectly white. The first droppings are to be kept apart, as the last will serve to begin another operation. The sugar is now in a pure state, except as to its containing insoluble matter, which may of course be separated by solution in water.

*Bank-Notes; an Anecdote.*—When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was taken in the south of Ireland some months ago, curiosity drew numbers to the gaol to see the man loaded with irons, who had long been a terror to the country. Among others, was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah! Sir! I did not expect that from *you*: indeed I did not: for you well know, that, when all the country refused your notes, *I took them.*"

*Alarming Increase of Rabbits.*—Wild rabbits, it is said, have alarmingly increased throughout the country, since they were put under the protection of the game-laws. The consequence is, that field crops of almost all kinds suffer greatly. Wheat (especially if it be sown on thin gravelly land) is their favorite winter food. The damage done by them to such crops is incalculable; many acres of this most valuable grain in the different counties being annually much injured, or totally destroyed, to the great detriment of the farmer, and most serious loss to the public.

*Preservation of Alimentary Substances.*—Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, some time since, conceived the idea of preserving animal and vegetable substances, by simply drying them by evaporation in the air-pump; and two chemists in France are now engaged in experiments to carry the plan into effect.

## POETRY.

## BOUTS-RIMÉS,

*or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option;—the rhimes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.*

Deny, cry; Laws, applause; Reign,  
stain; Tire, admire; Wise, despise;  
Shine, fine; Weak, seek; Sore, deplore.

*Lines, on perusing an old LETTER.*

*By J. M. L.*

TWELVE years this letter unperus'd has  
lain; [seems,  
A lapse of time how large! and yet it  
By recollection's pow'r, but yesterday,  
When all it speaks of, happen'd.—In that  
time, [by death;  
The hand that penn'd it has been numb'd  
The spirit that dictated it has fled,  
And now looks back on all the hopes and  
fears  
That fill its page, as veriest trifles!—Yet,  
With trifles such as these, men fill up  
life. [have been seen!  
Since this was penn'd, what changes  
States and their rulers, mix'd in common  
ruin, [war,  
Have pass'd away; while war, insatiate  
Has hurried millions to the realms of  
death,  
And giv'n to millions, yet remaining here,  
Mis'ry, and want, and unavailing tears!  
Has left the parent mourning for his child;  
The orphan'd child imploring for his sire;  
The wife lamenting for a husband slain;  
The peasant weeping o'er his ruin'd hopes;  
And all the untold agonies that wait  
On war's destructive stride.

Since this was penn'd,  
One merchant has by speculation gain'd,  
And close industry, fortune most immense:  
Another, whose industry was not less,  
By speculation ruin'd, has to grieve  
O'er wife and offspring sunk in want's  
sad gloom!— [his school,  
Since this was penn'd, the youth has left  
And all the tasks which then he hateful  
thought; [of love,  
Has grown to manhood, felt the force of

And won the maiden to his fond embrace;  
Become the man of family, and now  
Fondles his own resemblance in his arms.

When this was penn'd, I was quite  
young in life, [hours;  
Had just emerg'd from boyhood's jocund  
And fancy show'd the world a scene of  
bliss. [brow,  
Importance seem'd to hover round my  
As busy commerce op'd her various stores,  
And I was happy in becoming man;  
Nor ever thought how deeply I should  
mourn

O'er youthful days of joy for ever lost.  
The first and deepest pang that I have felt,  
Was when I lost a father's fost'ring care,  
A father's sound advice! a father's love!  
'That was a pang indeed! The cares of life,  
Ere he was plac'd within the peaceful  
grave,

Fix'd in my bosom all their busy fangs,  
And taught me soon, that this same  
world of ours [drew—  
Was not the scene of bliss that fancy  
Was not the seat of undivided peace—  
Was not the spot where virtue only dwelt;  
But where too oft each sad reverse is found!  
Since then, in bitterness I've often sigh'd  
O'er honor forfeited, o'er fame despis'd,  
O'er love abus'd, and friendship unre-  
turn'd!—

But, midst the cares of life, I will not say  
I never found a solace:—yes, I have:—  
I've found a solace from a friend that's  
true; [smile;  
From virtuous woman's sweet, approving  
From Nature's charms, where Art had  
never laid [hand;  
Her much-improving, much destroying  
From inward rectitude, which whisper'd  
soft [least,  
That heav'n was still, or ought to be at  
A solace, and an everlasting one,  
Against the worst of ills that life could  
bring.

Oh! recollection! hardly do I know  
Whether to thank, or not, thy wond'rous  
pow'r.  
Thou bringest much of mis'ry in thy train,  
And very little joy to compensate:  
Yet, in the mem'ry of departed woes,  
There's mix'd so much of pleasure in th  
thought

That they no longer steal our peace away,  
Their terrors we contemplate with a smile.

March 4, 1812.

## LOVE and POVERTY.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

AFTER blushing and courting,  
 Much caressing and sporting,  
 To church with his charmer went honest  
 John Trot;  
 Whence, in wedlock united,  
 He return'd quite delighted;  
 And Cupid attended him home to his cot;  
 Where so joyous they bail'd him,  
 And with dainties regal'd him,  
 The little god vow'd he would long with  
 them tarry;  
 While the bride smil'd so sweetly,  
 And did all things so neatly,  
 John bless'd the dear moment he ask'd  
 her to marry.

With soft billings and cooings,  
 And such other love-doings,  
 Spring, Summer, and Autumn, flew  
 quickly away;  
 Till, with blue face so scowling,  
 Tyrant Winter came howling,  
 With storms, cold and snows, and his  
 cheerless short day.

When, become much less loving,  
 John was ev'ry day proving  
 That mortals can't live upon kisses  
 alone;—  
 While, from dainties in plenty,  
 Food became soon so scanty,  
 Poor Cupid complain'd, and declar'd he'd  
 be gone.

And, as once with cold members,  
 O'er a few glowing embers,  
 The tedious dull hours he sat dozing away;  
 He was rous'd from his napping.  
 By a pretty loud rapping,  
 And voice at the door, that cried, " Let  
 me in, pray."

John rose at the calling,  
 When that spectre appalling, [do?]  
 Chill Poverty, enters with " How do you  
 Soon as Love did behold him,  
 No pray'rs could withhold him: [flew.  
 But out at the window th' affrighted god

On WINTER.—By S. B. N\*\*\*\*\*.  
 SEE wasting Winter now appear,  
 To swell the sighing gale,  
 With rude and rising hand to tear  
 Each beauty from the vale!  
 For oh! behold the field, the lawn,  
 How all their glories fail!  
 Approaching eve, or early dawn,  
 Presents a cheerless dale.  
 No more enamel'd meads look gay,  
 Or scent the passing gale;

And each mute bird, on leafless spray,  
 Suspends his artless tale.  
 Some few months since, how sweet the  
 scene!

How pleasing 'twas to hail  
 The morning beauties of the green,  
 And taste the flowing pail!  
 And, but that anguish oft did make  
 Life wearisome and stale,  
 Such pleasures rarely I'd forsake:  
 Such joys could seldom fail.

But ah! remembrance vainly roves.  
 Ah! what can now avail  
 The blasted beauties of the groves?  
 No fragrance they exhale!

But still, amid the gloomy storms  
 Of wintry snow and hail,  
 Fond fancy figures future forms,  
 To cheer the present bale.

Again she pictures to my sigh  
 The beauties of the dale;  
 The shrubs again in verdure bright—  
 Gay liv'ry of the vale.

Once more, methinks, the birds my ear  
 With music shall assail;  
 And I, for notes so justly dear,  
 Exchange the sounding flail.

Oh Winter! emblem trite and true  
 Of life so fleet and frail,  
 (For, in thy fading scenes, we view  
 Man's youth and glories fail)

Say, wilt thou shortly change thy face,  
 The Spring thy damps exhale;  
 And man alone lament his case?  
 His blasted joys bewail?

Shall plants decay, and bloom again;  
 Each little fly and snail  
 Rise up, when Spring renews her reign—  
 And man's bright prospects fail?

No! Nature strongly tells him this—  
 That mercy's wafting gale  
 Shall hear him to yon port of bliss,  
 Where Death unfurls the sail—

In youth regen'rate, freed from pain,  
 There endless joys to hail!  
 The grave, which did his corse retain,  
 Shall then new life unveil.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
 in our Magazine for December.

The SAILOR'S ADIEU.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

ADIEU, my Mary! see! th' expanding sail  
 Ascends the mast, and feels the fav'ring  
 gale. [not grieves.  
 Dry, dry those tears: for Beauty should

We part, 'tis true; but still my heart I  
*leave.*

Adieu, sweet maid! amid the howling storm,  
One thought of thee will still this bosom  
*warm;* [shall flow,

For never, while life's crimson stream  
At thought of thee will William cease to  
*glow.* [ing sweep,

Though fierce tornadoes may, with whirl-  
Lash into rage the bellowing foamy deep,  
And threaten death; still Providence on  
*high* [the sky;

Sleeps not, my love, when tempests rend  
But, ever watchful, will, with secret force,  
Guide our frail vessel on her wat'ry course.  
In Him confide. Assur'd that He can save  
In utmost need, with dauntless soul I  
*brave* [prove—

The dang'rous deep, and all its terrors  
Fearful alone to lose my Mary's love.

Another—*The DEPARTURE.*

By W. E. junior.

THE anchor weigh'd, unfurl'd each sail,  
The vessel scuds before the gale.  
My love! my Rosabel! I grieve,  
Thee, and my native land, to leave.  
Yet, when thick darkness veils the sky,  
When roll the billows mountains high,  
And rages loud the ruthless storm,  
The thought of thee my breast shall warm.  
And, when contending whirlwinds sweep  
The surface of the angry deep—  
When dash the waves with furious force—  
And devious is the vessel's course—  
When courage fails the storm to brave,  
Nor rules of art the ship can save—  
Still, while the vital stream shall flow,  
With thought of thee my breast shall glow.

Completion of the *BOUITS-RIMÉS* proposed  
in our Magazine for January.

Stanzas to ELLEN, by J. M. L.

DEAR one! upbraid me not with change!  
This heart ne'er felt a wish to range  
From peace, from love, and thee.  
Its ev'ry hope, its ev'ry fear,  
Rises for thee with truth sincere,  
As lovers' truth should be!

Ellen! thou know'st I've lov'd thee long,  
With passion pure as it is strong:  
Then do not doubt me now.—  
I envy not the great or wise:  
Thou art the only gem I prize:  
Then hear my ardent vow.

I would not, for the world's best gain,  
Give to thy breast one pang of pain,  
One moment's pause of peace:  
But, oh! it should be mine to strike  
Each bitter care away to drive,  
And bid thy troubles cease.

Thus might our loves more fervent grow,  
Nor passions wild, nor feelings low,  
Invade our hours of rest:  
Love, such as this, could never clay:—  
Ellen, such love may we enjoy!  
'T would rank us with the blest!

*The CHALLENGE.*—Imitation of the French  
Epigram in our Magazine for January.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

ON some trifling occasion, with insolent  
tongue,

A Gascon once bullied so loud and so long,  
His opponent resolv'd with cold steel he  
would treat him,  
So nam'd time and place, when and where  
he should meet him.

Arriv'd on the spot—pale and trembling  
through fear, [shall appear,  
The Gascon exclaim'd, "Soon as blood  
We will, if you please, discontinue the  
fray."— [my way:

"No! no!" said the other: "that's never  
You or I on the sod shall remain, ere  
we've done."— "[—I'll be gone."  
"Then do you," said the Gascon, "remain:

Or an HOUR-GLASS.

How changing all things earthly prove, :  
This hour-glass well may show.  
That part, which stands one hour above,  
The next is placed below.

*The HEAD-ACHE.*

As a vain would-be scholar sat with his  
head pendent, [poll,  
And complain'd of a terrible pain in his  
"The head-ache," says he, "is on genius  
attendant,  
And seldom or never harasses a fool."—  
"If what you aver," says one present,  
"be true, [upon you!"  
'Tis a wonder the head-ache should pitch.

*Long STORIES.*

JACK, whose long stories never fail,  
Now mounts the starry zone,  
And, talking of the comet's tail,  
Much longer makes his own\*. [\* tale]

*The AUCTIONEER and the BAILIFF.*

AN auctioneer, whose talents scarce a-  
vail'd him, [him,  
To ward the many troubles that assail'd  
Passing one day along the public street,  
A sheriff's officer he chanc'd to meet—  
A quondam crony, who, with lowly bend,  
Produced a writ he held against his friend;  
Lamenting with much pother and gri-  
mace, [ease:  
That he had been commission'd in this

But 'twas his business—he could not re-  
fuse it, [cuse it.  
So hop'd his friend would graciously ex-  
The auctioneer with angry aspect ey'd  
His old acquaintance, and at length re-  
ply'd :  
“ Men of professional employs, like us,  
Of friendship and its ties disdain the  
fuss—  
Private to public duties must resign,  
And, as you've done your office, I'll do  
mine— [knowu.”  
By diff'rent acts our callings are made  
Thus having said, he knock'd the bailiff  
down.

—————  
SUPERSTITION.

*From the Sequel to the Poetical Monitor, by  
ELIZ. HILL.*

FANCY! who lov'st thy magic forms to  
throw [below,  
O'er the weak mind, when darkness reigns  
Aided by thee, see, Terror lifts his head,  
And leaves the dreary mansions of the  
dead; [care,  
In shapes more various mocks at human  
Than e'er the fabled Proteus us'd to wear:  
Now in the lonely way, each trav'ler's  
dread,  
He stalks, a giant shape without a head;  
Now in the haunted house, his dread do-  
main, [ing chain:  
The curtain draws, and shakes the clink-  
Hence fabled ghosts arise, and spectres  
dire, [fire:  
Theme of each ev'ning tale by winter's  
With groans of distant friends affrights  
the ear,  
Or sits a phantom in the vacant chair;  
Now in wild dreams the anxious mother  
moves, [loves.  
Or bids fond virgins mourn their absent  
Sylvia in vain her wearied eyes would  
close, [adieu repose!  
Hark! the sad death-watch clicks!—  
The distant owl, or yelling mastiff near;  
Terror still vibrates on the list'ning ear,  
And bids th' affrighted Sylvia vigils keep;  
For Fancy, like Macbeth, has murder'd  
sleep.

The STORM.

*From Miss Mitford's* CHRISTINA.  
THE setting sun, with lurid ray,  
Crimson'd the vast Pacific's spray;  
The low'ring welkin darker grew;  
The sable rack low threat'ning flew;  
And, thro' the gath'ring mist, the sun  
Subd'd in blood-red lustre shone;

Awhile, like some dark oracle  
Which deals around its deadly spell,  
Upon the ocean's verge it stood,  
Then sank beneath the heaving flood:  
And sailors spoke the word of fear;  
“ A dreadful storm is gath'ring near!”  
Columbia's vessel rode the main,  
And proudly plough'd the wat'ry plain;  
Yet quail'd the seaman's courage true,  
To mark the high wave's low'ring hue,  
The deep'ning shades fast closing round,  
The distant thunder's rumbling sound;  
And the bold captain frown'd to see  
The lightning's fearful revelry.  
A Briton calmly pac'd the deck;  
Can storms the British spirit check?  
That spirit which still higher soars,  
As tyrant threats, or cannon roars!  
No, firm as Albion's rugged rock,  
He stem'd old Ocean's rudest shock;  
And, buoyant as the Highland gale,  
Chung to the mast, and trimm'd the sail.  
Now the dark spirit of the storm  
Uprears his grin and awful form!  
The swelling waves rise mountain-high,  
As if to search the viewless sky;  
The ship, by struggling billows tost,  
One moment, sinks between them lost,  
Becaln'd and tranquil as the lake  
That smiles by Derwent's woody brake;  
Whilst o'er her head, in dread repose,  
The meeting waters seem to close:  
The next, high o'er the ocean borne,  
See her tough sails to atoms torn.  
The dismal howling of the gale,  
The thunder-claps, the rattling hail,  
The wreck of elemental world,  
In dizzy sound the senses whirl'd.  
Now the blue lightning flashes high,  
Like fun'ral torch, across the sky!  
Now deeper horrors shade the wave,  
Like the chill darkness of the grave!  
Scudding before the southern wind,  
The vessel's track lay far behind,  
And midnight came amid their woes—  
In tempests came, nor brought repose.

A un ROSIER donné à Pauline.

LORSQUE ta fleur décolorée  
Aura perdu son éclat, sa fraîcheur,  
De ses plus doux trésors voi Pauline  
parée;  
Et, suspendant tes regrets, ta douleur,  
Jouis, heureux rosier, de ces méta-  
morphoses: [pudeur  
En les éparpillant sur son teint, la  
A trouvé le secret d' éterniser les roses.  
\*\*\* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.





*London Walking & Evening Dresses.*

London fashionable DRESSES.

*Walking Dress.*—A spencer, of blue silk, with facings, collar, wings, and cuffs of plush to match.—A bonnet composed of silk and velvet, to agree in color with the spencer.—Feather, the same.

*Evening Dress* of pink silk, either flowered or plain, trimmed with crape of the same color, and ornamented with small white buttons.—Cap of velvet and lace, trimmed with footing and a flower.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

\* \* \* *The Dates between crotchets [ ] mark the days on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the "Morning Chronicle," or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.*

[London, Feb. 26] Intelligence from Guadaloupe states that the inhabitants, being called upon by a proclamation of Governor Cochrane, to enrol themselves in the militia for the preservation of the internal peace of the island—but conceiving that they were to be employed in defending the island from foreign attack—refused to turn out—alleging, in excuse, that any one taking up arms against the French, would, by an existing decree, immediately forfeit the property he possesses in France, and ultimately, in the event of peace, his possessions in the island.—Fines were levied on the disobedient, and further measures of severity were expected.—On account of the distresses of the colony, meetings had been held in different districts of the island. In one of these it was stated, that, within the last few years, two millions and a half sterling had been laid out in the coffee-plantations, in which 7000 negroes were employed.

[28] Under the embarrassment of the Spanish government for their lost king, a new candidate has made his appearance:—the Portuguese princess Maria Teresa, who is married to the Infant of Spain, D. Pedro Carlos, has been delivered of a son, in Brasil.

[29] By a vessel which arrived at Liverpool, on Wednesday, from New York, accounts are received to the 4th inst. (Feb.) Congress has agreed to raise an army of 50,000, instead of 25,000 men.

[29] Adyices from Rio Janeiro, to the 2d of December, state, that, notwithstanding the amicable settlement between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the Portuguese troops had not, in conformity to it, withdrawn from the northern bank of the Rio de la Plata; whence a

secret understanding is suspected to exist between governor Elio and the Portuguese.

[29] The commander of the British Baltic fleet has notified to the government of Sweden, that the vessels of that nation, passing from Swedish ports to the ports of Pomerania, should not be molested by British cruisers, provided their cargoes consisted of a moiety of colonial produce, or of articles of British manufacture.

[March 2] At Carthagena (S. America) a revolution took place in the beginning of November.—A declaration was issued, signed by about twenty representatives from various districts of the province, asserting their independence of the mother-country, and of the government of Caraccas.—No blood was shed: the first act of the new Junta was the abolition of the Inquisition; and they declare themselves willing to unite in a general league with the provinces of Venezuela and Santafé.

[2] Letters from Constantinople, of the 2d of January, state, that official intelligence had been received in that capital, of the overthrow of the Wechabites, in several engagements, by the Egyptian forces commanded by one of the sons of Mahomed Aly-Pacha; who had marched straight to Mecca with the intention of chasing them from thence. It is also stated that the troubles in Kurdistan had terminated; and that Nahal and Jubab, strong forts in the Peninsula of the Arabs, had been conquered from the Wechabites.

[2] Buda, Jan. 27. It appears that the account of a battle between the Turks and Russians near Rudschuck (See our last No. page 91) is a mere fable, invented by speculators.



[4] *Constantinople, Jan. 10*—The Russian and Turkish generals in chief have agreed to a suspension of arms for an indefinite time, upon the single condition of giving twenty days' notice of the termination of the armistice.

[6] *Vera Cruz, Novem. 30.* All the efforts of Gen. Venegas to establish order in this colony, appear to have been ineffectual, and the patriots make a rapid progress in their attempts. Much blood has been already shed in the mode of warfare adopted by the revolutionists, which is, as in the mother country, by guerillas, or skirmishing parties. These troops have already taken possession of the principal defiles of the country, and of many of the strong places.

[6] A decree has been published in the Grand Duchy of Berg, in which Napoleon, to the exclusion of his nephew, the grand duke, assumes to himself the sovereignty, by ordering the execution of the same in his own sole name, and under his own sole authority.—By this instrument he takes into his hands all the manufactured or unmanufactured tobacco which shall be found in the territory, and all the machines, implements, &c. employed upon it, for which, he says, compensation shall be made to the proprietors.

[7] Accounts from Petersburg state that the levy of 150,000 men, ordered some time since, has been called out for organisation.

[7] On the 27th of January, a French force entered Stralsund, under an appearance of friendship, made the governor prisoner, set seals on the custom-house, and placed the royal banners of Sweden beneath the French imperial eagle on the ramparts.—They have raised heavy contributions on the inhabitants of Pomerania, and seized several Russian vessels in the harbour of Stralsund.

[9] In Teneriffe, 2,500 persons have been carried off by the fever.

[9] Madame Blanchard, notwithstanding her late disaster at Rome, made another ascension from that capital on the 23d December. After experiencing the extremes of heat and cold, she says, she fell into a profound sleep, during which her balloon attained an elevation of 12,000 feet.

[9] Bonaparté has granted to the merchants of Bourdeaux six licences to trade to England—and thirty-six others to the merchants of Amsterdam, Hamburg, &c.

[9] Louis Bonaparté, under the assumed title of count Leu, remains at Gratz.

His health is said to be much improved. He lately received an intimation that his presence in Paris would not be unacceptable; but he replied that his physicians advised retirement, to which his own wishes inclined.

[9] General Dorsenne has transmitted a detailed account to M. Cuvier, of four atmospheric stones, which fell at Berlanguillas, in Spain. They were preceded by three loud explosions resembling the discharge of a cannon; and by a fourth, which lasted about a minute, and which resembled the fire of a platoon of musketry. Some peasants, who were at work in a field, heard the reports, and, in a few minutes after, saw something fall, which raised a cloud of dust.—On approaching the spot, they found, at the depth of eight inches, a burnt stone, surrounded by a hot and red earth. At the distance of about 60 paces, they likewise found three others. The peasants add, that they remarked in the air a shade, caused apparently by the smoke of the explosion.

[10] Advices from Spain, of the 23d February, mention that the French had formally commenced the siege of Alcant.

[10] It is announced in several French journals, that an elderly female, who had been long afflicted with a cancer in the breast, was first relieved, and afterwards cured, by the application of house-leek (*joubarbe*). The cure is attested by several physicians.

[12] Letters from Gottenburg, of March 8, state that a powerful body of French troops were advancing into the Prussian states, to carry into effect a convention between Frederic William and Bonaparté, under which all the posts of Prussia were to be occupied by the French;—and that the Prussian monarch had, by public edict, forbidden the introduction of colonial produce into his territories, and prohibited all communication between his dominions and those of Sweden.

[12] On the 20th of January, the French commenced the siege of Peniscola, which, after eight days of continued bombardment, was surrendered on the 4th of February, through the treachery of the governor.

[12] *Hamburg, February 25th.* One of our first houses, which had accepted drafts to the amount of 100,000 marks, from England, was obliged to pay the same sum over again to the police.

[12] The computation of the forces of Napoleon on the Elbe, the Oder, the Via-

tula, and the Danube, all in a situation to bear upon the powers of the North, is stated as high as 300,000 men.

[16] *Laguaira, Decemb. 23.* An order has been issued by the revolutionary authorities established in Valencia, by which the inhabitants are exposed to the most severe restrictions; they are scarcely allowed to stir from their houses after dark, and not a man of them is permitted to retain a sword, a musket, or any other weapon, under the heaviest penalties. This measure has been resorted to in consequence of the discovery, about a month ago, of a conspiracy to turn out the revolutionists. It failed; and 29 suffered public execution; others were banished or sent to solitary confinement.

[16] *Jan. 22.* Madame Reichard ascended with a balloon from Königsberg. Soon after she had passed the clouds, she was assailed by a violent hurricane: the balloon became prodigiously inflated; and the mercury in the barometer stood at eleven inches. Nearly deprived of breath by the coldness and rarefaction of the air, she fainted. On recovering, she found her balloon empty, and torn to pieces. Attacked by another gust of wind, she rapidly descended on the tops of some trees, again fainted, and was taken up half-dead, but afterwards recovered.

[16] In France, the exportation of wine has become absolutely necessary; many vineyards having been destroyed, and the entire cessation of this productive branch of agriculture having been threatened by the protracted impediments to the exportation.

[16] The inhabitants of Demerara and Tobago, in petitions to the Regent and Parliament, state their losses, during the last year, at between 1,200,000 and £1,500,000 sterling.

[17] *Hamburg, Feb. 28.* An order of government has been published here, by which all vessels, proved to have had communication with Heligoland, shall be seized, and the commanders of such vessels punished with death.

[17] *Stockholm, March 2.* The French troops in Pomerania insist on being supplied with whatever they want, more strictly than even in time of war, and pay nothing for what they get. Since their entrance, the inhabitants have twice been obliged to pay a very heavy capitation tax.

[17] Letters, of the 13th inst from

Heligoland, mention that not a single French soldier remained in the city of Hamburg—every company and individual having marched off in an eastern direction.—During their absence, the Danes are to occupy Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen; the French deeming it unsafe to trust the government to the civil magistrates.

[18] *Washington, Feb. 5.* A bill, appropriating one million of dollars for the defence of the maritime frontier of the United States, was passed by the House of Representatives.—Other bills for military and naval appropriations have also been passed.—By these, upwards of thirteen millions of dollars are appropriated for the service of the present year.

[21] *Bern, Feb. 19.* We have received intelligence from St. Bernhard, that, last week, an avalanche of snow carried with it a transport of 60 horses and their drivers down into the vale beneath.

[21] Count Gottorp (late king of Sweden), having obtained the consent of the court of Baden to his divorce, was formally separated from his consort, a princess of Baden, on the 18th of February, at Basle, in Switzerland.—Her acquiescence was marked with lively chagrin.

[23] Manufactories, for the extraction of sugar from chestnuts, are about to be established at Naples, Florence, and Genoa.—Chestnuts, it is said, will yield one tenth part of their weight of pure sugar.

[26] *Lisbon, Feb. 28.* Accounts from Cadiz say that the new government has displayed an unexampled energy—Its orders, and their effect, have extended from Catalonia to Andalusia. They are decisive, and promptly executed. Many useful reforms have been made in the Isle of Leon, where General Doyle is employed in disciplining the Spanish recruits.

[26] By the Lisbon mail of yesterday, we learn that Lord Wellington is gone to superintend in person the preparations for the siege of Badajoz.

[27] The Portuguese government is indefatigable in sending off supplies and ammunition for the army destined to act against Badajoz.

[27] It is stated in several of the Spanish Gazettes, that the whole of the Imperial guards had, in February, received orders to proceed immediately to France. As these troops always accompany Bonaparte in his military expeditions, their removal from Spain is regarded as the commencement of their march to Poland.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

On February 29th, all the King's physicians attended the Queen's council at Windsor, and reported, that, although His Majesty now uniformly enjoyed the refreshment of sleep for a longer period each day than in the earlier period of his complaint, yet no abatement of the mental delusions appeared; a circumstance, that served to diminish the hopes of his recovery. He had slept, on an average, five hours and a half each day.—On this occasion, notice was given that the bulletin would, in future, be issued from Windsor on the last Saturday in the month, and shown at St. James's palace on the following day; and no information concerning him has since been communicated to the public. \*

*Price of Bread.*—Quartern wheaten loaf, February 27, sixteen pence, farthing—March 3, sixteen pence, halfpenny—March 12, seventeen pence—March 19, seventeen pence, halfpenny—March 26, eighteen pence.

[London, February 26] In the court of King's Bench, Dublin, John Magee, proprietor of the "*Dublin Evening Post*," was tried (Feb. 21) on a charge of libel in the publication of an article entitled "*Inefficiency of the Police*."—The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of printing and publishing, but *not* with a malicious intent:" but the judge (Chief Justice Dowdes) having refused to take this verdict, the jury, after long deliberation, returned a verdict of "*Guilty*."

[27] In the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, twenty frames or machines have been broken, employed exclusively in the operation of cropping cloth. Serious apprehensions are entertained that further mischief will be committed.

[26] One of the most dreadful storms of thunder and lightning, in the memory of man, took place on Tuesday. Letters, received yesterday, mention, that, in Torbay, the Tonnant had 24 men killed or wounded by the lightning; one man was killed on board the *Salvador del Mundo*; two on board a brig; 10 were struck down and hurt on board the *Helicon*. The Cumberland had 20 men beaten down, but none killed.

[29] Feb. 22, the Catholic Board held a meeting in Dublin—appointed a com-

mittee to draw up an address to the Regent—and resolved to call an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland, for Friday, the 28th, to consider the best and most effectual means of bringing their cause before both Houses of Parliament.

[March 2] In consequence of a recent decision in the court of Temds (Tithes), in Edinburgh, none of the established clergy of Scotland will have a smaller stipend than 150l. sterling, and 5l. 6s. 8d. for communion elements, besides a manse and glebe in the parishes.

[2] A few days ago, a cat, belonging to Mr. Merle, auctioneer, of Brighton, gave birth to three kittens, each of which has two heads!—They are all alive at the present moment, and free to the inspection of the curious.

[3] On Thursday, in Dublin, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics unanimously voted an address to the Regent, and a petition to both houses of Parliament, praying a repeal of the penal laws which bind the Catholics of Ireland.

[3] A meeting of the Protestant noblemen and gentlemen possessing property in Ireland was yesterday held at the thatched house tavern, St. James's-street—Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair—for the purpose of signing a petition to Parliament, in favor of the Catholic claims.

[5] The following is from a Liverpool paper.—"We are extremely concerned to state, that the 'fund for the relief of the poor,' which has of late enabled them to endure the unprecedented hardships of the times, is at length completely exhausted. In the course of the ensuing week, fifteen or sixteen thousand of our poor neighbours will have to experience a sudden privation of that scanty pitance, to which they have looked eagerly from week to week, as their only resource against absolute famine.

[5] Yesterday, was held at Brewers' hall, Addle-street, a meeting for the purpose of establishing, for the wards of Aldersgate, Coleman-street, Bassishaw, Cripplegate within and without, and for the parish of St. Luke, and the liberty of Glass house-yard, Middlesex, an institution on Mr. Lancaster's plan, to

instruct indigent children in writing, reading, and the Bible, under the patronage of his royal highness the duke of Kent.—Here it was shown that a thousand children may be thus educated at the annual expense of 200 or £250; and Mr. Sheriff Heygate observed, that, in his official situation, he had occasion to remark, that almost all those persons who fell victims to justice, were such as could neither write nor read, and were wholly unacquainted with the Bible.

[6] Yesterday, Benjamin Walsh, esq. convicted of felony, but pardoned by the Regent, was, by a vote of the House of Commons, (101, against 16), declared “unworthy and unfit to continue a member of that house.” (See our Magazine for January, p. 47, and Feb. p. 95.)

[7] On the arrival of the Bath coach at Chippenham on Tuesday morning after a cold night of incessant rain, two of the outside passengers were found dead, and a third lying in a state of insensibility, but still retaining some faint signs of animation. This last died the next morning.

[7] In the court of King’s Bench, yesterday, D. I. Eaton, bookseller, was found guilty of publishing the third part of Paine’s Age of Reason. Immediately after his conviction, he was committed to Newgate.

[9] On Saturday evening, as Mrs. Marsdell, of Brixton Causeway, was walking through Kennington, she was accosted by a man of genteel appearance, who endeavoured to enter into conversation with her. Mrs. Marsdell expressed a wish that he would leave her; which, after walking about twenty yards by her side, he did. She soon afterwards found that her pocket had been cut off with some sharp instrument, the point of which had slightly wounded her in the side.

[9] Advertised amount of subscriptions for the relief of the British prisoners in France, above seventy-three thousand, seven hundred pounds.

[11] At Guildhall, yesterday, James Taylor, aged seventeen, was sentenced to a month’s imprisonment in Bridewell (thence to be sent to sea) for having written an anonymous letter instigating certain persons to burn his master’s house.

[11] At the Ely assises, on Thursday, Michael Whiting, a dissenting preacher, was convicted of having administered poison to his two brothers-in-law, for the purpose of gaining possession of their fathers’ estate.

[11] The intended Breakwater in Plymouth Sound, which is to render that anchorage safe from the dangerous swell which now rolls in from the Atlantic, it is estimated, will cost one million three hundred thousand pounds, and will employ 1600 men nearly seven years in completing. It will be formed of 850 fathoms of sunken masses of marble rock (only 180 feet short of a mile), at a distance of about half a mile from the shore, a proper height above the water, and on which are to be a pier and a light-house.

[13] Another stockbroker, James Fall, has, after the example of Mr. Walsh before mentioned, absconded with property to the amount of above £20,000, and embarked for America.

[14] A message from the Regent was communicated to parliament last night, for continuing the supply voted last year for the maintenance of the Portuguese troops.

[14] To the great surprise of the medical profession in general, the lady in Devonshire-street, who attempted, some time since, to terminate her existence, is in a fair way for recovery, although the ball passed through her chest, wounding her lungs. (See our last No. p. 95.)

[14] According to the return made to the house of Commons, the number of the whole local militia force, enrolled and serving at the late period of training and exercise, was 10,189 serjeants, 9395 corporals, 5237 drummers, 202,963 privates.

[14] Since the commencement of the disturbances in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, 42 lace-frames have been destroyed, and 544 plain silk and cotton stocking frames—worth, on an average, when new, the former about £60, the latter from 18 to £20.—The mayor has received a letter, threatening, that, if any of the persons, now confined for rioting, be found guilty and punished, the town of Nottingham will be set on fire.—The frame-breakers have raised between 300 and £400, for the purpose of engaging the first legal counsel.

[14] At the late Cambridge assises, Daniel Dawson was tried for poisoning a race-horse at Newmarket, last year. (See our last Vol. pp. 238 and 391.) The fact was sufficiently proved; but the judge directed an acquittal, on the ground of his being indicted as “a principal,” instead of “an accessory before the fact.”—He is, however, detained till next assises, on a charge of poisoning horses in 1809.

[16] Letters, received on Saturday

from Nottingham, state, that the outrages of frame-breaking still continue in the neighbourhood, but that there was every prospect of their speedily being put down. On Thursday last, at Mansfield, a person was apprehended for stealing a club-box. He proves to be one of the frame-breakers, and has impeached nearly thirty of his confederates, of whom nine have been taken into custody.

[16] On the 6th, one of the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons was robbed of a valuable clock, which was afterward traced to a pawnbroker's shop in Westminster road. The thief is not yet ascertained: but a person, named John Brotherton, who had attempted to sell the pawn-broker's duplicate, has been taken into custody.

[16] The discount on Bank-notes, in Ireland, is now about three shillings and nine-pence halfpenny per guinea—which is equivalent to three shillings and six-pence, English money.

[16] On Saturday, a melancholy instance of the effect of hydrophobia was witnessed in a strong healthy man, Mr. Baker, one of the porters at the queen's palace, who was bitten by a mad dog about a month ago. No symptoms, however, were discerned till within this last day or two, when that dreadful malady appeared in all its force, and he expired on Saturday under its most aggravated horrors.

[17] Yesterday, W. Cundell and John Smith, seamen, were executed for high treason, at Horse-monger lane. After they had hung the usual time, they were beheaded, and their remains consigned to their friends, for interment.—Their crime—and that of five other men convicted with them, but pardoned by the Regent—was, that, while prisoners of war in the Isle of France, they had engaged in the French service, to obtain their release from captivity.

[17] Yesterday, Thomas Watkinson, cellarman to Mr. Devie Robertson, wine-merchant, was committed to jail—having, by his own confession, been in the habit of robbing his employer of whole hogsheads of Port, with choice bottled Claret and Madeira, by twenty and twenty-four dozens at a time.

[17] The nuptial dress of Mrs. Wellesley Pole (late Miss Tilney Long—See "Marriages") excelled, in costliness and beauty, the celebrated one worn by lady Morpeth at the time of her marriage, which was exhibited for a fortnight at

least by her mother, the late duchess of Devonshire.—The dress of the present bride consisted of a robe of real Brussels point lace; the device a single sprig; it was placed over white satin. The head was ornamented with a cottage bonnet, of the same material, viz. Brussels lace, with two ostrich feathers. She likewise wore a deep lace veil, and a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swansdown. The dress cost 700 guineas, the bonnet 150, and the veil 200. Her jewels consisted principally of a brilliant necklace and ear rings; the former cost twenty-five thousand guineas.—Every domestic in the family of Lady Catharine Long has been liberally provided for; they all have had annuities settled upon them for life; and Mrs. Wellesley Pole's own waiting woman, who was nurse to her in her infancy, has been liberally considered. The fortune remaining to Mrs. Wellesley Pole (after allowing for considerable sums given as an additional portion to each of the Misses Long, and an annuity to Lady Catharine Long) may be raised to eighty thousand pounds per annum.

[18] Two petitions were sent up last week, from Berwick—one to the house of Peers, and the other to the Commons, for the repeal of religious penal laws. Each of these petitions extended in length upwards of twelve yards, of double columns of names, closely written.

[18] On Monday morning was seen at Carlisle the beautiful phenomenon of two *parhelia*, or mock-suns, in the heavens. They were first observed about ten o'clock, and appeared of variable brightness until near twelve, when they vanished.

[18] A rat, of astonishing size, was lately killed at a public house in East Clardon, near Guildford: it measured, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, two feet three inches, and was of proportionate bulk.

[18] The accuracy of a statement made some time ago, relative to the disqualification of French prisoners to contract marriages with British subjects, having been lately called in question, a clergyman of Dumfries was induced to apply to the transport-board for accurate information on the subject, and, last Saturday, received a reply, from which the following is an extract:—"I am directed by the commissioners for the transport service, &c. to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst.; and, in return, to inform you, that, by the laws of France,

any marriage, entered into here by a French prisoner, is null and void.—I am directed to add, that it is highly desirable that such connexions should be prevented as much as possible."

[18] At the late assises at Northampton, John Waddington, for having aided in the escape of two prisoners of war, was (in addition to seven months' previous confinement) sentenced to two years' imprisonment—a fine of £200—and to give sureties for his good behavior for three years.

[19] The Grand Jury of the county of Lowth have refused to countenance an anti-catholic petition to Parliament: and nine of the Grand Jury of Cavan, with the High Bailiff, have signed two petitions in favor of the Catholics.

[21] Letters from Ireland state that a scarcity, in consequence of a failure in the potatoe crop, and by the immense exports, was beginning to be most severely felt, and to have already given rise to serious alarms.

[22] On Wednesday, George Skenr, chief clerk of Queen's-square police-office, was hanged for forgery.

[22] A deficiency of about £70,000 has been discovered in the accounts of Mr. Chinnery, chief clerk of the Treasury.

[22] The distresses at Liverpool have so much increased, that, during the week before last, 18,000 persons received relief from charitable contributions.

[23] On Friday, Charles Cheese was taken, in custody, to Bow-Street, for offering jewellery to sale, without having a pedlar's licence. He was agent to a jeweller, and assisted in the manufacture of the goods, and was stated by his employer to be merely showing patterns. He was, however, convicted in the penalty of £40.

[23] A pair of sparrows have built their nest in the mouth of the lion that forms one of the supporters of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's coat of arms, which adorns the front of the Chapel-Royal, Brighton.

[23] At the late assises, six of the Nottingham rioters were found guilty, and sentenced to transportation—three of them for 7 years, and three for 14.

[24] Last night, Mr. Creevey stated in the House of Commons, that the receipt of the customs, for the year before last, was £2,670,000, and, for the last year, only about £1,770,000.

[25] At the York assises, a curious cause was tried.—In a moment of con-

viviality, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes had offered to accept a hundred guineas, and pay a guinea a day during the life of Bonaparté. The Rev. Mr. Gilbert, rector of Settrington, had taken up the bet, and received, in successive payments, nine hundred and seventy pounds. He sued the baronet for above two thousand, two hundred more: but the jury gave a verdict for the baronet.

[25] Last night, it was stated in the House of Commons, that no more than £5,000 a year is at present allowed to the consort of the Prince Regent.

[25] On Friday se'night a jury was summoned by the Sheriff of the county to assemble at Leith, for the purpose of valuing certain pieces of ground near the wet docks, which are necessary for carrying on the improvements in that quarter. After visiting the grounds in question, and hearing counsel for the city of Edinburgh and the proprietors, the jury awarded to the proprietors 4l. 10s. as the value per square yard, or about £22,000 per acre.

[26] Last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Ponsonby stated that guineas were publicly sold in Dublin, at a premium of six shillings.

BORN.—[February 24] On Saturday, of the lady of W. Gordon, esq. M. P. a son.—[26] Feb. 17, of the lady of Sir Thos. Tancred, bart. a daughter.—[27] Tuesday, of the Countess of Loudoun and Moira, a daughter.—[27] Tuesday, of the lady of Sir John Twysden, bart. a son, who died soon after.—[29] Monday, of the lady of J. Dent, esq. M. P. a son. [March 2] Lately, of the lady of Captain J. Tremayne Rodd, R.N. a son and heir.—[3] Friday, of the lady of Edward Boyd, esq. Merton Hall, a son.—[3] Sunday, of the lady of Rowland Alston, esq. a son and heir.—[4] Sunday, of the lady of Sir John Shelley, bart. a son.—[11] Saturday, of the lady of N. Ridley Colborne, esq. M. P. a daughter.—[12] Sunday, of the lady of Major gen Loft, M. P. a son.—[13] Wednesday, of Mrs Stein, Gowet street, a daughter.—[13] Saturday, of the lady of J. Synpson Jessopp, esq. Albury place, Chesnut, a daughter.—[13] Lately, of the lady of Commodore Cockburn, a daughter.—[17] Friday, of Mrs. Baker, Foley-place, a son.—[19] Sunday, of the lady of Wm. Edward Tomline, esq. a daughter.

MARRIED.—[February 26] Yesterday, Captain J. N. Fisher, of the Royal Marines, to Miss E. M. Walker, of Swin-

now Park, Yorkshire.—[27] Tuesday, Edward Whitmore, esq. of Lombard-street, to Frances, eldest daughter of J. Pooley Kensington, esq. of Lime-Grove.—[28] Tuesday, Mr. Frederic Turner, of Bloomsbury-square, to Miss Mary Ann Roberts, of Harrow Weald.—[March 2] Saturday, Mr. W. Underwood, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Simeon Bull, esq. Holles street.—[6] Yesterday, James Curtois, esq. of Curzon-street, Mayfair, to Miss Lecch.—[6] Yesterday, Lieut. Geo. Henry Elliott, of Binfield, to Mary, eldest daughter of Major gen. Hay.—[7] Lately, Sir Francis Hartwell, bart. to Miss Aldridge, of New Lodge, Sussex.—[10] Thursday, Henry Corbould, esq. of John-street, Fitzroy-square, to Mary, only daughter of Thos. Pickles, esq. of Chelsea.—[10] March 7, Dr. John Vetch, to Henrietta Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Grant, bart.—[10] Yesterday, Captain Graham Moore, R. N. to Dora, daughter of Thos. Eden, esq. of Wimbledon.—[10] Saturday, the Hon. Mr. Eliot, brother of Lord Eliot, to Miss Robinson, daughter of Gen. Robinson.—[12] Tuesday, Col. Peachy, to Mrs. Henry.—[16] Saturday, Mr. Win. Wellesley Pole, to Miss Tiluey Long. (See page 142.)—[16] Saturday, Major W. Napier, to Caroline, daughter of the late Hon. General Fox.—[16] Saturday, Benjamin Burnett, esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robt. Burnett, of Morden Hall, Surrey.—[17] Lately, Captain G. Greensill, R. N. to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Christopher Spencer, esq. of Great Marlborough Street.—[18] Yesterday, Joseph Garrow, esq. of Great George-street, to Mrs. Fisher, of Torquay, Devon.

DECEASED.—[February 22] Monday, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Hoskins, Appleton, Berks.—[24] Wednesday, the Hon. Mary Talbot, mother of the Earl of Shrewsbury.—[25] Saturday, Mrs Catharine Bagot, Park-street.—[25] Sunday, Sir Chas. Cotton, commander of the Channel fleet.—[27] Friday, the lady of Thos. Berington, esq. of Winsley, Herts.—[27] Sunday, the Hon. Frederic Cavendish, son of the late Lord Charles Cavendish.—[27] A few days since, W. Chatfield, of Cowfold, aged 105.—[29] Friday, at St. John's Hill, Battersea Rise, the lady of Win. Hutchins, esq. [29] Feb. 23, the Hon. Lady Stanhope, sister-in-law to the late Earl of Chesterfield.—[29] Sunday, the lady of John Beck, esq. of Workington.—[March 2] Wednesday,

Sam. Devis, esq. Kentishtown, aged 38.—[2] Feb. 28, at Bath, Constantia, relict of Philip Saltmarsh, esq.—[3] March 1, Dr. Maxwell Garthshore, in his 80th year.—[4] Feb. 27, the Rev. John Guskarth, at Farborough, near Banbury.—[5] Saturday, the Countess of Aberdeen.—[6] Feb. 29, Geo. Olive, esq. late of Poole, Dorset, aged 91.—[7] Yesterday, Miss Sowerby, Beaumont-street.—[7] Feb. 10, Mrs. Arden, of Lincetta, Herefordshire.—[13] Yesterday, at Highgate, Mrs. Catharine Hodges.—[13] Wednesday, Philip James de Lautherbourg, esq. R.A.—[17] Sunday, the Hon. Lieut. gen. Veré Poulett.—[18] Monday, Mary Nugent, Marchioness of Buckingham.—[19] Sunday, at Chelsea, Miss Isabella Lucas.—[19] Monday, Lieut. gen. Thos. Davies.—[21] Wednesday, at Wimbledon, Mr. John Horne Tooke, in his 77th year.

## APPENDIX.

Return of the number of persons charged with criminal offences, who were committed to the different jails in England and Wales, for trial, at the assises and sessions held for the several counties and places therein, in the year 1811; and the total for seven years, from 1805 to 1811, both inclusive.

	1811.	Total in 7 Years.
Committed for trial		
Males - - -	3,859	24,246
Females - -	1,478	9,699
Total	5,337	33,945
Convicted - - -	3,163	20,147
Sentences, viz.—Death	*404	*2,628
Life	29	51
14 years	34	258
7 years	500	3,631
Imprisonment, and severally to be whipped, fined, pilloried, kept to hard labor, &c.	2,049	12,587
Whipping—and fine.	147	992
Acquitted - - -	1,234	37,930
No bill found; and not prosecuted - -	940	5,862
*Of whom were executed	39	393

Account of the Quantity of Sugar imported into and exported from Great Britain, in each of the years ending the 5th January, 1810, 1811, and 1812;

	IMPORTED. cwt.	EXPORTED. cwt.
1810	4,001,198	1,496,691
1811	4,808,663	1,319,340
1812	3,917,543	620,876





*Lady's Magazine. — April, 1812.*



*Her Royal Highness,  
the Princess (Charlotte  
of Wales.)*

*Engraved by J. G. Kneller, from a miniature by Mrs. S.*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 4, for April, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. Portrait of Her Royal Highness, the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE of WALES.
2. London MORNING and CHILD'S DRESSES.
3. Elegant new PATTERN for the HEAD-PIECE and BORDER of a CAP.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

To our youthful *Gosport* correspondent we recommend to consult some judicious friend respecting his future productions, before he suffer them to go out of his hands.

Of the piece on *Mnemonics*, however valuable in itself, we fear that we can hardly make any use.

Of two pieces from "*A lover of poesy*," the first came too late for this month, and is now out of season; the other is, in *our* eyes, objectionable, as we deal not in satire.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1812.

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*The FLEET PRISON ;  
or a CURE for EXTRAVAGANCE,  
and a convincing Proof  
of the FALLACY  
of FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.*

*(Continued from Vol. 41, page 173.)*

*\* \* \* In presenting to our fair Readers the continuation of this interesting History—so long delayed by the unfortunate illness of the ingenious Authoress—we think it right to inform them that some of the principal Characters and Incidents are actually taken from real life, without the smallest exaggeration.*

WHAT Lord Chesterfield has proved to many thousands, his counterpart, Colonel Leinster, unfortunately proved to me; for, while he instructed me in all the refinements of polished urbanity, and evinced all the advantages which naturally result from a strenuous endeavour to become intimately acquainted with the Graces, he taught me to consider deception as a tool which every man of sense had a right to work with, for the purpose of obtaining his private ends.—He likewise tried to subvert my religious principles, by arguments which it was impossible for me to confute; and, though at first I was shocked by his open ridicule of many parts of the Bible, he imperceptibly weakened the veneration which I had always felt for that sacred book.

It had been Malcombe's business to introduce me to the licentious part of my own sex: it now became Leinster's to bring me acquainted with the most dissipated among the fair.—Here my passions were a-

wakened, and my imagination enchanted, by scenes of licentiousness which were enveloped under fashion's deceptive veil.—Though I had not had many opportunities of forming an accurate idea of female excellence, as my mother had never been on terms of great intimacy with the neighbouring families, yet I had an innate idea that modesty was its greatest ornament: and, had I seen any open violation of its principles, I should have shrunk from it perfectly disgusted.—As, upon my first introduction into this fashionable society, I had observed there was a total difference of manners between the Leicestershire ladies and those of the metropolis, I attributed that certain reserve, which I had fancied the attendant of native modesty, to their total ignorance of the *haut-ton*; and I certainly found myself much more easy in the company of the latter, than I had ever been at Lessington Lodge.

Colonel Leinster was a man peculiarly calculated to shine in female society: he was minutely attentive to all their little wishes and wants; while his memory was stored with a collection of private domestic anecdotes, sufficiently numerous to have filled an octavo volume.—Among the families with whom the Colonel was in habits of the greatest intimacy, was the Countess of L.\*\*\*; and so completely partial was her ladyship to his society, that she always dignified him by the appellation of her son.—Ignorant as I was of the world, I could not help expressing my astonishment, that a woman of

such high rank and fascinating manners should have united herself to a man whose origin, it was evident, must have been extremely low, and whose countenance was impressed with the indeleble characters of a Jew.—To my remarks upon the subject, the Colonel always made some evasive answer; or spoke of the superior understanding of Mr. K\*\*\* in the highest terms. “Intellect, my dear fellow,” he would say, “at this enlightened period, frequently elevates a man to the most exalted stations; and, if I were king of England, I would make Lady L\*\*\*’s husband prime minister.”

Her Ladyship, and her lovely daughter, who was married to an Italian Marquis, but separated from him, in consequence of ill treatment, kindly undertook to polish off that rusticity of manners which is so decided a mark of ill breeding.—Had either of those fascinating females openly displayed a disregard to decorum, or evinced that laxity of principle which operated so powerfully upon their minds, I should have been in no danger of falling; for I should certainly have discontinued my visits in Cumberland-street:—but the most chaste observer could not have discovered the slightest deviation from the laws of propriety. In all their external pursuits, there was a refinement of elegance and taste; while the understanding of Lady L\*\*\* was doubtless superior, to the generality of females.—In the marchioness there was a *naïveté* of manners, united to an attractive gentleness, which imperceptibly excited an interest in the heart.—The patient sweetness of disposition which she displayed under the most mortifying circumstances, excited a mixture of sympathy and admiration; for, like all low-bred beings

elevated to superior situations, K\*\*\* might justly be termed a domestic tyrant.—It was evident that even the Countess of L\*\*\* was in awe of the mushroom to whom she had sacrificed fortune and rank; and over the Marchioness he lorded it, with an assuming authority, which actually made her shrink.—He was, however, so deeply engaged in schemes of speculation, that the company saw very little of him; and, when he chose to relax from his natural severity, his conversation was extremely entertaining.

To support an establishment so expensive, must have required an affluent income. We never dined without three courses, served up in the most massive plate: in short, the side-board appeared so completely valuable, that it would not have disgraced the Prince of Wales.

Though I had determined never again to touch a card after the affair at Cambridge, yet I found it impossible to resist Lady L\*\*\*’s persuasions; particularly as her ladyship offered to take me for her partner in a family rubber.—I shall not tire my readers by describing how imperceptibly I imbibed a real passion for cards; and, as my knowledge of each game increased, my ardor in the pursuit augmented, until, for nights together, it frequently deprived me of sleep.—The heavy losses I sustained, were palliated by the idea that the Countess or her lovely daughter had been the winner; for, notwithstanding the sumptuous table which was kept, I soon discovered that K\*\*\* was an actual miser to his wife and daughter-in-law.—The society with whom I associated in Cumberland-street, chiefly consisted of foreigners of distinction: but the few females whom I met, were so evidently inferior, that I could not avoid ex-

pressing my astonishment to the colonel, that a woman with such courtly manners could associate with beings so much below herself.

In reply to these observations, he informed me that there was a kind of national pride in ladies of rank, which induced them to discountenance any unequal alliances, and that therefore Lady L\*\*\* was not publicly visited; "yet she has many friends," he continued, "who admire her talents and accomplishments, among persons of the first distinction, by whom she is equally beloved and respected."

The female society to which Colonel Leinster introduced me, was not merely confined to the Countess of L\*\*\*: for there were several other families whom we visited; though with none could I find myself upon such intimate terms: in fact, the behaviour of the ladies disgusted me, as all their wit seemed to consist in *double-entendre*.

My readers will probably be astonished that the name of Malcombe has not been blended with that of Leinster: but, during the progress of my intimacy with the L\*\*\*s, he was in Leicestershire, as my steward Donald had discovered some clause in the leases that were nearly expired, which prevented him from raising them above a certain rate.—Though the raising of the rent at all was not an object either with Malcombe or his coadjutors, yet the receiving a handsome *douceur* for the renewal of the leases was a matter of no small consideration to each; and Malcombe, under pretence of perusing the writings, proposed going to the lodge for a few days.—To this proposal I readily consented; as I was too much charmed with my new acquaintance to feel the loss of my old friend— if such a term can be applicable to

a man who was secretly planning my ruin.

Could Malcombe, however, have foreseen that we were to be separated for the space of fourteen weeks, he would, I am persuaded, have allowed Donald to enjoy all the benefit of letting the estates.—On the second day after his arrival in Leicestershire, he thought proper to ride a hunter that I had recently bought; and, not being a very expert horseman, in attempting a dangerous leap, he was thrown; from which accident, his whole person in some degree suffered, and one of his legs was broken.—This intelligence I received from my steward, who at the same time informed me it was Malcombe's earnest wish that I should not go down.—Had I gone, I of course should have frustrated their machinations, by taking upon myself the letting of my farms.

Upon my first introduction to Colonel Leinster, I discovered that Malcombe was no favorite; and, during the latter's residence in the country, he took every opportunity of lowering him in my esteem.—In confidence I had made him acquainted with the occurrences at Cambridge, which he execrated with a violence that proved his regard for me.—he declared he considered Malcombe in the light of a designing hypocrite, who had received large bribes from those who had actually cheated me.—This opinion could not fail to make a deep impression upon me; and so far from looking forward with delight to the return of my former companion, I felt that he would be a restraint upon my pleasures; for Leinster had represented him to Lady L\*\*\* in such unfavorable colors, that she declared it to be her fixed resolution not to invite him to her house.—By turns she ridiculed and cen-

sured my attachment to a man so every way unfit to be my confidential companion; while the Marchioness, with that interesting softness which had rendered her society so necessary to my happiness, declared that she should consider him in the light of a rival.—At length he arrived, pale and emaciated from suffering: and, as his appearance was calculated to revive the expiring embers of regard, I naturally paid him those attentions which his debilitated condition required.

As health revisited the countenance of Malcombe, his claim upon my attention subsided; and I unceremoniously renewed my engagements in Cumberland Street.—For the suspension of these visits, I was compelled to support the ridicule of the Countess, and the sarcastic observations of my friend Leicester; who, though a proper Chestersfield in the school of politeness, in his conduct to Malcombe certainly deviated from his accustomed rules.

Though the conduct of the Colonel was not personally resented, yet to me Malcombe made the most severe remarks; and at length finding his own rhetoric fail of its accustomed impression, he called to his assistance the memory of my respected father, who, from some singular caprice of character, had an invincible dislike to red coats.

“Do not suppose, Mr. Lessington,” said he, “that I mean to presume upon that partiality with which your ever-to-be-lamented father honored me, or that I shall venture to take the liberty of influencing you in the choice of your friends: yet, could that much respected man behold you becoming the mere dupe of Colonel Leicester’s machinations, what grief—what inexpressible grief, would it occasion him!—His prejudice to the military, sir, was, I

need not remark to you, unconquerable. I do not mean to say that he did not carry it to an extreme; but, as a son affectionately attached to the memory of a deserving parent, is it not singular that you should have selected a man for your bosom companion, whom I am certain he must have despised?—Of the personal mortifications I have received from this Protean favorite, I shall say nothing; though I have severely felt your not resenting his pointed incivility to me: but I cannot avoid entreating you to suspect his professions; for I believe him to be a hypocritical knave.”

(To be continued.)

#### SAPPHO; an Historic Romance.

(Continued from page 121.)

THE days of Sappho appeared to glide on in peace in this delightful retirement. Euty chius received a letter from Scamandronymus, in which he expressed his warmest gratitude for the care he had kindly bestowed on his daughter, and the perfect confidence he reposed in his friendship and counsel: he entreated him to exert his influence to induce her to return to Mitylenè, promising to spare his too just reproaches, and to bury the past in oblivion. Scamandronymus wrote at the same time with great mildness to Sappho:—his paternal solicitude was couched in the most affectionate terms.

They received no intelligence concerning Phaon. Euty chius suggested many plausible reasons for his delay, and concluded that he was undoubtedly detained on another shore by his commercial affairs.—Sappho derived some consolation from the goodness of Scamandronymus; and, as he expressed an equal compassion for her misfortunes as Euty chius, she began to dissimulate

to herself the enormity of her fault, which could hope for pardon from its magnitude alone.—She insensibly became reconciled to absence; and the frequent hours she devoted to study, furnished her mind with a salutary relief. In the evenings, Euty chius and his guests assembled in a circle, when some ancient history, or, more frequently, a poem, was read by one of the company. Homer generally obtained the preference. It was from the frequent perusal of this divine poet that Sappho received that expansion of ideas, and imbibed that exquisite harmony which so eminently distinguishes her own productions: her celebrated hymn to Venus was composed during the silence of the night, at the abode of Euty chius.

O Venus, beauty of the skies\*,  
To whom a thousand temples rise—  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles—  
O Goddess! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress prefer'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
O gentle goddess! hear me now!  
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above:  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew:  
How'ring in air they lightly flew:  
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quiv'ring pintons play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty car again:  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What phrensy in my bosom rag'd,  
And by what cure to be assuag'd?

\* Ambrose Phillips's elegant version of this celebrated ode having so long enjoyed the general approbation, it was thought more advisable to copy it here from the Spectator, No. 223, where it first appeared, than to attempt a new translation.

What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure?  
"Who does thy tender heart subdue?  
Tell me, my Sappho—tell me, who?"

"Though now he shun thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted charms:  
Though now thy off'rings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice:  
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn."

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore!  
In pity come, and ease my grief:  
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:  
Favor thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires.

The following day she sang this hymn to the accompaniment of her lyre. The tenderness which breathed in the poetry, the melody of her charming voice, and the dulcet notes of the lyre, formed a delightful harmony, which excited the most rapturous applause. Sappho appeared to have received from the gods the celestial gift of inspiration: her verses were not the result of effort or research, but seemed to flow spontaneously from a pure and fertile source. If this sudden acquisition of Sappho appears wonderful, which was not the effect of long and painful study, it must be remembered that poetry is the daughter of nature and love. Nature had given her poetic fire; and her unfortunate passion developed all the faculties of her mind. She did not, like the generality of poets and orators, borrow her subjects from fiction: the falsehood of imaginary descriptions betrays itself. Alas! who can better express the language of the passions, than those who feel their influence? Misfortune has its eloquence:—there can be no eclogue more tender than the conversation of two lovers by the light of the moon on the sea-shore:—there can be no discourse more eloquent than that of two adversaries on the point of combat:—but the charms of the



former are forbidden to the ears of the profane; and the latter is lost in the air, with the hissing of darts and the groans of the dying.

The charms of poetry, together with the kind hospitality of Euty-chius, suspended for a time the effects of the imperious passion which governed the heart of the unfortunate Sappho. The pleasing occupations which engaged her attention, calmed its violence, without extinguishing its force; and she began to entertain doubts respecting the predictions of the Pythia: but Rhodopè recalled to her mind the respect and confidence which ought to be placed in the will of the divinity, declared by the oracle, and the certainty of its fulfillment, confirmed by so many prodigies.

While Sappho appeared to forget her misfortunes in this delightful solitude, Phaon wanders on the deep abyss, driven at the mercy of the winds. He had already seen the shores of Crete and Chios. A storm now impelled his vessel toward the coast of Cyprus; and the crew soon perceived the dangerous shore. In vain the pilot endeavoured to guide the helm: the ship is driven by the irresistible fury of the tempest, like chaff before the violence of the northern blast. Instead of a friendly harbour, they saw before them a chain of terrible rocks, rendered memorable by a thousand shipwrecks; even the foaming waves seemed to retire from them, and the eye discovered their black and horrid shapes—fatal presages of certain and frightful death. The gloomy sea reflected the clouds of heaven sparkling with fire. The voices of the sailors were lost in the roaring of the winds and the waves. They bent forward on their oars, and exerted their utmost strength in hopes to weather the rocks: but their ef-

forts were unavailing: the vessel strikes, and in a moment is swallowed up by the relentless fury of the ocean. The surface of the waves soon appeared covered with the remains of the wreck, unfortunate sailors struggling against death, and dead bodies floating at the mercy of the winds. Two Cretan sailors, who were better swimmers than the rest, would inevitably have perished, if Providence had not thrown in their way a part of the wreck, to which they clung, and which was driven on shore by the waves. Still trembling, they grasped the plank which had saved them from destruction: the fear of death was so powerfully impressed on their minds, that they did not perceive they had escaped the fate of the unhappy crew. They saw the wave return, and they hastened to escape beyond its reach.—Now out of danger, they turned their eyes with terror and consternation to the dreadful scene of their shipwreck. Their joy at having escaped was their first feeling: but the second was compassion; and, when they beheld the mangled bodies of their companions torn by the rugged points of the rocks, they could not refrain from tears. They at length quit the shore venting their imprecations against the perfidious elements—curses soon forgotten! In the neighbouring city they found an opportunity of engaging in another ship: they embarked once more on the tranquil waves; and in a few days they landed on the shore, near which stood the mansion of Euty-chius.

The slaves, who had been dispatched for the purpose of gaining intelligence, soon arrived with the account of Phaon's shipwreck. Euty-chius was greatly afflicted at this information, and still more distressed by the necessity of communicating

fit to Sappho.—On further reflexion, however, he indulged the hope, that, dreadful as the intelligence was, yet, with the aid of time, it might possibly cure an unfortunate passion, whose object was no longer in existence. While he was thus deliberating, Sappho wandered on the beach with Rhodopè; her eyes and thoughts equally bent towards the sea. They met the two sailors; and Sappho immediately interrogated them concerning Phaon.—Fatal curiosity! she learned, without reserve, the details of his dreadful shipwreck.

What pen, what power of language can express the despair of Sappho at this fatal narrative, which presented to her imagination the features of him she adored, covered with the shades of eternal night? Her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; her lips quivered; she fell prostrate on the beach. By the aid of Rhodopè she was recalled to an existence which she now abhors—she uttered the most affecting lamentations; and, turning to the sailors, she exclaimed, “’Tis false, ’tis false, ye wretches, whom some infernal genius has driven on these shores to deceive me. No! he has not perished!”—The sailors retired, equally grieved at her condition and her reproaches: but Sappho followed them with tears in her eyes, and, with a softened tone, inquired, “Are you sure of Phaon’s death?”—They again confirmed their story—they “saw him perish.”—She made them relate afresh all the details, and even the most minute circumstances attending their horrible shipwreck.

Their history was frequently interrupted by her sighs; and, when she could no longer entertain the most transient doubt of its reality, she gave a loose to the excess of her feelings: she tore her garments; and,

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in the wild accents of delirium, turning towards the sea, and striking her foot with violence on the sand, she exclaimed, “Blind and insatiable element! how couldst thou swallow up the ornament of nature, the fairest work of Venus, the beautiful Phaon? Restore him to me, cruel Neptune! Command the waves to bring on these shores his mortal remains, that I may raise a monument to immortalise his memory! While his body continues the sport of the winds, or remains in the dark abyss, his plaintive shade wanders on the banks of the Styx, whose merciless pilot refuses him a passage. O ye gods! be more sensible to my tears, than he was himself; and, if I could not possess him living, let me possess him dead; that I may, with my own hands, deposit in the tomb this envied treasure, bathed with my tears! And thou, Phaon! if thy immortal spirit hovers near me, behold my despair! I cannot live without thee! then let death unite us!”

As she uttered these words, she rushed furiously into the sea.—Rhodopè, who could neither follow, nor retain her flight, shrieked aloud to the sailors, who ran and snatched her from the waves. With the assistance of Rhodopè, they conveyed her to the house of Euty chius:—on the way, she struggled to be free, and loaded the sailors and heaven with imprecations.

The wretched condition of Sappho affected the sailors even to tears. They assisted Rhodopè in carrying her to an inner apartment, where they placed her gently on a couch. Her eyes were nearly closed: her respiration was faltering and difficult; and they even despaired of her recovery.

(To be continued.)

U

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*  
(Continued from page 106.)

MEANWHILE a crowd of Batavians assemble round William's tent, and in his features eagerly seek to read their future destiny: but William, whose soul is fired with redoubled flame at the idea of the dangers impending over his country, fears at this moment to display to them the full energy of his courage. He does not entertain a suspicion that the ardor of the Batavians has suffered any abatement: but he hesitates to put them to the test of interrogation; and, in order to irritate their impatience, and render their valour more terrible, his countenance exhibits the strong impression of sorrow and dejection. Adolphus, Lumev, Douza, view William with wistful eye: the assembled cohorts, racked with anxiety and indignation, stand around with downcast looks:—at length Lewis broke the awful silence—

“How long,” said he, “shall we drag on this life of inglorious indolence? for I cannot bestow on it a more gentle name.—Shall we rest content with deterring the Spaniards from making any attempts in this quarter? and, deeming it sufficient, to bedew with their blood the Gallic plains, shall we suffer the lawless tyranny of Alva to riot with impunity in our native land? Day after day flies in rapid succession, and the Belgian still continues enslaved. Shall not even our remains, after death, find a resting-place in that soil which gave us birth? Happier, thrice happier, was your lot, ye generous warriors, who bravely shed your blood on the Belgic plains! The day will come, when from your ashes the blaze of liberty shall burst forth. To us it is still given to breathe the vital air: your shades loudly call us to the performance of

manly deeds—and we yet remain inactive! . . . .”

“Equally with you,” replied William, “I feel the powerful voice of the departed heroes: but the Belgians appear sunk in more than death-like lethargy . . . .”

“And have you then forgotten the Batavians?” interrupted Lewis—“Can you doubt of their eager wishes to burst the chains of slavery?” They have not degenerated from the worth of their progenitors; nor has the iron hand of tyranny eradicated from their hearts the germ of those virtues which have been transmitted to them in uninterrupted succession through so many ages.”

His heart penetrated with the noble sentiments which he thus hears expressed, William at length suffers the joy, with which he is inwardly animated, to beam forth on his countenance, and meet the eyes of the surrounding chiefs; then turning to the Batavian bands, “Warriors!” said he, “I call heaven to witness, that the sword alone shall decide our fate.”

He said, and retired into his pavilion, where with his own hand he had suspended the chart of the Belgic provinces, which he never failed to examine with studious care, before he sought his nightly repose. At this moment he surveyed it with more than usual attention—his eye traversing the various cities—tracing the courses of rivers—and at length fixing itself on the Batavian provinces. The voice of those provinces seems to strike his ear; and, at the fancied sound, his eyes sparkle with terrific fire.

After a while he tears himself from the contemplation of the interesting picture, and extends his limbs on his couch, awaiting the approach of sleep, whose friendly in-

fluence at length seals his closing eye-lids, and diffuses itself through his whole frame. Such, a fragrant exhalation, breathed forth from the flowers of the mead, floats through the air, and, wafted on the wings of the breeze, surrounds the weary husbandman, who is ready to sink under his agricultural toil: he stops in the middle of the unfinished furrow, and inhales new life with the grateful perfume; while the cool breath of Zephyr dries up the sweat on his brow, and his exhausted oxen low with pleasure, on tasting the sweets of a temporary respite from their labors.

Meanwhile, Liberty, who hovered pendent in air over the Batavian provinces, rejoiced to see the generous spirit of patriotism revived among them, and glowing with redoubled ardor to fight speedily under her banners: but, observing how few their numbers, and even those few not all disposed to second the first effort of courage displayed by two of their provinces—observing the numberless host of enemies who were preparing to surround them, and the various dangers by which their country was threatened—she pondered on the means of procuring them the aid of new allies.

She asks, however, in her own mind, what nations will dare to participate in those dangers. At such a crisis as this, when so great a portion of glory is in reserve for the Batavian, shall she consent to see kings, impelled by the interested considerations of policy, take the first steps with him in this glorious career?—But, as she surveyed the universe in her anxious search, what was the appearance, which it presented at that moment to her view?

She turns her eyes in disgust from the extended regions of Asia, where no tongue dares to pronounce her

name—from Africa, where man sells his brother man to slavery worse than death—from America, to which in future ages she will direct her course, but which at this time still reeks with innocent blood spilled by the unrelenting hands of fanaticism and tyranny—where the Spaniards pursue into his dark forests, and seise in his dreary cavern, the savage son of liberty, and entomb him in the mines of Potosi, there to toil in chains, and enrich his greedy tyrants with that gold which he himself despises.

But, on surveying Europe, over which she has shed some rays of knowledge, and which proudly deems itself civilised—Europe, which may justly boast of its superior endowments of intellect and genius—what picture does that fairest portion of the globe exhibit to her sight?

Albion, arrogantly claiming the sovereignty of the ocean, and fired with the ambition of conquest—an ambition incompatible with the sentiments of philanthropy, sentiments to which the human race are yet strangers. Let her boast of being the island of liberty, and fondly imagine that she pays the purest homage at the goddesses shrine, provided that, after having favored the liberty of the Batavians, she do not at a future day show herself inimical to it, as well as to that of other nations.—Germany, calling herself a republic of princes—a vast inorganised body, actuated by so many jarring interests, that the discordant members can never be brought to co-operate in any scheme of general advantage—a country, where fanaticism has exercised more durable and more frightful ravages, than were ever before witnessed in any part of the globe.—Rome, formerly the abode of liberty, but now the seat of super-

stitution and tyranny, whence issue those dark mists which envelop a great portion of the universe—and where sits a haughty pontiff, who, proudly rearing his head crowned with a triple diadem, has long decayed and governed the world, and claims a right to deceive and govern it still.—Venice, who, in rejecting the religious inquisition, has retained the inquisition of state, and regrets her past greatness.—Portugal, who would be afraid to favor an industrious nation, destined to become her rival at a future day—Portugal, who is to enjoy but a transient glory, which she will sully by kindling at Goa the flames of the inquisition.—Helvetium, insulated within her impregnable barrier of rocks, and peaceably cultivating the fruits of liberty. Oh! that she would cease to countenance warlike rage and despotism, by selling them the support of her sons!—Poland, who pronounces the name of liberty in the midst of slavery and anarchy, and under the controul of laws which she receives from her neighbours.—Sweden, where the efforts of tyranny will be exerted to stifle the happy germ of liberty.—Muscovy, enslaved and barbarous, not yet threatening Europe with chains.—Greece, or rather the ruins of Greece, struggling against devouring time, and exhibiting the dire spectacle of despotism reigning triumphant over the tombs of Socrates and Aristides.

Such is the picture which Europe presents to the goddess in her rapid survey—such the different interests which divide the generality of its kings and nations from those of the Batavian: thrice happy his lot, if they will be content to remain within the bounds of neutrality, or stand unconcerned spectators of the contest! At length, fixing her eyes on France, where the Batavian had

found some generous defenders, “O France!” cried she, “happy land, where knowledge, talents, every virtue, like the spontaneous productions of a soil peculiarly favored by Nature’s bounty, luxuriantly spring up on all sides, in spite of the united efforts of tyranny in various shapes exerted to stifle them in the germ! thy fertile plains are incessantly drenched with tears, with sweat, and with blood; an innumerable crowd of toiling husbandmen cultivate them, only to enrich their pampered tyrants! By what fatal blindness hast thou suffered thyself to be despoiled of thy dearest and most sacred rights? The day, however, is already marked in the page of fate, when thy sons, assembled in my name, at my call, under my banners, will awake, as from the sleep of death—terrific in their resurrection . . . . Why is it not given me to announce to thee that the organs of thy will shall establish thy rights on an unshaken basis, by proclaiming to the universe the rights of man? O rapid fall of those gloomy towers, the den of devouring despotism during so many ages! O night more glorious than the brightest day, when joyous crowds shall, to the sound of melodious music, tread on its ruins, over which shall be read this inscription traced by my hand—“This spot is sacred to the festive dance\*”—and when countless myriads shall assemble in the brilliant Elysium of liberty! O France, when thy warriors, returning from the new world, shall feel their bosoms fired with that sacred flame which their own hands shall have kindled on my altar, and of which

\* More Laconic and impressive in the original, “*Ici l’on danse*,” which was the inscription actually placed over the gate of the Bastille, after its reduction by the revolutionists.

they will bring back some sparks to their country—then, O France, I solemnly swear it, thou shalt be free. Though the kings of Europe conspire against thee—though they shake the whole universe to its foundations by their endeavours to overturn the altars which thou hast erected in honor of me—though they spread havoc and desolation over thy plains, and debar the bounteous Ceres from pouring her treasures into thy ports—thou shalt stand surrounded by above a million of thy armed sons, an impenetrable barrier—dauntless hosts, every where victorious, beyond the broad stream of Rhine, beyond the Alps, beyond the Pyrenees—Though at the same instant thy bowels are rent by civil wars—though at the first dawn of thy liberty, a hell-born horde of execrable tyrants, who would, if it were possible, rescue from infamy the detested names of the Neros and Caligulas\* by outdoing them in the enormity of their crimes, shall frighten and astonish mankind by covering thee with prisons and scaffolds—though they immolate, at the shrine of that hideous phantom which has falsely assumed my name, the most enlightened, the most eloquent, the most virtuous of thy citizens,—victims, to whom it is thy duty to erect statues; for the national justice cannot be satisfied by the death of the fiend and his accomplices, whose impure blood shall stain the same scaffolds on which theirs was shed;—notwithstanding such a monstrous aggregate of calamities and crimes, I swear to thee, O France, thou shalt be free!"

The goddess, diverting her eye from those distant transactions of future times, contemplates with anguish the bloody days which are about to lour over that unhappy land, and for which the infernal

powers are making their preparations. At the dismal prospect, she shudders for the fate of the Batavian; and, unable, in the whole extent of her earthly survey, to discover any nation inclined to befriend him—any well-wishers to his cause, except a small number of heroes, who, while they sympathise in his misfortunes, are themselves unfortunate—she determines to procure him succours more certain than those of the earthly powers, and, for that purpose, directs her arduous flight across the watery plains.

(To be continued.)

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 113.)

CHAP. 9.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Shakspeare.*

OF the amiable Lady Rossford it is now necessary to take some notice.—So strong was her affection for Frederic Saint-Villiers, that she was wretched at having made a request, which gave him room to doubt its stability. Etiquette yielded to love: she wrote to him a second time.—Day after day wore on; and she was amazed at never receiving a reply.—Sometimes she feared that he was offended—then, that he was ill:—in short, so miserable was she rendered by her apprehensions, that, upon Lord Blennière's return to her neighbourhood, she took the earliest opportunity of making inquiries. His answers were of that ambiguous sort, which, without assertion, implies more than can be directly said. "The gentleman, she did the honor to ask after," his Lordship replied, "had certainly been with him in Dublin: he had spoken of going to London, and sailed with the next tide after mentioning his intention. Young men's motions were not always easy

to account for: but, in the present case, he could not disclose his plans—not having been entrusted with them."

Lady Rossford was unable to pursue the conversation. The anxiety of her mind preyed upon her health: and she was at length so much reduced, that Mrs. O'Donnell judged it proper to request the immediate presence of Sir Everard Reevesmore.

Sir Everard kindly obeyed the summons; and his visit had a good effect on Lady Rossford, by calling upon her pride to support her under a conduct more deserving of anger than regret: for, by acquainting her with the reports now circulated respecting Frederic Saint-Villiers, he showed him in such a light, that she made it her decided resolution to attempt conquering an attachment, which his neglect and desertion of herself, added to the representations she heard, made her blush to harbour.

Sir Everard informed her, it was supposed to be from the extravagance and atrocity of this young man's conduct, that his father had at length taken a step, which reflected additional disgrace on his own character, already so bad, that she might rejoice in having escaped a connexion in the family.—“It was said,” he added, “that Mr. Frederic Saint-Villiers had behaved with the most unparalleled insolence to his earliest friend, Lord Blenmore, who nevertheless, from former regard, was ready to assist him in any line he preferred;—that, when he had even gone so far as to purchase him a commission, the young gentleman, instead of joining his regiment, entered into the utmost vice and profligacy of London, and at length most scandalously sold it; that, finally, to enable him to quit a country where he could no longer stay,

he had decoyed that poor foolish youth, Lord Thackwood, the son of his benefactor, to a gaming-house, and pillaged him of such considerable sums, as had been a very serious inconvenience to his father.”

Such was the malignancy of report, in which realities were so exaggerated, and truth and fiction so closely interwoven, that it seemed almost impracticable to separate them. Her Ladyship did not attempt it; but only endeavoured to fortify her mind, and regain her health. Still, however, she felt oppressed by a sort of conscious shame, for the sentiments she had avowed for one so utterly undeserving.—She considered the affair as a stigma upon her own delicacy: she knew not how to face the world, and, entirely confining herself to her own demesne, had no other society, after her uncle's return to England, than that of Mrs. O'Donnell.

In addition to this vexation, her Ladyship was harassed by some disagreeable law-suits, and overpowered by a multiplicity of affairs—and, in every respect, most uncomfortably circumstanced, when another visit from her uncle and his family brought her acquainted with Major Reevesmore, whose regiment was but just returned from the West Indies, and stationed about eleven miles from Castle-Rossford.

This gentleman was a younger brother of him who would succeed to the title and entailed estate upon Sir Everard's demise, and one of a numerous family, who, being left orphans in their childhood with a very slender provision, had been a constant tax upon their uncle's care and generosity.

Major Reevesmore had entered the army, rather as a matter of expediency, than of inclination: but there was a considerable family in-

terest in that line; and to that he sacrificed a love of ease and retirement, inherent in his disposition. He was a man rather of steady affections than strong passions; of invariable good conduct—a scientific turn—of all studies, preferring chemistry—of all amusements, fishing—an excellent player at whist and chess—a judge of painting and music—but no dancer—no hanger-on upon the fair sex—and, in short, one of those men who are rather esteemed than admired. He had visited many countries, and was better versed both in colonial and continental policy, than in fashionable life. At Castle Rosstord he had the happiness of embracing his uncle and sisters again after a nine years' absence.

From a sort of family connexion, Lady Rosstord gave the Major a general invitation to her house. The satisfaction of a re-union with some of his nearest relatives was his primary inducement to avail himself of it: then, Sir Everard was attacked by the gout, and, in his nephew's society, found some alleviation of the confinement he underwent.

During this time, the invalid employed him to read some papers, relative to the legal business which he had promised to investigate for Lady Rosstord, and was surprised at the extent of his knowledge, and the soundness of his judgement upon matters so completely foreign to his profession, and the frivolity too often attendant upon it. His sagacity in deciphering old writings was remarkably acute; and Sir Everard, upon perceiving it, gave him many to look over. Among them, in the course of his research, a grant was discovered, which so completely ascertained a considerable manorial right, which her Ladyship was then engaged in defending, that the cause

was immediately carried in her favor, with costs of suit.

This at once excited confidence and obligation on the part of the fair heiress; and, in the course of the business, which had almost domesticated him at her house, he perceived so much excellence, so many accomplishments, joined to a sense and steadiness superior to what he supposed the sex was capable of, that he unconsciously conceived an attachment for her, as strong as her own had been for a much less estimable object.

As Sir Everard recovered, the Miss Reevesmores accepted different invitations which they received: yet, though Lady Rosstord promoted their participation of every amusement that offered itself, she invariably found some pretext for evading them herself, and devoted her whole attention to her uncle, whom she watched with as much sedulity, as if her existence depended upon his.

Once, when Major Reevesmore broke through his usual reserve, and paid her some energetic compliments on her goddness in thus soothing the sufferings of another, "You know not then," said she, "that the hope of doing so is all that is left me."

Her spirits, already weak, were in some degree overpowered by this sort of hasty avowal; and she burst into tears. Her auditor comprehended not their source, but bent his utmost endeavours to remove her dejection; and at length she could not but feel, that, in his society, it was often lost, as she listened to the varied powers of his conversation, enriched with the stores of knowledge that he possessed.

Under his auspices, she commenced the studies of chemistry and botany: at his request she resumed her music: she sought for opportunities to please and oblige him; and,



while a second attachment was thus insensibly eradicating a first, she guessed not at the state of her affections, nor separated her regard for Major Reevesmore from the habitual one which she bestowed upon his nearest relatives.

In one point only was Lady Rossford now influenced by her previous attachment; and that was an insuperable repugnance to entering into general society, or partaking of those amusements which her rank in life rendered it incumbent upon her to patronise. The self-condemnation which she felt for her regard towards Frederic Saint-Vilhers, would, she fancied, be more than equalled by that of the world; and she could not brook the humiliation of being censured for having preferred a man who was represented as destitute of every principle of honor and gratitude.

Sir Everard perceived this sedentary turn with more regret than disapprobation; it was the strongest proof of a truly feminine delicacy of mind, and compunction for a youthful error. He doubted not her making a second choice at some future period, that should atone for the rashness of the first; and he was too well acquainted with the justness of her modes of thinking, to suppose, that, in yielding to a duly-merited disappointment, she would forget the claims of that situation, which, as the last of an ancient family, rendered her marriage as much an act of duty, as it could be of inclination.

While things were thus quietly but securely going on, her Ladyship, in acceding to the Major's request of her taking a view from a distant eminence in the park, caught a violent cold, from remaining too long, in a heavy dew, while anxious to catch the "softened tints of evening's sober light."

A sore throat and fever ensued. For two days her physicians thought the termination very doubtful: and, during this state of uncertainty, the agonies of Major Reevesmore at once ascertained, to himself and to all who witnessed them, the real state of his feelings. Her recovery, however, no sooner calmed his fears, than he instantly commenced that sort of self-examination, which, in either our temporal or eternal concerns, ought never to be too long neglected.

The result convinced him that his happiness was in the power of Lady Rossford: but when, with a philosophic calmness—which, except in the single instance of her danger, had never deserted him—he condescended over the difference of their situations, he could not avoid asking himself, what pretensions a man, possessed of no other fortune than his commission, could make to the first heiress in the kingdom; and whether he might not, while appearing actuated by mean and mercenary motives, lose that share of her regard which he now possessed, and valued beyond every thing else? Might not his worthy uncle also, whose influence over her was looked upon as almost unbounded, be subjected to the imputation of having broken another connexion, and declined more suitable proposals, in favor of an indigent branch of his own family?

In short, deference to the world's opinion, and a mistaken kind of honor, determined the Major to abstain from all further intercourse with the fair possessor of his heart, till he could do it with that sort of calm regard, which alone seemed allowable for him to entertain.

While, under these impressions, Major Reevesmore imposed the most cruel restraint upon his inclinations, his absence was sensibly felt at the

castle. In the privation of his society, Lady Rossford became perfectly convinced of its value, and, with deeper regret, than she was willing to acknowledge, found that her studies and amusements had lost their highest relish.

The worthy Sir Everard began to conjecture the cause of her returning dejection, and harboured some degree of resentment at his nephew's conduct. As he uniformly declined every invitation to Castle Rossford, the Baronet went to him, to have a decisive conference upon the subject.

Major Reevesmore felt his motives too honorable, to hesitate at avowing them, and added, that he was so convinced he could not restrain himself, if thrown into the way of temptation, he had applied for leave of absence, and hoped, that, before it was expired, the regiment might be moved to some other quarter.

His good uncle saw much to admire, but something also to condemn, in this self-denying conduct, and inquired, if he was conscious of having a heart to offer, unbiassed by mercenary or ambitious views, whether he would not present a more valuable gift than wealth or titles, from which Lady Rossford could not derive any additional advantage? As to the delicacy, respecting himself, (Sir Everard said) while his conscience acquitted him of any other views than his niece's happiness, he should not be deterred by the anticipation of calumnious suppositions, from doing all in his power to promote it. He knew no method (he added) so likely, as bestowing her on a worthy man, whose merit would justify her choice, and who had already convinced him that she was loved for her own sake alone; and he did not doubt, that, in the present state of her Ladyship's mind,

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her affections might easily be fixed; while he was also sure that she never would resume her proper station in society, till led into it by such a husband as should shield her from the reflexions which her former indiscretion had provoked. He promised to sound her upon the subject: and, circumstanced as Major Reevesmore was, it cannot be doubted that his resolution yielded, and that he accompanied his uncle back to the castle.

The dignified pleasure with which Lady Rossford received them, gave her, if possible, additional charms in the eyes of her lover. The next morning, Sir Everard, in a long conference, related exactly the conversation he had held with his nephew. He even recommended him to her favor, but added, that, unless she herself deemed him worthy of encouragement, it was the last time she should ever hear a word from him on the subject, and the last visit of Major Reevesmore.

"In one word, my dear Theodosia," continued the Baronet, "it rests with yourself to raise a most excellent young man to the summit of happiness, and exalt him to a situation, to which the highest might aspire; or, if you are still averse to marry, or conceive your satisfaction would be greater by forming a connexion which the world would think more suitable to your rank, give me but a reply; and I pledge myself, that every thing shall be adjusted to your wishes. My only anxiety is, that Major Reevesmore may not be kept in suspense. If you accept a heart devoted to you alone, you ensure one of the most grateful that ever lodged in human bosom; and I will engage that you shall not be distressed by importunity; but your wishes shall guide his actions. In an hour, my dear niece, I request your answer."

One hour her Ladyship deemed a short time to determine upon the most important event of her life: yet she could not but see the necessity and humanity of her answer being prompt; for, if her admirer were not to have hopes of success, it was cruel to detain him from adopting the plan he had devised to restore his tranquillity. She knew her uncle's integrity too well to harbour a moment's doubt of the motives that actuated his conduct. Where (she asked) could she expect to inspire another attachment equally disinterested with that of his nephew?—She was fully sensible of the disadvantages of a single life.—Major Reevesmore was a man who would do credit to any station:—the preservation of her name was a point on which her heart was much set: and, though her attachment to Frederic Saint-Villers made her pass over his declining to take it, yet, in the present case, to a younger brother who had no family consequence to keep up, its assumption would be rather gratifying than otherwise. By this connexion, she knew she would give the most unfeigned delight to that invaluable friend, to whom she felt a load of obligation, which life itself seemed insufficient to repay. There was no man, whose pursuits and habits were more in unison with her own, than Major Reevesmore's, or whose conversation she preferred; while, to balance these arguments in his favor, she could only allege that she did not feel the same animated affection for him, which she had harboured for a less estimable object.

Her Ladyship had just arrived thus far in her reasonings on the subject, when Sir Everard returned: and, after a little further discussion, he wrought upon her so far as to permit his saying, that “she hoped

Major Reevesmore would not think of quitting the country.”

This was a tacit encouragement, from which he might presume that his stay would not go unrewarded; and he again domesticated himself at Castle Rosford, with a chastened hope, which rendered him more than ever solicitous to please its fair possessor.

The ice once broken, the progress of the affair may easily be traced. By degrees, Major Reevesmore unfolded his hopes—his anxieties.—Lady Rosford could not in honor, perhaps not even in wishes, recede. Her only fear was, that her *friendship* was not an adequate return for his *love*.—His arguments silenced her doubts:—in due time, he claimed her for his own; and, as far as unbounded confidence and affection could render her happy, she received them; while, on her part, though she harboured not the violent attachment which a romantic imagination deems essential to conjugal happiness, a steady well-founded esteem supplied its place; and a consciousness of having acted rightly, secured the self-approbation which prevented repentance.

*(To be continued.)*

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*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*

*(Continued from page 124)*

FOR the reception of Lady Mortimer, a handsome house had been taken, by a long-attached friend of the late Sir Henry Mortimer; and by him she was conducted to her new habitation, with the soothing of condolence, and the solicitude of regard.—The house, which the Reverend Mr. Colville had selected for the temporary residence of Lady Mortimer, was not actually situated upon the beach, but commanded a view of it, and, at the same time, was within a short distance of the

bathing-machines.—The very sight of an element which had proved so destructive to Lady Mortimer's happiness, had never failed to impress her mind with an insurmountable degree of horror; yet by degrees she brought herself to contemplate the majestic expanse of water, which she could not avoid beholding from her 'drawing-room windows.—The variety of moving objects which she beheld, united to the salubrity of the air, and the bracing powers of the sea-breezes, soon produced a desirable effect upon Lady Mortimer's constitution, and she felt, that, though Providence, for some wise purpose, had deprived her of those tender connexions which endeared existence to her—still, from the ample fortune he had bestowed upon her, she had many duties to fulfil: and she was aware that she should ill perform the office assigned to her, if she suffered an immoderate indulgence of grief to prevent her from accomplishing them.

With a mind which endeavoured to bow submissive to the decrees of its Creator, and with a heart formed in the softest mould of humanity, Lady Mortimer felt that she might taste of borrowed joys by contributing to the happiness of others, as Providence had blessed her with such ample means.

Though the season was not sufficiently advanced for the arrival of much company when Lady Mortimer reached Sidmouth, yet she understood from Mr. Colville that several families of respectability had passed the winter there; and by the entreaties of that gentleman she was induced to call upon two, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms.—Mrs. Young was the widow of a celebrated admiral, and the daughter of an Irish baronet; and, though possessing all that animation

which is so natural to the well-bred females of her country, it was checked by the restraining influence of inward grief. Mrs. Young had drank deeply of the cup of affliction: she had lost a husband, whose character she venerated, and whose virtues she admired; and, of five children, all of whom had nearly arrived to the age of maturity, only one remained to console her.

It was in the hope of giving vigor to a constitution naturally delicate, that Mrs. Young had fixed her residence at Sidmouth, for the lovely Emma appeared to carry about her the seeds of that disorder, which had proved fatal to her brother and sisters.—With this family, and that of a Mrs. Doncaster, Lady Mortimer by degrees entered into a social intercourse; and from the society of the two sons of the latter, she enjoyed a secret gratification.—These young men were highly gifted by nature, and their education had been as highly cultivated; for their father, who was astronomic professor at one of the universities, had bestowed unbounded pains upon them.

Thus soothed by friendship, and gratified by association, Lady Mortimer imperceptibly regained her spirits and health; and, sustained under her severe trials by the hand which had inflicted them, she seemed to have acquired the lesson of passive obedience.

Among the number of females who had been stationary at Sidmouth during the winter, was a Mrs. Sinclair, whose superior powers of attraction could not fail to excite admiration in every beholder:—in her manners, there was a diffidence almost amounting to agitation, if she accidentally met the approving gaze of her numerous admirers; and she never appeared upon the beach but at the most unfrequented periods,

and always accompanied by a lovely little boy, and an elderly female servant.—All that the tongue of rumor could relate of this lovely interesting female, was, that she was supposed to be in a state of widowhood, and that she appeared destitute of every tie which could call forth the social affections, except the young Adolphus, which was the name of her little son.—There was a dejection in her manner, which could not fail to excite interest; in short, melancholy seemed to have marked her for her own: and, though Lady Mortimer possessed but little of that curiosity which has been so often attributed to females, she felt an irresistible desire to know who she was.

Had Mrs. Sinclair appeared surrounded by friends, or basking in the sun-shine of prosperity, Lady Mortimer would have acknowledged the superiority of her attractions, without taking the slightest interest in her concerns: but she could not behold such superior charms evidently overshadowed by misfortune, without the wish of offering condolence to the fair possessor of them.—She had frequently met her upon the beach, and as frequently noticed the sportive playfulness of the little Adolphus: but, instead of encouraging that communication which Lady Mortimer evidently wished, she reproved the child, though in the mildest accents, for taking the liberty of addressing her Ladyship.

One evening Lady Mortimer and her young companion had extended their walk beyond its accustomed boundary, and the shades of night had begun to overshadow the horizon, when their attention was attracted by the screams of a child imploring assistance.—The voice of distress never reached the ears of Lady Mortimer, without exciting a

desire of relieving it; and, regardless of the consequences, she flew towards the spot whence it issued.—The first object she beheld, was the little Adolphus, who with infantine sorrow exclaimed, “Mamma is dead!” Mamma is dead!” Then wringing his little hands, with all the pathos of unfeigned affliction, he implored Lady Mortimer to try and awake her.

Lifeless indeed she appeared; for her pallid face was reclining upon her faithful domestic's shoulder, who was bathing her temples with some volatile essence, and whose grief and apprehension appeared nearly as violent as those of the interesting child.—Lady Mortimer fortunately recollected that a milk-house, which she had been in the habit of frequenting, was within a short distance; thither she ran with the utmost speed; and obtaining a glass, and a bottle of water, she returned in a few minutes to the insensible invalid, accompanied by the milkman, and his humane wife.—The latter she instantly dispatched for a sedan and medical assistance: the former she retained as a protector; for the gloom of night threatened to envelop them in darkness. There was, however, still sufficient light to distinguish objects; and Lady Mortimer sprinkled the water which she had brought with her, upon Mrs. Sinclair's face.—Returning sensibility succeeded the application; the suffering victim breathed an hysterical sigh, and in a few moments opened her languid eyes.

The wishes of Lady Mortimer were always executed with a promptitude equal to the commands of a sovereign pontiff; so striking is the effect of conciliatory manners toward those who are inferior to ourselves. Mrs. Brown (the milkman's wife) had fulfilled her em-

passy before her employer even thought she could have reached the town; and the surgeon, having placed his patient in the chair which had been provided for her conveyance, accompanied Lady Mortimer to Mrs. Sinclair's house.—Though it was one of those furnished habitations which are fitted up for the accommodation of succeeding families, yet there were a variety of articles in it, which displayed refinement and taste, such as drawings executed in a style of superior excellence, and a harp, upon which the fair possessor seemed to have recently played.

Neither the motion of the chair, nor the air which had been suffered to pass through it, had roused the suspended faculties of Mrs. Sinclair; and, though she opened her lovely eyes when accosted by the surgeon, she closed them again in a few seconds, without uttering a word.—The attached Martha's grief was so violent, that it prevented her from being useful; and it was with difficulty the little Adolphus could be torn from his mamma, who was alike insensible to his caresses and his tears.

All that could be learned from Martha, was, that, within the last few days, her mistress had appeared to labor under an increased depression of spirits, occasioned, as that attached domestic thought, by the delivery of a letter, which at that time she had received.—She added, that her mistress, during the afternoon, had repeatedly complained of excessive languor; that in the evening she had entreated her to walk upon the beach; and that, until she was suddenly seised with faintness, she had acknowledged that she felt much revived,

Lady Mortimer's benevolence was of the most active nature; exertion,

to her, never appeared in the form of fatigue, and, with a tenderness which did honor to her feelings, she declared her resolution of watching the poor invalid during the night.

The night was passed by the poor invalid between a torpid state of insensibility and a succession of fainting-fits; and, at a very early hour in the morning, Lady Mortimer again sent for medical assistance.

Mr. Martin (which was the surgeon's name) rather encouraged, than diminished, Lady Mortimer's fears, by acknowledging the symptoms of his patient to be far more alarming than the preceding night.—A physician of great eminence was immediately summoned, whose silent shake of the head was calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions; and, upon Lady Mortimer's accompanying him into another apartment, he candidly acknowledged he saw little reason for hope.

"Not, my Lady," said he, "that I foresee immediate danger—the poor thing may languish several days; but it appears to me that nature is exhausted: she has nearly completed her business; and the current of life ebbs apace.—I will try the effect of renovating medicines: but your ladyship must prepare your mind for the awful change."—So saying, he extended his hand toward her, for the purpose of receiving the fee, which he saw ready to be presented.

The anxious Martha had been waiting outside the apartment, and had distinctly heard the concluding part of the sentence.—With the most unfeigned appearance of grief she rushed into Lady Mortimer's presence, exclaiming "Oh! what will become of poor little Adolphus?"

"Compose yourself, I entreat you, my dear good woman," said her Ladyship. "Most sacredly I pro-

mise you that the dear boy shall never want a friend. I will act the part of a mother towards him, if he is not claimed by those who have a greater right over him—But tell me,” continued her Ladyship, “has your mistress no near connexions, no attached friend, to whose care she would wish to intrust the sweet child?”

“Oh! no, my Lady! no!” said the agonised Martha with a deep-drawn sigh.—“Dear innocent babe! it would have been a blessing, if he had never seen the light!”—At that moment, Mr. Colville and Mrs. Young entered the drawing-room, to make inquiries after the invalid.—Lady Mortimer eagerly disclosed her own apprehensions, which were strengthened by the opinion of the medical gentlemen, and entreated Mr. Colville to inform her in what manner she ought to act.—After much conversation; it was determined that Martha should be summoned, and again asked if her mistress had no friends or relatives who could be sent for.

It was some moments before this attached domestic was able to reply to the questions, and Mr. Colville, having placed a chair for her, entreated her to sit.—“Nothing is impossible with the Almighty, my dear Martha,” said Lady Mortimer, condescendingly taking her by the hand: “but, as (I grieve to say) Doctor Wilson apprehends danger, it becomes a duty to be prepared for it.—Curiosity, I assure you, has no part in our inquiry: it is common humanity that interests us in the fate of your mistress; and, as so faithful and attached a creature as yourself, must be in her confidence, you doubtless know where to send for her friends.”

“My good Martha,” said Mr. Colville, “do not think me imperti-

nent: but suffer me to ask whether your mistress is married?” “Would to God she was not sir!” replied Martha with increased agitation.—“She has a husband, and no husband.—Oh! it is his baseness that has destroyed her—cruel, wicked wretch, that he is!”

Mrs. Sinclair is greatly to be pitied, I doubt not,” rejoined her ladyship: “but there are moments for sympathy, and moments for exertion: and you, Martha, as being the only person who know her real situation, are in a peculiar manner called upon: but, if you will furnish me with the address of any of your mistresses connexions, I will instantly write to them; for there is something shocking in the idea of her having no tender friend to sooth her, at such an awful moment as this.”

“Yet,” sobbed out Martha, “she, who has always been a friend to the unfortunate, has no creature to apply to—no one to mourn after her, but that dear helpless babe”—pointing to Adolphus—“and her poor afflicted servant.”

“Are her parents both dead? has she neither brother nor sister?” demanded Mr. Colville.—“All dead, sir!—all gone to heaven!” sighed poor Martha. “and there never was a better family in the whole world.—But, my Lady, as you seem to be so good and so kind-hearted, I will tell you my poor mistresses sad story; for I am sure I know no more how to act in this sad business, than the child that is unborn: and as you, Sir, and Madam Young, likewise seem to have a deal of pity for her, I hope there will be no sin in breaking my promise.”

“Whatever secret you may intrust us with, my good Martha, shall never escape our lips; and, anxious as we are to become serviceable to

your unfortunate mistress, we wish not to pry into her private concerns : —yet it appears proper that some relative or friend should be sent for, to whose care the dear boy can be intrusted.”

At the mention of the poor little boy, Martha's grief was redoubled, and sobs actually prevented the power of utterance. Lady Mortimer persuaded her to swallow a little white wine ; and, in the course of a quarter of an hour, she became more composed ; when, after stepping up stairs to see whether her mistress remained in a state of insensibility, she began her narrative in the following words.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 117.)

THE coach now stopped at the door, and Matilda once more opened her eyes ; and, as soon as she was a little recovered, she was supported to the carriage. My Lord alone accompanied us : the other gentlemen could not possibly leave their friend, as they were uncertain whether or not he had breathed his last — Miss Lenox rested her head on my bosom, and spoke not a word — I felt her heart palpitate violently. His Lordship seemed buried in a profound *rêverie* ; nor did any of us seem disposed to break silence, till we reached the Abbey.

Lady Granville, and Lady Beaumont, with faces fully expressive of their anxiety, eagerly came forward to meet us.—As soon as we alighted, Matilda gave no one time to answer any questions : but, precipitately approaching Lady Granville, all pale and trembling, and looking at her Ladyship with a wild intensity that shocked me, she flung her arms around her neck, and exclaimed, “ Oh ! he is dead ! You loved

him once, my mother : but you will never see him more—the poor” . . . Here she again lost all sense of the misfortune that had pressed so heavily on her feelings. The poor terrified mother hung over her senseless child, in an agony not to be described ; while My Lord in passionate exclamations vented his fears that these successive faintings would deprive his unhappy girl of life.

Doctor M\*\*\*, the physician who attends the family, was sent for : he was then at his country seat, which was at no great distance from the Abbey. This benevolent man soon made his appearance ; and, when Miss Lenox was a little recovered, he endeavoured to sooth and compose her ruffled spirits, and to prevail on her to suffer him to bleed her. Matilda had always felt an invincible aversion to bleeding : she therefore would not listen to the Doctor's persuasions, though she has a very great respect for him, and he has been remarkably fond of her, from her infancy. But all his arguments were ineffectual, till her mother's tears and entreaties prevailed on her to comply. She held out her arm, and, when the Doctor assured her that she should not feel the least inconvenience from the operation, she told him with a woe-fraught smile, that, if he opened an artery, she would forgive him. After bleeding she was put to bed ; and the Doctor begged of me to quit her room, as he wished her to be kept as composed as possible. He then took Lady Granville by the hand, and gently forced her out of her daughter's chamber.

We found My Lord in the parlour, sitting pensively, his head resting on his hand.—“ My dear Lord !” cried her Ladyship, “ tell me now what sad accident has happened, thus grievously to affect my child.”—



My Lord took her hand, and, looking affectionately in her face, replied, "I fear, my dear love, that the melancholy transactions of this morning will prove but a prelude to future misfortunes. I wish to God we had never seen this unfortunate young man: our Matilda, I fear, is but too sensible of his many accomplishments: her affecting distress but too clearly evinces her feelings. I am almost as ignorant as your Ladyship with regard to particulars: but Lady Louisa possibly can give us some insight into this affair."

At this moment, Fortescue and Hastings entered the room. Every one eagerly inquired after Middleton: they answered that he was alive—that he had fainted through loss of blood—that the surgeons, after examining his wounds, thought them not mortal—but that he appeared so exceeding weak from the vast quantity of blood he had lost, that, if a fever should ensue, he would have but little chance for his life. I had desired Hastings to satisfy our curiosity, by giving an account how Middleton came by his wounds: My Lord seconded my request, which he complied with in the following manner.

"Middleton and I, on our return to the Abbey, were some considerable way before the other gentlemen. As we were riding slowly along, we saw a genteel-looking woman walking in a meadow on the other side of the road. She seemed to walk with difficulty; and we had not long observed her, ere she fell to the ground: Middleton was off his horse, and over the hedge to her assistance, in a moment.—I followed him.—He raised her in his arms. She was a very elegant figure of a woman, but extremely emaciated, and had, to all appearance, fainted through fatigue.

"While Mr. Middleton supported the lady, I went in quest of some water. As it was some distance from the house, it took me up some time to find water. On my return, I was surprised at seeing the lady to whose assistance I was hastening, running with inconceivable rapidity across the meadow. I was so astonished at this appearance, that I stood for some moments with my eyes fixed on the lady, till she was out of sight. I then looked about for Middleton, but could not see him: but, when I came to the spot where I had left him, I found him extended on the ground, bathed in his blood.

"When I approached him, he opened his eyes, and, in a feeble voice, told me, that he feared he was desperately wounded—that, while he was assisting the lady, some villain came behind him, stabbed him in the back, and repeated his blow two or three times—and that all this was done in a moment. I exclaimed, 'That cursed woman, Middleton, is at the bottom of this.'—'Oh! no!' replied he: 'I cannot think so: premeditated malice to a stranger could never dwell in so gentle and soft a form. My groans, I suppose, and the suddenness of her fall from my arms, which were no longer able to support her, recovered her: for, opening her eyes, and seeing me bleeding, and a man standing by with his sword reeking in my blood, she uttered a loud scream; and, rising from the ground with a celerity beyond her apparent strength, she flew from me.'

"Middleton was now quite exhausted: he fainted, as I supported him.—I knew not how to proceed, when luckily I saw our friends in the road. I called to them; and, when they came to my assistance, they were, as you may suppose, very much shocked at Middleton's

lifeless appearance.—In a few words, I related to them what had happened. Brudenel and Lenox swore they would pursue the villain till they overtook him, if it was to the extremity of the world. They were followed by Lord Stanley, Edward Fortescue, and Mr. Beville. But I am afraid there is very little probability of their coming up with the wretch, as he had the advantage of being considerably before them, and it was uncertain what road he had taken. Fortescue and I, with the help of the servants, carried Middleton to the first cottage. You, my Lord, and unhappily the ladies, were witnesses to what followed!

“The poor unhappy female could not possibly go a great way, and therefore, on inquiry may be found out.—I own, my suspicions rest strongly on her; if she was not accessory to the assassination of Middleton, I must think there was some connexion between her and the villain: but I will suspend my judgement, till the return of Mr. Lenox, and his friends.”

Dr. M\*\*\* here asked the names of the surgeons who attended on the wounded gentleman; and, when he heard them, he said he was happy to find that Mr. Middleton would have every possible assistance, as they were gentlemen of approved skill in their profession, and of known humanity.

Lady Granville, with her accustomed benevolence, expressed a wish that the Doctor would look on the poor youth, as she should be better satisfied with his attendance than that of any other. The Doctor readily complied with her Ladyship's request, and told her he was just going to make the same proposal, and ordered his carriage immediately. The anxious mother begged of him to return, and sleep at the Abbey, as possibly her poor child might stand in

need of his assistance. Having soothed Lady Granville's spirits with an assurance that he would not discontinue his attendance on Miss Lenox, till she was perfectly recovered, he took his leave of us for the present, to go and see Middleton.

I stole up stairs to Miss Lenox's room, notwithstanding the Doctor's prohibition, as I flattered myself the news I had to communicate would be more efficacious in quieting her perturbed spirits, than any medical assistance could be. I found her very faint and restless. I whispered to her that Middleton was alive, and that it was not apprehended that his wounds were mortal. She was too much exhausted to speak to me; but she pressed my hand eagerly in hers, and turned her eyes towards me, in which was expressed a faint gleam of joy.—Not thinking it proper to stay longer with her, I bade her good night, and rejoined the company in the drawing-room.

A melancholy silence prevailed among us; no one being disposed for conversation. We were a little relieved by the return of the Doctor; but that relief was of short duration; for he shook his head in answer to our inquiries, and told us he was sorry to say that he found symptoms of an approaching fever in Mr. Middleton. This account did not by any means exhilarate our spirits; and another melancholy pause ensued.—It grew late; and we began to express our fears for the absent gentlemen, whose return we had anxiously expected for some hours; when, to our great joy, they made their appearance, spent with fatigue, and covered with dust.

“The villain has escaped us,” cried Lenox eagerly. “We once caught sight of him: but, by a sudden turn down a narrow road, he entirely eluded our pursuit, though we

followed him till our horses dropped under us, and we were obliged to return in hack chaises"—He then inquired after Middleton; and, when he had heard the melancholy account, the noble tender-hearted youth burst into tears, and exclaimed against the base assassin, who, without any provocation, had destroyed one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living.

On looking round the room, he missed his sister, and anxiously inquired after her: but, on being told that she was indisposed in consequence of the extreme hurry of spirits she was thrown into on the first intelligence of the melancholy accident, Lenox, who is passionately fond of his sister, hung his head, and was silent. A something seemed to break on his mind, which his gay and unsuspecting disposition had hitherto prevented his thinking of. Doctor M\*\*\* now returned from Miss Lenox's room, and told her Ladyship, that he flattered himself, his patient was better, and that, as she seemed disposed to sleep, he could wish her Ladyship would not see her that night.—The fond mother, who has a most implicit confidence in the Doctor, with a smile of hope on her countenance, wished us all a good night.

We now separated, to retire to our respective apartments.—The Doctor and I went upstairs together, when, seeing me turn toward Matilda's room, he took me by the hand, saying, "I must beg of you, my Lady, not to enter that chamber to-night. I have deceived Lady Granville in the account I gave of her daughter. but I thought that deception necessary for the welfare of both. Miss Lenox is feverish; and her head is not quite well; and I am sorry to tell you, Lady Louisa, she is much worse than I expected

to find her. I fear she will have but a bad night: but, as quiet and composure is absolutely necessary, I must once more intreat that you will not see the poor lady till the morning."

I went to my own room, as you may suppose, in a very uneasy state of mind, and waited impatiently for the break of day; and, when I thought I might venture to see my friend, I went to her. I found that she had had a dismal night indeed—quite delirious!—She knew me not, nor any body that approached her.—About noon, the fever somewhat abated; but toward night it returned with redoubled violence. For two days and nights, Lady Granville and I hardly ever quitted the poor sufferer's bed-side, though she was insensible of our anxiety, except at intervals.—It is impossible to describe the distressed situation of the wretched mother, or that of the equally unhappy father. Lord Granville has sent an express to town for two eminent physicians to assist Dr. M\*\*\*.

Poor Middleton! there are no hopes of him: his fever never leaves him: he raves incessantly on Miss Lenox, while my poor friend, whose mind is impressed with the same sentiment, seldom calls on any other name than his. At one moment, with a fixed and vacant eye, she talks to the imaginary form of Middleton, as if he were really present: then, as if she had recollected herself, she will fling her arms round her mother's neck, and, with intense earnestness, beg of her to stop the bleeding, and to heal the wounds, of the man she once professed to love.—But why should I attempt, my dear Charlotte, to distress your mind, by a description of our sorrow? Oh! may you ever be a stranger to the sad scenes I am now witnessing! Doctor M\*\*\* evades any

direct answer to my anxious inquiries: but I am sure, by the expression of his eyes, he has but little hopes of Matilda's recovery. With a constitution which nature has formed very delicate—with a mind extremely susceptible, and agitated on that unfortunate morning by a variety of contending emotions—no wonder that the sight of Middleton in so shocking a state should have produced so alarming an effect on her health.

I was greatly moved this morning by a few affecting words uttered in a lucid interval by my poor friend. Her voice, her manner, the sense she seemed to have of her own danger, my own extreme depression of spirits, and body enfeebled with fatigue, all operated so powerfully on me, that I fainted in Matilda's chamber.—After a very dreadful night, she was become more composed, and, perceiving there was only I and her attendants near her, she waved her hand to them to quit the room; then, taking my hand between her poor burning fingers, and looking wistfully up in my face, “Lady Falkland,” said she, “if I should die, and Middleton should survive me, (for I know you will not tell me truly now, whether he is living or dead,) be it your care, my ever-beloved Louisa—and it is a promise I solemnly claim from a friendship that has from infancy endeared us to each other—be it your care to eradicate from the minds of my parents any injurious impressions which they may harbour against that poor unfortunate young man. Indeed he deserves better than to be thought unkindly of by them. I know, that, in my delirium, I have had no reserve: the too partial sentiments I have entertained for Middleton, must now be well known to my father and mother. But let them not think hardly of him on that ac-

count. Middleton never sought to insinuate himself into my favor; indeed he rather avoided my conversation; and I know not at this moment what his sentiments are with regard to me. His esteem I flatter myself I possess—Dear Louisa!” continued she, “there is still life enough about my heart to exult in the idea; and, even in death, Lord Granville's daughter will think herself honored by the good opinion of Mr. Middleton.”—Matilda was now quite exhausted: her feeble fingers relaxed their hold of mine: her head sunk from the pillow that supported her; and I had but just strength to pull the bell, when I fainted by her side.

I am fatigued with writing this long scroll. All the time that I could spare from my suffering friend, has been devoted to penning this sad epistle for your perusal. I will write again as soon as I am able.—Nothing can be imagined more miserable than this family.—Join your prayers with mine, Charlotte, to a powerful and benevolent Creator, to spare a child so deserving, to parents every way worthy of her.—Yours, most affectionately,

LOUISA FALKLAND.

(To be continued.)

### *The Old Woman.*

(Continued from page 128.)

N<sup>o</sup>. 4.—*On the Diversity of human PLEASURES, and the Gratification which may be derived from the RETURN of SPRING.*

THERE is a proneness in the human mind to sigh after untasted gratifications, and to disrelish those which it has the power of participating;—and so various are the secret sources of internal satisfaction, that what constitutes one man's happiness, another partakes of without the slightest enjoyment.

From what source this diversity

of sentiment derives its origin, is more the province of the metaphysician, than of the moralist, to determine; but, if the latter can direct the mind to those pursuits which may satisfy its eager longings—if he can give it that impetus of motion which seems necessary to its happiness—and if the plan he proposes is attended with advantages to his fellow creatures, he may surely be considered as devoting his talents to a praise-worthy object.

Pleasure, or, as it may more properly be termed, internal satisfaction, is, doubtless, what each individual wishes to enjoy:—but in what does it consist? does it depend on the dignities of ambition? or does it derive its gratification from the smiles of royalty? is it found in the splendid ball-room, or public theatres? or is it met with in crowded assemblies? or does it shrink from public observation, and dwell in retirement?

In vain may it be sought in either of those situations: for, alas! it can never be found: ambition must inevitably meet with disappointment; for the ambitious mind is never satisfied:—the ear of royalty may be poisoned by false insinuations, and the frown of dissatisfaction disperse the radiance of the smile. The music loses its effect by constant representation: crowded assemblies, successively resorted to, relax the powers of body and mind: total retirement permits the latter to sink into a state of inaction; and those energies which nature implanted, imperceptibly decline.

We are formed by nature both for action and exertion, and were never intended to dwindle into a torpid state. The pleasures of the world were intended to be resorted to, as recreations, not wholly to oc-

cupy all the noble powers of the mind. What a wide field of action expands itself before the female of fortune!—what powers does she possess for the exertion of benevolence! for those riches, which have been intrusted to her care by the great Author of every blessing, were not given for individual enjoyment. —In the environs of her domain, how many hungry mouths may she satisfy, how many naked may she clothe, at a comparatively small expense! how many sick may she visit, and sooth the languor of indisposition by the united powers of condescension and medical advice! —Babes will then be taught to lisp her name with veneration: the aged will never pronounce it, but accompanied by the most grateful strains; while her own heart will feel those sweet sensations which arise from self-gratification, and from this beneficial, this rational, use of her time.

Yet the female of rank and fortune is not required to pass her whole time in the country: she may enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis, without danger of vitiating her mind; for the diversity of scene which she has been engaged in, will give new charms to those occupations which embellish rank, and adorn human life. But it is only to the chosen few, that the refined pleasures of extensive benevolence are allowed: the circumscribed fortunes of the majority preclude the possibility of enjoyments of this kind: yet, in the middling classes of life, usefulness is practicable, and beneficence likewise, though within more limited bounds. The scraps and leavings of a family may be collected together, and formed into a mass, that would afford two or three hungry children a meal; and, where much has not been given, much cannot be required from us: all that

will be demanded, is to give that little with good-will.

With a disposition to do well, the power is not so confined as at first view might be imagined. Petty services are, doubtless, within the reach of every human being; and the most abject wretch that crawls the earth, may have an opportunity of performing some act of kindness for a brother in affliction. Those acts of kindness and courtesy add greatly to the pleasures of human life; and, whether high or low, dignified with honors, or depressed by humiliations, the receiving or conferring them conveys a secret satisfaction to the mind.

An admirer of nature is never at a loss for sources of secret satisfaction, particularly at this period of the year, when each day displays some new and expanding beauty, and the fragrance of the opening blossoms perfumes the ambient air.—Cold must be the heart of that being, and dead to all the finer feelings, who can unmoved survey the fresh expanding, the newly verdant green—who with opake eyes beholds nature putting on her gayest livery, to court his admiration, and elevate his soul to sublimer scenes.

The pleasures to be derived from the return of spring, are alike the portion of the prince and the peasant; and, though education may refine the gratification of the one, the other feels it in a little less exquisite degree: he finds his spirits buoyed up, his arm nerved for labor and exertion; and he contemplates with delight the surrounding scene.—The return of spring is anticipated with secret satisfaction by the most apathetic of human beings: the sordid look forward to it, as a source of enjoyment which is obtained without exertion or expense; and the religious hail it as a season which pro-

claims the renovating hand of the Creator mercifully dispensing blessings to his creature man!

But, to make use of the words of the resigned patriarch, “are we to receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?” is spring or summer alternately to be our lot? are our prospects never to be overshadowed by the clouds of misfortune? and are amarantine flowers successively to bloom? No: the seasons present us with no inappropriate picture of the versatilities of human life; and spring and summer, autumn and winter, represent the various changes which we all progressively feel.

The spring of life, like the season of the year, is the period for cultivation: the seeds which are to bring forth a plentiful harvest, should then be assiduously sown; and the youthful mind should then be grounded in those religious principles, which will ever afterwards teach it duly to appreciate the mercies of a beneficent God.

In contemplating the beauties of spring, what sublime ideas are engendered! what high conceptions formed! what grateful emotions raised! Every blade of grass proclaims the hand of its Creator; and the fragrance of every flower may be considered as incense offered to his holy name! How strange then does it appear that a season, offering such refined gratifications to its observers, should be left, as it were, neglected and despised! and that those, who, from taste and education, we should imagine, are peculiarly calculated to enjoy its beauties, should prefer the pleasures of a town life!

Can fashion so completely supplant the impressions of nature, that her votaries do not even regret the apparently unsatisfactory exchange?

can the confined air, breathed in public places and crowded assemblies, invigorate the constitution, like the country air, and spring's refreshing breeze?—But, allowing that this perversion of taste does not affect the constitution, it must inevitably prevent a thousand gratifying sensations from influencing the mind.

In the social intercourse of the country, in the exercise of domestic occupations, there is something sweetly satisfactory to the susceptible mind; while the crowded assemblies of the metropolis can, only from novelty, afford it delight.—How rapid is the amusement which these assemblies offer!—a promiscuous crowd huddled together, scarcely knowing each other's faces; the intercourse of such associations merely consists of a few simple interrogations, and terminates in the unmeaning compliment of Good night.

Friendship, founded upon a similarity of sentiment, and cemented by reciprocal taste, is unknown in these societies, where fashion and folly united reign.—To quit the dreariness of the country for the gaieties of London, when winter locks up nature's bounties with an icy hand, might be considered as diversifying enjoyment with an equal portion of judgement and skill: but to quit it at a season when it offers the greatest variety of attractions—to reject the sweet fragrance of the opening violet, for the potent odor of perfumes—is a paradox in the laws of fashion, beyond the power of my comprehension to solve.

As we are equally under the influence of habit and example, how much is it to be regretted that some of the leaders of fashion cannot imbibe a more rational and discerning taste! and, as they cannot exist without transplanting themselves

some part of the year to London, their migrations might undergo some little change.—This alteration must inevitably produce an increase of enjoyment; for few are formed of such apathetic materials, as to behold the beauties of this season without sensations of delight; and the emotions which are produced by contemplating the charms of nature, at once tend to purify and elevate the mind.

*(To be continued.)*

#### WHAT MIGHT BE.

*(Continued from our last Volume, page 602.)*

HAD the forfeiture of half his estate been the penalty of breaking through an engagement, of which the bare idea filled Sir Frederic Montgomery's mind with horror, he would readily have submitted to it, without repining at his loss: but to offer his penniless person to the woman who he knew would adorn the most elevated situation, was impossible;—and he was aware that there would have been a mixture of selfishness and madness in the proposal.

While Sir Frederic and Captain Lezoxton were alternately forming and rejecting a plan for the dissolution of the former's unfortunate engagement, Major Beauchamp's active mind was occupied upon the same interesting subject; and it occurred to him that he had often witnessed an uncommon degree of familiarity between Lady Gertrude and her Abigail.—This familiarity, he conceived, in great measure proceeded from the latter being acquainted with some traits in the former's history, which it would not redound to her honor to have known; and he determined to adopt every means in his power to discover her ladyship's residence, and renew his acquaintance with her servant.—Chance

avored the execution of this politic intention; for, being under an engagement to call upon a friend in the Edgeware Road, he saw a female walking in a nursery garden in that neighbourhood, who he instantly thought had the appearance of Mademoiselle Dupont.

Alighting from his horse, and giving him to his servant, he unceremoniously entered the garden grounds, and, under pretence of purchasing some exotics, obtained a complete view of the Abigail's countenance.—Knowing that the nursery-man was in the habit of letting his apartments, and concluding, from Dupont's dress, that she was a resident in the house, he did not doubt that Lady Gertrude was likewise an inhabitant; and he particularly wished to avoid seeing her. He therefore carefully watched an opportunity of accosting Dupont unobserved; and, seeing her turn down a walk where no person in the house could perceive them, he hastily followed and accosted her.

With all that animation so natural to the French character, Dupont expressed her delight at seeing him in existence; and alternately asked him ten thousand questions in her native language, and broken English.—These the Major answered, as prudence suggested, but with apparent confidence; and, in his turn, became interrogator, but received very evasive answers.—He then determined to feign an attachment very foreign to his feelings, condemned Lady Gertrude for her imprudence in keeping about her person such an enchantingly attractive girl, vowed he preferred her infinitely to her ladyship, and declared, that if she would return his affection, nothing but death should separate them.

To have gained a conquest so renowned as the handsome Major

Beauchamp, was more flattering to the intriguing little French-woman, than all the compliments he had paid to her charms; but, while making scruples of meeting him in the same walk in the evening, one of the gardeners came to tell her she had been repeatedly called; when, hastening from the spot with evident reluctance, she promised to meet the Major there at nine o'clock in the evening.

When Major Beauchamp had paid his intended morning visit, he hastened to Sir Frederic Montgomery's; and, being told by the servant that he was at Captain Legoxton's, without delay he followed him.—He found the two friends still *tête-à-tête* together, still undecided how to act; for the engagement had been too positive on the part of Sir Frederic, for him to find a loop-hole to creep out at.—Lady Gertrude had not requested him to bind his faith by a resignation of his fortune: she had merely made him acquainted with a report, which had robbed her of tranquillity; and, to prove that the author of that report had been instigated by some malicious motive, Sir Frederic had voluntarily offered to resign all his property, in failure of marriage.—This was a circumstance too evident to require disquisition; but whether the prior misconduct of her ladyship could not afford an excuse for the non-compliance with that engagement, was a question which Captain Legoxton asked the baronet, but to which no satisfactory reply had been given.

The same question was put to Major Beauchamp, when he joined the consultation; but he negatived this hope, and, addressing himself to Captain Legoxton, said, "There is no court in England, Sir, where such an excuse would be allowed.



—Every man in his senses (it is to be imagined) takes an opportunity of discovering whether the woman, whose attractions fascinate his senses, is a woman of virtue, or intrigue; but it is evident that Sir Frederic made no inquiry upon the subject, or he would never even have thought of making Lady Gertrude Montravers his wife. The circumstance confines itself to one simple question, Did you, or did you not give Lady Gertrude a bond? The answer must be in the affirmative; and it can only be cancelled by some after misconduct on her Ladyship's part. Though I alike detest trick and duplicity, yet, in this instance, I conceive both are allowed; and, as deception is the weapon with which Lady Gertrude attacked Sir Frederic, he may certainly be permitted to defend himself with the same envenomed dart. That her Ladyship's character is something more than dubious, is certain: but what we want is positive proof; and it has occurred to me that there is no method so likely to obtain it, as through the channel of her own attendant."

"But how are we to obtain it?" demanded Sir Frederic eagerly.—"How is Lady Gertrude's place of residence to be traced? for, though I am persuaded it was she, whom I saw yesterday evening, yet she vanished, as if by enchantment, from the masquerade."

"Fortunately, my dear fellow," replied Major Beauchamp, "her Ladyship and myself are pupils of the same necromancer; and, as I happen to be highly in his favor, he has let me into the secret of her present abode."

"For Heaven's sake, Beauchamp, do not trifle with my feelings," exclaimed Sir Frederic: "but seriously tell me whether you have discovered where Lady Gertrude resides?"

"Well, then seriously, my friend I conversed with her Abigail this morning in the garden of the house where her Ladyship at present dwells." Major Beauchamp then explained the method he had taken to acquire this knowledge, and the scheme he had formed to induce Dupont to betray her lady's secrets.

Both gentlemen gave a kind or negative approbation to Major Beauchamp's plan; and expressed their fears of its failure, conceiving it too romantic to promise success. The Major, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose; and, declaring he had not one moment to lose, took leave, with the promise of seeing Sir Frederic the same night between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Major Beauchamp, being an orphan, had been placed at nurse with a woman who resided in a cottage in one of the most retired parts of Norwood; and, as he had kept up a continual intercourse with his foster mother, he knew that she was devoted to his service. To this woman's house he determined to convey Dupont; and, when there, to throw off the mask, accuse Lady Gertrude of some reprehensible act, and her attendant, as a party concerned. Having made his own man as much acquainted with his plans and intentions, as was necessary for the execution of them, he left him in charge of the chaise which conveyed him to the place of assignation, and entered the garden by a private walk.

While Major Beauchamp was assiduously employed in endeavouring to extricate his friend from that engagement, which he had so artfully been drawn in to form with Lady Gertrude Montravers, her Ladyship was unintentionally aiding his design: for, being exasperated at having rung three or four times for Du-

pont before she made her appearance, she expressed her resentment in what might perhaps not have been termed the mildest strain.

Insolent by confidence, and impertinent by nature, Dupont's replies were calculated to increase resentment and spleen; and Lady Gertrude, in the height of her anger, threatened to turn her out of her place.—The exasperated Frenchwoman, aware that her lady was in her power, broke down those barriers of distinction, to which nobility has a claim; and her ladyship, unable to control her passion, forbade her insolent dependent ever again to appear in her sight.

Full of revenge, hatred, and malice, the enraged Dupont packed up all her clothes; and, hastening to the spot where she expected to meet the major, received him with open arms.—So violent was her indignation, that she could scarcely find language to disclose it.—This effervescence of passion the major endeavoured to foment, and concluded by saying, that, if she had a grain of spirit, she would contrive to be revenged.

“Yes, I vil make dat haughty voman tremble, my dear major! I vil take good care she shall never have one litle fardin of Sir Frederic Mongomery's fortune.—I vil tell you such tings of her vicked contrivance, as vil make you all astonished; and I vil tell dat she is married to von of my own countrymen.”

Sanguine as had been the major's hopes, they were far exceeded by this voluntary disclosure; but a new turn had been given to his ideas; and, after a moment's reflexion, he determined not to take Dupont to Norwood.

Pretending to resent the injury she had sustained, he again urged her to be revenged on her lady,

and entreated her to accompany him to Sir Frederic's house; assuring her, that, as a reward for relieving him from such an engagement, she might expect a sufficient sum to render her independent for life.—Having professed herself ready to accompany him any-where, he led her to the carriage which was waiting at the end of the garden wall; and, having directed his servant to order the postillions to drive to Captain Legoxton's, they arrived there, a little before eleven o'clock.

Sir Frederic was waiting in that painful state of agitation, which is excited by the mingled passions of hope and despair, and could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, when the servant informed him that Major Beauchamp and a lady requested to see him below stairs.—Major Beauchamp informed his friend that he had ventured to make, in his name, a promise to Mademoiselle Dupont, of a sufficient sum of money to render her independent, if she could give him such information respecting Lady Gertrude Mont-travers's conduct, as would be a sufficient reason for him to break through his engagement.

The delighted baronet readily bound himself to fulfil this engagement, and, as an earnest of his future intention, presented the enraged Dupont with a fifty-pound note, which seemed to act as a stimulus to that resentment, which she had before felt against Lady Gertrude.—The intelligence, which appeared of the greatest consequence, was, that Lady Gertrude, after Sir Frederic had left the continent, had formed a strong attachment to a young officer in Bonaparté's body-guards; and that she actually married him on the twenty-fourth of August; that, a short time after, each formed a separate attachment, and each entered into

a voluntary engagement to marry again.

That these circumstances were strictly true, Dupont not only asserted in the most solemn manner, but offered to swear before any magistrate; but, as Sir Frederic was peculiarly averse to becoming the subject of conversation, he wished to avoid any measure that could give publicity to his name. He therefore determined to write to Lady Gertrude, and demand the immediate restitution of his bond; at the same time making her acquainted with the motive which induced him to require it, and relating the substance of Dupont's conversation.— This letter Major Beauchamp undertook to deliver at an early hour the next morning; and the happy Sir Frederic flew to the object of his affection, to disclose the prospect of felicity which awaited him.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Characteristic Traits of the*  
CIRCASSIANS.

*(From Dr. Clarke's Travels.)*

THE inhabitants of Caucasus are described by their enemies as notorious for duplicity, and for their frequent breach of faith; and it is through the medium of such representation alone that we derive any notion of their character. But, placing ourselves among them, and viewing, as they must do, the more polished nations around them, who seek only to enslave and to betray them, we cannot wonder at their conduct towards a people whom they consider both as tyrants and infidels. Examples of heroism may be observed among them, which would have dignified the character of the Romans in the most virtuous periods of their history. Among the prisoners in the Cossack army, we saw some of the Circassians who had

performed feats of valour, perhaps unparalleled. The commander in chief, General Drascovitz, maintained, that, in all the campaigns he had served, whether against Turks or the more disciplined armies of Europe, he had never witnessed instances of greater bravery than he had seen among the Circassians. The troops of other nations, when surrounded by superior numbers, readily yield themselves prisoners of war; but the Circassian, while a spark of life remains, will continue to combat even with a multitude of enemies. We saw one in the prison of Ekaterinedara, about thirty-five years of age, who had received fifteen desperate wounds before he fell and was made prisoner, having fainted from loss of blood. This account was given to me by his bitterest enemies, and may therefore surely be relied on. He was first attacked by three of the Cossack cavalry. It was their object to take him alive, if possible, on account of his high rank, and the consideration in which he was held by his own countrymen. Every endeavour was therefore used to attack him in such a manner as not to endanger his life. This intention was soon perceived by the Circassian, who determined not to surrender. With his single sabre, he shivered their three lances at the first onset, and afterwards wounded two of the three assailants. At length, surrounded by others who came to their assistance, he fell covered with wounds, in the midst of his enemies, fighting to the last moment. We visited him in his prison, where he lay stretched upon a plank, bearing the anguish of his terrible wounds without a groan. They had recently extracted the iron spike of a lance from his side. A young Circassian girl was employed in driving away the flies

from his face with a green bough. All our expressions of concern and regard were lost upon him: we offered him money; but he refused to accept any, handing it to his fellow prisoners, as if totally ignorant of its use.

In the same place of confinement stood a Circassian female, about twenty years of age, with fine light-brown hair, extremely beautiful, but pale, and hardly able to support herself, through grief and weakness. The Cossack officers stated, that, when they captured her, she was in excellent health, but ever since, on account of the separation from her husband, she had refused all offers of food; and, as she pined daily, they feared she would die. It may be supposed we spared no entreaty which might induce the commander in chief to liberate these prisoners. Before the treaty of peace, they had been offered to the highest bidder; the women selling generally from twenty-five to thirty roubles a-piece—somewhat less than the price of a horse. But we were told it was now too late, as they were included in the list for exchange, and must therefore remain until the Cossacks, who were prisoners in Circassia, were delivered up. The poor woman, in all probability, did not live to see her husband or her country again.

Another Circassian female, fourteen years of age, who was also in confinement, hearing of the intended exchange of prisoners, expressed her wishes to remain where she was. Conscious of her great beauty, she feared her parents would sell her, according to the custom of the country, and that she might fall to the lot of masters less humane than the Cossacks were. The Circassians frequently sell their

children to strangers, particularly to the Persians and Turks; and their princes supply the Turkish seraglios with the most beautiful of the prisoners of both sexes, whom they take in war.

Salt is more precious than any other kind of wealth to the Circassians; and it constitutes the most acceptable present which can be offered to them. They weave mats of very great beauty, which find a ready market both in Turkey and Russia. They are also ingenious in the art of working silver and other metals, and in the fabrication of guns, pistols, and sabres. Some, which they offered for sale, we suspected had been procured from Turkey, in exchange for slaves. Their bows and arrows are made with inimitable skill; and the arrows, being tipped with iron, and otherwise exquisitely wrought, are considered by the Cossacks and the Russians as inflicting incurable wounds.

One of the most important accomplishments which the inhabitants of these countries can acquire, is that of horsemanship; and in this the Circassians are superior to the Cossacks, who are nevertheless justly esteemed the best riders known to European nations. A Cossack may be said to live but on his horse; and the loss of a favorite steed is the greatest family misfortune he can sustain. The poorer sort of Cossacks dwell under the same roof with their horses, lie down with them at night, and make them their constant companions. The horses of Circassia are of a nobler race than those of the Cossacks. They are of the Arab kind, exceedingly high-bred, light, and small. The Cossack generally acknowledges his inability to overtake a Circassian in pursuit.

*Remains of VOLTAIRE.**(Continued from page 82.)*

CICERO says that Roscius was so rich, that he performed gratis for ten years, in which time he might have gained two millions [ $\mathcal{L}$  33,000 sterling]; and that the salary of the actress Dionysia was equal to his. Æsopus left behind him a fortune of five millions [ $\mathcal{L}$  200,000. sterling]. Nero performed the principal characters in the tragedies of Canacè, Oedipus, Hercules, and Orestes: it was the fashion of the day. The virtuous Thrasea Pætus had acted at the theatre at Padua.

*(To be continued.)*

## MEDLEY

*Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

*Preservation of dead Fowls*—The following simple mod of preserving fowls may probably be worth the notice of some of our fair readers. It is practised in Lapland, as we learn from the celebrated Laumaes [Finn], who, in his "*Luchas Japonica*," informs us, that, on his tour in that country, there was served up to him, at supper, the breast of a cock of the wood, which had been shot in the course of the preceding year: upon which, he adds (to use the words of his translator, Dr. Smith, "Its aspect was not very inviting, and I imagined the flavour would not be much better; but in this respect I was mistaken. The taste proved delicious, and I wondered at the ignorance of those, who, having more fowls than they know how to dispose of, suffer many of them to be spoiled, as often happens at Stockholm. I heard with pleasure that these poor Laplanders know better than some of their more opulent neighbours, how to employ the good things which God has bestowed upon them. After the breast is plucked, separated from the other parts of the bird, and cleaned, a gash is cut low, lengthways on each side of the breast bone, quite through to the bottom, and two others parallel to it, a little further off, so that the inside of the flesh is laid open, in order that it may be thoroughly dressed. The whole is first salted with fine salt for several days. Afterwards a small quantity of flour is strewd on the wa-

terside to prevent its sticking, and then it is put into an oven, to be gradually dried. When done, it is hung up in the roof of the house, to be kept till wanted, when it would continue perfectly good, even for three years, if it were necessary to preserve it so long."

*Cookery of Eggs*—A correspondent, under the signature of "*Apicius*," quaintly observes, that "*a boiled egg is a spoiled egg*," and recommends a different mode of cookery, which we give in his own words—"Let the water first boil in a saucepan—when boiling, place the vessel any-where at a distance from the fire—put in the eggs—cover them up with the lid, and let them lie in the water for two, three, or four minutes, according to your taste.—Eggs, thus cooked, are far more delicate, than if boiled, though for never so short a time; even one half minute's boiling on the fire being sufficient to destroy that delicacy of flavour which is found in coddled eggs—You need not be over-hasty in putting the eggs into the water, since a saucepan, carried from the kitchen to the parlour, is still hot enough for the purpose—or, a boiling kettle being brought up, the water may be poured from it on the eggs in a basin, which, being immediately and closely covered, will nearly answer the same purpose; though the utensil, sold by tin-men and ironmongers under the name of an *egg coddler*, may be somewhat preferable to the basin."

*The Reticule*—This petty article of feminine accoutrement, a correspondent observes, is most ridiculously mis-called *Reticule*. Its true name is *Reticule*—Originally made of *ret-work*, it was, in French, very properly called *Réticule*, from the Latin *Reticulum* (a little net).—In imitation of our neighbours, we adapted the same appellation, and, retaining the Latin *L*, (as in *Amuletule*, &c.) pronounced it in four syllables, though we already had the word in our dictionaries in its contracted form, *Reticle*, like *Miracle*, *Quicle*, &c.—To account for its metamorphosis into *Reticule*, our correspondent adds, that *Ridicule* [derision] is, by many persons, mispronounced *Reddicule*; and hence he supposes, with every appearance of probability, that some sapient critics, unacquainted with the real origin and meaning of the term *Reticule*, on first hearing it properly pronounced, imagined it to be a further corruption of the already corrupt *Reddicule*, and, by way of setting all right, converted it into *Reticule*.

## POETRY.

## BOY'S RIMES,

or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option,—the rhymes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.

Fear, cheer; Ahode, road; Soar, explore;  
Train, wane; Brave, crave; Ease, please;  
Shun, sun; Lour, pow'r.

Stanzas addressed to the Misses SHARP, occasioned by hearing them perform a Duet on two Harps, at their Concert, Feb. 27, 1812.—By J. M. LACEY.

FAIR children! daughters of the lyre!  
Whose harps, with more than ancient fire,  
Astonish and delight!  
For you I wreath an humble lay—  
Uncrown'd with Fame's immortal bay,  
Truth only makes it bright.

You seem'd, when late you charm'd mine ear,  
Like sister seraphs from the sphere,  
Where melodies sublime  
Are hymn'd by angels, whose blest throngs  
Breathe bright enchantment in their  
And triumph over time. [songs,  
For, oh! such heav'nly breathings came,  
That either harp seem'd fraught with  
With soft Promethean fire; [flame,  
And, as the strings your fingers felt,  
In tones that rouse, or tones that melt,  
Each seem'd a living wire.

Now louder rose your theme, and clear:—  
Oh! if it struck a warrior's ear,  
His soul was sure in arms!  
But now in pensive sweep it fell,  
And seem'd some tale of grief to tell,  
And all its sad alarms.

Again you struck th' obedient strings,  
And Muses seem'd to open wings,  
So light their tones, and gay;  
Each eye gleam'd rapture: ev'ry breast  
Your excellence at once confess'd;  
And all went charm'd away.

Fair ones! be yours the heart to feel:  
Stamp each bright lip with truth's fair  
Be virtue twin'd with science: [seal;  
Be all your parents wish or want;  
And Heav'n will ev'ry pleasure grant:—  
Place there your firm reliance.

Stanzas addressed to Miss SQUIRE, on reading her Poem of "The Frail Fair," in the Lady's Magazine for February.

By J. M. L.

THE sweetest gem in woman's breast  
Is pity for a fallen fair one:  
But, though 'tis kindest, dearest, best,  
Alas! too oft it is a rare one.  
Still unto thee that feeling doth belong:  
To thee, in thankfulness, I pour my song,  
Truth, through thy strain, its richest  
stream

Has taught to flow in brilliance purest:  
Pity and mercy o'er it gleam,  
A test of truth the very surest!  
For, let man ask his heart, hard though  
it be,

If truth and pity centre not in thee?  
'Twere best to shun each Siren wile:  
'Twere worse than weak in man to  
trust 'em:

But 'gainst the fall'n to raise a smile,  
If 'tis one, is a hateful custom:  
'Tis quite enough that man has triumph'd  
there: [despair.

He should not, by contempt, increase  
But thus to hear thy accents say,  
Quite bids my heart, kind maid, re-  
spect thee.

As truth and honor fill thy lay, [thee!  
May they, to life's last hour, protect  
It is a stranger's wish: but, oh! believe,  
'Tis neither meant to flatter nor deceive!

When you had pity's tear begun his eye,  
Who rudely spurn'd at fallen woman's  
crying,

If then his bosom felt not mercy's sigh,  
When he reflected on her sad undying,  
His heart was harder than the flinty stone,  
And colder than the frozen Arctic zone!

Be thine, kind hearted fair one, still  
The calmest hours that peace can send  
May genius e'er await thy will, [thee!  
And poesy, as now, attend thee:  
Be thy life long, and be it happy too!  
For only happiness should wait on you.

Elegy on the Death of Col. ORCHARD, late  
M. P. for Cullington, who died, March 1,  
1812.

ALAS! he's gone! he breathes no more!  
Let Orchard's loss each breast deplore:  
His praises who shall tell?  
For ever flown, North Devon's pride,  
To realms where pow'r's supreme reside,  
Among the blest to dwell.

Of generous heart, with strength of mind,  
That seem'd for highest trust design'd,  
In council or the field—  
Bent, path of honor to pursue,  
And prove to friendship's banner true,  
His look each thought reveal'd.

In ev'ry feature joy was trac'd,  
When these he lov'd were near him plac'd  
Around his bounteous board;  
'Mid social cheer, delightful ease,  
Engaging converse, smiles that please,  
Him truly all ador'd.

His clear discernment, talent rare,  
Of judgement show'd no common share,  
Selections pure to make:  
He soon, with penetrating eye,  
Would arts of wily knaves descry,  
And off the snare take.

Now laid, by Death's dread arrow, low,  
What bursting sighs, what poignant woe  
Upon his bier attend!—  
Blest shade, farewell!—so justly dear,  
Thee in remembrance we revere,  
The firm, the steady friend. H.

*The ADIEU.*—By R. P. R.

AND must we part? and shall we meet  
no more?— [sea.—

Relentless fate demands me on the  
Farewell, my angel!—Hark! from yon-  
der shore, [part from thee.

The boatswain's voice now bids me  
Perhaps some dreary night, when storms  
descend, [rot,  
And dreadful thunder shakes thy lowly  
Cheekless ve sail, while ev'ry pitying  
friend

At home deplores our melancholy lot  
Doubt not, sweet innocence for one  
above, [raging deep,  
Who rules the waves, and checks the  
Will not leave unprotected faithful love,  
But bid the rolling waves and tempests  
sleep.

Once more adieu! No longer can I stay.  
I go midst threaten'g dangers and alarms  
Again the boatswain bids me haste away!  
Adieu, my love! they bear me from thy  
arms.

*A LENT PREACHER.*

*Impromptu, by J. M. L.*

SAYS Tom to his friend, "You remember  
Sam Grave,  
Who at school was our orthodox teacher;  
He's turn'd parson, and, sure as for  
mercy I crave,  
Is lately become a Lent preacher!"

"A Lent preacher!" says Dick. "why,  
that's curious, I own:  
And I wish I may ne'er see to-morrow,  
If I once could imagine, that, in this  
great town,  
They had ever occasion to borrow."

*The drooping ROSE.*

By MARY JANE.

SAY, shall that rose, that droops its lovely  
head, [the eye?  
No longer scent the air, nor charm  
Must it no longer deck its early bed?  
And shall its beauteous tints for-ever die!  
Ah! yes! But, when returning summers  
smile, [shall bloom:  
The tree, which gave it life, again  
For it but sheds its transient sweets  
awhile, [bloom.  
To rise and flourish with redoubled  
Emblem of man! he, like this lovely rose,  
Stands rob'd in health, nor feels or  
grief or pain. [prospects close,  
But, though pale Death his brilliant  
His soul survives! he dies, to live again.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
in our Magazine for February.*

*The SEDUCER, by J. M. L.*

REPENT—ere yet too late, repent!

Nor be your cruel guilt avow'd.

The maiden's honor and content

Is all, of which she can be proud.

Repent—redress—or many a year

Shall see thy breast from comfort free,

Shall doom thy soul to phrensied fear,

Shall bid each friend thy presence flee.

Then vainly let not Beauty crave!

Put not her last sad hope to flight!

By honor's tie, by wedlock, save,

And raise her fallen form to light!

Or else, depend, it is decreed,

Seduction's heart shall feel a sting,

Swift as the forked lightning's speed,

And rapid as the tempest's wing!

*Another.—The BEGGAR'S PETITION.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherlon

Oh! give some bread, to blunt keen  
hunger's sting!

Me Mis'ry has her orphan child decreed:  
Misfortune o'er me spreads her baleful

wing, [my speed!

And Woe, where'er I fly, still mocks

If melting Pity has not ta'en her flight,

Sure thou wilt give this little, all I crave!

Then, till these eyes are clos'd on heav'n's  
pure light, [to save.

I'll bless the hand, outstretch'd in need

Think'st thou, thy soul would e'er the  
deed repent? [Christ *avow'd*.—

No! "Give, and thou shalt have," hath  
The gen'rous act shall yield thee more  
content,

Than all the revels of the gay and proud.

Though long from death we all may wan-  
der free, [with *fear*,

Yet come it will, that hour, oft fraught  
When our immortal part at large must  
flee

To endless woe, or heav'n's eternal year.

Ah! then spread blessings from thy  
boundless store: [care!

Let orphans, widows, own thy guardian  
Let Want, reliev'd, go smiling from thy  
door; [pray'r!

And, ah! let me now leave one grateful

Then, when thou't summon'd from this  
transient state [the sky,

By Him who views our actions from  
Warm Charity shall prove thy advocate,  
And win for thee ecstatic bliss on high.

Another.—INVITATION to the MUSE.

By MISS SQUIRE.

Oh! come, my Muse! my friend! thy  
trembling wing [tire's *sting*

Once more expand, nor shrink, though sa-  
(To genius fatal) would arrest thy speed,  
And quench the spark, by pitying heav'n  
decreed, [light—

Midst deepest gloom, to lend its cheering  
Come, if thou canst—essay a nobler  
flight; [to *save*

And teach me, from Oblivion's tomb to  
My yet unheeded name:—thy aid I crave:

Then do not, like Deception's myriads, flee  
The hour of trial:—but, on pinions free,

Waft me awhile, where no obtrusive fear  
May rise, (like tempests that deform the  
year) [sions *proud*,

To blast my hopes, and chase those vi-  
deous to me than aught, by pride *avow'd*

Precious or rare:—then come!—with  
thee content, [repent.

I'll shun the giddy throng, who trifle, to

#### Killing TIME

Imitation of the French Epigram given in  
our Magazine for February.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petterton.

To tread vain Folly's flow'ry maze,  
To waste on nothings countless days,  
To chase each empty, fickle thing,  
To revel, dance, carouse and sing,  
Year after year this course pursue,  
With nought but worldly joys in view,  
To be sold, by some men, killing time:—  
How many friends, how great their crime!

Fools! yes! time's kill'd, thus misap-  
plied:

But killing time is suicide!

#### Acrostich on Lord NELSON.

By R. P. R.

H ONOR'D, belov'd, and chief in mar-  
tial fame, [name,

O f Albion's guardians, first in deed and  
R espected e'en by England's wond'ring  
foes, [rose.

A dmir'd by all, the conqu'ring hero  
T rue valour fill'd his breast; he nobly  
strove [love.

I n danger's arms to gain his country's  
O pposing nations own'd his pow'r with  
deed: [bled.—

N o one felt his vengeance: there he nobly  
E ternal justice, to th' ethereal skies,  
(Let no one fix a pow'r so truly wise)

S natch'd him at length from weeping  
Britain's eyes. [tell,

O h! then let British annals grateful  
N elson, victorious, for his country fell.

Verses to the SPARROWS feeding at the  
Author's Window, during a severe Winter.  
From Miss STOCKDALE's "Mirror of the  
World."

COME, poor sparrows, at my call!

Fetch the crumbs I freely give.

Let no fear your breasts appal:

Come to me; and eat, and live.

Snow's white mantle decks the ground.

You can peck nor worms nor grain:

Nature's genial pow'rs are bound

Fast in Winter's icy chain.

Ev'ry tree's disrob'd of green!

And the little feath'ry race

Cold and hungry now are seen:—

In the snow their feet I trace.

Pecking here and there, they try

Some small pittance to obtain—

Happy, if they chance to spy

Aught to soothe the gnawing pain.

See! they come—a downy flight.—

Each accepts the proffer'd bread,

While my heart with fond delight

Teems, to see the hungry fed.

May I ever, ever feel

Pity for another's woe!

May I strive each grief to heal,

And my mite with joy bestow!

As I give, my God will bless;

He'll increase my little store.

I'll his widows' wrongs redress,

Feed his hungry, clothe his poor.



Address to the EVENING STAR, written in  
Shetland.

(From "Poems by D. P. CAMPBELL.")

\* \* \* In the preface to the volume whence  
we borrow this extract, we are informed that  
the fair authoress had not yet attained her  
seventeenth year when she committed it to  
the press, and that her object, in publishing it,  
was to relieve the distresses of a numerous  
family.

BRIGHT trav'ler of yon blue expanse,  
Throwing through clouds thy silv'ry  
glance,

The dewy ev'ning to adorn,  
Say, on what shore shall I appear,  
When thou, as wheels the rolling year,  
Shalt usher in the morn?

Still must these barren plains and hills,  
These rugged rocks and scanty rills,  
My narrow prospect bound?

Must I, where Nature's bounteous hand  
Doth ev'ry rural charm command,  
Say, must I ne'er be found?

Still on these plains, where, scantily spread,  
The modest daisy lifts its head,

Or lurks amid the broom,  
Still with pall'd eye view o'er again  
Thin scatter'd on the stony plain  
The primrose scarcely bloom?

Oft Fancy wanders many a mile  
O'er scenes where Nature loves to smile,  
And scatters charms around,  
Where rocky mounts on mounts arise,  
Whose tow'ring summits kiss the skies,  
With leafy forests crown'd.

Or where the dreadful cat'racts roar,  
Or where, the smiling valley o'er,  
The rolling rivers glide;  
Or where the lake expands to view,  
Reflecting, on its bosom blue,  
The mountain's woody side.

Still must this ocean's liquid round  
My dreary prospects ever bound,  
On Fancy's wings while borne,  
My weary soul delights to roam  
To other lands, another home,  
Nor wishes to return?

Lines from a young Lady to her Sister.

Ere twice fifteen short years are flown,  
The bloom of life is o'er;  
Beauty may linger on her throne,  
But youth returns no more!  
Ah, beauty! transient as yon flow'r  
That shuns the winter's storm,  
Thy brightest, softest, sweetest pow'r  
Is shrou'd in woman's form.

And youth, sweet season! smiling morn  
Of life's eventful day!

When blossoms fair conceal each thorn,  
And ev'ry month is May;  
Of thee possess'd, the guileless heart  
But sees eternal spring;  
And nature, yet unschool'd by art,  
Bids Hope, the cherub, sing.

By fancy warm'd, by pleasure led,  
By reason uncontrol'd,  
The Loves and Graces daily spread  
Their nets of living gold  
For thoughtless youth; but, ah! how soon  
The dear delusion flies!  
As soft retires the silver moon,  
When morn illumines the skies.

Reflexion then, with brow serene,  
First scans the little page,  
And merr'y too, with anguish keen,  
Which time can scarce assuage,  
Dwells on the past—and, as alloy  
Is mix'd with valned ore,  
She mingles with the cup of joy  
A tear for those no more.

MARIA.

#### The SPHINX.

(From "The Out-o'-the-way-isms of Patrick  
Delany.")

To talk of the Sphinx—but I'm loth to de-  
tain you— [silly,  
I'd tell you a joke 'gainst my uncle De-  
Who mistook this same Sphinx for a  
mountain in Asia! [you're crazy."  
"A mountain! a Monster, man! Uncle,  
So the next time he talked of antiquities  
rare, [stare,  
And of hieroglyphics, to make the folk  
He mention'd the Sphinx as a native of  
Erie, [were staring.  
A Munsterman!—Oh! then the people

#### La BIENFAISANCE.

O TOI qui veux goûter le bonheur vérita-  
ble, [commandable.  
Par de nombreux bienfaits rends toi re-  
En vain te dira-t-on que le seul intérêt  
Des mortels généreux est le motif secret:  
Ne crains point de céder à l'intérêt sub-  
lime [prime.  
De soulager les cœurs que l'infortune op-

\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.





Tender. Mornina & Child's Dress.

London Morning and Child's

DRESSES,

Morning dress of muslin, decorated on the bosom with lace let in.—A Spencer of buff satin, embroi-

dered with the same color.—A hat of the same materials, and two white feathers.

Child's dress.—A short frock and trowsers, with the Regent hat of grey silk.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

\* \* \* The Dates between crotchets [ ] mark the day on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the "Morning Chronicle," or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.

[London, March 28.] At Venice, there is a strong fleet coming forward; there are four line-of-battle ships on the stocks, two ready for sea, and one ready to launch, besides other smaller vessels in a forward state.

[30] Letters from Corunna, of the 17th inst. state, that a considerable quantity of arms have been delivered to the chieftains of the forces in Galicia and its neighbourhood; and that the activity of the English in this important respect had given great satisfaction to the provincial Governments.

[31] The destruction of the sheep in Spain, as well by the enemy, who mostly live on mutton, as by our own troops, is calculated at more than three fourths of the flocks of the country.

[April 1] An account has recently been received from South America, stating that the Queen of Portugal's life had been preserved by the prompt assistance rendered to her Majesty by an English sailor named Matthews. The Queen was in the act of taking a drive in her carriage drawn by four mules, which, after throwing their riders, ran furiously away, and were proceeding at full speed to the verge of a precipice. All her attendants and spectators were so much alarmed, that they did not attempt to arrest their progress, which was courageously performed by the sailor before mentioned, on whom the Prince Regent of Portugal has settled a pension for life, and requested, through his captain, that he might be discharged from the navy, which the Admiralty have directed to be carried into effect.

[1] Madras, Oct. 17, 1811.—A fever, or pestilence, has prevailed in the Madura and Palamcottah districts to the southward, which has destroyed almost all the

inhabitants. A gentleman, recently returned thence, says, that he passed through nearly 20 villages without seeing one living soul; the houses, streets, and fields, being covered with the skeletons and bones of the inhabitants. About 80,000 persons are supposed to have perished.

[2] Lord Wellington invested Badajoz on the 16th of March.—On the 19th, about two thousand men of the garrison attempted a sortie, but were immediately repulsed, with considerable loss, by Major-general Bowes.

[2] In the beginning of March, the Swedish troops in Pomerania were disarmed by the French. Those which were at Stralsund received orders to assemble in three divisions, and at different places, when they were surrounded by a superior French force, and their arms taken from them. They were at the same time informed that they were no longer Swedish soldiers. Those among them who were born in the states of the Confederation of the Rhine, were separated from the rest, and immediately quartered among the French soldiery.—His Swedish Majesty has not hitherto received the least official intelligence regarding the cause of the entrance of the French troops into Pomerania.

[3] Intelligence from Petersburg, of the 4th ult. states, that the Russian army on the frontiers of Poland amounts to between two and three hundred thousand men.

[4] The armistice between the Russian and Turkish armies is to continue forty-five days, unless sooner terminated by the mutual consent of both parties. Meantime, plenipotentiaries are to be appointed, to settle the preliminaries of peace.

[4] About the middle of March, an in-

sumption took place at Caen, in Normandy, on account of the dearth of provisions. The troops were called in, the ringleaders were arrested, and tried by a military commission: four men and five women were executed: eight persons were condemned to eight years' hard labour, and ten to five years' solitary confinement.

[6] *Petersburg, Feb. 28.*—An ukase, of Feb. 1, contains the following regulations for raising additional imposts.—The capitation-tax is augmented to two roubles each man. The imposition upon merchants' capital from 5 to 10 per cent. The duties upon the services of individuals are doubled. An extraordinary and temporary impost has been imposed upon real property, for which the proprietors are to pay from 1 to 10 per cent. according to its amount, independent of ordinary contributions.

[7] Accounts from the American United States say that the enlistments for the militia proceed with great spirit and alacrity;—that a loan-bill for raising 11,000,000 dollars has been agreed to;—and that the loans for 1813 and 1814 are estimated at about 18 millions, each year.

[7] Letters from Cadiz state, that, in that part of the country, wheat is at nearly double the price which it has borne in times of unusual scarcity during the last fifty years.—In many houses in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants have perished for want of sufficient food.

[9] March 17, a Constitution, for the government of Spain, was sanctioned by the general Cortes, settling the succession in Ferdinand VII and his legitimate descendants, male and female, but reserving to the Cortes the power of setting aside any person or persons incapable of governing, or who may have done any thing to deserve exclusion from the throne.—On the 19th, a new Regency was appointed, who solemnly swore to defend and preserve the Roman Catholic religion, and not to suffer any other in Spain—to keep and preserve the constitution and laws of the monarchy—not to alienate, cede, or dismember any part of the kingdom—not to require any money, produce, or any other thing, unless decreed by the Cortes—and to observe the conditions imposed by the Cortes.—The new Regency has already displayed great patriotism, activity, and firmness, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

[10] Advices from Lagaira, of Feb. 3, state, that perfect tranquillity prevailed there, and great encouragement was given to trade. There were four or five American ships there at the time.—General Miranda was at Caraccas, highly popular. He was reinforcing his army by a vast number of recruits who had entered as volunteers. The whole force of Caraccas and the United Provinces was calculated at between 15 and 20,000 men. All the neighbouring states had sent deputies to the General Congress.

[10] *Caraccas, Feb. 1*—The general condition of our affairs is extremely prosperous; and, notwithstanding the opposition of the rebels to liberty in the province of Coro, and in the town of Santa Martha, we remain in a state of happiness and tranquillity never before enjoyed by the people of Venezuela, within the memory of man. Mexico will soon be equally free, and with the assistance of troops from these provinces (rendered now almost unnecessary) will destroy its tyrants. Venegas has sheltered himself in the capital, which has been strongly fortified; but he is surrounded with enemies. The President of the Congress has thought fit, with the advice of his Council, to prohibit the exportation of specie, since it has been found detrimental to the state that it should be allowed to be transmitted from the territory. This measure has not been dictated by any deficiency, but from a proper determination not to supply the necessities of our enemies.

[11] A late number of the *Journal des Mines*, a work published by authority in France, contains an account of a submarine forest, recently discovered upon the coast of Brittany, near Morlaix.

[12] The Berlin Gazette, of the 5th inst. contains the following official paragraph.—“According to a convention entered into with France, the contributions due from Prussia, which were in arrear, and were to be paid in the current coin of the realm, have been remitted. On the other hand it is agreed, that Prussia is to furnish 25,000 men to act against Russia, and is besides to undertake to provide for the maintenance of the French troops during their march through the country.”

[13] *Konigsberg, March 12.*—According to a treaty entered into between Prussia and France, the latter is to deliver up the fortresses on the Oder, and, on the other hand, is to take possession of Colberg, Pillau, Memel, and Rugenwalde.—The Prussian Court has retired to Bres-

laa, in order not to witness the march of French troops through Königsberg.

[13] A letter from Königsberg, of March 13, states, that, in case of war with Russia, France will bring into the field 135,000 French troops, 40,000 Saxons, 6,000 Bavarians, 25,000 Westphalians, 130,000 Austrians, 15,000 Wirttembergers, 10,000 Poles, 40,000 Prussians—total, 430,000.

[13] The quantity of grain in Prussia is so scanty, in consequence of the destruction of 20,000 lasts by a late conflagration at Königsberg, that the arrival of the armies will inevitably cause a famine.

[14] By a recent regulation, British cotton goods and raw sugar, besides other articles of British merchandise, will be admitted into the Russian dominions.

[14] General Cruz, the governor of Alicante, has been detected in a traitorous correspondence with the French. The detection was effected by the vigilance and activity of Mr. Tupper, late British consul at Valencia; and the traitor has been compelled to resign his office.

[15] March 25, the allies, after a furious engagement, took by assault the strong redoubt of Picavina, in front of Badajoz.

[16] *Vienna, March 29*—The French ambassador received, on the 21st, a courier from Constantinople, with dispatches, dated the 16th February, which state that the Porte has rejected all the propositions of Russia, and is resolved to recommence and prosecute the war with the utmost vigor.

[16] *Berlin, March 31*—On the 26th instant, the following notice was published—“As the near passage of the French troops, under the orders of the Marshal of the Empire, the Duke of Reggio, is in consequence of the perfect understanding which reigns between Prussia and France, these troops, who belong to a friendly power, must be received and treated with care and consideration.”

[16] Late Paris papers mention the arrival of a considerable French army at Berlin, and add, that the citizens have been called upon, by his Prussian Majesty, to provide, at their own expense, for the entertainment of their Gallic visitors.

[21] The scarcity of provisions in France has induced Bonaparté to order a gratuitous daily distribution of 2,000,000 rations of soup in the different departments, in addition to the ordinary aid

afforded to the poor; for which purpose, he has placed at the disposal of the prefects 22,500,000 livres [£9,37,500 sterling].

[22] Large magazines are forming between the Elbe and the Vistula.

[23] It is said that a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between France and Austria, and that Austria is to receive Illyria and Silesia, as a compensation for providing 100,000 men.

[24] The proprietors of estates in Demarara and Tobago have lately published resolutions, in which the former declare, that, during the last year, the settlement lost £1,200,000—and the latter, “That nothing but the hope of some relief, and the duty they owe to their creditors, could induce the planters to continue the cultivation of their estates, for any other purpose than the maintenance of themselves and their negroes, by raising stock and provisions.”

[23] Advices from Mexico, Vera Cruz, and Yucatan (the latter to October 1st) represent the insurrections as suppressed in those quarters, but

[25] later advices from Vera Cruz (of Feb 4) state, that, although there was great abundance of clothing and other necessaries at that place, they could not be forwarded to the interior, as the communication was interrupted by numerous parties of insurgents, wherefore the back settlers, who had been accustomed to European clothing, were obliged to wear sheep skins.

[25] In Catalonia, wheat has, within a few weeks, nearly doubled in price, and a famine is apprehended; and even in the fruitful districts of Castile, there is an alarming scarcity.

[25] Lord Wellington took Badajoz by storm in the night of April 6, after a severe conflict, which lasted from ten at night till day-light the next morning, and in which the British army had 648 individuals killed, and 2329 wounded—and the Portuguese, 155 killed, and 545 wounded.—They took about 4000 prisoners.

[27] Feb. 16, General Ballasteros, with 2000 infantry and 300 horse, attacked and defeated the French general Maranzin, with 2000 infantry and 400 horse.

[27] *Cadiz, March 27*.—Sarsfield has made another excursion into France, and returned with 45,000 crowns, 200 head of horned cattle, and 400 sheep, the fruit of the contributions which he levied.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

On the 28th of March, the physicians reported to the Queen's council, that the King had been less agitated since the last meeting of Her Majesty's council, though, in the course of the last fortnight, he had been more restless and disturbed;—that His Majesty's bodily health had improved, but that his mind continued as diseased as ever.—and, on the 4th of April, the Queen's council made to the privy council their quarterly report, which is stated to be, in substance, as follows—“That His Majesty's bodily health is as good as it has been at any former period of the complaint;—that his mental health is as much deranged as it has been at any time,—that none of the physicians expect that His Majesty will recover, yet none of them entirely and absolutely despair.”—No further intelligence respecting him has, to our knowledge, since transpired.

*Price of Bread.*—Quarter wheat loaf, April 2, eighteen pence, three farthings—April 9, eighteen pence, half-penny—April 16, the same—April 23, the same.

[London March 24] Last night, Mr. Creevey stated in the House of Commons, that the receipt of the customs, at Liverpool\*, for the year before last, was £2,670,000, and, for the last year, only about £1,770,000.

[27] On Friday, three of the rioters at Edinburgh—youths of from 16 to 19 years of age—were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged (See our Magazine for January, page 46.)

[28] Twenty thousand muskets have been shipped within these few days from the tower for Portugal.

[28] The medical officers of Greenwich Hospital have lately had their salaries increased, and have received an order from the directors, that they are not to be allowed in future to derive any emolument from private practice.

[28] Two persons were yesterday convicted at Bow-street office, of harbouring aliens, without reporting them at the Alien office. They were fined five pounds for each alien so harboured.

“At Liverpool” accidentally omitted in our last Number.

[31] Corn, to the amount of twelve millions sterling, was imported into England in 1811, nine of which were paid by licensed barters, and the other three millions in specie.

[31] On Friday last, His Majesty's brig, Rosario, Capt. Hervey, singly defeated an entire French squadron of fifteen prams, of which she captured three, sunk one, and drove five on shore.—The British force consisted of ten guns, and 75 men—the French, of 90 guns, and 750 men.

[April 1] The riots and devastations still continue in Yorkshire. On Monday se'night, the rioters destroyed the shears and materially injured the machinery in a shearing-mill at Rawden, near Leeds; and on Wednesday they committed devastations in some finishing-shops in Leeds.

[2] At the Worcester assises, Mr. Hunt, tanner, of Pershore, was, with several other persons, found guilty of riot, in disturbing the public worship of a society of Methodists, by throwing stones, breaking the windows and shutters, and other acts of wanton outrage.

[2] Hull, March 30.—Since the commencement of the paschal moon on the 13th inst. there have been such storms of snow, hail, and strong frosty easterly winds, as have not been experienced since the spring of 1799. The snow is at present, in many places where the sun's heat does not reach, several feet thick, and the ice strong. In the night of the 20th inst. the long gale increased to a hurricane on the east coast, accompanied with a high sea and thick snow-showers.—Intelligence has already been received of seventeen shipwrecks on this coast, exclusive of others not yet fully ascertained.

[3] A return, made to the House of Commons, states the amount of the forged notes, presented at the Bank of England, and refused, during eleven years, from Jan. 1, 1801, to Decemb. 31, 1811, to be £101,661.

[6] At the Kingston assises, Wm. Holt—indicted for the wilful murder of lord Spencer's gamekeeper, by giving him a blow, of which the sufferer died—was found guilty of manslaughter; the judge having observed, that the deed had been

committed in the heat of blood, and not by malice prepense.—He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of one shilling.

[6] The waste lands in England, capable of cultivation, are estimated at 20 millions of acres.—The grand juries at the Stafford, Worcester, and Oxford assises, have agreed to petition the legislature for a general inclosure act.

[7] At the London sessions, Robert Towers—found guilty of endeavouring to seduce a turnkey of Newgate to favor the escape of a prisoner—was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, a fine of fifty pounds, and to find sureties for his keeping the peace for one year.—On reckoning the jury, and observing that it consisted of *thirteen* jurors, the prisoner's counsel submitted that the verdict was void: but the judge replied, that, although one too few would have been fatal to the verdict, one too many did not invalidate it.

[7] Advertised amount of the subscription for the relief of the British prisoners in France, above seventy-four thousand, two hundred pounds.

[11] A serious disturbance took place at Manchester on the 8th inst. in consequence of a requisition for a public meeting, "to prepare a dutiful address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, expressive of the strongest assurances of attachment to his royal person, and of ardent zeal for the support of his government"—The populace forced their way into the Exchange rooms, turned out the company, committed various acts of devastation, and would have set fire to the building, but for the opportune intervention of the military.—The following bill had been posted up all over the town—"England expects every man to do his duty!" Should you not this day give your support to the Prince Regent, you may, in a very short time, expect a revival of the days of bloody Queen Mary, when your ancestors were tied to a stake, and burnt alive. The active opposers of the present government have pledged themselves to sanction the popish religion; and, as Bonaparté is the head of that religion, your universal cry should be—*No Pope Bonaparté*!"

[11] A tumult has taken place at Carlisle, where the people wished to unload some vessels that were taking in corn and potatoes to be carried coastwise. This was prevented by the reasonable interference of the magistrates; but, in

the afternoon, the multitude were exasperated by some of the military officers drawing their swords. They assembled round the mess-room, and broke the windows; when the riot act was read, and the soldiers fired. One poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, was killed, and several persons were wounded.

[11] The miners in Cornwall, not having sufficient employment, lately collected in the neighbourhood of Tauro to the number of about 1000; but, through the interference of the civil power, supported by the gentry, the disposition to tumult was followed by no mischievous consequences.

[11] The noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Llandilo have procured barley for the use of the poor, before it attained the present high price.

[11] Lord Cawdor has subscribed £600 for the purchase of barley for the supply of the poor around Haverfordwest and Pembroke; and the Honorable F. Campbell (his Lordship's son) £200 for the same laudable purpose.

[11] At a numerous and respectable meeting at Dorchester (April 2) it was resolved that a society should be instituted for promoting the education of the poor, and schools formed for that purpose, on Dr. Bell's plan.

[13] *Lost Bank-notes*—A Mr. Sydney, having had his pocket picked of certain Bank of England notes, took the usual steps to publish his loss, and stop payment.—The notes came into the hands of a country banker in the regular way of business. On presenting them at the bank of England, payment was refused. The holder brought his action in the Court of King's Bench against the directors, and obtained, yesterday, a verdict for the amount; which leaves the loss to be borne by Mr. Sydney, who, though he proved his possession of the notes, could not prove his actual loss of them—his witnesses having only heard his own declaration to that effect.

[14] At the Middlesex sessions, Mary Ann Deiry was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for inhuman cruelty to a poor little girl, daughter of a man with whom she lived as wife;—and Elizabeth Hogg for cruelty to four girls, parish apprentices to her mother, was sentenced to imprisonment for one month only, as the court considered that she might have acted under the influence of her mother's directions.

[14] Hawkins William, and John Do-



ring, were convicted of attempting to make their escape from Cold bath-fields prison, in which they had been confined for offences, of which they had been found guilty—the former since last session, and the latter for about a year. In a fortnight's time Doring would have been liberated.—They were each sentenced to three years' further confinement.

[14] *Forfeiture*.—At the Old Bailey, yesterday, on the conviction of a criminal for the forgery of bank-notes, application was made to the court for an order that a sum of money, in good notes, which had been found on the prisoner at the time of his apprehension, should be appropriated to the indemnification of the persons whom he had defrauded: but the judge having declined to make any order, the money becomes forfeited to the king.

[14] The last accounts from Manchester state that the disturbances which had arisen there on the 8th, had subsided.

[14] On Sunday evening, a number of armed men forcibly entered several cloth manufactories in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, and destroyed the dressing frames and shears, besides doing other mischief.

[14] On Thursday night, a body of rioters attacked a cloth-manufactory at Horbury, near Wakefield, committed various acts of devastation and outrage, and set fire to the building, which, however, was extinguished after their departure, but not before considerable damage had been done.

[15] *The Tunnel*.—Between four and five o'clock on Monday morning, the Highgate tunnel fell in with a tremendous crash; and the labor of several months was in a few moments converted into a heap of ruins. Some of the workmen, who were coming to resume their daily labor, describe the noise that preceded it like that of distant thunder. It was the crown arch, near Hornsey-lane, that first gave way; and the lane, in consequence, fell some feet deep, and instantly became impassable. The houses in the vicinity felt the fall like the shock of an earthquake.

[15] During the night of the 11th, a party of rioters attacked a mill in the neighbourhood of Leeds, but were repulsed by a party of soldiers within, who fired on them, and wounded at least two of their number, who are reported to be since dead.—Other mills in the neighbourhood are obliged to be protected by military guards.

[16] The "*Chester Courant*" states that G. Murray, of Haukelow, near Nantwich, has been barbarously murdered in his bed by his own wife and his servant man. The woman is about the age of 40, the servant is about 19, and says he was instigated by his mistress, who wished him to marry her.

[17] *Bow-street*.—On Wednesday a most extraordinary investigation took place before Mr. Narcs, the sitting magistrate.—It appeared, that, on the same evening, as Croker, belonging to the office, was passing along the Hampstead-road, he observed, at a short distance before him, two men on a wall, and directly after he observed the tallest of them, a stout man, about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp post attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off deliberately by the short man. He made up to the spot with all possible speed, and just after he arrived there, the tall man, who had been hanged, fell to the ground. Croker demanded to know of the other man the cause of such extraordinary conduct; in the mean time the man who had been hanged recovered, and, on finding Croker interfering, gave him a violent blow on the nose. They stated that they worked together on canals. They had been in company together on Wednesday afternoon, had tossed up with half pence for money, and afterwards for their clothes.—The tall man, who was hanged, won the other's jacket, trousers, and shoes; they then tossed up who should hang the other:—the short one won that toss, and they got upon the wall, the one to be hanged, and the other to be the executioner. The man who had been hanged was ordered to find bail for the violent and unjustifiable assault on the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Neither of them being provided with bail, they were committed to Bridewell for trial.

[17] On Tuesday last, the weavers attacked several manufactories in and about Stockport, and destroyed the looms. Military assistance was sought from Manchester, but could not be afforded.

[17] At Macclesfield, a riot has taken place, and a manufactory been destroyed.

[17] At Sheffield, April 14, a number of poor people repaired to the potato-market, threw the potatoes about, broke the windows round the market-place, and put the farmers and others to flight. They next broke open and emptied the

potatoe-cellars. A large body of them then broke open the store-room of the local militia, and seized from 6 to 800 stand of arms. The arrival of a military force saved the remainder: but,

[18] On the following day, the populace bore down all opposition.

[19] At Huddersfield, a body of local militia forced the depôt of arms, and seized them. The bells, in every village throughout the West-Riding of Yorkshire, were ringing; and the utmost consternation prevailed in every-quarter, as, from the late measure respecting the old clothes of the local militia, a serious discontent prevailed in that body.

[18] Several persons have been seen in town, these few days past, walking about in small parties, with labels on their hats inscribed as follows —“ I want work, and can have a good character.”

[18] Yesterday, Mr. Whitbread presented to the House of Commons a petition signed by above nine thousand Christians, of every description, praying for the removal of every political disability on account of religious persuasion.

[20] Yesterday, at Marlborough-street office, T. Jones, a duffer, or itinerant vender of cambrics, lace, &c. was charged with fraud in obtaining enormous prices by falsely representing his goods to be different from what they actually were.

[20] *Fatal Hoax* — At Beccles sessions, a melancholy circumstance was witnessed — A young man, named Hubbard, from Debenham, had been committed to Woodbridge Bridewell, upon suspicion of having stolen a saddle from Mr Thos. Darby, of Keaton, which, in fact, had been taken off Mr. Darby's horse by some other person in a joke, thrown into a rivulet, and afterwards taken up and carried home by this young man, who willingly restored it, as soon as he knew the owner. Upon his commitment, his young wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy, was taken very ill, and remained, during his confinement, in a wretched state of mind, continually calling out for her husband. Alas! she never saw him more — On the night previous to the sessions, at which an indictment was to have been preferred against him, she died in a state of distraction, leaving her disconsolate husband in prison to bewail her loss. As soon as the affair was made known to the magistrates, they humanely directed the recognisances to be withdrawn, and the

young man to be immediately restored to his disconsolate friends.

[20] A farmer of Mugginton was lately convicted in the mitigated penalty of £70 and costs, for making candles for his own private use.

[20] On Saturday, the foundation-stone of the intended hospital for lunatics, in St. George's Fields, was laid by Sir Richard Carr Glyn, president of Bethlem and Bridewell hospitals.

[21] On the 19th, a flag of truce arrived at Dover, with dispatches from the French ministry to His Majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs.

[21] Last week, some disturbances arose at Macclesfield: but they have been quelled — and at Manchester, on Saturday, the populace compelled the vendors of potatoes to lower the price from 18 to 8 shillings per load.

[22] Thursday night, Sydney College, Cambridge, was on fire in two places.

[22] Insurrection still reigns in Yorkshire. In Halifax and elsewhere, inflammatory placards are posted up: and the malcontents destroy, not only the machinery used in manufacture, but also agricultural machines.

[22] Last night, in the House of Lords, a motion, for referring to a committee of the whole house the petitions of the Irish Catholics, together with various other petitions in favor of religious liberty, was negatived by a majority of 174, to 102.

[23] The Earl of Eglinton has discovered and ascertained an extensive and most valuable field of coal on his estate, near to the harbour of Ardrossan.

[23] Bodies of rioters are committing depredations through the country round Carlisle.

[25] This morning, after two nights of animated debate in the House of Commons, a motion, for referring the petitions of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house, was negatived by a majority of 300 against 215.

[25] In the vicinity of Manchester, parties of rioters have called at gentlemen's and farmers' houses, demanding provisions, money, and arms, which, in several instances, they obtained.

[27] The Manchester rioters having made two attacks on a manufactory at Middleton, and been fired upon by the military, from 20 to 30 of them are said to have either been killed on the spot, or since died of their wounds — besides a number wounded not mortally.

## BORN.

[March 24] On the 24th, of Lady Eliz. Talbot, a son.

[27] Tuesday, of the lady of Henry Howard, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[27] On the 25th, of the Hon. Mrs. Thomas, York-place, a daughter.

[28] On Monday, of the lady of the Hon. D. M. Erskine, a daughter.

[31] Yesterday, of the lady of Col. Mayne, Park street, Grosvenor square, a daughter.

[April 1] Monday, of the lady of Col. Geo. Cookson, R. A. a daughter.

[10] On the 3th, of the lady of Major-Gen Reynolds, a daughter

[15] Monday, of Mrs. Chas. Smith, Portland-place, a son.

[15] Tuesday, of the lady of Col. James Orde, of the 99th, a son

[16] On the 10th, of the lady of Admiral Wilson, a son.

[18] Thursday, of the Hon. Mrs. Heeneage, Westbourne Green, a son

[18] Lately, of Viscountess Hamilton, a daughter.

[18] Yesterday, of the lady of Col. Grant, M. P. a son.

[18] Yesterday, of the lady of W. Walker, esq. Brunswick-square, a son.

[21] On the 19th, of the lady of Robert Williams, jun. esq. M.P. a daughter.

## MARRIED.

[March 25] Yesterday, Lord Chas. Townshend, to Miss Loftus, daughter of Gen. Loftus.

[April 6] On Saturday, at Bath, Neville Reul, esq. to Miss Eliza Ann Boddam.

[8] Lately, James Kenny, esq. to Mrs. Holcroft, relict of Thos. Holcroft, esq.

[10] Lately, Robert Moore, esq. of Guernsey, to Lætitia, daughter of Col. Wyndham, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square

[13] Saturday, Sir Humphry Davy, to Mrs. Apreece.

[13] Saturday, Major S. G. Newport, to Priscilla, sister of Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart.

[14] Yesterday, Earle Lindsay Daniell, esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late W. Walker, esq. of East Hill, Wandsworth.

[17] Yesterday, J. Ord, esq. of Dougherty-street, to May, daughter of the Rev. James Birch, of Coringham, Essex.

[18] Wednesday, B. Newman, esq. captain in the Royal Bucks militia, to Miss Holden, of Harpur-street.

[21] Tuesday, the Rev. R. P. Crane,

of Clare Hall, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. Gurr, esq. Maldon, Essex.

[21] Saturday, John Mooth Woolcombe, esq. to Anna Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Louis, bart.

[21] Saturday, the Rev. Henry Woolcombe, to Jane Frances, second daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Louis, bart.

## DECEASED.

[March 24] On Thursday, aged 76, the relict of the Rev. Dr. Burnaby.

[24] Friday, the lady of Edward Berkeley Portman, esq. M. P.

[24] Last week, at Doncaster, Mr. Raphael Smith, the celebrated engraver.

[30] Friday se'nnight, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Pretyman, of Norwich.

[30] Friday, the Rev. Geo. Pollen, of Little Bookham, Surrey.

[April 2] Lately, at Edmonton, Mrs. Catharine Faten, aged 92.

[4] Thursday se'nnight, aged 81, the Rev. T. Eyre, LL.D. canon residentiary of Wells Cathedral.

[4] Tuesday, in her 81st year, Mrs. Ann Vanham Fownes, relict of the Rev. T. Fownes, of Ketterey Court, Devon.

[4] Wednesday, aged 95, the relict of the Rev. Charles Graham, of Aston, Heits.

[4] Thursday, in her 76th year, the relict of the R. Hon. Edmund Burke.

[4] Thursday, at Chelsea, aged 82, Edward Read, esq. one of the magistrates for the county.

[9] Yesterday, the Earl of Ashburnham

[10] Friday, in his 71st year, Thos. Tydell, esq. M. P.

[11] Thursday, in her 84th year, the relict of the late Humphry Minchin, esq. M. P.

[13] Saturday, the Duchess of Gordon.

[13] On the 6th, the lady of the Rev. W. Penny, of Fairfield Hall, West Riding, Yorkshire.

[13] A few days since, Sir Frederic Evelyn, bart.

[14] Sunday, Sir W. Plomer, knight.

[16] Yesterday, the lady of Rear Admiral Wm. Bligh.

[18] Yesterday, in his 78th year, Francis Annesley, esq. LL.D. master of Downing College, Cambridge.

[21] Friday, Mrs. Bennet, New Palace Yard, Westminster, aged 87.

[22] Monday, Dowager Lady Onslow, aged 94.



*Lady's Magazine, ... May, 1812.*



*The Visit at the Cottage.*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 5, for May, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The VISIT at the COTTAGE.
2. The ASSASSINATION of Mr. PERCEVAL.
3. London MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERN for the Front of a WORKED DRESS.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

*In answer to "Zenobia," and for the information of our fair readers in general, we have to observe, that it is not from choice that we have of late devoted so large a portion of our Magazine to Novels, but from an unpleasant temporary necessity accidentally imposed on us. In time past, certain uncontrollable circumstances—sicknesses, deaths, &c.—unluckily prevented the regular continuation of some of our novels, which we have since had to resume, and to continue, together with those of later date which we had in the mean time commenced—unless we would either leave the former still unfinished, or disappoint our readers by discontinuing the latter, until the others were concluded. In short, we were obliged to continue both together.—But we are now very nearly, and shall soon be entirely, released from that awkward predicament: and, some of the long pieces in question being already terminated—others on the point of terminating—we shall, in our future Numbers, gain a material increase of room for the admission of a much more copious variety of miscellaneous matter; of which advantage we shall sedulously avail ourselves, to make our novels and our other pieces bear a due proportion to each other, and to gratify, as far as in our power, the different tastes of our fair readers.*

*We had, of our own accord, partly anticipated "Aurelia's wish respecting the LADIES' DRESSES, some time before her letter reached us. In addition to superior neatness and accuracy in the coloring of the PLATES, we are making arrangements to have them accompanied, in our future Numbers, with such explanatory descriptions, as will, we hope, give general satisfaction.*

*The conclusion of "Sappho," accompanied with an interesting Plate, shall appear in our next Number.*

*Mrs. Oldham (the "Old Woman") begs leave to inform her correspondent M. B. that she has had the pleasure of receiving her letter, and shall be extremely happy to give her any private information upon the subject of it, as she does not conceive it of a nature sufficiently interesting to the public, to form a theme for an essay.*

*The promised Essay on "Self-Respect," if it reach us in time, and meet our approbation, shall appear in our next Number.*

*To a "Lover of Poetry," who hopes to be "more fortunate," &c. we are sorry to observe that his piece requires revision.—In the fourth and fifth lines, the syntax and the rhyme are at variance:—to render the concluding line grammatical, would require a very harsh concourse of consonants, SP'ST TH:—in other parts, too, it needs amendment.*

*The "Elegy" by "Adelaide" is not sufficiently polished to meet the public eye, though it affords a flattering promise of future excellence. In her next attempts, we recommend to her to adopt a different metre, instead of the continued Alexandrine, which (as observed by Dr. Carey in his "Practical English Prosody and Versification") "from the dull unvaried uniformity of the cæsura perpetually recurring after the third foot, cannot, to an English ear, be otherwise than disgustingly monotonous."*

*"J. A."s lines cannot be inserted in their present state.—On consulting some judicious friend, he will discover that several passages require to be amended—and some, to be wholly expunged.*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1812.

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*The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*  
(Continued from page 171, and accompanied  
with an illustrative Plate.)

*Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Char-*  
*lotte Pembrook.*

*Lenox Abbey.*

SMILING hope, my sweet friend, again dawns upon us; and the cloud of grief, with which the inhabitants of the Abbey were enveloped, begins to disperse. Miss Lenox lives: her life is no longer in danger: she will again smile on friends to whom she is most dear.—The amiable Middleton, too, will tread, a little longer, the chequered scene of life. He is declared to be out of danger. I can feel the joy that will dilate your heart at this transporting news. In idea, I can see the serene brow of our Emma turned toward the Father of mercy; I also can hear the fervent prayer of thanks that quivers on her lips.

The incidents that have occurred since I last wrote to you, are too numerous and desultory for me to make particular mention of them all: but, to satisfy your impatient curiosity, I will take notice of the most material events. I have seen a most amiable and charming woman snatched from the verge of the grave, and restored to the arms of her sorrowing parents:—I have been witness to the recovery of a virtuous and accomplished man, who was near falling a sacrifice to the cruel designs of a villain. The face of nature seems changed. Lord and Lady Granville are all joy and thankfulness: their son treads on air: every one is happy. Fortescue presses

the hand of Matilda to his bosom, while the tear of joy for her recovery trembles in his eye.

The good, the benevolent Lady Granville, as soon as her daughter was thought to be out of danger, asked me whether I had any objection to accompany her and Lord Granville on a visit to poor Middleton. I answered her Ladyship that it would give me the highest pleasure to attend them.—When Matilda was made acquainted with our intended visit, the expression of her countenance was such as mocks all description: her eyes spoke things unutterable. “Do not deceive me, Louisa,” cried she, while her poor feeble fingers shook in mine. “Does Middleton really live?”—Astonished to find she had imagined that we had concealed his death from her, I solemnly assured her that he was alive, and was daily growing better. I soothed and comforted her to the utmost of my power, and promised to repeat all the conversation that should pass. With these assurances I left her tolerably composed.

I accompanied my Lord and Lady Granville to the cottage.—As we approached, the recollection of the scene which I had formerly witnessed on this spot, made me tremble. When we entered Middleton's chamber, an involuntary emotion made me ready to turn my eyes from a form once so elegant—but now, alas! how altered! The fire of his youth seemed extinguished: he was supported in an easy chair with pillows; and he rested his languid head on the shoulder of his



friend Sydney. On our entrance, Middleton started, and seemed exceedingly flurried, though he had been prepared to receive us. He bent forward in the attitude of salutation, with his eyes fixed on the door—those eyes always so piercing and expressive.—I could interpret their intense glances—"Miss Lenox might possibly be of the party."—Middleton knew not, that, by illness, Matilda was reduced as low as himself. The closing of the door confirmed the fallacy of his hopes. The momentary strength that expectation had given, now failed him: his eyes closed with a sigh, which I felt, and pitied. But, presently recollecting himself, he seemed truly sensible of the kind attention of his noble friends.

Lady Granville, with maternal tenderness bending over his fallen form, pressed his trembling hand in hers, kissed his cold forehead, and, in a soft and tremulous voice, repeatedly called him her dear Henry.—Middleton, exceedingly affected, with difficulty made his acknowledgements.

Lord Granville, elated with the prospect of his daughter's recovery, felt a return of the regard he had ever professed for Middleton. He shook him kindly by the hand, expressed how much joy it gave him to see his health returning, and bade him look forward to the vengeance that must infallibly overtake the wretch who had dared to make such a nefarious attempt on his life. He assured him that all his interest should be united with Lord Malcombe's, to assist him in the prosecution, and to bring the criminal to condign punishment; that diligent search was already making after him, and that, if in the kingdom, it would be impossible for him long to evade the pursuit of justice. Nay, should

he have taken refuge in a foreign land, means might be found to prevail on its rulers to deliver up a villain to the violated laws of his country.

"I am perfectly sensible," replied Middleton, "of your Lordship's kindness and attention to me. But," continued he with a faint smile, "a sick bed, my Lord, presents objects in a very different point of view, from that in which we behold them, when in high health and prosperity. With the effusion of my blood, I hope, evaporated much of that impetuosity which has hitherto so strongly marked my character, and was ever too powerful for my reason to suppress. Resentment and vengeance are now dead within me. Of what advantage would even the conviction of that unhappy man be to me? And indeed, in my own opinion, there is little probability of his ever being discovered: he has, undoubtedly, before now, found a safe asylum. To make this affair public, then, could have no other effect than that of perhaps entailing disgrace and unhappiness on a respectable and amiable family, who may have no connexion with the crimes, though they have with the person, of a passionate vindictive man. And—what is of far worse consequence in my opinion—this prosecution may add a pang of woe to the many already experienced by a worthy, but unhappy lady. Permit me then, my Lord, to bury this affair in oblivion. More important concerns now engross my thoughts. Many and various are my obligations to my noble friends: I wish to express the sense I have of them; and my future life shall be devoted to that purpose. The dear hours I have spent at Lenox Abbey can never be forgotten; nor can time ever lessen the high veneration which my

heart entertains for its honored inhabitants."

At this moment, a kind of enthusiastic glow spread itself over the sunk features of Middleton, which rendered him interesting beyond description.—Sydney alone adopted the sentiments of this young philosopher. My Lord, however, was at last prevailed on to drop all thoughts of the prosecution, as it appeared so particularly disagreeable to Middleton.—Fearing to fatigue him, we soon after took our leave.

On our return, I found Miss Lenox all expectation. She asked me a hundred questions, to all which I made such answers as I thought most likely to give her pleasure. In company with Hastings, I now very frequently visited the invalid at the cottage, and had the pleasure of seeing him recover very fast.—Matilda mended but slowly; her fine and delicate frame had been too rudely shaken, to regain its strength very soon.

It was from me that Middleton first heard of Miss Lenox's indisposition; but he had no idea that *he* was the cause of that illness, or that she had been so dangerously ill—As he continued mending, Lord Granville proposed his quitting the cottage, and once more taking up his abode at the Abbey. Sydney, the true friend of Middleton, in his friend's name, politely declined my Lord's invitation. He said he thought, that, on many accounts, it would be better for his friend to return with him to Rosemount, where he flattered himself the change of air would contribute to re-establish his health. The prudent father saw and approved Sydney's reasons for not wishing Middleton again to visit the Abbey.

Mr. Sydney is not a young man, but very agreeable, and so strongly attached to Middleton, that he acts

in every respect as if their interests were inseparably connected. He sees the folly of a passion which can only make his friend unhappy—a passion, which he thinks he too fondly encourages. It was on this account that he opposed his return to the Abbey. He even wishes him, as soon as he can bear the fatigue of the journey, to go without taking any particular leave of the family—nay, without even seeing Miss Lenox Middleton, who had passively suffered his friend to refuse Lord Granville's invitation, because convinced of the impropriety of his accepting it, could not, with any degree of patience, hear him talk with all the apathy imaginable of quitting friends so dear to him, without bidding them adieu. "For God's sake, Sydney," he exclaimed, "have some little compassion for the weakness of human nature. I will, at their own house, thank Lord and Lady Granville for the generous care they have taken of me during my illness. I will once more see their beloved daughter, even if I die at her feet."

Sydney, alarmed lest the violent perturbation of his friend's spirits should retard his recovery, abandoned his plan, which a prudence perhaps too rigid had suggested. It is therefore concluded by all parties, that Middleton is to spend one day at the Abbey; and that perhaps will be the last he will ever pass there. Thence he goes to Rosemount.—He will take his leave of Lord and Lady Granville: he is likewise to see Miss Lenox: he will bid her adieu. Heavens! what a meeting this will be! O sensibility! what anguish dost thou occasion to thy votaries! How repugnant to a feeling mind must that policy be, which makes it necessary to part two hearts that are united by such delicate and

tender sentiments!—But it grows late; and my eyes are dim with writing. For the present, therefore, I lay down my pen, and leave my letter unfinished, until I can close it with an account of what passes at the farewell interview. Till then, dear Charlotte, adieu!

*In continuation.*

The meeting, so much dreaded, is over; and I trust that a short time will restore us to tranquillity. The dew, which anguish extracts from sensibility, still quivers in Matilda's eye: the beating of her heart is yet quick and tumultuous; yet her mind will gradually regain its composure. My dear Charlotte, you cannot form an idea of the parting between Middleton and Matilda; and, deficient as I am in the powers of description, I feel myself unequal to the task of exhibiting to you a true picture of the manner, the action, or that interesting pair, who thought it very probable that they were now on the point of separating for ever.—Middleton did not arrive at the Abbey till dinner-time.—This interview, though so much desired, was yet painful and embarrassing to him.—Miss Lenox had not dined with the family since her illness; and Middleton, with evident anxiety in his countenance, saw the table surrounded without her.—Our dinner was the most constrained, the most unsocial one I ever partook of at the Abbey.—Middleton, I could perceive, would fain have appeared easy and collected; but the effort was not successful: he found it impossible to suppress the softer emotions of his heart: in spite of his endeavours to conceal them, it was visible that his feelings were tumultuous and refractory: they swam in his eye: they quivered on his lip; and his whole frame was agitated.

Sydney was the only person at

table who was cheerful and easy.—The glass had hardly circulated round, when he took out his watch, and looked at Middleton.—The poor invalid started from his chair: he approached Lord Granville: he would have spoken; but the words died on his lips. My Lord looked up at him with an expression of affection and concern; and, pressing his hand, he professed how much he valued and esteemed him—wished him happy—hoped he would meet with that success in the world, to which his merit gave him so just a claim. “But,” continued my Lord, “should fortune be adverse to your hopes, let not disappointment sit heavy on you.—Remember, Middleton, you have a friend at Lenox Abbey, whose every interest of fortune or connexion shall be used to promote your advantage.—Adieu, my dear friend! Why this solemnity in our separation? We shall meet again.—My daughter wishes to see you, to congratulate you on your recovery: Lady Louisa will conduct you to her.”

Middleton now took a short, but affecting leave of the whole company: he then took my hand, and begged me to introduce him to Miss Lenox.—Neither of us spoke till we came to the door of her room.—Miss Lenox arose from the sofa on which she was reclined:—she clasped her hands, and attempted to speak. Middleton with hasty steps entered the room: but the moment he fixed his eyes on the fair and fragile form before him, he stopped, as if withheld by some invisible power:—he trembled, and the cold drops of agony rolled down his pale cheek:—he was startled at her emaciated appearance. You could not, my dear Charlotte, conceive any thing more striking than the figure of Miss Lenox:—her person was

thin and shadowy, almost beyond that of a human being; and her fine eyes were full of a melting languor, which spoke to the soul.

(*To be continued.*)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(*Continued from page 153.*)

EUTYCHIUS now suddenly appeared, leading by the hand a new guest: shocked at this afflicting spectacle, he quitted his guest, to fly to the aid of Sappho. With the aid of spirit of perfumes, they endeavoured to recall her to life. "Look up, unfortunate maid!" cried Euty chius: "the youth, whose loss you deplore, still lives: he now stands before you, embellished with additional graces by the bounty of Venus."—Sappho still continued in a state of insensibility. They surround her in anxious expectation, and sedulously seek to discover some symptom of returning animation. She recovered by degrees: her respiration, though painful, became more frequent; and she extended her benumbed members: yet her dim eyes, still languishing, remained nearly closed.—She looked wildly at the group assembled round her; and, when she discovered Phaon, whose regards were expressive of tender compassion, she imagined that she was deceived by the unreal mockery of a dream. From the sight of him, her eager eyes instantly caught, and rapidly diffused through her bosom, an additional flame.—While she was yet a prey to doubt, Euty chius approached, and, by his kind expressions of consolation and affection, succeeded in recalling her wandering senses.—His discourse, and the anxious care of the attendants, contribute to confirm the testimony of her senses; and, recovering at length from the sleep of death, she exclaims with

transport, "The gods be praised! Phaon still lives!"—Phaon immediately presented his hand, to assist her to rise, and said, "Yes, Sappho: but I owe my preservation to a miracle, which, at some future time, I will relate: at present, your situation exclusively demands our whole attention."

Sappho immediately replied, "Nothing can be more interesting to me than the history of your escape: a divinity has undoubtedly granted you her protection.—Perish the wretched mariners who announced your death!" At these words, she directed his looks toward the two sailors, who had retired into a corner of the apartment. Phaon instantly recognised, and ran to embrace them, saying, "Heaven be praised, that, of all my unfortunate companions, I again meet those who are most dear to me! and I thank the gods that their kindness is not confined to me alone! But by what miracle do I meet you here?" . . . . They soon satisfied his curiosity by the history of their adventures.—Sappho, feeling herself revived, entreated Phaon to relate how he had escaped the disastrous shipwreck.—Euty chius, who partook in the curiosity of Sappho, joined in her wishes; and Phaon began in the following terms—

"You are already acquainted with the circumstances of the shipwreck: I shall therefore begin my narrative from the moment when the vessel went to pieces. I exerted all my strength in swimming to gain the shore: but the weight of my clothes, and the fury of the waves, rendered my efforts unavailing; and I was on the point of being swallowed up in the dark abyss, when the powerful goddess, who honored me with her protection, appeared. She advanced,

like a light cloud, on the surface of the boisterous waves: I immediately knew her by the dignity of her mien, by the brilliant azure of her eyes, and by the charming sweetness of her smile, which formed a striking contrast with the terrible confusion of nature. Animated by her presence, I redoubled my exertions to reach her feet, which skimmed the surface of the troubled waters with the agility of the king's-fisher. At one moment I perceived her on the summit of a wave, whose motion she followed, and at the next, she seemed to descend to the bottom of the gulf, and was lost to my view. When she disappeared, I trembled with anxiety, and I hung suspended between hope and fear. The goddess, however, who delights to sport with the feelings of feeble mortals, only kept me in suspense for a few moments, in order to enhance the value of her favors.—She now loosened one of her veils, which hung floating in the wind; and passing it round my body, she raised me with her powerful hand, and carried me lightly through the air. Though I was supported by her divine power, I measured, with fear and trembling, the immense distance which separated me from the ocean.—The briny dew trickled from my garments—I traversed in this manner the wide expanse of the ethereal plain; when, on a sudden, she let go the veil, and I again fell into the sea. I heard the laughter of the sportive goddess, from which I augured nothing sinister. A beautiful couch of pearl advanced towards me, mounted on an axle of coral, and supported by wheels sparkling with burnished gold. Two white doves were attached to the car; by which I perceived that it belonged to the goddess. I stretched forward my arms; and I fortunately reached

the seat, resigning myself entirely to the guidance of the divine birds, and to the will of the divinity. The car (to which the doves were harnessed by a slight band of azure and gold) flew along the surface of the ocean, which it scarcely seemed to touch: the wheels calmed the fury of the waves; and the tempest respected its passage.—It stopped on the shores of the island of Cyprus; and I joyfully leaped on shore.—The car instantly mounted to heaven.—I hastened immediately to the temple of the goddess, who is particularly honored in that island, and whom I ought to adore with the utmost veneration. Prostrate before her altars, I expressed my ardent gratitude for her divine goodness.—I then repaired to the house of a friend united by the sacred bonds of hospitality to my father: he furnished me with every necessary for the continuance of my voyage; when, braving once more the watery element, I embarked; and, after a fortunate navigation, I arrived safely at the hospitable mansion of Euty chius. But the favors of Venus would be still dearer to me, if I could behold the brightest ornament of our country, the eloquent Sappho, no longer a prey to dejection and sorrow. It is, however, flattering to perceive the kind attention with which you have honored my narrative.”

Sappho had been so feelingly alive to the history of his perils, that her countenance ingenuously expressed every emotion of the most tender interest and ardent passion—she alternately hoped—feared—and rejoiced with Phaon—She swallowed, even to the last drop, the empoisoned cup which Love presented. Venus, unmerciful Venus, had permitted her to enjoy a few transient hours of repose, with the intention of inflicting fresh wounds; and, still

more to increase the pain of Sappho, she had lavished new charms on the features of Phaon. She had decreed that he should never return that love which his presence increased every moment: and if the goddess had permitted him to suffer shipwreck, it was with the sole view of adding fresh torments to the troubled heart of Sappho, and to increase, by the tender sentiment of compassion, all the ardor of her unhappy attachment. The assembly applauded the narrative:—his beauty did not charm them less than the recital of his adventures.—Euty-chius invited him to take some repose, and conducted him to his apartment.—Sappho retired to her chamber slowly, and still gazing at the door through which Phaon had withdrawn. When Euty-chius reflected on the providential arrival of Phaon after his extraordinary adventure, he cherished the hope that he might be able to effect his marriage with Sappho, by invoking the ancient friendship of their families, and by extolling the rare and brilliant qualities which adorned the object of his disdain. His intentions were pure; but they were unavailing. Phaon was insensible to his entreaties: his heart was enslaved by the charms of a fairer mistress: he felt even more than indifference for the proposal of Euty-chius; for, by the decrees of celestial vengeance, his aversion to Sappho equalled the love which she felt for him. Through courtesy, however, he strove to conceal his real sentiments: he praised her genius, and lost no opportunity of expressing his respect for her merit.

Euty-chius, whose mind was bent on forming this marriage, invoked the sacred rites of hospitality, and the long-subsisting union of their families, in favor of his design. He

extolled the advantages that would result from a union so conformable to his wishes: he dwelt with energy on the talents of Sappho, and produced the last verses which she had composed. Alas! of what avail is poetry? It may dispel the clouds of sorrow; but it cannot change aversion into love. The pressing solicitations of Euty-chius became at length insupportable; and Phaon determined to quit Sicily. Next morning, in pursuance of this determination, he embarked at sunrise, after having addressed the following letter to Euty-chius—  
 “Phaon to Euty-chius, greeting.—  
 ‘Tis with unfeigned regret that I take leave of a friend, whose hospitality and whose society are so replete with pleasure: yet, I am under the necessity of saying Adieu! I must return to my own country, where Oleeonè demands my plighted faith. The zeal you have shown for certain propositions, is very excusable. I am well aware of the interest which hospitality inspires:—pardon my refusal, which has its source in my fidelity. Salute, in my name, the ingenious Sappho:—her merit will attract other lovers, who will eagerly seek a union so truly desirable. When you read this letter, I am furrowing the waves. Entreat the gods to grant me a favorable voyage, and may they grant you happiness and prosperity.—Farewell!’

Phaon gave this letter to a slave, to be delivered to Euty-chius as soon as he awoke:—his order was punctually obeyed. Euty-chius was afflicted at his sudden departure, and still more at the necessity of announcing it to Sappho, who, from the presence of Phaon and the paternal cares of her host, indulged a dawning hope of obtaining the completion of her wishes. While he

was thus a prey to doubt and perplexity, Sappho appeared, and inquired if he had seen Phaon.—Euty chius was silent; and Sappho, without the most distant suspicion of the fatal event he had to communicate, was surprised at the inattention of her host to her inquiry. She repeated her question, and at length drew from his bosom the secret which friendship wished in vain to conceal.

To burst forth into wild exclamations and desperate complaints—to rush into the arms of her host, in a flood of tears, as into the bosom of a father—this would have been the effect of ordinary affliction. But Sappho saw with one glance the extent of her misery; and, losing in a moment every vestige of hope, she remained speechless—without a sigh, and without a tear. Like the bird trembling under the talons of the eagle, her grief was too profound for expression. She was now sensible to what an excess of humiliation she had fallen: Phaon not only prefers another to her, but he abandons her with disdain. This dreadful stroke might have caused her return to reason, if celestial vengeance had not decided otherwise: for love without hope is sooner or later extinguished—no passion can resist infidelity, or reiterated contempt. Unfortunate Sappho! neither hope deceived, nor the scorn of Phaon, can remove the dark veil from her eyes. She now perceived that the time was come when she was to obey the oracle of the Pythia, and to extinguish her love in the waves, rather than continue to drag on a miserable existence. While her mind was a prey to these gloomy reflexions, she remained immovable, her eyes bent steadfastly on the ground. Euty chius was likewise silent, alternately directing his eyes to Phaon's letter and to Sappho.

Her resolution was now fixed; and she raised her eyes to her host, saying with vehemence, “Pronounce that hated name to me no more! Let him pride himself on the favors of Venus: I shall have the protection of another divinity; and, by her aid, I may perhaps obtain that happy state of insensibility which shall enable me to view the ingrateful Phaon as we contemplate those beautiful marble statues, whose coldness he possesses.” Then suddenly snatching the letter from the hands of Euty chius, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and, with trembling lips and faltering accent, exclaimed, “'Tis thus thou hast rent my heart!”—She rushed with precipitation into the darkest recesses of the garden, leaving Euty chius suspended between his surprise at the sudden departure of Phaon, and his tender compassion for the woes of the unhappy Sappho.

*(To be continued.)*

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*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*  
*(Continued from page 167.)*

“I SHALL NOT trouble your Ladyship with any account of my dear mistress, until her arrival in England, where she has now been about seven years, as her father's health was in a very poor state at that time, and the physicians advised him to try his native air.—He was, my Lady, a West India planter, and one of the best men in the world. There was not a negro upon his estate who would not have laid down his life for him; and when he quitted Jamaica, they all cried, ready to break their hearts.—My poor mistress, I may say, was adored upon the island:—and well she might, God knows; for if any of the slaves were sick, she directly went to see them, and was at once their physician and nurse.

“Well, my Lady, as I said before, we all came to England; and my

master was at first a great deal better: but in a little time he grew worse. He bought a sweet place near Exeter, where he lived as hospitably as any lord.—At length he grew very ill: and the physicians said it was his liver that was *infected*; and so they ordered him to Bath: but a luckless journey, I may say, my Lady, it proved to us all.—There were a number of gentlemen there from the East and West Indies, whom my master had known a great many years before; one of whom introduced a young gentleman, who soon became a mighty favorite at our house, and, for my part, I really thought him a perfect angel upon earth.—That my young mistress thought so too, I easily discovered; and it was soon talked of among the servants, that Mr. F\*\*d was to be my master's son-in-law. But, shortly after this, my poor master grew so ill, that we had no time to think of weddings; and he died soon afterwards.—God rest his soul! A day or two before his death, Mr. F\*\*d was shut up with him a matter of three or four hours; and every thing was then settled for the marriage of my young mistress with this vile deceiver.—And married, sure enough, they were, in a little time afterwards, as my poor master on his death-bed requested she would: 'for, my Emily,' said he—I think I hear him this moment—'you will want a protector to guide the inexperience of youth.'—They were married, my Lady, in the very room my poor master died in; for Mr. F\*\*d said it ought to be private; and so he got a special licence, and none of the newspaper writers knew any thing at all about it.—He pretended this was out of delicacy to my poor dear mistresses feelings, who objected to marry so soon after

her father's death; and, a few days after the ceremony, we all set out for Ireland.—There we lived a matter of two years, and there poor little master Adolphus was born—but my master came two or three times to England, and at other times was often five or six days from home.—I soon began to discover a great alteration in him: his temper grew peevish and fretful; and I often thought there was something that preyed upon his mind.—I could easily see my dear mistress was not happy, though she tried to conceal it from us servants; and the footman used to say that he found fault with every thing when he was at dinner.—My mistress, who had never had a cross word said to her, often burst into tears; and then he would get up in a great passion, order his horse, and stay out for days together.—Well, my Lady, and so things went on in this shocking manner for a long time; when, one day, a man came on horseback with a letter, and said he must not go without an answer to it.—My mistress consulted with me about opening it; and, as she knew not where to send to Mr. F\*\*d, I advised her to read it; which, after much hesitation, she did.—She had not read three lines, when I observed her change color, and, from being red as scarlet, she became pale as death:—her hands trembled: she gave a shriek never to be forgotten, and then fell from her chair, to all appearance lifeless.

"I had the dear child in my arms: I laid him down upon the carpet, and, snatching up the letter, put it into my pocket; then ringing the bell violently, I told the servants my mistress had fallen down in a fit.—We carried her up stairs, and sent for the physician, who for several hours really thought she was dead. But no one knew where to



send for my master, as only the groom, who always went with him, was in his secrets.

“ At length my dearest mistress recovered her senses; though God knows I thought she was raving; for, as soon as she could speak, she desired the other servants all to go out of the room, and then says she to me—‘ Martha, did you not think I was a married woman? but, alas! Martha, I am not married! Mr. F\*<sup>x</sup>d has a wife now in England; and my dearest Adolphus has no right to the name he bears!’ She then wrung her hands, wept bitterly, and again fell back into one of those fits from which she had so lately been recovered.

“ Though, at another time, I would not have looked at a line of any letter that belonged to my mistress, yet, knowing the fatal one I had in my pocket had been the occasion of her illness, I thought I should be excusable in looking at it—as I should then know whether she was delirious, and whether my master was really married again—I opened it therefore, my Lady; but God knows I could scarcely read it; for it began by telling my master that the writer feared his wife was at the point of death; that she had caught a fever from his eldest daughter, who had been buried that very morning; and that the three younger children were in a very dangerous state, and all confined to their beds.—The writer implored him to set off for England immediately, and accused him of making his law-suit a pretence for remaining in Ireland.

“ This, my Lady, was the chief of that dreadful letter: but the writer said something about my master having been married five years to his sister, and never having lived with her as many months.—My poor mistress, as soon as she recovered

from the fit into which she had fallen, and was a little composed, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter to the wretch who had been the ruin of her; in which she inclosed the one which had exposed his baseness, which she desired the footman to give him, as soon as he returned.—She then ordered a post-chaise to be sent for, and, desiring me to pack up all the child’s and my own clothes, we quitted a place where she had enjoyed but little happiness, that very night at twelve o’clock, and reached Dublin about two hours before the packet sailed for England. When we arrived at Holyhead, my mistress accidentally heard of a cottage to be let about thirty miles distant, which, as the master of the inn had the disposal of it, she immediately agreed to take. There we went, my Lady; and there we continued until within a few months.

“ At first, my poor mistress was in constant apprehension that the vile wretch, who had so cruelly deceived her, should find her out, and take the dear baby from her, who was all the comfort she had left in the world: but, from the time we quitted Ireland, we have never heard whether he is alive or dead.—Fortunately, it was settled in the marriage-writings, that my mistress should receive three hundred a year for herself; and that sum she has regularly received ever since.—About five months ago, she was seized with a nervous fever, which reduced her to the brink of the grave; and, by the advice of the physicians, she came into Devonshire.”

Here the attached Martha closed her affecting narrative, which drew tears from the eyes of her sympathetic auditors; when Mr. Colville eagerly inquired whether she knew

the name of the gentleman who paid Mrs. Sinclair's annual income; and being informed it was Frazier, he declared him to have been his schoolfellow.

At that moment Mrs. Sinclair's bell sounded violently: the faithful Martha flew up stairs: Lady Mortimer was preparing to follow her, when the most violent shock assailed her ears. The alarmed trio rapidly followed, and found the faithful creature hanging over her lifeless mistress. The agitation of the other servant was scarcely less violent; but, as soon as she recovered, she said she had never moved, from supposing her mistress was sleeping: but the time being expired when the doctor had given particular orders for her to take the medicine, she went to the side of the bed, and having spoken several times without perceiving any motion, she gently touched her extended hand, and was horror-struck at finding it cold and stiff.—This melancholy event threw the whole party into the greatest consternation. Lady Mortimer caught the terrified Adolphus in her arms, and, pressing him with tenderness to her bosom, said, "Dear, unfortunate innocent! I will protect thee with a mother's care."—The agitated Martha dropped on her knees before her, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "Heaven reward you for your goodness! but, oh! my Lady! do not part us: let me but be your servant: I will do any thing."

The amiable Lady Mortimer kindly raised her from that humiliating posture, and assured her that she should not be separated from Adolphus, whose plaintive cries for his poor mother deeply affected every one.

Mr. Colville immediately undertook to write to Mr. Frazier, who

he did not doubt would be able to give him some information of the unprincipled F\* \*d: but it was agreed that he should act with the greatest caution, as Lady Mortimer declared her resolution of not resigning the child to the protection of so wicked a man; but, as his poor mother's fortune would necessarily devolve to him, it appeared requisite to Mr. Colville to adopt some method of securing him the possession of it.

Mr. Colville having affixed seals to the drawers of the deceased, and given directions to the undertaker, the three friends quitted the house of mourning, accompanied by the little Adolphus; while Martha remained to watch the body of her beloved mistress, and pay it that respect which it so justly merited.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 102)

CHAP. 10.

By no possession led,  
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed—  
Nor guide, nor rules his sovereign choice  
control—

His body independent as his soul—  
Loos'd to the world's wide range—en-  
joy'd no aim, [name—  
Present'd no duty, and assign'd no  
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone—  
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his  
own. *Savage.*

WE must now recur to the principal hero of our tale: yet to trace him through the various scenes of his erratic life, would be a task equally difficult and unpleasant. We should have only the melancholy view of a man possessing the choicest gifts of nature, wasting them with heedless negligence—entering upon no steady pursuit, but guided by the impulse of the moment—and, with abilities equal to any thing, not turning them either to pleasure or to profit—at some times yielding to the most supine negligence, and at

others wandering from place to place, till he had traversed a great part of the European continent.

The necessary resources for these travels were supplied by billiards; for so pre-eminent was his skill, that those who presumed to doubt it, generally suffered for their temerity: yet, without descending to use any artifices that could throw a stigma upon his fame, he was, nevertheless, known only in a way that detracted from his respectability.

With all his eccentricities, he was, however, a passionate admirer of the sublime and beautiful; and, while rambling among such scenes as raise the soul, "from nature up to nature's God," he would lament the hours spent in those vitiated societies, where his talents had been lost, and his mind, though not debased, yet perverted and seduced from the nobler pursuits of which it was capable.

In one of his rambles in the Pyrenees, he met his brother at a small inn, where, from similar motives, they had each resolved to spend a short time. Thus thrown together by the confined limits of such accommodations as could alone be procured, they only knew each other under their assumed names; and, if Frederic was struck with the placidity, depth of information (which no one was more capable of appreciating) and gentleman-like quietude of Mr. Williams, the latter was no less pleased with the spirit, intelligence, and penetration of Monsieur D'Armontel. Yet, amid all the exuberance of his wit and animation of his vivacity, it was easy to perceive that his condition was unhappy, and his mind at war with itself.

The elder brother, with the philanthropy inherent in his disposition,

turned their discourse, at all seasonable opportunities, on subjects calculated to sooth a wounded spirit; and, from the hours they passed together, a change in Frederic's disposition might be traced, though it remained for other events, and still dearer society, to perfect its reformation.

When the time arrived for their separation, it occasioned a mutual regret; and, as Frederic pursued his way to Paris, he often felt a wish of emulating the respectability of his undiscovered relative, who was then prosecuting his tour into Spain; and who, missing the agreeable society of his late companion, was almost tempted to condemn those cautious maxims, which had withheld him from attempting to prolong his association with this interesting young man. It seemed evident that he had no ties, nor any regular plan of conduct, and probable that he would have complied with any invitation, which offered the sort of regularity and control upon his motions, to which he used feelingly to lament their not being subjected. When the elevation of his spirits subsided, Frederic had more than once observed to his brother, that he envied those who had any sort of systematic plan by which they modelled their lives, as he was conscious, were he with any one he esteemed, he could abjure his unsettled habits, and willingly accommodate himself to the comforts of a domestic routine;—while now, uncared for and unconnected, he never knew whether he might stay an hour or a month in a place, and was only certain, that, when he changed the scene, it would be for some other equally indifferent.

This sort of discourse had always struck the elder brother as extraordinary; for, while every thought,

every sentiment of his companion's heart, seemed carelessly disclosed, he never adverted to the real situation of his affairs—never mentioned a connexion with any family, though, as far as an unbounded fund of anecdote and information extended, his acquaintance, both British and continental, appeared universal. He never however spoke of relatives, or reverted to any domestic scenes, except when he named a French family, with whom he had accidentally, and unIntroduced, formed an intimacy the preceding year, and, while staying in their house, had, for the first time, envied the comforts of connubial happiness, and a settled establishment.

Mr. Williams could not but look upon it as remarkable, that a man like this should not seem to belong to any one; and, as he had once inadvertently styled himself "an outcast from his family and fortune," was there not room to apprehend that something exceptionable lurked beneath a prepossessing exterior? In short, his character was shaded by such impenetrable obscurity, that Williams would have considered himself improperly confident, in seeking a longer intimacy, or closer association.

When Frederic reached the French metropolis, he found it all bustle and agitation; and, while the rage for politics pervaded every rank, he could not singly escape the general contagion. His opinions, however, followed not those of the multitude: his soul revolted from the scenes of atrocity that have stamped an indelible disgrace on the annals of France: his every thought recoiled from the prospect; and his views and his wishes were directed to his own country. A bright spark of British ardor was kindled in his bosom. He resolved to re-

turn to England, and, by his abilities and exertions, to attain some importance in a kingdom, which experience taught him was preferable to any other part of the world he had visited. Should war, as was then fully expected, be declared, he determined, in any line that might open to him, to unite his efforts with those of her other brave defenders, toward repelling the attacks of a people, whom he could not reflect upon without abhorrence. After surmounting the difficulties which at that period attended the departure from France, we may at length land our hero at Southampton, where, among the first persons he saw, was Lord Hardsburgh, a most dissipated young nobleman, who, two years before, had quitted Florence in disgrace, without discharging his debts of honor, among which was one to Frederic himself.

No sight could be more unwelcome to his lordship, than that of such a creditor; and, as he dared not refuse returning his salutation, he attempted, by some ill-leighed excuses which completely evinced the native meanness of his character, to apologise for his hasty departure from their former scenes of meeting. He entreated that the circumstances which had preceded it, might not be spoken of in his native country, and promised to repair his former deficiency as soon as it should be in his power—at the same time protesting that he could not then command fifty guineas, having, by such cursed luck as never man was pestered with, exhausted not only his own resources, but the patience of his friends. He added, that, merely to enable him to go on, he had acceded to their wishes for his marrying, and was now come into Hampshire, to wait till matters were arranged for celebration, hav-

ing left to his parents the task of courting the happy fair, whose fortune had been the inducement for their selection.

One of Frederic's first employments, upon his return, had been to inform himself of the situation of national affairs. The most hostile preparations seemed every where going on with ardor. The militia regiments were called forth; and he accidentally had observed, in the Court Calendar, that Lord Hardsburgh's father commanded one of them.

In his new-born spirit of patriotism, and anxiety to evince it, he was struck with the idea of entering this service, as one that could be more readily embraced than any other; and a sort of half-born hope of doing it without loss of time, by means of Lord Hardsburgh, had been his primary object in thus renewing the acquaintance.

He perfectly knew that his lordship's character rendered all delicacy superfluous, and therefore, stating his present wishes, proposed an oblivion of all former transactions, on their being complied with, and only enjoined that the commission should be made out to him, as Frederic Richmond.

The affair was easily adjusted. Lord Hardsburgh knew, that, when his father had an important point like that of his marriage to carry, he would indulge him in all less material requests; and, agreeably to his anticipation, he immediately obtained a company in his regiment; while the receiver, whom we must hereafter style by the fresh name he thought proper to adopt, with all the precipitancy that marked his character, lost no time in joining the regiment, or in endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to fulfill the new duties with which he was invested.

*(To be continued.)*

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(Continued from page 157.)*

IN the middle of that vast ocean which separates the two hemispheres, rises an immense pile of rocks coëval with the world, and whose summit braves the lightning's blaze, while their feet mock the rage of the tempest. They are surrounded by a groupe of isles clothed with eternal verdure; and, in the centre of that bold assemblage of irregular rocks, Nature, actuated by eternal laws, has formed a profound and capacious cavern, whose wondrous structure impresses the beholder with awe.

'Tis there that dwells Ocean, to whom is intrusted the empire of the waves; and, from the height of those enormous piles, he views the sea majestically rolling round the earth. When the vapors, exhaled from the surface of the deep, swim through the atmosphere embodied in clouds, 'tis he who commands the winds to waft to the various regions of the globe those floating lakes, that they may descend in numerous torrents to fertilise the subject earth, and by new supplies enable the rivers to roll their wonted tribute to the ocean. No tempests have ever dared to disturb his sacred abode; and if at times the audacious waves lift their heads against those rocks, they are suddenly checked aloft in air; their hoarse bellowing is stilled to silence, and they fall back into the deep. Happy the mariner, whose wand'ring bark can reach these isles while the rage of the tempest is abroad! On every side they present safe harbours, where neither the anchor's bite nor the twisted cable is necessary; while, from the summits of the rocks, incessantly burst forth springs of pure limpid water, which, uniting in streams below, roll with harmonious murmurs through shady groves, and pursue their placid course, till they

mingle with the briny waves of the tumultuous deep.—"I was there that Liberty alighted from her aerial flight.

"O thou," said she, "whose waters originally covered the earth, when first emerged from the dark night of chaos! powerful genius of the waves! if thou inspirest with my sentiments the daring navigator who traverses thy azure domain—if thou hast more than once aided me in laying the foundations of mighty empires—now is the moment when it behoves us to unite our most strenuous exertions to overcome the greatest obstacles that ever have opposed my power. Behold yon country which stands embosomed in thy waters, and where formerly our laws were seen to flourish! At present she groans and sinks under the yoke of my audacious adversaries. Let us re-establish, within her boundaries, my empire and thine. Let her flag, displayed on every sea, again make its appearance with so much splendor, that the Batavians shall be considered by the universe as a new nation, who, occupying as it were but a speck of land on the globe, shall astonish mankind by the greatness of their enterprises, and make known our power even to those remote regions which hail the new-born sun as he issues from the rosy chambers of the east, and to those distant climes where he tinges his wearied steeds in the western wave.—Behold, in that other land, those heroes who have already signalised their courage in the defence of their country, and who, undiscouraged by misfortune, at this moment meditate projects of still greater boldness and magnanimity. To them also deign to accord thy friendly aid.—I do not come, in opposition to the irrevocable decrees of fate, to conjure thee to screen the Batavian from the disasters which he is destined to experience in thy domain—I only en-

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treat thee to alleviate them, and render them productive of his greater glory and felicity."

As she thus addressed the god, the noble harmony of her voice is wafted in solemn echoes o'er the listening waves: the winds are hushed to reverential silence; and every ship which steered her course through the adjoining tract of ocean, suddenly arrested by the siren charm, stands motionless on the bosom of the deep.

"I promise thee," replied Oceanor, "to give that nation my firm support: nor is this the first time that thy efforts and mine have been exerted to afford each other mutual aid."

He said, and casting a favorable look on the land of the Batavians, the waves placidly rolled with gentle murmurs to their shores—a happy presage, at which a smile of delight beamed on the countenance of the goddess. She immediately spread her pinions, and winged her way to the camp of Cogni.

At that moment, a dream presented to the mind of William a confused image of those events which fate was preparing. He fancied himself on the sea-shore: inspired by the sublime spectacle of that boisterous element which man has rendered subservient to his will, he inhaled the enlivening breath of Zephyr, listened with delight to the majestic sound of the waves, and with discursive eye surveyed the boundless expanse of ocean, when sudden he sees a female form advance through the azure plains, wearing the features which mortals have assigned to the warlike daughter of Jove.

"Batavians!" said she—"and thou, chief of the Batavians! lo! Holland and Zealand invite you. Your glory, your country, claim your speedy return. Although the Belgian and the

2 D

German have disappointed your ardent hopes—behold! a new field is opened for the display of your courage!”

She said, and, pointing o'er the deep, directed his eyes to a fleet rapidly furrowing the waves, which soon appears to approach the shore. In the eagerness of his transport, he embraces the prows of the vessels, calls his warlike friends with loud cries, and, together with them, rushes on board the ships. But the excess of his joy awakes him; and the fleet, the sea, and the goddess, have vanished from his sight. Still, however, his ears resound with the murmurs of the waves: the celestial voice long vibrates on his heart, repeating the names of Holland and Zealand; and the rising beams of day can hardly dispel the illusion, and calm the agitation of his soul.

Nassau, concentrated within himself, and afraid to indulge a delusive hope, was absorbed by the sentiments which predominated in his heart, when two warriors arrived, who were the bearers of an important message. The Batavian chiefs immediately introduce them to William's tent.

“’Tis Barneveldt,” said one of them, “who sends us; and we come to inform William that two of the Batavian provinces are secretly arming—determined, even without any other aid, to attack the overgrown colossus of tyranny . . . . .”

“Holland and Zealand!” interrupted William.

“The same,” replied the warrior: “and they have already nominated their chief, if he dare to participate their danger.”

“He were unworthy of their choice,” rejoined William, “if not animated with equal courage.”

“The field then lies open before you,” exclaimed the warrior; “nor will you delay to enter upon it toge-

ther with your valiant bands: the inhabitants of those provinces await your arrival, to encounter death by your side.”

Coligni, meanwhile, impatient to impart to his friend the success of his exertions to enable him once more to enter the martial career, tears himself from the embraces of sleep, and makes his appearance at this instant in the tent of William. For a moment he silently contemplates the hero; and, seeing hope and joy beaming on his countenance—

“My illustrious friend!” says he; “I read in your countenance the thoughts of your soul:—friendship like ours does not need the vulgar medium of speech to convey its sentiments—the Batavians, of whose courage I entertained a favorable presentiment, invite you to march at their head; and you are preparing to depart:—scarcely have we enjoyed the happiness of clasping you to our bosoms, when you are about to escape from our embraces. At the port of Rochelle, lies a squadron of ships subject to my orders: Batavians! they are yours, together with whatever gold I can command. Genlis, Lanoue, and the warriors whom those chiefs heretofore conducted to join your banners in Belgium, are ambitious of the honor of still following your fortunes. The feeble assistance which I offer you, is far from commensurate to the daring greatness of your enterprise: but Coligni, to his latest breath, will continue your faithful ally; and the Gallic warriors who shall range themselves under your standards—united to you by a communion of interests—will adhere to you in the hour of your most tremendous perils . . . . . I will not hear your generous refusal: I see the storm for a season diverted from our heads: you court it: I insist, therefore—let my zeal and my

friendship authorise the expression— I insist that you accept my offers, and consent that the sons of France—and, among the rest, I, your friend—shall have the honor of contributing to the success of your glorious undertaking.”

Too deeply affected to return an answer, William embraces Coligni, and immediately orders his brothers to assemble the Batavians. Their valiant bands soon march forth to view in battle array: the chiefs take their stations in front; and Nassau, whose port and features assume more than mortal majesty, while his eyes seem to flash with vivid lightnings, thus addresses them——

*(To be continued.)*

*The FLEET PRISON;  
OR A CURE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.*

*(Continued from page 150.)*

As my ideas expanded, and as what I considered my knowledge of the world increased, the counsel and opinions of my former adviser imperceptibly lost their weight: yet, by calling to my recollection the antipathy of my respected father, he at once roused my attention, and interested my feelings—Still, however, Colonel Leinster had, by studying the weaknesses of my character, by flattering my follies, and encouraging my natural propensities, so deeply ingratiated himself into my good opinion, that it was impossible for any insinuations of Malcombe materially to injure him.—To that votary of dissipation I considered myself indebted for the highest of earthly enjoyments; for to him I owed my introduction in Cumberland Street; and, in the society of the captivating marchioness, I felt myself raised to the summit of human happiness. My ideas were likewise enlarged—my understanding purified from those con-

finied conceptions, which a recluse (as I might not improperly term myself) naturally acquires; and, by furnishing me with books which proved that our passions were given us for the indulgence of them, he stripped vice of its deformity, and dressed it in an alluring garb.

Every expensive pleasure that could be obtained, I considered myself authorised to partake of. Women, wine, and cards, were alternately my pursuit; and though, on my first entrance upon the gay theatre of the world, I had an invincible aversion to the latter, yet, under the auspices of Leinster, I visited every noted gaming-house in town.—By what means it happened that the two decided depredators upon my property assimilated, or by what charm their inveterate antipathy was appeased, I never was able to discover: but, in less than a month after Malcombe's return to London, I had the happiness of seeing them perfectly reconciled.—I make use of the term *happiness*, because, though I had ceased to esteem Malcombe, I could not forget that he was a person for whom my father had often expressed a regard: and, as Lady L\*\*\*, at the request of Colonel Leinster, had invited him to her parties, I was no longer obliged occasionally to refuse an invitation through civility to him.

As I had always supposed that a colonel in the army must be a man of fortune, I was not a little astonished at Leinster's asking me to lend him a couple of thousand pounds, and still more so, at finding that Malcombe had been previously acquainted with his intention.—Instead of dissuading me from acceding to the proposal, as I had expected, he pointed out the strong proof it was of the colonel's friend-



ship; "for, flattered and admired as he is," said he, "by all his acquaintance, there are, doubtless, hundreds who would have been happy to oblige him."

In this happiness, however, I believe I had no competitor. I gave him an order upon my banker, and received his draught, payable to my order in the course of six months.—Colonel Lemster was not the only person who honored me with this mark of friendship; for the Countess of L\*\*\* informed me that she had had an uncommon run of ill-luck at cards, and implored me, by the affection I felt for her daughter, to lend her five hundred pounds.—It is impossible to express the gratification I experienced at having the power of testifying my esteem for Lady L\*\*\*:—I instantly flew to my banker, and returned with double the sum.—This circumstance, out of delicacy to her ladyship's feelings, I carefully concealed from Malcombe, who, from being an agent in all my money transactions, was extremely puzzled to know how I had disposed of this thousand pounds.

When I first entered upon what is termed a life of gaiety, I was frequently restrained from committing excesses, by the warning voice of conscience; but, by degrees, her impressions lost their influence, and at length were totally disregarded.

My attachment for the marchioness had hitherto prevented me from accompanying the colonel to any of those houses of iniquity with which the metropolis abounds; but, being one night extremely struck by the loveliness of a young female whom I saw in one of the boxes, I accepted the invitation of her *chaperon* to attend her home. The most interesting dejection was portrayed upon this charming creature's coun-

tenance; and, in her manners, she was totally unlike any of her unfortunate class:—in short, had not her companion betrayed the nature of her situation, I should have supposed her to have been a strictly virtuous girl.

A delicate supper was, as if by enchantment, placed before us: but no persuasion could induce my fair companion to eat; and, when I began to rally her upon her *chaperon* having selected such a disgusting fellow for her companion, she burst into a violent flood of grief.—Softened by her tears, and interested by an appearance of modesty, I implored her to inform me how she came to be an inhabitant of such a place; when, recovering herself a little from the violence of her agitation, she gave me the following sketch of her life—

"It is not, Sir, from a consciousness of guilt or depravity, that I wish to conceal a name which has always been considered as respectable—but from that delicacy of feeling which must naturally be excited by your discovering me an apparently willing associate of those who are lost to every sense of shame

"My father was a respectable grazier in Leicestershire, and, until a very few years before his death, was considered as a very moneyed man: but, from the extravagance of my elder brother, who went into the army, and a fatal disorder which affected his cattle, his affairs became embarrassed; and the distress of mind from these combined misfortunes ultimately occasioned his death.—As my beloved father rented the greater part of his land of Sir William Davenport, his amiable lady used frequently to honor my mother with a call; and, during childhood, I was fortunate enough to attract her ladyship's attention and regard.—In the course of each

year, I always spent several months at the Castle; and to those happy visits do I ascribe the few acquisitions I possess; for, during those periods, Lady Davenport not only condescended to instruct me, but permitted me to receive lessons from the different masters who attended the young ladies."

Here the recollection of what she had been, struck so forcibly upon the feelings of my fair narrator, that she burst into a violent flood of tears; and it was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to proceed with her interesting narrative.

"Though my poor father had been long ill, yet his death was sudden; and his spirits were so dreadfully depressed by misfortune, that he had not resolution to arrange his affairs. and my elder brother, who at that time had obtained leave of absence, took possession of the wreck of that property which had once been affluent.—Fortunately, my dearest mother had a rich relative, who kindly offered his house as an asylum to herself and my little sister—at the same time informing her, that, as I was old enough, I ought to support myself.

"I was too happy at the prospect of having my dear mother and sister provided for, to repine at those misfortunes which had fallen upon myself; and I resolved to write immediately to the amiable Lady Davenport, who was then in London, and implore her to procure for me any situation which she thought me able to fill.—The return of the post brought me a letter from my benefactress, filled with the most condescending expressions of sympathy and regret, and concluding by desiring me immediately to come to London, and remain with her, until an eligible situation could be provided.

When the period arrived for my quitting the abode of my childhood, an insurmountable presentiment of evil overwhelmed my spirits; and, though certain of meeting with the kindest reception from Lady Davenport, I parted from my beloved mother with the deepest regret.—Faithful presentiment! undefinable anticipation!—But I beg your pardon, Sir, for thus yielding to the impressions of sorrow.—I will, if possible, proceed, without trespassing upon your patience by any unconnected remarks.—When I arrived at Leicester, I found three of its inhabitants, and a total stranger, seated in the stage-coach. The latter, perceiving my spirits extremely agitated, addressed herself to me with all the kindness of an old acquaintance: but the former, who were of one party, seemed not in the slightest degree affected by my distress.—This humanity on the part of a stranger acted as a cordial to my depressed spirits; and, when we stopped to take refreshment, I unhesitatingly answered all her questions; and, when made perfectly acquainted with the reverse of fortune I had experienced, she informed me that I had excited the liveliest interest in her breast.—'You have, it is true, my dear girl,' said she, 'found a kind friend in Lady Davenport: but I have long known her ladyship; and, destitute as you are, I think it my duty to tell you, she is the most capricious woman that ever lived.—You have hitherto, you know, only occasionally visited in the family; and you always had a comfortable home to receive you when those visits terminated: but now you have no home; and you must be dependent upon her bounty, for the very means of supporting your existence.—Pardon me, my sweet girl,' continued the artful hypocrite, perceiving she had ex-

cited the most painful emotions— ‘pardon me, for thus wounding your feelings by drawing a comparison between your *past* and *present* condition: the motive which induces me to act toward you with the confidence of friendship, will, I trust, plead as an excuse; but, from the moment you stepped into the coach, I felt an interest excited, which cannot be described by the power of words.—You are, in fact, my dear young lady, the very counterpart of a beloved daughter, whom, about eighteen months back, I had the misfortune to lose; and the interest you have excited by *that resemblance*, draws my affection toward you with the softest, the tenderest cord.—I have still two daughters, who reside with me: but, alas! how different are they in their disposition from my ever-to-be-lamented Emma! for they are so devoted to the gaieties of the metropolis, that they can find little time to spend in the society of their mother.—Should Lady Davenport, which Heaven avert! again prove that capricious being I have too often known her, with me, my dear madam, you shall always find a sanctuary; and I trust you will supply the place of my adored Emma.’

“Tears apparently accompanied this unexpected mark of friendship; for her handkerchief was frequently applied to her eyes; and her voice faltered at the mention of her deceased daughter, with all the tremor of unfeigned grief.—Grateful did I feel to Providence for having thus unexpectedly raised me up a protectress in case Lady Davenport’s friendship should decline; and I endeavoured to express my sense of her kindness, in language which flowed from the heart.

“Nothing material occurred during the remaining part of our jour-

ney, until we arrived within six miles of town, when, by the carelessness of the driver, the carriage was overturned.—Providentially, no material accident happened; but, as I was seated on the side which fell undermost, I unfortunately struck my head against the glass; and, whether I was stunned by the fall, or whether my brain had received a concussion, I do not know; but, when recollection returned, I found myself in this detestable house.—Of the accident I had scarcely any recollection; and, upon inquiring where I was, my pretended friend appeared, described in exaggerated terms the danger I had encountered, and implored me not to speak a word.—Though she assured me I had remained several days in a state of insensibility, I have reason to believe it was not as many hours; but, at that time, having no reason to doubt her assertions, I unhesitatingly credited the report.

“Though Mrs. C\*\*\* would fain have persuaded me that I still suffered from the accident, my own feelings contradicted her words; and I requested permission to write to Lady Davenport, for the purpose of informing her where I was.—This request was unhesitatingly complied with; but, in the course of a couple of hours, the servant who had been sent with the letter, returned with the mortifying intelligence that her ladyship had quitted London the preceding afternoon.—This intelligence, which at once mortified and astonished me, seemed to increase Mrs. C\*\*\*’s attention.—She implored me to remain under her protection, and renewed her remarks upon the versatility of Lady Davenport.—I could not however be dissuaded from writing into Leicestershire: but I have too much reason to believe that my letter

never was sent; and I equally doubt the truth of the intelligence of her ladyship having quitted the metropolis.

“To describe, Sir, the horror, the almost distracted state of my feelings, as time unveiled to me the real character of my pretended friend, is totally impossible: I must therefore leave it to your imagination.—That she possesses a superior understanding, I need scarcely inform you:—but, oh! how has she perverted those talents which were designed for a noble use! All the arguments that sophistry could suggest, or invention furnish, were resorted to, for the purpose of reconciling me to her infamous mode of life.—When these failed, she endeavoured to terrify me into compliance:—a most exorbitant bill was delivered for my board; a sham officer of justice was sent for, to arrest me; and I was threatened with being inclosed within a dreary prison’s walls.—At this moment of despair, friendless and entirely destitute, a thought occurred to me, which Providence certainly inspired:—I appeared to relent—requested time for consideration—and the pretended bailiff was immediately discharged.

“How I rejoice, that reason has at length triumphed over prejudice!” exclaimed the vile Mrs. C\*\*\*, encircling me in her arms.—‘Were charms like those which I now contemplate,’ she continued, ‘bestowed for the purpose of being wasted on the desert air? No, my sweet girl! nature formed you to bask in the sun-shine of prosperity—and this very night you shall be convinced of the truth of my remark.’—So saying, she rang the bell for her footman, and desired him to secure two places in the boxes.—With a mixture of hope and fear, I dress-

ed myself for the representation—having first fallen on my knees, and implored the Almighty Protector of innocence to shield me from her arts, and conduct me to some benevolent being who in mercy would restore me to my friends—And oh! Sir!” continued the agitated narrator, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely eyes to heaven, “if in you I do not behold a guardian angel to snatch me from this scene of iniquity, and save me from the snares with which I am surrounded, I am lost to every hope of peace and happiness!”

“Save you!” I repeated, pressing her still clasped hands to my bosom—“I will save you, or perish in the attempt:—but where is the wretch,” I exclaimed in the most elevated accent, “who has dared to entrap unspotted innocence?”

During the preceding recital, my feelings had been worked up to the most violent pitch; and, ringing the bell, I, with an air of authority, desired the servant who obeyed the summons, to send in his mistress.

“My mistress, Sir,” replied the man, “was taken ill during supper, and, upon quitting the room, fell down in a fit; or perhaps,” continued he, casting a significant glance at my companion, “you would not have been left so long by yourselves.”

“Call a coach this instant,” said I, in a tone of authority.—“It is as much as my place is worth, Sir,” replied the man.—“Then, Sir, you may depend upon it, to-morrow morning a magistrate shall supply you with a new situation; and now, Sir, at your peril, refuse fetching a coach.”—The man bowed, and in a few minutes informed me a coach was waiting at the door.—I seized the hand of my trembling compa-

nion, and, unmolested, conducted her to it.

Though the watchman was then calling one in the morning, I ordered the coachman to drive to Sir William Davenport's, giving him at the same time particular orders not to knock violently at the door.—The family had retired to rest, as I expected: but the porter answered the rap in the course of a few minutes, and, in a tone of astonishment, demanded who was there — “It is I, Richard,” said my agitated companion, in a voice at once soft and tremulous.—“Lord bless ye, Miss \*\*\*! how glad I be to see you! for we have all of us been frightened out of our wits about you.—Why, Miss, 'tis a matter of a fortnight since my lady expected you by the Leicester coach!”

While honest Richard was saying this, he was letting down the steps of the carriage:—but never shall I forget his countenance, when we entered the hall, and he beheld the object of his solicitude, instead of being simply dressed for travelling, arrayed in the gaudy costume of a playhouse.—Until that moment, the impropriety of Miss \*\*\*'s appearance had never struck me.—I was, however, prevented from making any remark by the violent ringing of a bell, which the porter declared to be his master's, and in the same instant ascended the stairs.—“Have the goodness,” said I, “to present Mr. Lessington's compliments to Sir William, and assure him that nothing but the peculiarly distressed situation of this young lady could have induced me to trespass upon him at such an unseasonable hour: but, if he will allow me to have five minutes' conversation with him, I shall consider it as a great favor.”

“I thought I recollected your face, Sir,” said Richard, with one of

those glances which convey neither approbation nor regard. I was, however, prevented from replying to the observation, by the object of my solicitude falling from her chair.—The agitation which her perilous condition had excited, was too powerful for her feelings: but, by the aid of those sustaining elements, water and air, she was restored to recollection in less than a quarter of an hour.—During the period of her insensibility, Sir William Davenport made his appearance; and, though sympathy marked his features, there was a coldness in his manner, which I ascribed to those refined ideas of propriety, which I had always known to mark his character.

Aware that it was impossible for the amiable girl to repeat the story which I had a short time before listened to with such varying emotions, I took upon myself the part of narrator, without the slightest deviation, and soon perceived the effect it produced upon the mind of my auditor, by seeing him clasp the lately destined prey of iniquity and seduction in his protecting arms.—

“Next to that Almighty Power which has so miraculously preserved you, my dear Maria,” said he, “do we owe our thanks to Mr. Lessington.” —“Lessington!” she repeated—“Surely my deliverer is not Mr. Lessington, of Lessington Lodge?” —“Yes, my dear girl,” replied Sir William: “it is to him that we owe an everlasting obligation.”

“I not only wished, Sir William,” said I, “to deliver your *protégée* into your protection, but to consult you in what manner it would be advisable to act toward the vile woman who detained her, and who wished to sacrifice her purity, and destroy her virtuous principles.”

“This subject, my dear Sir,” replied the baronet, requires mature

deliberation; for, though I think no punishment can be too great for a wretch so lost to every principle of virtue, yet I am aware that we cannot expose her without the public appearance of my charge; and the very idea of having it known that she had for some days resided in a house of iniquity, is repugnant to every delicate feeling."

"Oh! my generous protector! in mercy save me from such a degradation!" said the agitated Maria: "for, though my conscience assures me I am perfectly innocent, the world may suppose that I voluntarily remained an inmate of that detested habitation; and my heart recoils at the thought of being suspected."

Every thing I saw, every word I heard uttered by this lovely creature, tended to increase that admiration which the first transient interview had inspired; and, pleased as I had been with the Marchionesses society, I felt a superior sensation of delight in that of Maria.—The former certainly possessed all the urbanity of good breeding, with a degree of interesting softness; but, in the latter, I fancied I could trace the intelligent companion, without any deficiency of politeness or address.

Though I felt the force of Sir William's remarks, I could not bear the idea of suffering a wretch like Mrs. G\*\*\* to pursue her iniquitous plans; and, though I took leave of the Baronet without making him acquainted with my intention, I resolved to threaten her with a prosecution that very morning.

*(To be continued.)*

WHAT MIGHT BE.

*(Concluded from page 178.)*

MAJOR Beauchamp had been too ardent in his endeavours to extricate his friend from his thralldom, to re-

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flect upon the unpleasant predicament in which those exertions had involved him:—he had professed an attachment to a woman whose principles he detested, and whose character she had herself proved to be despicable; and, though he had not attempted to practise the arts of seduction, she had consented to follow him to any part of the globe.—This woman he had actually taken into his protection, under pretence of attachment; and he was aware, that, if he exasperated her by avowing the motive which actuated him, she might, from revenge, be reconciled to Lady Gertrude, and thus blight all the opening prospects of his friend.—These thoughts occurred in rapid succession, the moment Sir Frederic Montgomery quitted the room; when, taking out his watch, he appeared in great consternation, at perceiving the hand nearly pointed at One.

"My dear Dupont," said he, "I had not the slightest conception that it was so late an hour; and I told the mistress of the lodging I had prepared for you, that you would be there, if you came this evening, by eleven, at furthest; for I could not foresee the rupture which happened between you and Lady Gertrude, and therefore doubted whether I should be able to persuade you to quit her immediately.—For this night, therefore, I must leave you under the care of Mrs. Legoxton (Sir Frederic Montgomery's sister): but, to-morrow morning, I will convey you to your new habitation; and you may depend upon seeing me by ten o'clock."

As Dupont perceived the propriety of this measure, she did not attempt to raise any objections; and Major Beauchamp, shaking her by the hand, said he would go to Mrs.

2 E

Legoxton, and beg her to order some supper to be brought.—To have allowed Dupont to escape until the restitution of the bond, would have been impolitic: yet, as Mrs. Legoxton did not like the idea of a female of such loose principles associating with her servants, she entreated Major Beauchamp to invite her into the 'drawing-room, as some of her own domestics knew who she was.

The moment Major Beauchamp had fulfilled his embassy, he took leave of the party for the night, and retired to his lodgings, deliberating in what manner the disappointed fair one was to be appeased.—Though he had had recourse to art, yet his disposition was naturally too ingenuous, to allow him to practise it without repugnance; and he resolved, if Lady Gertrude returned to Sir Frederic the bond in question, to avow the motive by which he had been actuated.

At an early hour the next morning, Sir Frederic Montgomery delivered his letter for Lady Gertrude into the hands of his friend, who immediately set out with it to the Edgware Road.—When he arrived at the gardenér's, he observed a travelling-equipage drawn up at the private gate; and, as he was felicitating himself upon his early visit, he perceived Lady Gertrude Montravers approaching it.—With the eagerness of an old friend, he flew towards her, exclaiming, "How fortunate I am to meet your Ladyship! for I have a letter to deliver, of the utmost consequence to the future happiness of my friend."

"I shall not read the letter: neither did I wish to receive this visit," replied Lady Gertrude, attempting to proceed to her carriage.—"Pardon me, Madam," said the Major, intercepting her passage:—"this

letter must and shall be read; and if your Ladyship wishes to prevent any unpleasant exposure, you will return, and comply with my request."

"Insolent! unsufferable!" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, in the most indignant accent, yet taking the offered letter, and proceeding toward the house with it, followed by her unwelcome visitor, who determined not to leave her until he had gained his point.

With the haughtiness of offended majesty, she re-entered the apartment she had just quitted, and, throwing herself upon a sofa, said, "By what authority, Major Beauchamp, have you taken the liberty of intruding into my retirement uninvited?"

There was a natural *nonchalance* in Major Beauchamp's manner, not easily to be expressed:—and, throwing one leg across the other, and apparently admiring the skill of his boot-maker, he carelessly replied, "Why, upon my honor, Lady Gertrude, I cannot exactly tell: but—I suppose—the letter I have had the honor of delivering to your Ladyship, will explain the motive."—So saying, he presented the box he had just taken out of his pocket, with an air of ease and indifference.

"Impertinent puppy!" she exclaimed, casting upon him a look of the greatest contempt; and still retaining the unopened letter in her hand.—Major Beauchamp in a few moments completely changed the expression of his countenance, and, assuming an air of consequence, said, "I am grieved to say, that the well-known improprieties of Lady Gertrude's conduct prevent me from feeling that respect which is due to her rank; and, when a woman, Madam, however exalted her situation, is imprudent enough to de-

grade herself, the world at large no longer consider themselves obliged to treat her with respect.—As your Ladyship does not seem inclined to peruse Sir Frederic's letter, it is necessary I should inform you that I am acquainted with its contents; and that, in consequence of his having obtained the most indisputable proofs of your marriage, he requires the restitution of that bond he was imprudent enough to place in your hands.—Into my possession he has requested that the bond may be delivered; and I have intruded myself into your presence for the sole purpose of receiving it: and, though he would be sorry to give publicity to a marriage which appears to demand concealment, yet, if you refuse to resign the bond, he is resolved immediately to do it."

A death-like paleness overspread Lady Gertrude's countenance: but, in a few moments, she recovered herself, and, turning to Major Beauchamp, she said, "You, and that vile creature Dupont, are the instigators of this! But I now tell you, Sir, I will enforce the bond in my possession, with as much firmness as ever Shylock did."

With this declaration, the spirit which had inspired it, seemed to have evaporated; for she burst into a violent flood of tears, and, concealing her face with her handkerchief, actually sobbed aloud.

"Do not suffer passion to subdue your better judgement, Lady Gertrude," said the Major, after a pause of some minutes. "Recollect, Madam, that it would ill become a female of your rank to be accused in a court of justice of an intent to act in opposition to the laws of the land;—and you certainly are no stranger to the punishment which attends bigamy: therefore I once more ask whether

you will relinquish the bond to my friend?"

"How can I relinquish that, which in great measure supports my existence?" inquired Lady Gertrude. "It is that bond which protects me from my numerous creditors; for I am involved in debts, which it is impossible for my confined annual income to discharge."

"Permit me to ask to what amount those debts have accumulated," demanded the Major.—"As far as I can judge, replied her Ladyship, "to near five thousand pounds."—"Then, allowing that Sir Frederic consent to pay that sum for you, will you unhesitatingly give up the bond?"

The consciousness of her errors at that moment seemed to have subdued both pride and passion; and, in tremulous accents, she answered in the affirmative; upon which Major Beauchamp requested she would indulge him with the use of pen and ink.—The implements for writing having been brought, Major Beauchamp sat down to the table, and, without entering into minutiae, informed his friend, he had reason to believe, Lady Gertrude's motive for retaining the bond was to shield her from pecuniary distress; and her creditors, having been made acquainted with the nature of the engagement, had patiently waited for the discharge of their debts;—and he concluded by observing, that, if the business was brought into a court of justice, an immense expense and great difficulties must naturally arise.—"Circumstanced as you are," said the Major in his epistle, "I advise you to agree to her Ladyship's demand, and consent to pay her the sum of five thousand pounds—not as a compensation for her compliance, but as an act of humanity, which may be the means of saving her from ruin."



While Major Beauchamp was inditing his epistle, Lady Gertrude's attention was occupied in perusing the one he had delivered; and, by the tears which he perceived fall upon it, he judged it must have been affecting.—A servant was dispatched to Sir Frederic Montgomery's, with orders to deliver the letter into his own hands; and, should he be from home, to follow him, to any part of the town.—Lady Gertrude in the mean time ordered her travelling chariot to drive to the livery stable for a couple of hours; and it was nearly that period before the servant returned.

Sir Frederic's reply to Major Beauchamp's letter was couched in the strongest terms of delight and gratitude, and inclosed within its envelope a draught for five thousand pounds.—Thus draught the way major resolved not to suffer to go out of his hand, until Lady Gertrude had relinquished the bond; and, turning to her, he said, "And now, madam, I hope you will unhesitatingly comply with Sir Frederic Montgomery's wishes."

Having glanced her eye over it, she unlocked a writing-desk, which her footman was carrying to the carriage when the major met her in the garden, and presented him with the bond, or rather the piece of paper, which, to his astonishment, he perceived unstamped.—As animadversion, however, would have been fruitless, he made a distant bow, and retired, provoked at his folly for not having demanded a sight of the paper in his possession, before he agreed to pay so dearly for it.

Though delighted at the idea of having had an opportunity of removing a weight from the mind of Sir Frederic, yet he felt provoked with him for not knowing that a

deed without the usual form of executing, must be invalid.—With a generosity of sentiment which did honor to the liberality of his feelings, Sir Frederic Montgomery listened to the detail of his friend, who, mortified at having paid five thousand pounds for that which, in point of law, carried no weight with it, inquired how he could be so weak as to consent to the proposed terms."

"Law and equity, my dear major," replied the amiable Sir Frederic, "are frequently at variance. The question is simply this—when I gave her the paper which you consider as of so little consequence, did I mean to convince Lady Gertrude that I intended to fulfill its contents?—Her subsequent conduct, I allow, exonerated me from the engagement, even in point of honor; but was there nothing due to a woman who declared that pecuniary embarrassments compelled her to retain the only means which preserved her from the power of her creditors?"

"She declared it, I grant," replied Major Beauchamp: "but are the declarations of such a woman to be believed? However, if you are satisfied, my dear fellow, I have no reason to be displeased.—I have fought your battles, I trust you will allow, with some degree of generalship: but I confess I feel rather cowardly at parrying off my own; or, in other words, I have no inclination to encounter the loquacious abilities of Mademoiselle Dupont.—As a return for my services, I must depute you my aide-de-camp: for, much as I despise the little Jezabel, I do not feel perfectly satisfied with myself for deceiving her."

"Most willingly do I undertake the office, my dear Beauchamp," replied Sir Frederic, "and any other you choose to honor me with; for

be assured I shall never forget the extent of the obligation you have conferred on me by your zeal and friendship.—Dupont unfortunately saw you enter, and is, doubtless, upon the tip-toe of expectation.—I intend to inform her that it was actually necessary to repel art by the aid of its own weapons; but that, as a man of honor, I shall certainly fulfill the promise I made her.—I shall then offer her the choice of fifty pounds a year, or one thousand paid down.”

“You are a noble fellow, Beauchamp!” exclaimed the major, clapping him upon the shoulder; “and I trust, that, in your intended alliance, you will enjoy as much happiness as you deserve.—But, adieu for the present; for I am in terrible dread of encountering that formidable young lady, Mademoiselle Dupont.”

As Major Beauchamp left the study, Sir Frederic entered the breakfast-room, where Dupont was sitting with Mrs. Legoxton.—“What have you done with Beauchamp?” said she in a tone of perfect familiarity, and with as much ease as if she had been his equal.

“I have not done any thing with him: but I wish to have five minutes’ conversation with *you*.”—“Then I will leave you together,” said Mrs. Legoxton rising.—“By no means, my love,” said Sir Frederic: “Dupont will walk down stairs with me. I should be shocked at seeing you quit the room.”

Dupont seemed to feel her assumed consequence rather humbled by Sir Frederic’s attention to his sister, and, rising from her seat in evident displeasure, she flounced the door after her, in a truly Abigail style.

“I wish to know whether you prefer receiving an annual income of fifty pounds a year, or the sum of one thousand paid down immediate-

ly,” said Sir Frederic Montgomery to his companion.

“I will ask Beauchamp’s opinion, Sir Frederic,” replied Dupont, resuming her composure.—“He has nothing to do with it,” replied Sir Frederic: “therefore you must act according to your own discretion.”

“Nothing to do with it?” repeated the Frenchwoman in an elevated tone of voice—“What you mean by that? did he not tell me I live with him all his life?”

“Though Major Beauchamp, as well as myself, detests artifice,” rejoined Sir Frederic, “there are certain cases where the practice of it becomes allowable: as it is the only weapon by which the designing are to be subdued.—Beauchamp, I know, professed an attachment very foreign to his feelings; and I will candidly own, it was for the purpose of accomplishing his plan.—Every species of deception, however, is now unnecessary; and I mean simply to relate the unvarnished truth, which is, that Major Beauchamp no longer requires any services from you: but, as in my name he entered into an engagement, that engagement I am ready to perform.”

While Sir Frederic Montgomery was speaking, Dupont’s eyes flashed with the strongest indignation, and her whole frame was agitated with disappointment and passion.—To give any further description of a conversation maintained on the one side with dignity and composure, but, on the other, with invective, and abuse, would, I am persuaded, afford but little entertainment to my readers:—I shall therefore merely say, that Dupont, finding violence answer no purpose, accepted his reward of one thousand pounds, in preference to an annual income, of the interest of that sum.

Disgusted with the impassioned conduct of a low illiterate female, Sir Frederic hastened to one, whose sweetness of manners was calculated to banish his chagrin; and, no longer finding any barrier to his felicity, implored her, to name an early day for the accomplishment of it.— In a unity of taste and a similarity of sentiment, he anticipated the enjoyment of heart-felt delight: and the amiable object of his affection, grateful for the blessing bestowed upon her, unhesitatingly gave him her hand.

*The OLD WOMAN.*

(Continued from page 174.)

N<sup>o</sup>. 5.—On NOVEL-READING, and the Mischief which arises from its indiscriminate Practice.

THE very attempt to oppose a practice which custom has authorised, requires a conviction that it must be attended with dangerous consequences; and no one would have sufficient temerity to make the attempt, unless persuaded that the arguments, brought against it, would prove convincing.

Reading may not improperly be divided into three classes—The *improving*—the *entertaining*—and the *pernicious*; and, under the latter, I grieve to say, are the generality of modern novels.—A good novel partakes of both the prior distinctions: it at once improves and entertains. it displays characters which invite to imitation, unadorned by virtues too resplendent for human nature to attain.—There is, I allow, a fascinating allurements in a well-written novel, which it is difficult to describe; and, by exhibiting examples of worth and excellence, they excite a degree of emulation in the youthful breast.

In the page of history, resplendent characters make a much more

forcible impression upon the imagination, than those which are represented in fiction's page: yet the novelist has the power of embellishing human nature, and endowing it with qualifications which almost seem divine.—This is a failing, to which too many authors are liable; and young people, who are in the habit of reading works of this nature, form their standard of human excellence from this deceptive plan: disappointment, of course, must be the consequence; and, where they expected to behold an angel, they discover a mere man.

Books, merely entertaining, produce the same effect upon the mental faculties, which a luxurious diet does upon the corporeal frame: they render it incapable of relishing those pure instructive writings, which possess all the intrinsic qualities of wholesome, unseasoned food.—A passion for novel-reading—~~is~~ it certainly, in many instances, deserves that appellation—is attended with still more pernicious consequences; for it so completely fascinates the mind, that it renders it inattentive to those more active duties which every individual is called upon to fulfill.—The domestic concerns of a family are all swallowed up in those sympathetic emotions which the sorrows of a Werter inspire; and the unmoral tendency of the work excites no sentiment of abhorrence, because the hero and heroine are so truly amiable.

There are novels, I allow, and the number not very circumscribed, which at once convey instruction and delight; and it is the *abuse*, not the *use*, of this species of entertainment, that I mean to reprobate. It is from the indiscriminate circulation of works of this nature, that so much mischief arises; and it would be a most beneficial thing to

society in general, if every author, who published a work that has an immoral tendency, could be punished with the same severity, as if he had written a libel.—The mischief arising from a libel is confined to an individual: but how wide-spreading is the effect of an immoral work! It is as much to be dreaded as the pestilential breath of contagion; for it conveys infection with the very touch.

Mr. Knox, in one of his admired Essays, ascribes the increased degeneracy of manners to the extended circulation of this species of books; and tells us, that, fifty years ago, there was scarcely a novel in the kingdom, though romances at that time were very numerous.—At that period, the middle classes of society confined their reading to Sunday, and followed the Apostle's precept of "*searching the scriptures*;" but an entertaining novel has now superseded that sacred volume, even on the day which ought to be dedicated to God.

The season of youth is the period when a fondness for reading can be indulged with the greatest advantage; for the mind is then capable of retaining every impression that is made upon it; and no cares or perplexities divert the attention from the interesting subject. It is then that youth should imitate the example of the industrious ant, by laying up a store of intellectual nourishment for the winter of their existence.—But, if mere entertainment is to supply the place of improvement; or—what is more to be dreaded—if books which inflame the passions are to be substituted for intelligent information and wholesome advice, reading then must be considered as an unwarrentable waste of time.

Even the pleasure which is derived from perusing a well-written

novel becomes reprehensible, if it is permitted to interfere with those active duties which even the most affluent are called upon to fulfill:—the duties of a mother, for example, ought never to be neglected either in the highest rank or the most humble sphere of life.—But what species of information can be imparted to her children by that mother whose mind is too frivolous to search the historic page, or who knows not whether Nova Zembla may not be situated in China, or Lapland in the South Sea?

The censure which has so improperly been attached to a learned lady, has, in many instances, been the cause of keeping our sex in total ignorance, or at least ignorant of those things, which, by enlightening their understandings, would render them much more pleasing companions.—If all ladies were *profoundly learned*, many inconveniences might arise from that circumstance: but it does not appear to me that a woman will be less acceptable to society, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, for having employed her time, from seven to seventeen, in the cultivation of her understanding.—Much refinement, and too great a taste for reading, will doubtless prove injurious to *her* whose time, from prudential motives, ought to be chiefly devoted to economic pursuits; and to nurture the mind without providing sustenance for the body, is certainly extremely reprehensible.

Few females are entirely exempted from domestic duties: yet opulent and unmarried females have certainly a large portion of time at their disposal, which may and ought to be devoted to improvement; and if a young lady of fortune happen to possess a genius or desire for the more abstruse sciences, I see no reason

why she should not indulge it—but, if an enlightened mind must consequently be a conceited one—and if the information which is acquired must ostentatiously be displayed—I confess, a mere novel-reader would be more tolerable than a lady who were continually endeavouring to display the depth of her knowledge.

But, while I am endeavouring to inspire the youthful part of my readers with a desire of improving their understandings, and am anxious to convince them that the time is totally lost which is devoted to reading inferior novels, I trust they will understand that no book, however instructive, ought to divert them from the performance of those duties which they are called upon to fulfill.

*(To be continued.)*

#### *A Persian Feast.*

*(From Morier's "Journey through Persia.")*

WHEN the concert was over, we collected our legs under us (which, till this time, we had kept extended at ease), to make room for the tablecloths, which were now spread before us. On these were first placed trays of sweet viands, light sugared cakes, and sherbet of various descriptions. After these, dishes of plain rice were put, each before two guests: then pillaus, and after them a succession and variety, which would have sufficed ten companies of our number. On a very moderate calculation, there were two hundred dishes, exclusive of the sherbets. All these were served up in bowls and dishes of fine china; and in the bowls of sherbet were placed long spoons made of pear-tree, each of which contained about the measure of six common table spoons; and with these every guest helped himself. The Persians bent themselves down to the dishes, and ate in general most heartily and indis-

criminately of every thing, sweet and sour, meat and fish, fruit and vegetable. They are very fond of ice, which they eat constantly, and in great quantities; a taste which becomes almost necessary to qualify the sweetmeats which they devour so profusely. The minister, Nasr Callah Khan, had a bowl of common ice constantly before him, which he kept eating when the other dishes were carried away. They are equally fond of spices and of every other stimulant, and highly recommend one of their sherbets, a composition of sugar, cinnamon, and other strong ingredients. As the envoy sat next the minister, and I next to the envoy, we very frequently shared the marks of his peculiar attention and politeness, which consisted in large handfuls of certain favorite dishes. These he tore off by main strength, and put before us; sometimes a full grasp of lamb mixed with a sauce of prunes, pistachio nuts, and raisins; at another time, a whole partridge disguised by a rich brown sauce; and then, with the same hand, he scooped out a bit of melon, which he gave into our palms, or a great piece of omelette thickly swimming in fat ingredients. The dishes lie promiscuously before the guests, who all eat without any particular notice of one another. The silence, indeed, with which the whole is transacted, is one of the most agreeable circumstances of a Persian feast. There is no rattle of plates and knives and forks, no confusion of lacqueys, no drinking of healths, no disturbance of carving: scarcely a word is spoken; and all are intent on the business before them. Their feasts are soon over; and, although it appears difficult to collect such an immense number of dishes, and to take them away again, without much

confusion and much time, yet all is so well regulated, that every thing disappears as if by magic. The lacqueys bring the dishes in long trays, which are discharged in order, and which are again taken up and carried away with equal facility. When the whole is cleared, and the cloths rolled up, ewers and basins are brought in, and every one washes his hand and mouth.

CAUTION, respecting DEALERS in  
OLD CLOTHES.  
*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

It is necessary for all persons to observe, and especially young married females, that they do not suffer their servants to have any traffic with old-clothes-dealers, male or female. Indeed, it is as necessary that they do not have dealings with them themselves: but the danger in allowing servants to do it is very great. The time, chiefly chosen by the worst description of these people, is early in the morning, before any part of a family, except the servants, is stirring. They may be seen, any morning creeping about the outskirts and west end of the town, peeping down the areas, and, by whispers and gesticulations, inducing the servants to come out to them, or rather to let them in. The result is tolerably certain:—by degrees they become intimate with the servants, and tempt them to purloin various articles, which are sold to these people for almost nothing. Articles of provision vanish in this way; and the unavoidable, and, in these times, serious expenses of house-keeping are thus greatly increased. It is also well known, that, if the servants are too honest to be brought to these terms—yet, if such people are ad-

mitted into a house, they will not be very nice as to the purloining of any portable article that may present itself, provided any opportunity of doing so, undetected, present itself also. This is merely a hint to mistresses of families: and, doubtless, the above possibilities of being plundered are sufficient to induce every lady to look about her a little, and keep these pests out of her house.

The Jews in this line have lately adopted a new mode—and a very cunning one it is—of plundering: at least it is new to me, and may be so to many readers of the *Lady's Magazine*: therefore I will point it out. When they are called to look at a lot of old clothes, they first, as is always usual with them, ask what you expect for them. When they know this, they set themselves about examining and dividing the lot, putting all the worst together, and fixing upon some pretty decent garment, saying the others are all rags, and not worth buying, but that they will buy the good one. To put a case, I will suppose that a female offers a Jew half a dozen cast-off gowns, one of which is but little worn, and the rest somewhat old. He will then separate them, as I have said; and, if fifteen shillings be asked for the lot, he will say that he cannot buy the five bad ones at all, but that he will give five shillings for the one good gown. This, in all likelihood, will be refused; and he will be told that they must be all sold together. He will then by degrees advance in his offer for the good one, praising it very much as he goes along, and speaking of the others as mere trash; till at last he will come to your own price, in this kind of way. “Vell den, I’ll tell you vat I vill do: i’ll give you ten shilling for de besht gown, and

five shilling for de rubbish; and dere I vill give you de five shilling now, and take all dem rags vid me; for I have got no more mouish in my pocket; but don't you let de oder go; for I vill call for it in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour."—Nine times out of ten, persons would be so much off their guard, that they would consent to this: and the consequence is obvious; the Jew calls no more: he has got a good bargain; and his dupe, upon consideration, sees through the whole trick. Several friends of mine have been so served; and therefore I speak confidently as to the trick being practised, and it is to be observed that a distinct bargain is made for each part of the lot, so that, even if his dupe met with him again, no punishment would follow his trick.

J. M. L.

ASSASSINATION of Mr PERCEVAL.

(With a Plate)

ON the eleventh of the present May, an event occurred, which has excited universal horror and detestation in the public mind—the death of the R. H. Spencer Perceval, who fell by the hand of an assassin.—The circumstances, which led to, and attended, this tragic catastrophe, were as follow—

In the year 1804, a Mr John Bellingham—who had been brought up in a counting-house in London, and afterward lived three years as clerk with a Russian merchant at Archangel, whence he had returned to England—went again to Russia on mercantile business—was there twice imprisoned, on what he himself has represented as false and groundless charges—and was, according to his own account, treated with very great severity and indignity. During the course of this treatment, he made repeated applications and complaints to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, the British ambassador at Petersburg, and to Sir Stephen Shairpe, his secretary of legation, but without obtaining the desired redress. At length he regained his liberty in 1809, and returned to England, impaired in health by the severities he had endured, and (if his own statement

be correct) ruined in fortune by the expenses to which he had been subjected.

Lord Gower, however, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated May 17, 1812, and since read in the House of Commons, declares that he exerted his influence in Bellingham's favor, as far as he could do it with propriety—that Bellingham was legally imprisoned for debt, upon the award of four arbitrators, two of them British merchants chosen by himself, the other two Russians—that his confinement was far from severe—that he was allowed to walk at large, only under the inspection of a police-officer—and that he received pecuniary aid from Sir S. Shairpe.

Further, a morning paper (*"The Times,"* of May 18) says of Bellingham—"He appears to have been a turbulent, untractable, profligate adventurer. His expertness in commercial transactions had early in life procured the confidence of some respectable houses engaged in the Russia trade. He went to Russia, drew bills on his principals to the amount of ten thousand pounds, never made any shipments, but squandered the money . . . . Bellingham never had any capital of his own.—In prison, he once or twice wished that he had sent for his wife, to have a parting interview with her: yet his conduct to her had been, for many years, neglectful and unaffectionate. They have lived separate for a considerable length of time; and Bellingham seldom visited her but for the purpose of obtaining money, which he spent in London in urging his foolish claims on Government. His wife is a milliner in Liverpool, and, we believe, a respectable and well-charactered person."

After his return from Russia, Bellingham made application to different branches of His Majesty's Government, in hopes of obtaining a compensation for the sufferings and losses which he said he had sustained, through the culpable neglect (as he considered it) of Lord Gower and his secretary to defend the rights of a British subject: but he was disappointed in his hopes, and informed that his claims were unfounded and inadmissible.

He next determined to submit his case to the consideration of parliament, and, with that view, requested the interposition of General Gascoyne, member for Liverpool—where Bellingham now had his residence, and carried on business as



*The Assassination of Mr. Perceval*





an insurance broker. The general consented to present his petition, provided it were countenanced by Mr. Perceval; the sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being usually deemed requisite in case of any application for a pecuniary grant. Accordingly, in May, 1810, the complainant wrote to Mr. Perceval, "*petitioning*" (as he himself expressed it on his trial) "*for leave to bring in a petition,*" but was informed, in answer, that Mr. P. thought his petition "not of a nature for the consideration of parliament."

After this, in February and March of the present year, he applied to the Regent and to the privy council, but with as little success as had attended his former efforts, and, on an application to Mr. Secretary Ryder for permission from His Majesty's ministers to present his petition to the House of Commons, he was informed that he "should address his application to the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

As Mr. Perceval had already given him a decided negative, he clearly saw that another unbacked application from himself alone would be fruitless: he, therefore, (on the 23d of March) sent to the Bow-street magistrates the particulars of his case, inclosed in a letter, of which "the purport" (says he) "is, once more to solicit His Majesty's ministers, through your medium, to let what is right and proper be done in my instance;"—and his letter concludes with the following remarkable threat, which, however, appears to have excited neither apprehension nor suspicion—"Should this reasonable request be finally denied, I shall then feel justified in *executing justice myself*; in which case, I shall be ready to *argue the merits of so reluctant a measure with His Majesty's Attorney General*, wherever and whenever I may be called upon so to do. In the hopes of *averting so abhorrent but compulsory an alternative*, I have the honor to be," &c. —The magistrates communicated the contents of his packet to the Secretary of State: but the only result was a new disappointment.

After this, on personal application at the Secretary of State's office, having intimated his intention of "*taking justice into his own hands*," he was (according to his own account) informed by Mr. Hill, that he was "at liberty to take such measures as he thought proper"—a declaration, which he considered as a "*carte*

*blanche*" from Government to act as he pleased—a defiance to "*do his worst*."

Thus foiled in every attempt, he determined on revenge: and, looking upon Mr. Perceval as the only bar to his obtaining what he considered as bare justice, he selected him as the devoted victim:—so, at least, it is reasonable to suppose: for, although he afterward declared that he had no personal animosity to Mr. Perceval—that "the *minister*, not the *man*," was the object of his resentment—and expressed his regret that Lord Gower had not fallen a sacrifice, instead of Mr. Perceval, whose fate he much affected to deplore—it is to be recollected that he felt himself deeply interested in establishing a belief that such were his sentiments, since upon that he rested his hopes of averting the sword of justice. Accordingly, in his defence upon his trial, he studiously labored, by sophistic argumentation, to convince the jury, that, as he had no personal malice to Mr. Perceval, he could not be said to have acted from *malice prepense*, and therefore was *not guilty of murder!* But, whatever his intentions may have been, the deed was deliberately planned: for, on the 25th of April, he ordered an addition to his coat—a breast pocket of peculiar shape, well calculated for the purpose of holding a pistol convenient to the hand, and he was, during the last fortnight, several times observed in the gallery of the House of Commons, attentively viewing the ministers through an opera-glass, and inquiring their names, in order, as it appears, the better to ascertain and recognise his intended victim.

At length, in the evening of the 11th of May, he took his station behind one of the folding doors of the lobby of the House of Commons, which is usually kept shut; where any person, entering through the other, must necessarily have passed close by him.—About a quarter past five, the ill-fated Chancellor of the Exchequer made his appearance; when the assassin instantly shot him through the heart.—On receiving the wound, Mr. P. reeled a few paces, and fell to the floor, faintly exclaiming, "Oh! I am murdered!" He was immediately raised by two gentlemen present, and carried to the Speaker's apartments: but in two or three minutes he was lifeless.

The news of this shocking transaction being rapidly disseminated, a cabinet council was immediately summoned—the mails were stopped, until orders

could be dispatched in every direction for the preservation of the peace throughout the country, particularly in the scenes of the late and present disturbances;—and a great crowd being assembled in the vicinity of the House of Commons, the horse guards were called out—the foot guards paraded in the Park—and the city militia, with several corps of volunteers, called upon to preserve the peace of the metropolis.

Meantime the assassin made no attempt to escape: he did not even drop or conceal the pistol which he had used, but continued to hold it openly in his hand; and, on a gentleman's asking aloud, "Where is the rascal that fired?" he stepped forward to the inquirer, coolly replying, "I am the unfortunate man," and quietly surrendered himself a prisoner.—(On search, a loaded pistol was found in his pocket—the fellow to that which he held in his hand.)

He was taken to the bar of the House of Commons, and, during his examination there, showed himself perfectly cool and collected—acknowledging the fact, and even endeavouring to justify it.—After his examination, he was (about one in the morning, and under a strong military escort) conducted to Newgate, where two men were ordered to watch in the cell with him, to prevent any attempt at suicide. In prison he displayed the same calmness as at the bar of the House of Commons: he ate a hearty dinner on Tuesday—retired to bed at twelve, and slept till seven the next morning.

On Friday the 15th, he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey; when his counsel moved to have the trial postponed till they could procure witnesses from Liverpool to prove him insane, and, in the mean time, produced two affidavits to that effect: but the affidavits not proving satisfactory—and the deliberate, systematic manner in which he had planned and perpetrated the crime, together with the whole of his subsequent behaviour; affording strong evidence of intellect and discrimination—the trial was ordered to proceed.

He conducted his own defence; which he did with some degree of ability, and with great calmness, except that he showed evident emotion in adverting to Mr. Perceval's death, and twice burst into tears, on mentioning the distress which his imprisonment in Russia had brought upon his wife, a young woman of twenty, far advanced in pregnancy,

and with an infant in her arms.—He rejected the plea of insanity—denied that he ever had been insane, except on one occasion in Russia, at the recollection of which he seemed deeply affected; and, from his arguments in court, as well as his language in the House of Commons and in Newgate, it is clearly evident that the infatuated wretch acted under a firm persuasion that the jury would consider the supposed provocation which he had received, as a sufficient justification of the homicide, which he had committed (he said) "solely for the purpose of ascertaining, through a criminal court, whether his Majesty's ministers have the power to refuse justice," &c. Indeed, he plainly told the jury that he confidently expected an acquittal, as there was not (according to his sophistic mode of reasoning) any *malice prepense* on his part—any premeditated personal hostility to Mr. Perceval. But the jury thought otherwise, and, after fourteen minutes' consultation, pronounced a verdict of "Guilty"—which he heard with evident surprise, though without any appearance of alarm or dejection.—On receiving sentence of death, he betrayed no emotion, but preserved his wonted calmness until Sunday morning, from which time to that of his execution (which took place in front of Newgate on Monday the 18th) he appeared considerably dejected, though still affecting to justify his act, and not showing any symptoms of compunction for the crime itself, while he expressed great regret for its calamitous consequences to Mr. Perceval and his family.—Previous to his exit, he grievously complained of being denied the comfort of shaving, as the privation would prevent him from "*appearing like a gentleman.*"—On being interrogated respecting accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none; and there is every reason to believe that his declaration was true.

During these transactions, the affair naturally engaged the attention of Parliament.—On the night of the murder, addresses from both houses were sent to the Regent, expressing their abhorrence of the deed, and praying that he would order measures to be speedily taken for bringing the perpetrators to justice. Next day, a message came from the Regent, recommending a provision for Mrs. Perceval and her twelve children:—and dresses, in answer to this message, were carried up—each, respectively, by the

whole house in a body:—An annuity of £2,000 to Mrs. Perceval, and a sum of £50,000 to her children, were unanimously voted by the House of Commons; even the warmest of Mr. Perceval's political opponents showing themselves as zealous as his warmest friends to provide for his family, and at the same time bearing ample and honorable testimony to the virtues of his private character. Two other votes were passed by very large majorities—the one to honor him with a monument in Westminster Abbey\*—the other granting to his eldest son (Mr. Spencer Perceval, a youth just on the eve of going to college) an annuity of £1,000 from the day of his father's death, and an additional £1,000 a year on the decease of his mother.

That lady was out on a visit, at the time when her beloved and affectionate partner received the stroke of death. On her return home, the afflictive intelligence was, with the utmost delicacy and precaution, communicated to her by Lord Redesdale, Mr. Perceval's brother-in-law—When apprised of the tragic catastrophe, she neither wept nor spoke, nor appeared to be sensible of any thing that was afterwards said to her. She remained in that state from 6 o'clock on Monday evening, till 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning. During that interval, her relatives and friends endeavoured to rouse her, and, if possible, to excite her to tears, by mentioning to her the circumstances of Mr. Perceval's death—but in vain. At length her condition excited such serious apprehensions, that it was determined, as the only remaining expedient, to take her to the room where Mr. Perceval lay, in hope that the sight would produce the desired effect. The experiment succeeded—the moment she saw the body, she burst into a flood of tears, which afforded her some relief. yet it was not till Wednesday night that she enjoyed any sleep.

Mr. Perceval was second son of the late Earl of Egmont, by Catharine Compton, Baroness Arden, sister to Lord Northampton—and born in Audley Square, November 1, 1762. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied the law in Lincoln's Inn,

\* A public funeral also was proposed, and would, no doubt, have been voted, had not the House been informed that it was the express wish of his family that the ceremony should be private.

of which he afterward became a bench-er.—In 1790, he married Miss Jane Wilson, younger daughter of Sir Thos. Spencer Wilson, with whom he received an ample fortune.—In 1796, he was returned M.P. for the borough of Northampton—in 1801, appointed Solicitor General, and in 1802 Attorney General, which employment he held, until removed when Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville came into power in 1806.—In 1807, he was raised to the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer—and, in 1809, was appointed first lord of the treasury, and prime minister; which offices he held at the time of his death.—His remains were deposited in the family vault of the Earls of Egmont, at Charlton, in Kent.

In private life, Mr. Perceval was a truly amiable and estimable character, justly respected and beloved for his numerous virtues, by all who knew him.—Of his public character it is unnecessary to speak in this place, as it is already sufficiently known to the nation at large, and needs no illustration from *us*, who do not meddle with politics, or party business of any kind.

## MEDLEY

### *Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

*Ingenious Pettifogging*—Sir Samuel Romilly, in his "Observations on the Criminal Law," relates, that, not many years since, "an attorney made it a practice, which for some time he carried on successfully, to steal men's estates by bringing ejectments, and getting some of his confederates to personate the proprietors, and let judgement go by default, or make an ineffectual defence. The consequence was, that he was put into possession by legal process; and, before another ejectment could be brought, or the judgement could be set aside, he had swept away the crops, and every thing that was valuable on the ground."

*Anecdote of a Toper*.—Mr. Kerr, in his "Memoirs" of Mr. Smellie, relates that a man, returning home in the middle of the night after having drunk too freely, staggered into the ash-pit of a great steam-engine near Edinburgh, and fell into a profound sleep. On awaking before day-light, he observed the mouth of a vast fiery furnace yawning before him, and several figures, all grim with soot and ashes, stirring the fire, and throwing on more fuel, which appearances, together with

the clanking of the chains and beams of the machinery above, impressed his still confused imagination with an idea that he was in hell. Horror-struck at this frightful idea, he is said to have exclaimed, "Good God! is it come to this at last?" (See, in our last volume, page 131, the Anecdote of "The other World.")

*Roman Justice*—Valerius Maximus—a Roman writer, from whom (in our last volume, page 125) we have quoted a remarkable dream—has recorded the following curious transaction, which occurred about half a century, or somewhat more, before the birth of Christ.—A man being on his trial in the Forum at Rome upon some criminal charge, Publius Servilius, casually passing by at the time, advanced to the spot, and presented himself to the court, as a witness against the culprit. Servilius was a man of high rank and consequence—having filled the offices of consul and censor, and obtained the honor of a triumph and a title\*, for his martial successes in an expedition against the Cilician pirates.—On the present occasion, he observed to the judges, that he neither knew who or what the accused person was, nor what his character or conduct, nor whether guilty or innocent of the crime laid to his charge: "but thus I know," added he, "that, on a journey, I once met him in a very narrow road; and he refused to alight from his horse at my approach"—Upon this singular accusation, the judges, hardly waiting for any further examination of witnesses, passed sentence of condemnation upon the culprit—concluding (as the author observes) that a man who could show himself so deficient in the respect due to persons of exalted rank, must necessarily be capable of any crime!!! (*Fal. Max.* book 8, chap. 5.)

*Roman Liberty*—The same author (book 6, chap. 3) gives us the following notable specimen of the liberty enjoyed by the plebeians in republican Rome.—The consul Marcus Curius, having occasion to make a hasty levy of men for military service, and having issued a proclamation commanding the young men to attend for the purpose of enrolment, none were found to answer, when their names were called. Hereupon, the consul drew a name by lot; and, the person not being on the spot to answer, he immediately ordered his property to be sold by public auction. The young man, on

receiving intelligence of this arbitrary procedure, hastily ran to the consul's tribunal, appealing aloud to the college [or board] of tribunes. The consul, however, regardless of his appeal, sold, not only his property, but himself also—observing that the commonwealth did not want, as a citizen, a man who was unacquainted with the duty of obedience. (Curius was consul in the years before Christ, 299 and 274.)

*Roman Treatment of Wives*.—Our fair readers will hardly be tempted to envy the condition of the ancient Roman ladies, when they contrast the freedom and protection which the wife enjoys under British laws, with the slavish subjection of the Roman wives to the despotic will of their husbands, of which we produce a few examples from the author above quoted (book 6, chap. 3).—Egnatius Metellus bastinated his wife to death, for having somewhat too freely indulged in the use of wine.—Publius Sempronius Sophus divorced his wife, for having gone to view the public games without his knowledge.—Sulpicius Gallus likewise divorced his wife, for having appeared in public without her veil; observing that it was *his* eyes alone she should seek to please, and that the exhibition of her person to the gaze of strangers was a just ground for suspecting the purity of her heart.—But, though, in the days of adult Rome, divorces took place for such comparatively trifling causes, the same author informs us that not a single instance of matrimonial separation occurred during the first five hundred and twenty years from the building of the city; and that the first which did occur, was occasioned by the wife's not bearing her husband any children. (Book 2, chap. 1.)

*Hint for Crayon drawing*—A gentleman of our acquaintance, seeing his daughter make considerable waste of crayons by breaking them in her attempts to point them with a pen-knife, has furnished her with a simple substitute for the knife, which saves both crayons and trouble, and which, we presume, will meet the approbation of many of our fair readers.—A small book is made, of a dozen or more leaves of linen or parchment, loosely bound. On each of these leaves, are pasted two leaves of glass-paper—one upon each side—and one likewise on the inside of each cover—so that, wherever the book is opened, it at once presents two surfaces of glass-paper—the one course, for rubbing down a very blunt

\* The surname of *Isauricus*.

crayon—the other fine, to give it a nice point—To save loss of time, and enable the fair artist at once to open the hook at the proper place for the color which she is about to use, each of the linen leaves has, pasted to it, (under the glass paper) a small bit of ribbon—red, black, blue, green, &c.—of which one end hangs out in sight, as a direction, and an aid in turning over the leaves.

*Saving of Sugar.*—In Flanders, as we know from correct information received on the spot—and in several parts of Germany, as we have learned from other travelers—many of the lower and middling classes of people take their coffee without sugar, and cheat their palate by means of a small bit of sugar-candy kept in the mouth at the time of drinking the unsweetened liquid. The sugar-candy impresses the palate and tongue with a sense of sweetness, equal or perhaps superior to that of the usual quantity of sugar required to sweeten the coffee, which thus passes down as pleasantly as if sweetened in the usual mode: and, by this economic contrivance, they at once save nearly the whole expense of sugar, and avoid admitting into the stomach so great a quantity of sweet—that fascinating poison, so productive of bile, and of all the dreadful disorders arising from distempered or redundant bile.

*Security against Thieves.*—Messrs. Ive and Burlidge, ironmongers, Fleet-Street, have lately invented an ingenious, yet simple and un-expensive fastening for a hall-door, which affords as great (or nearly as great) security as a chain, without any of the trouble.—To the upper edge of the door, is affixed a small spring latch, exactly resembling a common pew-latch, but, with the bolt shooting upwards. Over the door, is a metal stop or catch, sloping on one side, to meet the sloping side of the bolt, and allow it to pass free in shutting the door—and flat on the other side, to meet the flat side of the bolt, and prevent the door from opening wider than may be deemed necessary for a servant within to see a person on the outside, or to take in a parcel.—A master or mistress, going out, has no occasion to call up a servant to secure the door, as, in the act of shutting it, the machine, of itself, performs that office.—To disengage the door from this fastening, nothing more is requisite than to pull a string which hangs behind the door, and draws down the bolt.—When this apparatus is not intended to be employed, a ring or

loop at the end of the string, being hitched on a hook, restrains the bolt from shooting up.

*Curious Settlement of a Dispute.*—There are no noxious reptiles in Ireland: and it is said, that, if introduced, they would not live. This circumstance formerly furnished the means of amicably settling a dispute between the kings of England and Ireland respecting the sovereignty of the Isle of Man. The disputants agreed to try their right by the experiment of introducing noxious reptiles from England. The reptiles lived; and the king of England took quiet possession of the island, as part of his domain.

*Sagacity of the Manks Horses.*—In the Isle of Man—as we learn from Mr. Wood's "Account" of that island—the horses are turned out on the commons, to feed upon furze; which, however, they cannot eat in its natural state, on account of the prickles: but, "when confined to this sort of food, they trample upon the branches, and paw them with their fore feet, till the prickles become mashed together, or rubbed off; and so completely do they perform this work, that the food, thus prepared, might be squeezed by the bare hand with impunity."

*Portuguese Superstition.*—Captain Eliot, in his "Treatise on the Defence of Portugal," says—"For more than a week, I observed a party of six stout fellows parading the streets [of Lisbon], dressed in a kind of scarlet robe, one of whom carried an image in a little glass case, underneath which was a money-box, with a strong padlock. He was preceded by two of the party, one playing the drum, the other the bagpipes. On the left of the man with the image, was another of the party, carrying a board, on which was painted a representation of the sufferings of souls in purgatory. The rear was brought up by the other two, with flags bearing some other devices, which, from their dirty and tattered state, I could not decipher. The party frequently stopped to receive the donations of the passengers, who kissed the case, crossed themselves, and dropped their alms into the box. Not a shop, coffee-house, or stall was free from their intrusion. My curiosity tempted me to inquire, to what purpose the amount of this voluntary contribution was applied. The man who carried the box, replied, "To purchase bread for Saint Antonio, Signor Officer: bestow a little for the love of God."

*The Blackerel-Gale.*—Once more we in-

roduce the Mackerel-gale, at the request of a correspondent, who observes that the facetious author of the "Miseries of human Life" understands the expression as meaning a violent gale. In the "Miseries of Watering-places," Mr. Testy mentions, "Fishing a few miles out at sea, in what is called a mackerel-gale"—to which Ned Testy replies, "Very generous, though; as it is giving the fish at least as good a chance for your life, as they give you for theirs."—But, after all, the authority of the fishermen, quoted in our Magazine for March, appears preferable to that of either Mr. Testy or Dr. Johnson.

*Method of immediately discovering forged Notes*—If the hand be wetted, and rub-

bed hard upon the figured part of the note, the whole will become confused, if the note is bad; for, in such, the Indian ink has not been mixed with that oil, which renders the print in the good notes durable. This is the case with those forged by the French prisoners.

*The Police-Officer outwitted*—A few days ago, one of the police-officers, accosting a Jew, asked him if he bought guineas. The Jew replied in the affirmative; in consequence of which, the officer inquired what he would give, and was answered, one pound twelve. A guinea was immediately tendered: the Jew requested to see if it was good, and, when satisfied, gave the officer, to his great confusion, a one-pound note and twelve penny-pieces.

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## POETRY.

### BOUTS-RIMÉS,

*or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option;—the rhymes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.*

Soul, roll; Mind, find; Send, lend; Wait, straight; Take, sake; See, glee; Loud, road; Spite, right.

### Poetic Epistle,

addressed to LADY H\*\*\*\*\*,

on the Author's revisiting the Spot of her Nativity, after an Absence of fifteen Years.

By MARIA.

AGAIN, my dear Charlotte, with joy I inhale [from Cam's gale—  
The soft breathing zephyrs, which blow  
A gale, which, in youth, ever fann'd new delight, [daily more bright.  
When Hope's gilded prospects shone  
Yet, alas! my dear friend, I have found them o'erspread; [my head.  
For a cloud of misfortune o'ershadow'd  
But this moment I feel as if Fortune had smil'd, [child;  
And made me her darling—her favorite  
For friendship this bosom cultivens and cheers,  
And, after an absence of three times five years,

I found myself welcom'd with pleasure and joy,  
Unmix'd with formality's frigid alloy.  
No form, no constraint, in this mansion appear: [you are here."—  
And each look seems to say, "I rejoice  
Yes, Charlotte! those looks, most expressive, declare, [it so rare—  
That friendship—though cynics proclaim  
Here thrives, in defiance of absence and time, [time.—  
Imparting a pleasure, refin'd, and subtle each bush, in each tree, I seem to retrace [new face.  
An old friend of my youth, without a  
The marginal stream, which meanders and flows [might repose,  
Round a garden, where Flora herself  
To me, more pellucid and charming appears, [years.  
From tracing its course in my infantine  
Then the path, which I trod, was strew'd o'er with flow'rs; [cing hours  
And—to write in poetics—the fair daughter appear'd to be moments,—so rapid their flight; [it might.  
And, thinking it noon, I have oft found  
This time seems renew'd: these joys I retrace, [face.  
From finding old friends, without a new  
Though surrounded by friends, yet, Charlotte, I feel [steel,  
My heart turn to you, like the magnetic  
Which, true to its point, never varies or veers, [pears!  
But fix'd—firmly fix'd on one object ap-

Near twenty years now in succession  
 have flown, [known;  
 Since we to each other were perfectly  
 And, during that time, not one thought  
 has aris'n, [in heav'n;  
 Fow'rds you, that might not be recorded  
 And, Charlotte, in mercy, it then was  
 decreed [in need  
 That you should evince that friendship  
 Is a balm, which assuages the wounds of  
 the heart, [keen dart.  
 When cruelly pierc'd by misfortune's  
 That balm I have tasted—its comfort  
 have found; [is bound\*.  
 And the granate of friendship with roses  
 Reflexion, dear Charlotte, will frequently  
 trace [that face—  
 The solace I found from the smile on  
 A smile, which at once imparted delight,  
 And bade me look forward to prospects  
 more bright;  
 A smile, which euliven'd, like Sol's bril-  
 liant ray, [day.—  
 Dispersing the clouds of a dark winter  
 But where have I wander'd? my thoughts  
 are all flown; [them her own.  
 And the image of Charlotte has made  
 They have fled from Cam's banks, to  
 Somerset-Place, [face.  
 To greet an old friend, without a new  
 To that friend I must offer a wish, and  
 a pray'r, [to care.  
 That her bosom may long be a stranger  
 If wishes, dear Charlotte, like incense,  
 could rise, [skies,  
 And ascend to that region remote, in the  
 How fervent I'd waft them! how quick  
 they should sail [jointly inhale!  
 Through that body of air which we  
 I'd wish—but expression, in fact, is too  
 faint [paint.  
 The warmth of my heart in true colors to

## SYMPTOMS of LOVE

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

RETURNING from milking, young Jem-  
 my I spied:— [my side:  
 My heart, quite unusual, 'gan humping  
 Deep blushes my face cover'd o'er.  
 To meet him compos'd I endeavour'd in  
 vain. [plain:  
 How I felt as he pass'd me, I cannot ex-  
 Such flutterings I ne'er had before,  
 You, who know what it is the strange  
 passion to prove, [in love.  
 Pray, tell a poor milk-maid, if she is

\*The Goddess of Friendship is repre-  
 sented as crowned with a wreath of  
 pomegranate flowers.

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I met him one morn in the sweet flow'ry  
 vale, [pail.—  
 When, smiling, he offer'd to carry my  
 Then straight came the bumpings  
 again, [shake,  
 With tremors, that so did my ev'ry limb  
 Ere the pail from my head the kind Jem-  
 my could take,  
 It fell.—my milk delug'd the plain.  
 You, who know, &c.

I oft long to see him, as oft from him fly:  
 I'm sad when he's absent, embarrass'd  
 when nigh:

At hearing his name, I turn red:  
 No longer, when milking my cows, do I  
 smg, [thoughtless thing,  
 While mistress declares I'm a dull,  
 Nay, oft snys she thinks me half mad,  
 You, who know what it is the strange  
 passion to prove, [of love?  
 Pray, tell a poor girl, are these symptoms

## SONG.

The Hero preparing for the Attack upon Ba-  
 dajoz on the 6th of April, 1812.

By Mr. HERSEE.

A DUTEOUS thought the hero gave  
 To those who claim'd his mind:—  
 "Oh! should I fall in glory's grave,  
 May they sweet comfort find!  
 Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,  
 The distant objects of my love!"  
 "Perhaps a parent mourns my fate,  
 And weeps my early death,  
 Nor dreams that courage thus elate  
 Gives ardor to my breath.  
 Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,  
 The object of my filial love!"  
 "A tender sister's youthful cheek  
 May lose its rosy bloom,  
 While her soft voice, in accents meek,  
 Laments a brother's doom.  
 Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,  
 The object of fraternal love!"  
 "And she—the dearest to my heart—  
 The blessing of my life—  
 O fate! and must we, must we part?  
 And must I leave my wife?  
 A wife!—a child!—Ye pow'rs above,  
 Oh! shield these objects of my love!"  
 Thus, ere he presses on the foe,  
 The gen'rous hero scels;  
 And tender merc'ry will bestow  
 What his warm soul reveals.  
 His latest pray'r ascends above  
 For ev'ry object of his love!

2 G



*Completion of the BOUTS RIMÉS proposed  
in our Magazine for March.*

*By J. M. L.*

**HARD** is the heart that can deny,  
When Want implores, with bitter cry,  
Soft mercy's kindest, best reward;  
Unknown its throb to pity's law,  
Unknown the glowing heart's applause,  
Quite lost to all its own regard!  
Let me not lose mild mercy's reign;  
Nor own the apathetic stain,  
That speaks a cold, a flinty heart;  
For pity's dictates never tire:  
The whole created world admire  
The blessed deeds they can impart.  
When, gazing on the great or wise,  
If wanting mercy, we despise,  
Nor own their other splendid powers.  
Greatness in pageant pomp may shine:  
Wisdom may preach in accents fine:  
But mercy more would gild their hours.  
It should be theirs to raise the weak:  
It should be theirs the poor to seek,  
And aid, and soothe them into peace;  
To heal the orphan's rankling sore;  
The guilty wretches crimes deplore,  
And bid their woes and crimes together  
cease.

*Another.—HOPE. By S.*

**WHEN** the sunk spirits some lost friend  
deplore, [reign,  
And fall beneath misfortune's heavy  
Hope's wished-for presence heals the  
galling sore, [and airy strain.  
Wakes the sunk heart to joy, with soft  
Hope decks the field of fame in colors  
fine, [ease deny:  
Bids the young warrior thoughts of  
His heart beats high; for he has hopes  
to shine [cry.  
Foremost amidst the deaf'ning battle  
Hope bids the lover ev'ry fear despise,  
Points out the way his true love's  
heart to seek;  
Cheers on the good, assists the truly  
wise, [weak.  
Bears up the poor man, animates the  
The poet's greatest efforts would but  
tire— [law—  
He too would sink beneath the critic's  
Did not Hope tell him, some would yet  
admire, [applause.  
Some give his rudest verse a portion of

*Imitation of the French Epigram in our  
Magazine for March.*

*Lines to a ROSE BUSH presented to ELLEN.  
By ANONYMOUS, N Petherton.*

**WHEN** faded is that crimson gem,  
Thou rear'st with pride upon its stem—

When lost its splendor and its bloom—  
Suspend thy grief, nor wait its doom.  
Look but at lovely Ellen's face,  
And all thy flow'r's late charms retract.  
Rejoice then, that those tints divine,  
When lost to thee, again shall shine:—  
And when the glorious change thou'lt  
see,  
Know, 'tis perform'd by Modesty,  
Who thus to our charm'd sight discloses  
How she immortalises roses:  
By planting them 'neath Ellen's eye,  
They bloom anew, and never die.

*Another.—By M. T.*

**SWEET** rose-bush! when thy flow'rs de-  
cline,  
And all their beauties fade,  
Mourn not thy alter'd lot, nor pine  
For charms they once display'd.  
For, though to thee no longer known,  
Let joy succeed despair:  
Behold! to Delia's cheek they're sown,  
To live and flourish there.  
There shall they bloom with lovelier dye,  
And sweeter charms disclose;  
And there shall blushing Modesty  
Eternalise the rose!

*Invocation to MAY.*

*On a young Couple married on May-day.  
(From Mr. GEORGE DYER'S "Poetics,"  
recently published.)*

**LET** April go, capricious thing,  
With many a smile, yet many a frown—  
(Why should we call her child of spring?  
Why deck her locks with flow'ry  
crown?)—

Yes, go, inconstant as the wind,  
And chilling 'midst her am'rous play.  
A nymph more constant I would find;  
And therefore call on lovely May.

Wake all thy flow'rs, and bid them wear,  
O queen of sweets! their brightest dyes;  
Spread the full blossom of the year;  
And let us view no fickle skies.

And tell thy minstrel of the grove,  
Her am'rous descant to prolong.  
Dear is this day to wedded love;  
And I must have her softest song.

For lovers tried, O May so sweet!  
Thou hear'st me claim these honors  
due:

Oh! then, this day as sacred treat;  
And I will consecrate it too.

But, should'st e'en thou, O May! be  
found,

As thou, alas! art sometimes seen,  
To strew thy blossoms on the ground,  
With froward look and froward mien—

Yet spare, oh! spare, this genial day:  
Let no rude blight disturb its bliss:  
But, if thou must the wanton play,  
Choose any other day than this.

*The CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.*  
(From "The Mirror of the Mind,"  
by Miss STOCKDALE.)

COME, gentle ladies, calm my grief:  
Pity a poor deserted child!  
You'll surely not refuse relief, [mild:  
When ask'd with pray'rs so true, so  
For I was once my parents' joy,  
Though now a helpless climbing boy.  
My father was a soldier brave;  
And well he lov'd his darling dear:  
But war despotic dug his grave;  
' Which causes oft the trembling tear  
For I was once a father's joy,  
Though now a helpless climbing boy.  
When foster'd in a mother's arms,  
I little thought, how soon, forlorn,  
My breast would heave with strange  
alarms,  
When from her fond embraces torn:  
For I was once a mother's joy,  
Though now a helpless climbing boy.  
Though men may scorn my artless tale,  
Yet women are of softer mould.  
Their gentler sooth will more avail,  
Than all the boasted pow'rs of gold.  
Then, English fair ones, smile; and joy  
Shall animate the climbing boy.

#### HOME.

(From "Dramatic Romances.")  
OFT, when, sever'd by the ocean,  
Far in distant climes we roam,  
Thought will glance with rapid motion,  
O'er the beating waves, to home.  
Home! how tender the sensation!  
Hope and fear, with various strife,  
Number o'er each dear relation—  
Child or parent, friend or wife.  
At the moment, mines of treasure,  
Or the goblet's sparkling foam,  
Light itself is void of pleasure:—  
Sad, the heart is fix'd on home.

#### The MARINERS.

By Lieut. CHARLES GRAY.  
WHEN storms arise, and wild winds blow,  
We often "stagger to and fro;"  
Oft, while the sons of luxury sleep,  
We "view the wonders of the deep,"  
When o'er our heads fly dark thick clouds,  
And howling winds roar through the  
shrouds,  
The vessel hangs high on the wave,  
Then sinks—as in a yawning grave;

Anon she mounts, and reels amain  
On the huge wave—then sinks again.  
When billows threaten to o'erwhelm,  
The seamen at the guiding helm  
With steady care the ship control,  
So firm and dauntless is each soul!  
Oft, in its drearest darkest form,  
Have I enjoy'd the rising storm;  
Beheld the waves roll mountain-high,  
Commix with clouds, and cleave the sky.  
The mind then quits mean things below,  
And feels devotion's warmest glow;  
Upward the raptur'd soul ascends  
To him, who rides on viewless winds,  
Who bids the raging ocean roar,  
And foaming lash the rocky shore;  
Who sends the whirlwind fierce abroad,  
And stills the tempest with a nod!

#### The long VISIT.

Addressed to Lady ANNE HAMILTON.  
(From Mr. SPENCER'S Poems.)  
Too late I staid—forgive the crime—  
Unheeded flew the hours.—  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
That only treads on flowers!  
What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of his glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass?  
Ah! who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings?

#### The ANGEL.

Addressed to a Lady of uncommon Beauty.  
DIE when you will, you need not wear,  
At heaven's court, a form more fair  
Than Beauty at your birth has giv'n:—  
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,  
The voice we hear, and you will be  
An angel ready-made for heav'n!  
\* \* \* The idea of these verses is taken from a  
compliment paid to a beautiful Italian nun  
by Lord Herbert of Chesham.—See his Life.

#### Sonnet to HOPE.

By the late J. D. WORGAN.  
AH! visionary flatterer! why delude  
My swelling fancy with thine airy  
dream? [trude,  
Why on my soul thy dazzling forms ob-  
Inconstant as the meteor's fleeting  
gleam?  
Fair are thy phantoms, as the changeful  
hues [aerial bow:  
That lend their charms to heav'n's  
Yet ah! as transient are the lively views;  
And short-liv'd rapture yields to last-

Tir'd of thy treach'rous lures, my rescued  
 soul [sphere of tunr,  
 Mounts with strong faith beyond the  
 And seeks th' eternal shore, where plea-  
 sures roll, [prine.  
 And bliss shall flourish in immortal  
 Daughter of magic wiles, a long farewell!  
 On yonder starry plains my wishes  
 dwell.

## MELANCHOLY.

(From Mr. PEACOCK'S "Philosophy of Melancholy.")

O Melancholy! blue-ey'd maid divine!  
 Thy fading lights, thy twilight walks, be  
 mine! [feel:  
 No sudden change thy pensive vot'ries  
 They mark the whirl of Fortune's restless  
 wheel; [sran,  
 Taught by the past the coming hour to  
 No wealth, no glory, permanent to man  
 Not thine, blest pow'r! the misanthropic  
 gloom,  
 That gave its living victims to the tomb,  
 forc'd weeping youth to bid the world  
 arewell,  
 And hold sad vigils in the cloister'd cell.  
 Thy lessons train the comprehensive  
 mind, [mankind,  
 The sentient heart, that glows for all  
 Th' intrepid hand, th' unsubdued resolve,  
 Whence wisdom, glory, liberty, devolve

## The YEARS TO COME.

(From Miss TEMPLE'S Poems.)

MY transient hour, my little day,  
 Is speeding fast, how fast! away.  
 Already hath my summer sun  
 Half its race of brightness run.  
 Ah me! I hear the wintry blast:  
 My "Life of Life" will soon be past;  
 The flush of youth will all be o'er;  
 The throb of joy will throb no more.  
 And Fancy, mistress of my lyre,  
 Will cease to kind her sacred fire.  
 My trembling heart! prepare, prepare  
 For skies of gloom, and thoughts of care.  
 Sorrows and wants will make thee weep,  
 And fears of age will o'er thee creep  
 Health, that smil'd in blooming pride,  
 Will cease to warm thy sluggish tide  
 The shaft of pain, the point of woe,  
 Will bid the current cease to flow.  
 And who, alas! shall then be nigh,  
 To soothe me with affection's sigh—  
 To press my feeble hand in theirs,  
 To plead for me in silent pray'rs,  
 And cheer me with those hopes that shed  
 Rapture o'er a dying bed?  
 Days of the future! cease to roll  
 Upon my wild affrighted soul!

Mysterious fate! I will not look  
 Within thy dark eventful book;  
 Enough for me to feel and know,  
 That love and hope must shortly go;  
 That joy will vanish, fancy fly,  
 And death dissolve the closest tie.  
 E'en now, while moans my pensive  
 rhyme,  
 I list the warning voice of Time;  
 And oh! this sigh, this start of fear,  
 Tells me the night will soon be here.

## The tart REPLY.

SAYS the squire to the parson—"If you  
 were to be [goose pie"—  
 In this dish, we could make a substantial  
 Quoth the parson—"If you in your grave  
 were extended,  
 (Which I hope you'll not be till your  
 morals are mended) [rule,  
 And I read the pray'rs, by a much better  
 The parish might call me a *goose-bury*  
*fool*"

To a Censurer of the modern feminine DRESS.

WHAT though these garments, light as  
 woven air, [dern fait'  
 Disclose each charm that decks the mo-  
 Why so censorious, friend? What is't to  
 you,  
 If Paradise is open'd to our view?  
 Like mother Eve, our maids may stray  
 unblam'd;  
 For they are naked, and are not ashamed

Impromptu on a LADY no longer young.

WHENCE comes it, Time, you leave no  
 trace  
 On that bewitching form and face?—  
 "Because, when'er my scythe I wield,  
 Good humour spreads a sparkling shield,  
 And dazzles so mine aged sight,  
 I ne'er can aim one blow aright."

## LANE heureusement né.

UN zue s'en allait gravement en voyage  
 Il portait le fumier de la ville au village  
 Le peuple, sans avoir l'odorat bien  
 subtil, [sage,  
 S'écouait volontiers, pour lui faire pas-  
 "C'est plaisant! Voyez comme on me  
 craint," disait-il.— [même,  
 Du village à la ville il revient le soir  
 Chargé de pots d'ailettes de toutes les  
 couleurs. [des fleurs:—  
 La foule, cette fois, se presse autour  
 "C'est charmant! Mais voyez," disait-  
 il, "comme on m'aime."

\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
 our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.



Nº 5.

*Lady's Magazine.*—May, 1812.



*London. Morning & Evening Dresses.*

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES.

Morning dress of muslin, trimmed with lace—long sleeves of clear muslin—and a shirt of the same,

trimmed with lace.—Bonnet of net and silk.

Evening dress of white silk, trimmed with colored silk.—Cap of the same color, bound round with a wreath of white flowers.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

\* \* The Dates between crotchets [ ] mark the day on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the "Morning Chronicle," or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.

[London, April 27] Port-au-Prince, Feb. 9.—We have in this harbour three British ships of war.—General Pétion, on every occasion, shows a disposition to cultivate an alliance with England, and we are always perfectly assured of his assistance and protection.

[28] Rio Janeiro, Feb. 4.—The Junta of Buenos Ayres have openly declared hostilities against this government, and a determination to drive the Portuguese troops out of the Spanish territory.

[30] A plot has been discovered at Paris between the War Department and the Russian Legation. In consequence of some treasonable communications, four clerks of that department have been brought to trial, and one of them has been sentenced to receive capital punishment. Another has been amerced in the sum of 600 francs, and subjected to the disgrace of the iron collar during one hour.

[3] Petersburg, March 8.—M. Spiranski, Secretary to the Secret Council of the Emperor, has been detected in a plot to depose Alexander. He was assisted in the project by Magnetski, one of the ministers, and by a Frenchman.—They have, all three, been sent off to Siberia.

[30] It is reported that a new levy is ordered in Russia, according to the customary mode of two individuals for every 500 inhabitants; which will recruit the armies to the extent of about 85,000 men.

[30] April 17, the distribution of soup on Count Rumford's plan was commenced at Rennes.

[30] Vienna, April 11.—It appears that the Russians do not any longer exact

with so much rigor the cession of whole provinces of the Ottoman Empire; but the Turks evince great energy, and reject all sorts of conditions which have a tendency to humiliate them.

[May 2] In the early part of April, an edict was issued by his Prussian Majesty, to prevent the introduction into his states of colonial produce coming from Russia.

[4] The Federal Constitution of the states of Venezuela establishes the Roman Catholic faith as the religion of the state—divides the legislative power into two houses, both elective—makes the executive authority also elective, and limited to four years—and ordains that the judges continue in office during good behaviour.

[5] Heligoland, April 30.—One person has been shot on the opposite coast, and two sent to the fleet, for having had intercourse with this island.

[5] Disturbances have lately arisen in Paris, on account of the dearness of bread. Twenty thousand malcontents were on one occasion collected, and the following inscription was discovered the next morning on the walls of the Tuilleries:—"Bread, Peace, or the Head of the Tyrant!"—To appease the multitude, the bakers were immediately required to supply the citizens with bread at 4 sous, instead of 10 sous, the pound; and order was in consequence restored.

[7] Berlin, April 19.—The Government has published several notices, relative to the maintenance of the corps d'armée which are in our country. It engages to pay for the goods three weeks after their delivery.—The country is perfectly tranquil; and all the reports which

arrive, speak of the harmony that subsists between the subjects of the monarchy, and the foreign troops who pass through the different Prussian provinces.

[9] In the late conspiracy in which Spiranski was concerned, upwards of 200 of the Russian nobility are implicated. The plot, we are told, had for its object the murder of the Emperor, and his brother Constantine, and the establishment of the Empress Dowager on the throne of her son. It is said that the principal conspirators are such of the Russian nobles as had of late years sojourned at Paris; and that, to accomplish this project, and other like purposes of Bonaparté, the sum of 18 millions of francs had been distributed among them, through the instrumentality of the French Legation.

[9] Early in April, it was stated in the Cadiz Gazette, that the French had killed with the bayonet many of the Spanish prisoners made in Valencia, who were not able to keep up with them on the march, and that, in one single day, within the distance of a league, they killed 400 of those unfortunate men.

[9] April 11, as Marshal Soult was hastily retreating towards Andalusia on hearing of the fall of Badajoz, his cavalry was overtaken by a body of British horse, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, and defeated with considerable loss in killed and wounded.—The French have entirely evacuated Estramadura.

[10] In Hamburg and Bremen, Saxon troops are stationed—about 3000 in the former, and about 2000 in the latter.—In Bremen the severities have been continued for the new crime of corresponding with England; and two or three persons of respectability there have lately become the victims of this barbarous policy.

[10] The scarcity of provisions in Königsberg, and throughout the whole adjacent country, is so great, that subsistence could not be obtained for any large body of troops.

[10] *Cádiz*, April 21.—Commodore Colburn and Mr. Sydenham are arrived here, as commissioners on the part of their Government, for the adjustment of the differences with our American provinces, to which they will immediately proceed, after having conferred with our Government.

[10] The Spanish Regency have settled the succession to the throne, by a decree of March 18, declaring, "that the Infante

Don Francisco de Paula and his descendants, and the Infanta Donna Maria Louisa and her descendants, are excluded from the succession to the crown of Spain. And in consequence of the failure of the Infante Don Carlos Maria and his legitimate descendants, the Infanta Donna Carlota Joaquina, Princess of Brasil, and legitimate descendants, shall succeed to the crown; and in failure of these, the Infanta Donna Maria Isabel, hereditary Princess of the Two Sicilies, and her legitimate descendants; and in default of these and their descendants, the other persons and lines provided by the Constitution shall succeed in the order and form it establishes. The Cortes also declare and decree, that the Archduchess of Austria, Donna Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis Emperor of Austria, by his second marriage, is excluded from the succession to the crown of Spain, as are the descendants of the said Archduchess.

[10] A French imperial decree, after stating that the grain in the country is more than sufficient to answer the public demand, orders all persons, possessing grain or flour, to make a declaration of the quantity to the magistrates, and to carry to market such proportion of it as the magistrates shall direct.

[10] In Sicily, there is a most promising appearance of the approaching harvest.

[10] *Lisbon*, April 22.—Yesterday entered the port of this city, 45 English transports, from which a great number of horses were landed, to remount the British army, and for the service of the artillery.

[13] In March, the patriots of East Florida, assisted by their neighbours of the United States, attacked Amelia Island, which soon surrendered, and was ceded to the United States.—The patriots are in possession of the whole of East Florida, with the exception of the town of St. Augustine, which, with the garrison, still continues faithful to Ferdinand VII.

[13] April 4, President Madison signed an act of Congress, laying an embargo of ninety days on all ships and vessels in the ports of the United States.

[14] An American paper, of March 28, states, that Mr. Foster, the British minister, had recently had an interview with Mr. Monroe, the American Secretary of State, in which the former declared to the latter, that, whenever the

Government of the United States would produce to himself, or to the Government of Great Britain, an official document of the repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, the Orders in Council would be immediately revoked; and that, should Congress pass a law, authorizing merchant vessels to arm for the purpose of resisting the right of search, it would be considered a declaration of war, and his functions, as British minister, would from that moment cease.

[14] Late Spanish papers mention, that the celebrated General Epoz y Mina not only frustrated a plan formed by the French generals at the head of an immense force for surprising him, but succeeded in taking a most valuable convoy, and killing or wounding 1500 out of 2000 men, that guarded it.

[15] The American government have ordered four additional forts to be erected near New York.—The quantity of corn in America is very great, as but a small part of last year's harvest has been exported, in consequence of the northern rivers being frozen up, and not allowing its conveyance to the sea-ports—Flour had fallen to eight dollars the barrel.

[16] Thirteen Frenchmen had been executed by General Ballasteros. In retaliation for this act, Soult had ordered the same fate to be assigned to thirteen Spaniards in Seville; and, urged by the cold-blooded vengeance of the Marshal, the inhabitants were so much incensed, that they rose upon the military, and a sanguinary conflict ensued.

[16] Accounts have been received from Mexico, to the end of March, which state that the revolution there is carried on with much rigor and barbarity against the Old Spaniards. The insurgents have an army of nearly 80,000 men, but unprovided—General Vaneegas is shut up in the city of Mexico, which can resist as long as there are provisions, in consequence of the fortifications, and the rebels having no artillery to undertake the siege. The atrocities committed are dreadful, almost beyond belief; whenever any prisoners are made, they are butchered on both sides.

[16] *Gottenburg, May 8.*—The French advanced along the Nihung, and took possession of Pillau on the 22d ult.; they immediately ordered an account to be taken of the corn, meal, rice, and lead. They were expected at Konigsberg three days afterwards, and had ordered a loan of 1,000,000 of dollars to be enforced, and ready on their arrival.

[16] The Emperor of Russia left Petersburg on the 21st ult. to join the army. Prince Czermiski, who was at the head of the conspiracy lately discovered, has been sent to one of the most distant fortresses in the Caspian Sea.

[19] Further particulars of the conspiracy at Petersburg have transpired; and it appears, that the plot was wholly French, and that the design was to repeat what was practised in Spain—to convey into France the emperor, and all the members of the imperial family.

[20] *Paris, May 9*—The emperor set out to day, to proceed and inspect the grand army collected upon the Vistula.

[20] The French are advancing rapidly, and in considerable numbers, to the frontiers of Russia.—The king of Prussia is now virtually dethroned: every fortress of any consequence in his dominions, as well as his own person, are in the hands of the French.

[20] All the British naval officers in the Russian service, who had been ordered to Moscow in 1807, have not only been recalled from thence; but each was promoted to the rank which he would have held, if he had continued to be employed since the above period.

[21] *Monte Video, March 4.*—The war between the people of Luenos Ayres and the inhabitants of Monte Video is revived. The latter have been encouraged to this step by the support of the Portuguese troops.

[22] *Messina, March 30.*—Lord William Bentinck has the chief command of the Sicilian army.—About six thousand British troops are concentrated at Palermo.—The king and queen live abstracted from public business, in the neighbourhood of that city.

[23] Vice-admiral Crown, a British subject, has been nominated to the command of the Russian squadron in the White Sea; and admirals Tate and Greg have received appointments in the Russian service.

[23] Bonaparté, on the day preceding his departure from Paris, issued a decree fixing a *maximum* in the price of corn, and ordering it to be sold at the rate of three shillings and seven pence sterling the bushel.

[25] Another exhibition of the burning of British merchandise lately took place at Mentz.

[27] In consequence of the American embargo, flour has risen, at Lisbon, from 15 to 22 dollars the barrel.



## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*Price of Bread*—Quartern wheaten loaf. *April 30*, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*May 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th*, the same.

[*London, April 27*] One thousand sacks of flour have been sent from Plymouth Dock, to the relief of the miners in Cornwall, who are now perfectly quiet.

[28] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, two persons, convicted of forging the stamp on wrappers of paper, were sentenced—the one to twelve months' imprisonment, with a fine of £100—the other (his servant) to nine months' imprisonment.

[28] A petition from Liverpool, presented, last night, to the H<sup>o</sup> of Commons, states, that nearly 16,000 poor had been relieved by public subscription in one week, and that, in the whole, about one sixth part of the population of Liverpool had obtained charitable donations, rendered necessary by the unparalleled distresses of the times. Numbers of once industrious mechanics could obtain no employment, and were reduced to the hard necessity of begging in the streets.

[28] A Dublin paper, of the 24th instant, says, "The excellent effects of the stoppage of the distilleries have been felt already: oats, which were 35 and 36 shillings per barrel, have fallen to 28 shillings, and no purchasers."

[29] *Manchester, April 26*—On Friday last, a large body of malcontents attacked the factory at West Houghton, about 13 miles from this town, which they immediately set on fire, when the whole building, with all its valuable machinery, was in a very short time burned to the ground. The damage is immense; the building alone having cost £6000.

[30] Lord Montague's house, at Datchet, was, last Tuesday night, burned to the ground, and most of the property it contained was destroyed. This event is said to have arisen from some experiment to give warmth to the mansion.

[*May 1*] Yesterday, in the C. of King's Bench, John Hunt and William Squires, convicted of violent and shameful outrage on a religious meeting, (*see our last No. page 188*) were sentenced—the former to a month's imprisonment, a fine of £90, and to give security to keep the peace for three years—the latter to a month's imprisonment.

[1] Yesterday, Col. Brown, convicted of having, by fraudulent means, obtained a grant of land in the island of St. Vincent, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

[1] A few nights ago, part of the gallery of the theatre at Tunbridge gave way; by which accident many persons were bruised, but no lives lost.

[2] The wife of a respectable farmer, at a village in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, died a few days ago under melancholy circumstances. About two years ago, having had a quarrel with a female servant, the young woman, after leaving the house, propagated a report, that an improper connexion had for some time subsisted between her late mistress and a man in the neighbourhood. This rumor reached the ears of the husband, who took it so much to heart, that he quitted his home, and never returned till a few weeks since. His wife was so affected by this desertion, and the cause of it, that she fell into a decline, and, on her husband's return, was past recovery. She earnestly solicited an interview, which having obtained, she assured him, on the word of a dying person, that she was entirely innocent. He believed her, and a reconciliation took place, but too late, as she died a few days afterwards. The young woman being threatened with a prosecution, confessed her guilt, and attested the innocence of her mistress, and has, in consequence, been excommunicated in the neighbouring churches.

[2] At the Queen's 'drawing-room, on Thursday last, the Prince and Princess Regent did not meet.—Conformably to a previous arrangement, the Princess went earlier than the Prince, and retired before he made his appearance.

[2] Last night, in the House of Peers, the Earl of Lauderdale produced half-crown paper tokens, issued in Worcestershire and Norfolk.

[2] A forgery in a banking-house, to the amount of £3000, has been discovered, at the west end of the town; and the delinquent has fled.

[2] April 29, in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, as Mr. W. Horsfall—who was concerned in a mill where shear-frames are used for dressing cloth, and who had shown great resolution in resisting the frame-breakers—was riding along

the high road, he received a shot from a villain concealed in an adjacent plantation, and was wounded with four slugs.

[4] He has since died of his wounds.

[4] At Bow-street office, on Saturday, two men were convicted of making soap without licence. The one was fined £20: the other, unable to pay the fine, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

[4] At Marlborough-street office, on Saturday, a man, convicted of having attempted, by means of a false written character, to obtain employment as a servant, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, in default of paying a fine of 20*l.*

[4] Ministers have determined to adopt the most vigorous and efficacious measures for the suppression of riot and devastation in the manufacturing districts. For this purpose, the military are in motion, and proceeding in all directions to the midland and northern counties. Detachments of cavalry and infantry, with field-pieces, passed through the metropolis, and different villages in its vicinity, every morning last week for the north; and several regiments are stationed in and near town.

[4] *Manchester, April 30*—All is quiet here at present—The committee, or delegates, of the Bolton rioters had planned a secret meeting, at which some important matters were to be discussed. The fact became known to the officers and police, and it was deemed prudent not to prevent it from taking place. The consequence was, that, last night, the whole assemblage, consisting of twenty-five men, were taken by surprise, together with all their correspondence. A man has also been apprehended at Eccles, in attempting to seduce the Local Militia, by offering five guineas bounty and fifteen shillings per week to all that would be *twisted in* [the term for swearing in]. Many of the delegates are going round the country on the same service.

[3] At the late Kildare races, Mr. Browne, of Rockville, won ten thousand pounds.—A sum of not less than £50,000 is said to be depending on a match between a horse of his and one belonging to Col. Lumm.

[5] Yesterday, Henry Heatraff, convicted of having aided the escape of three French prisoners, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and a fine of £100.

[6] Stockport, Macclesfield, and the

neighbourhood, which has lately been so much the scene of tumult and rioting, attended with a great destruction of private property, appears nearly, if not quite, in a state of quiet and security—many of the principal offenders are in custody; and provisions are now brought into the markets of those towns, with nearly the same confidence as usual.

[7] At some of the late fashionable routs, valuable shawls have been purloined by ladies, who left others of little value in their stead. At the Countess of C.'s last crowded assembly, no fewer than forty seven shawls were thus purloined, among which were three new Indian ones, worth 50 guineas each, for which the owners obtained only thread-bare articles, not worth half so many shillings.

[7] At Nottingham, on Sunday last, Mr. Oldknow, during his wife's absence at church, cut the throats of two of his children, and then shot himself—This act is attributed to distress occasioned by the stagnation of trade.

[7] From the proceedings of the Spitalfields Soup Society, it appears that 3000 quarts of a strong meat soup are delivered out, at one penny per quart, to 1000 families every day. The soup requires, each day—beef, 856*lb*—Scotch barley 426*lbs*—split peas 317*lbs*—onions 40 *lbs*.—pepper 3*lbs*. 14*oz*.—salt 62*lbs*—It is calculated that 7000 persons partake of this soup daily. The materials are all of the best kind, and the difference between the cost of the soup, and the money paid by the poor, occasions a loss to the Institution of more than £150 per week. This is supported by voluntary contributions, and a committee of visitors attend regularly to see the work of charity duly performed.—They have lately made an investigation of the character and condition of the poor who receive this daily supply; and a most valuable document is the result. From this it appears, that, of 1504 families, consisting of 7186 persons, nearly one half had no Bible, and only 1094 could read—A great proportion of these poor families are weavers, and it appears that there are now 2852 looms unemployed, and an equal number with only half employ; and it is calculated that the number of dependants for bread on each loom are between three and four.

[8] In consequence of the withdrawing of the protections from the impress of the persons lately embodied as river

fencibles, the whole of the business below bridge is at a stand; and the Baltic fleet outward, from the want of hands, is detained, not being able to procure, on this account, the necessary supplies for the voyage.—The corps of fencibles consisted of only about 600 men: but about 1800 individuals, regularly employed on the river, have disappeared, through fear of an impress, excited by withdrawing the protection from the fencibles.

[8] There are upwards of a hundred persons now confined in Lancaster castle, charged with rioting.

[8] An official return to an order of the House of Commons states the amount of all sums paid for the service of the army in the Peninsula, including British, Foreign, and Portuguese troops, from April, 1808, to the 24th December, 1811, at £22,304,612. 14s. 2½d.; and the amount of advances in money, arms, stores, or other wise, made to the Spanish Government, at £2,535,987. 17s. 0¼d.

[9] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Daniel Isaac Eaton, convicted of publishing the third part of Paine's *Age of Reason*, (*See our Mag. for March, p. 141*) was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and to stand once in the pillory.

[10] *Extraordinary Robbery.*—In the neighbourhood of Haddington, a female, who traveled the country under pretence of selling peppermint-water, lately called at the house of an aged woman, who was alone at the time, and whom she prevailed on to accept a glass of her cordial—On drinking it, the good woman fell into a profound sleep, during which the impostor robbed the house.

[10] A gander, being lately engaged in combat with a peacock in the farm-yard of Lord Dynevor in Carmarthenshire, and finding himself unequal to his adversary, slowly and judiciously retreated, till he decoyed the peacock to a bridge over a stream of water; when, suddenly seizing him, he sprang with him into the water, and there terminated his existence.

[11] The French licences have led to a most grievous perversion. In France, it is required that one fourth of the cargo exported to England should consist of manufactured silk: and, on complying with this condition, and receiving the competent value on board in that or other articles, the ship-owner is entitled to return with colonial produce from British ports. The ship-owners, con-

trary to the design, receive the whole in French manufactured silks, and putting them into small craft, smuggle them in here. The consequence is, that a large quantity of this foreign manufacture is introduced, to the great detriment of our own distressed manufacturers.—The ships employed in this trade obtain, for a voyage of a few hours, a freight of between 60 and 80 pounds per ton upon their admeasurement.

[11] On Thursday evening, seven foreigners belonging to the Opera House in the Haymarket, and one belonging to the Pantheon Theatre, were brought to Bow-street office, and charged with being at large within this kingdom, without having obtained a licence according to the last Alien Act. They all admitted the fact, but it appearing that their neglect was not wilful, the magistrate only adjudged them to seven days' imprisonment each in Tothill-fields Bridewell.

[12] Yesterday evening, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was shot by an assassin in the lobby of the House of Commons.—*See page 226 of our present Number.*

[12] Government have contracted with the Russian merchants for 12,000 tons of hemp, of the distinction of Petersburg clean, at the price of 85 and 88*l.* per ton.

[12] A letter from Huddersfield, of May 7, says, "The Luddites" [the cant name for the frame-breakers] "have been very active in collecting arms this last week, and have been too successful. They proceeded to people's houses, in the townships of Almondbury, Wooldale, Farnley, Netherthong, Meltham, Honley, and Marsden, and many other places in this neighbourhood; they entered the houses by 20 or 30 in a gang, and demanded all the arms in the house, on pain of instant death. By this means they have obtained possession of upwards of 100 stand of arms since my last letter to you, and not one night has passed without some arms having been so taken. In order to check this alarming evil, Major Gordon has obtained possession of 200 stand of arms from the inhabitants in this neighbourhood; the military are in this manner daily employed in collecting arms; but they have not been fortunate enough to discover the depot of the Luddites.

[15] Yesterday, the Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy was held at St. Paul's cathedral; and the amount of the receipts was £670.

[16] Sydney College, Cambridge, was

in fire, a third time, on Sunday se'nnight. A strict examination has since taken place: but nothing has transpired, which can lead to a detection of the incendiary, or even to a reasonable suspicion.

[16] Yesterday, at the Sessions for Middlesex, a bill of indictment was found against eighty-five journeymen carriers, for a combination to obtain an advance in the accustomed prices of work.

[17] When the news of Mr. Perceval's murder reached Nottingham, a numerous crowd publicly testified their joy by shouts, huzzas, drums beating, flags flying, bells ringing, bonfires blazing—The military being called out, and the riot-act read, peace was restored.

[18] Loughborough was a scene of tumult on Thursday, the lower orders having numerously assembled in the market-place, and supplied themselves with the different articles of provision at their own prices.

[19] Yesterday, John Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval, was hanged at the Old Bailey.—See page 226 of our present Number.

[19] Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, H. Eddell was sentenced to seven years' transportation, for an attempt to extort money from a gentleman by means of a letter threatening to accuse him of a crime, in case of his non-compliance.

[20] Last night's Gazette offers a reward of £1000 for the discovery of the writer of certain anonymous threatening letters to the Prince Regent, and his secretary, Col. M'Mahon, in which the Prince is indecorously designated by the coarse appellations of a "damned unfeeling scoundrel," and a "blackguard."

[20] By an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Binmorgan, on Saturday last, several persons were killed and wounded.

[23] A wretch was lately committed to Bodmin jail for the murder of his wife. After having dispatched her by repeated stabs, he was caught in the act of burning her dead body with turf.

[23] In a violent hail-storm, experienced, on Wednesday, at Stratton-Park, Hants, many of the stones were three inches in circumference.

[23] At the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's books, yesterday, a set of the Sessions papers, from 1690 to 1803, sold for 378*l.*

[23] It has been proved at the bar of the House of Commons, that, by the interruption of the American trade, Birmingham has lost the annual receipt of

£1,200,000, four fifths of which were paid for workmanship alone—and that thousands of artisans have emigrated to America.

[26] A lighted candle lately caused an explosion in a coal-mine at Orrell, near Liverpool, by which ten persons lost their lives.

[27] Flour is sent from England to the army in Portugal.—One individual lately shipped 6000 quarters

[27] The writer of the threatening letters to the Regent and his secretary is said to be that lunatic who has so long teased the Duke of Norfolk by claims to the title.

#### BORN.

[April 21] On Monday, of the lady of the Hon Chas. Anderson Pelham, a son.

[24] Yesterday, of Viscountess Priu-rose, a daughter.

[25] Yesterday, of the Hon. Mrs. Wedderburn, a daughter.

[May 1] On the 22d ult. of the Countess of Dalhousie, a son.

[2] Thursday, of the lady of the Rev. C. P. Burney, Greenwich, a daughter.

[12] Lately, of the lady of J. Mansfield, esq. Baker-street, a son.

[14] Friday, of the lady of J. W. Farrer, esq. Weymouth-street, a son.

[15] Monday, of the lady of Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart. a son.

[16] Tuesday, of Lady Theodosia Rice, Wimpole-street, a daughter.

[18] On the 16th, of the lady of George Gipps, esq. M. P. a son.

[20] Lately, of the lady of Sir Home Popham, a son.

[20] Yesterday, of the lady of the Hon. Windham Quin, a son.

#### MARRIED.

[April 24] On Thursday, W. Herting, esq. of Bedford place, to Miss Sarah Harvey, of Surrey-street.

[27] Saturday, at Lewisham, Joshua Andrews, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Gruer, of Dell Lodge, Blackheath.

[28] Lately, the Rev. Charles Mor-daunt, jun. to Miss Frances Harriet Sparrow

[28] Friday, John Stewardson, esq. of Hampstead, to Miss Harriet Fleming.

[30] Monday, the Rev. James Rudge, lecturer of Limehouse, to Miss Caroline Drane.

[30] Tuesday, Chas. Day, esq. of Albany, to Miss Frances Mary Perreau.

[May 6] Yesterday, Sidney Shore, esq. of Derbyshire, to Miss White, of Lincolnshire.

[9] Yesterday, Timothy Yeats Brown, esq. of Peckham Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Goldsmid.

[10] Saturday, Godfrey John Kneller, esq. of Donhead Hall, Wilts, to Miss Frances Mary Johnson, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

[11] Saturday, Chas. Peppé, esq. of Leicester, to Mrs. Sarah Matilda Bull, of Holles-street.

[15] On the 11th, at York, Peter Smith, M. D. R. N. to Miss Henrietta Erskine, of Amondell.

[18] Wednesday, the Rev. Geo. Marwood, one of the canons of Chichester, to Mrs. Dodgson.

## DECEASED.

[April 27] On Monday, aged 82, Edward Forster, esq. governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company.

[28] Friday, the Countess of Erroll.

[30] Monday, aged 82, the Rev. Sam. Glasse, D. D. F. R. S. rector of Waustead, &c.

[May 5] Tuesday, Rear Admiral Geo. Haist.

[8] Wednesday, Mrs. Collinson, Sloane-street, aged 69.

[9] Yesterday, aged 69, the R. Rev. Dr. John Douglas, Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic of the London district, and Bishop of Centurion.

[11] Wednesday, Capt. Henry Whitby, of the navy.

[12] Friday, Alexander Hume, esq. of Gloucester place, Portman-square.

[14] Monday, aged 73, Mrs. Mead, Clapham.

[14] Tuesday, aged 63, Mr. W. Burgess, an esteemed portrait-painter.

[15] Tuesday, Chas. Stuart, esq. brother-in-law to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

[15] Wednesday, in an apoplectic fit, the R. R. Dr. Dampier, Bishop of Ely.

[16] On the 10th, John Clerk, esq. F. R. S. Edin. and author of "Naval Tactics"

[18] Lately, Viscountess Downe.

[18] Saturday, Sir Frank Standish, bart.

[18] Yesterday, Matthew Lewis, esq. Devonshire-place.

[20] Monday, John Nicholl, esq. Stepney-Green.

[20] Tuesday, Mrs. Kindersley, Little Marlow, Bucks.

[20] Lately, the mother of Lady Cassilis.

[26] On the 17th, aged 81, Mrs. Beckwith, Queen square, Westminster.

[28] Tuesday Lady Fortescue.

## APPENDIX.

Real value of our imports and exports, for a series of six years, as laid on the table of the House of Commons:

In	Imports.	Exports.
1805	£53,582,110 . .	£51,109,131
1806	. 50,621,707 . .	52,028,681
1807	. 53,500,999 . .	50,482,661
1808	. 45,718,098 . .	49,969,746
1809	. 53,851,352 . .	60,017,712
1810	. 74,538,061 . .	62,701,409

Official value of British produce and manufactures, and of foreign and colonial merchandise, exported from England, in the three quarters ending 10th October, 1809, 1810, and 1811, respectively—

Year	British	Foreign	Total
1809	£25,306,796	11,047,573	36,354,369
1810	27,019,516	8,764,330	35,783,846
1811	16,397,311	5,969,934	22,367,245

Account of Copper imported into and exported from Great Britain, in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811:—

Year	Imported	Cwt.	q. lb.
1809	. . . . .	49,995	0 15
1810	. . . . .	50,695	1 17
1811	. . . . .	20,517	3 21

EXPORIED (1809)		Total.	
Unwrought.	cwt q lb.	cwt	q. lb.
Foreign	1,243 0 24	70,530	1 26
British	21 3 10		
Wrought		58,877	1 16
British	69,265 1 20		
Unwrought (1810)		49,167	0 10
Foreign	690 1 11		
British	814 1 20		
Wrought.		48,362	11 0
British	57,360 2 13		
Unwrought (1811)		804	3 0
Foreign	804 3 0		
British	0 0 0		
Wrought.		48,362	11 0
British	48,362 11 0		

Amount of Money raised in the year ending January 5, 1812 (omitting fractions.)

By taxes, £63,682,585—by loans, 16,636,375—by lotteries, 922,136—Total, £81,241,097.

Amount of the Capital of the Funded Debt of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 1st of January, 1812:—

Debt of Great Britain,	£747,429,339	11	3½
Ireland,	61,274,250	—	—
Emperor of Germany,	7,502,633	6	8
Portugal,	895,522	7	9

Total. £817,101,745 5. 8½



*Lady's Magazine . . . June, 1812.*



*John Bellingham,  
the Murderer of Mr. Perceval*

*Published July 1. 1812. by R. B. Johnson, Printer, 22, Fleet Street, London.*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 6, for June, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. An accurate Likeness of JOHN BELLINGHAM, the MURDERER of Mr. PERCEVAL
2. London WALKING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS, TRIMMING, &c.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.*



## NOTICES.

*The ASSASSIN, BELLINGHAM* — To gratify that curiosity which the public naturally feel to be made acquainted with the features, as well as the character and history, of any individual who has acquired notoriety by his good or his evil deeds, we have procured an accurate likeness of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr. Perceval, which we now present to our fair Readers—referring them to our last Number for an account of the assassination and the assassin.

The conclusion of “Sappho,” (with an interesting plate) intended for insertion in our present Number, is unavoidably postponed, but shall certainly appear in our next.

The inquiry concerning noxious reptiles in Ireland shall be noticed next month.

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*Embargo.*—The following *bagatelle* on that subject has appeared in an American newspaper, and may be read in two hundred and seventy different ways—beginning from the central letter, E.

a u n i u r l l i l l r u i n u s  
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 u n i u r l l i w i l l r u i n u  
 s u n i u r l l i l l r u i n u s

*State of the City Hospitals, as read to the Lord Mayor, &c. on Easter Monday.*

*Christ's Hospital.*

Children put forth apprentice last year, 141  
 (Six of whom were apprenticed to Captains in the Navy)  
 Children buried last year, . . . . . 10  
 Children now under care of the Hospital, and to be admitted to this time } 1263

*St. Bartholomew's Hospital.*

Patients admitted, cured, and discharged, during the last year—  
 In patients . . . . . 3857  
 Out patients . . . . . 4179  
 Buried this year . . . . . 277  
 Remaining under cure—In patients 435  
 Out patients 416

So that there have been under the charge of the Hospital last year } 9704

*St. Thomas's Hospital.*

There have been cured and discharged last year—In patients } 8548  
 Out patients }  
 Buried . . . . . 194  
 Remaining under cure—In patients, 405  
 Out patients, 272  
 So that there are now and have been last year under the care of said Hospital } 9419

*Bridewell Hospital*

Vagrants received by order of the Lord Mayor and sitting Aldermen } 359  
 To be passed to Parishes . . . . . 327  
 Apprentices brought up in divers trades, 36

*Bethlem Hospital*

Afflicted men and women remaining in this Hospital from 1810 } 147  
 Admitted in the year 1811 . . . . . 99  
 Cured and discharged last year . . . . . 87  
 Buried last year . . . . . 11  
 Under cure, men and women . . . . . 148

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1812.

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*The OLD WOMAN.*

(Continued from page 224.)

N<sup>o</sup>. 6.—*On the MISERY arising from DOMESTIC ALTERCATIONS.*

I HAVE frequently been astonished at the incautious conduct of parents in suffering their children to witness their domestic disagreements; for, if example is allowed to influence the actions of individuals, how extremely impressive must that be which a parent gives!—In proportion to the child's affection to the authors of its existence, must be the effect of the example they set; and, if a young man beholds his father treat the woman whom he has sacredly vowed to love and cherish, with neglect or inperitigousness, will it not be likely to influence his conduct, when he becomes a man? or, if a daughter observes her mother neglectful of those attentions which every husband has a right to expect, will she not be inclined to follow an example which endeavours to establish the independence of her sex?

But, allowing, for a moment, that the unfortunate children of these imprudent parents are naturally endowed with such amiable dispositions, that the effect of example is prevented from making an impression upon their actions, by the innate goodness of their hearts—can that home, I would ask, which ought to be the focus of their felicity, and the centre to which all the softer feelings are directed—can that ever prove a tranquil harbour for their little barks to repose in? Ah! no! for where the storms of pas-

sion are raging, there can be neither peace nor happiness for those who feel the influence of them.

Doctor Blair, in his admirable discourse upon the Dominion of the Passions, says, "The history of mankind has ever been a continual tragedy; and the world a great theatre, exhibiting the same repeated scene of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting by a quick progress into absolute misery."—Melancholy as this picture appears, and degrading as it is to human nature, I greatly fear it has been drawn with too accurate a hand, and that many of the evils of which we complain, are more frequently the effect of our own misconduct, than of those misfortunes to which the most cool and dispassionate are liable.—Yet the overthrow of domestic concord does not always arise from the ebullition of passion; for there are a variety of different methods, by which the happiness of those with whom we associate may be discomfited, and yet the discomforter appear perfectly calm and collected.

But, to revert to the subject peculiarly under consideration—namely, the pernicious effects which arise to children from the domestic discord of their parents—If a young man, just entering into life, finds his home rendered a scene of disquiet by the constant or frequent disagreement of his parents, it is natural to suppose he will seek for that gratification which the hours of leisure and recreation allow him, wherever he can enjoy quiet and composure.—

To the most intimate of his friends he cannot always expect to find welcome admission: delicacy will prevent him from exposing himself to the imputation of being an intruder: to prevent this, he flies to houses of public entertainment, and what was begun from necessity, is soon converted into habit.—The consequences which must arise from exchanging the tranquil enjoyments of a domestic circle, for the different species of amusement which the tavern affords, are too striking to require illustration: yet they are evidently of a nature to corrupt the heart.—If the young man, from principle and propriety, refrain from seeking this kind of enjoyment, how cheerless and uncomfortable must be his home, where discord supplies the place of harmony, and where the voice of affection never sounds!

To render home attractive, is as much the duty of a parent, as it is, during infancy and childhood, to supply their offspring with food; and there is no season of life where moroseness and ill-nature are so truly insupportable, as during the period of youth.

As I have endeavoured to point out the almost incalculable miseries which a disunion of sentiment between parents may entail on their male offspring, I will now advert to those which must consequently attach to my own sex; whose situation, under similar circumstances, must be still more deplorable.—Home is the scene of female action:—no professional pursuits draw the individual from it; and, if that is uncomfortable, adieu to tranquillity and happiness!

The desire of happiness is actually interwoven with our existence; and the unfortunate young woman, who enjoys it not in the society of her parents, anticipates the hope of

finding it in the marriage-state; and too often, alas! in her endeavour to avoid Scylla, has Charybdis made a total wreck of her peace!—This is no overcharged description;—this is an effect, which often occurs in real life: for how often do we find that the unhappy daughter is destined to become a miserable wife!

I will now take a slight view of the opposite picture, and endeavour to represent the marriage station, as that great Being who ordained the institution, evidently designed; I will, as far as my weak powers will permit, describe the effect which is to be expected from that example which every well-disposed parent must, from principle, be inclined to give.

In the first place, they will impress the ductile minds of their children with the highest veneration for the ordinations of their God:—in the second, they will teach them that every moral duty ought to be strictly observed.—Each parent, in their conduct to the other, will display a mixture of affection and solicitude; and endeavour to inspire their children with sentiments of affection and gratitude.—The osier twig may be bent in any direction: the ivy appears destined to cling to the oak; and not only are the minds of youth directed by their parents, but their actions instinctively influenced by example, if I may be allowed to use the term.

Of how much importance then is it, that this example should be praise-worthy!—how serious is the consideration, that on them depends the present and future happiness of their child! The reflexion ought to inspire the resolution of being cautious, even in the minutest transactions of life.—A well-conducted family has, not unaptly, been compared to a well-regulated state:

each must be guided by principle and order; and each presents a picture, which the mind loves to contemplate.—Unanimity reigns in the latter; in the former, affection and delight. The parent's first aim is to promote the happiness of his offspring, while gratitude and affection are alternately displayed in the child.

A family, thus loving and beloved, may be said to have a foretaste of the felicity described in that sacred volume on which we rest our hopes of future happiness; and, if it was ordained that perfect bliss should be enjoyed by mortals, in the performance of domestic duties it would certainly be attained.

There is something at once interesting and delightful in the sight of a family where harmony and affection reign united—where the parents, without throwing aside the dignity attached to their situation, participate in those amusements which naturally afford gratification to youth; and, by so doing, render their home the seat of enjoyment, and the scene of heart-felt delight.

If, from this view of the miseries which may arise from domestic discord, parents whose opinions are opposite, should feel the necessity of concealing their disagreements from their offspring; and if they are convinced of the benefits which must be derived from rendering home the scene of comfort to young persons, I shall feel a satisfaction which it would be difficult for language to express.

*(To be continued.)*

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

THE subject on which I am about to address you, is perhaps of trivial importance: but, as many others may have felt as I feel respecting it, I will venture to pro-

ceed, hoping for your usual indulgence. I am sometimes in the habit of attending the Foundling-Hospital chapel, where the feeling I speak of has been excited by hearing a theatrical singer, who is employed to sing anthems there. I believe the person I allude to is a most respectable individual; and he is undoubtedly to be praised for his exertions to support his family: but I never can conceive it proper, that a singer, who is engaged during the week at a theatre, should be employed to sing sacred music in a church or chapel on the sabbath. I know it has long been customary, and have no doubt that this circumstance has reconciled to it many minds which otherwise would feel very differently on the subject. My reason for objecting to it is principally this—When I have heard an anthem tricked out with the fanciful arbitrary decorations of vocal music, too often its sacred simplicity has been lost on me; and I have been almost ready to clap my hands in token of applause, as I should have done in a theatre. Sacred music should flow in one pure, unbroken stream, like the clear current stealing through the vale, unruffled by a Zephyr, undamp'd by a wanton fly. Surely, in all establishments like the Foundling-Hospital, the best appeal to a feeling heart would be the simple unaffected melody of youth, of youth snatched from irremediable ruin and want, to be placed in society, well-educated but humble individuals. Some of them will naturally possess better voices than others: let such be well instructed in singing; and I am confident, that, besides saving a considerable expense in paying a theatrical singer, the ends of religion and charity would be better consulted, than in the present mode.

Having mentioned the Foundling-Hospital, I will trouble you with two or three remarks respecting it, which have occasionally struck me; or indeed I had better put them as questions to any of your correspondents who may be better informed than I am respecting that establishment.—I have thought, that, in comparison with other charities, the Foundling-Hospital had fewer children, considering how rich its funds must be, and how amazingly those funds must be increasing from the buildings lately erected on the estate belonging to it. To account for this, I had sometimes imagined that the children here had perhaps a better, and consequently more expensive education given them; but I do not believe that this is materially the case. At other times, I have thought that perhaps too great a portion of the funds of this charity is devoted to pay its numerous officers. In this I may be wrong; but it does seem pretty certain that too much of the building itself is set apart for their accommodation; and I do think, that, if proper attention were paid to this, nearly twice the number of children could be kept in the hospital that there now is. These are, I am quite willing to confess, the suggestions of an individual in a great degree unacquainted with the real state of the above establishment; and, as such, I shall bow with all deference to any convincing answer coming from a better-informed person. But, in the mean time, I wish it to be perfectly understood, that my only motive for making any of the remarks in this letter is a wish to see the benefactions of charity go, as little diminished as possible, to the relief of the objects for whom they were intended.

Benevolence is one of the noblest feelings of our nature: it is so nearly

allied to mercy, that, like it, 'tis twice blessed. The heart that prompts the hand to bestow, feels an expanding glow, which more than repays it; while the wretched being who receives the hallowed boon, lifts up his tearful eye to Heaven, unable perhaps to find in language the expressions which his heart would wish to utter. Surely the tear that trickles down his cheek, will be more acceptable in the eye of Heaven, than all the studied eloquence of prayer.

Indeed, the best boast of an Englishman—and it is a boast of which every one of us ought to be proud—is, that no country, however large, on the face of the globe, can produce any thing like the list of private charities, that this little sea-encircled spot has to show. Our bravery and our conquests by sea and land—our improved agriculture and our manufactures—our constitution and our laws—the beauty and virtue of our females—are, all of them, boasts belonging to Great Britain, which may, unfeeling superiority, proudly challenge the whole world: but the silent, un-ostentatious spread of private charity is a nobler boast than all these, and, more than all, makes me proud of my country and my home.

“ There is a land, of ev'ry land the pride,  
Belov'd by Heav'n o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener  
light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.  
The wand'ring mariner, whose eye ex-  
plores [shores,  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.  
In ev'ry clime, the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to  
that pole; [grace,  
For, in this land of Heav'n's peculiar  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and  
 pride,  
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, father,  
 friend. [ter, wife,  
 Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter,  
 Strews with fresh flow'rs the narrow way  
 of life, [eye,  
 In the clear heav'n of her delightful  
 An angel guard of Loves and Graces lie:  
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet!  
 "Where shall that land, that spot of  
 earth, be found?"  
 Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around!  
 Oh! thou shalt find, how'er thy foot-  
 steps roam,  
 That land thy country, and that spot  
 thy home!" *Montgomery.*  
 I am, Mr. Editor, your most obe-  
 dient servant, An ENGLISHMAN.

*Anecdotes of BONAPARTÉ and the  
 Empress MARIA LOUISA. From  
 "The Philosopher," a work lately  
 published by General SARRAZIN.*

THE Empress Maria Louisa, on her arrival at Compiègne, was very much astonished to find in her apartments the very furniture which had occupied her rooms in the Imperial palace at Vienna; for Berthier had contrived to have it all removed, and sent by post-carriages.—He was present when Maria Louisa was thus agreeably surprised, and received her thanks for the attention.—He immediately replied, that he had "only executed the Emperor's commands."—"I supposed so, Sir," said her Majesty: "but I ought to thank you for your zeal in so well fulfilling the smallest intention of my husband."—Berthier had carried the gallantry of his royal master so far, as to send off many animals which had called forth the Princess's attachment; particularly a Canary-bird, which sang most delightfully, and to which she was peculiarly partial.

In the first private interview Bonaparté had with his illustrious consort, he made her the strongest protestations of ardent and inviolable attachment; and, among other declarations, said, that he should "esteem himself the happiest of men, if, by his attentions to anticipate her smallest wishes, he should succeed in rendering himself the object of her affection."—The Empress answered, "That would not be very difficult, as she had loved him before she knew him."—Notwithstanding the appearance of sincerity which accompanied this assurance, Bonaparté appeared incredulous, and said, "I thank you for the flattering compliment you have the goodness to pay me; and I beg you to believe that I shall do every thing in my power to deserve it."—"I have only told you what I really felt," replied Maria Louisa. "I am of a family in which the love of glory is hereditary; and you have acquired so large a portion of it, that the avowal I have made ought not to be suspected."

At this declaration, Bonaparté threw himself at the knees of his consort, who hastily raising him, they mutually embraced each other, and in the most sacred manner vowed eternal attachment.—The Emperor's vanity was too much flattered by the assurance the Empress had given him, to allow the proof of her attachment to remain confined to his own breast: he related it to Berthier, Duroc and other confidants; and the anecdote, according to his wishes, was rapidly circulated.

Upon Maria Louisa's arrival at Paris, she was visited by the most distinguished personages of the old court—The high nobility of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, till then inflexible, and who had pertina-

## Lamentation of Titus Timid.

ciously refused all Bonaparté's invitations, could not resist the satisfaction of imparting to the Arch-duchess of Austria the deep regret which they had felt for fifteen years at the dreadful catastrophe of her august aunt.—“It is in vain,” answered the Empress, “that we endeavour to oppose the decrees of Providence.—Too much goodness brought my unfortunate relatives to the scaffold.—It is possible that my husband and myself may experience the same fate—but it is certain,” she added, “that it will not be from the same cause.”—The dignified tone of her voice, a profound sigh which escaped from her bosom, and the tears which sorrowful recollection rendered her unable to restrain, gave the whole assembly a very high idea of the nobleness of her character, the justness of her understanding, and the sensibility of her heart.

While the Emperor was visiting the quays at Boulogne, the Empress amused herself by taking an airing in a boat in the interior part of the harbour.—On her return, she perceived Bonaparté, who had been waiting for her; and, in her haste to join him, her foot slipped, and she must have fallen, had not General Vandamme, who was leading her by the hand, put his arm round her waist, and prevented the accident.—The Emperor, who was not more than ten paces distant, instead of anxiously inquiring whether she had hurt herself, appeared to have his jealousy excited by a subject presuming to put his arm round the waist of his sovereign.—“What! do you not yet, Madam, know how to use your feet?” said he, in an angry tone of voice.—The Empress, without appearing disconcerted, looked at him steadfastly, and then, assuming an air of jocularly, said,

“To hear you speak thus, Sir, I should imagine *you* had never made a *false step* in your life.”—This reproach was uttered in a tone of sweetness and dignity, and, from the effect it produced, evidently made an impression upon the hearer's heart; for, feeling himself in the wrong, he submissively replied, “I beg, Madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the injury you might receive from falling.”—“Since that is the case,” rejoined the Empress, “I forgive you; and entreat you to let me have the use of your arm.”

This circumstance happened at Boulogne on the twenty-fifth of May, 1810.—Bonaparté, unattended by the parade of guards, conducted the Empress through the immense crowd that had assembled, who, with one voice, exclaimed, “Long live the Empress!” but the acclamation of “Long live the Emperor!” was scarcely heard.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

I AM a diffident man; and there is a sort of awkward bashfulness hanging about me, which most assuredly prevents my advancement in life. Now, as you appear a friendly creature, I hope I may, without being laughed at, fairly lay my case before you. To begin, then, I should tell you, that, when very young, this diffidence first showed itself in my great aversion to being kissed by the ladies of my mother's acquaintance. A great deal of this has slipped my own memory: but it was refreshed the other day by a good old lady, who actually made me blush in a room full of company, chiefly young females, by telling me of this early fault of mine. She declared that I absolutely kicked, scratched, and

screamed to such a degree, that it was impossible to obtain a kiss. At school, the boys made game of me, and were perpetually playing me some unlucky trick: yet I never could muster up sufficient confidence to resent their wicked frohes.

Soon after my arrival at manhood, by the death of my parents I was left in possession of a snug income, and began to lay plans for my future comfort: and the first idea that presented itself, as forming the basis of that comfort, was to get married. But, dear me! how much did I deceive myself!—I directly set about making myself pleasant to the ladies: I learned music, had a few lessons in singing, dressed gaily, went to a dancing-master's assemblies, who undertook to improve grown gentlemen, and practised pretty soft speeches when alone, till I really began to think that I was a tolerable little fellow, and had great hopes of succeeding in my wishes. But, in the very first large party I joined, and to which I went fully determined to please, I do assure you, Sir, I was actually tittered at: my compliments were so misplaced, my manner so overstrained, and my whole demeanour so different from that of every other person, that I could not but feel they had too much reason for their tittering.

At length singing was proposed; and I hoped now to recover a little of my lost fame; for, between ourselves, I have a pretty taste for singing, and, when alone, had got through my songs very decently.—But the nearer it came to my turn, the more miserable I felt: my heart beat thick: I experienced a choaking sensation; and, to conclude the whole, when I began to sing, I got out the first word, which happened to be, “*Oh*!” but, beyond that, not a syllable could I utter: my

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tongue absolutely stuck to the roof of my mouth, which felt as parched as if I had been in a high fever; and, to my utter dismay, I heard the exclamation, “*Oh*,” travelling from lip to lip with a sort of malicious ecstasy—so, at least, I interpreted it.—This lasted some time, before I could stammer out an apology; when the company began smoothing their puckered faces, and cheering me up by “*Oh*! never mind”—“*Try again*”—“*I know you can sing*”—“*Now, pray, do*”—and various other scraps of comfort, till at length I did try again, and, by a most violent effort, got out, in a kind of half whisper,

“*Oh*! where, and oh! where!”—but here it again ended; and some wicked wag at the other end of the room immediately saying, “*Oh*! where, indeed?”—set the whole party in a roar. It was too much, Sir! I could not bear it, but fairly betook myself to flight, murmuring something about illness, and leaving them to triumph over my fallen hopes.

I could relate many more such occurrences, but will not occupy your time with them.—Since then, I have never been able to conquer my complaint: I have seen ladies that I admired, have longed for the opportunity of being alone with them: the opportunity has offered itself—but, in all cases of this kind, my tongue, as in the song, has ever refused to do its office; and, instead of gaining ground, I was sore to lose what little I had already got.—I have been acquainted with two or three lasses of great spirit, and who were, in plain English, romps. I have been sometimes left alone with one of them; and you may believe me, that I could only compare my feelings then to what I must have felt when I used to resist the ladies

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kissing me in early life. I positively felt (and I mention this only for your private ear)—I positively felt, Sir, a fear that I should be saluted against my will.

Now I hope you will not let me be laughed at; for mine is a pitiable condition. I have every wish to please, but cannot; and I fear I shall die an old bachelor.

If you can think of any mode by which this tormenting diffidence of mine can be conquered, and will inform me of it, I shall feel more obliged to you than words can express.—I remain, Sir, with profound respect, yours,  
TITUS TIMID.

*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*  
(Continued from page 205.)

IT was in vain that the benevolent Lady Mortimer endeavoured to divert the mind of the little Adolphus from the death-bed of his unfortunate mother; for, like Rachel mourning for her children, he refused every kind of comfort; and at length she was under the necessity of returning him to his attached nurse.

Mr. Colville in the mean time was busily occupied in writing to his friend Frazier, and giving proper directions to the undertaker for the interment of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair.—The return of the post was looked forward to, with the greatest anxiety; but no letter from Mr. Frazier arrived; and Lady Mortimer and her friends were at a loss to determine whether the former would be authorised to take possession of the child.—On the third day after the death of Mrs. Sinclair, the worthy Mr. Frazier arrived, and corroborated Martha's narrative in every particular—at the same time informing Mr. Colville that the father of the little Augustus resided in Madeira at that time.—Two of his

children, it seems, had fallen victims to that malignant disorder which threatened to terminate their mother's life; and, a short time after that event, an annuity had been left her of eight hundred a year—a sum, which, in the opinion of her unprincipled husband, gave charms to her person which he had never discovered before.—To preserve a life which disease had rendered doubtful, was of the utmost consequence to Mr. F\* \*d; and, as the physicians recommended Lisbon or Madeira, he resolved to take up his residence in the latter place, where Mrs. F\* \*d, in the course of the winter, completely recovered her health.—After the welfare of the being whom he had so basely deceived, or her lovely little offspring, he never made the slightest inquiry; and Mr. Frazier assured Lady Mortimer that the father of the unfortunate little Adolphus was so totally indifferent about him, that there was not a chance of his wishing to remove him from her protection.

“I do not exactly accord in this opinion, my dear Frazier,” said Mr. Colville: “for I conceive that three hundred a year will be a great object to that despicable man; and that, to obtain possession of it, he will pretend to feel repentance for his former neglect.—However,” he continued, “I think I can prevent him from exerting that power which his near relationship to Adolphus might authorise, by threatening to expose the villany of his conduct to his present wife; and, for this purpose, I will immediately write to him, if you will furnish me with his proper address.”

“Though your suggestion respecting the attractive power of property never struck me,” replied Mr. Frazier, “yet allow me to say, I think Lady Mortimer is the person

who ought to write to this unprincipled man; and I will inclose her letter in one of mine, corroborating the account of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair's death."

This plan was no sooner decided upon, than put in execution. Her ladyship simply stated matters of fact; described the manner in which she had accidentally become acquainted with the victim of F\*\*d's depravity, and gave him an account of her death.-- She concluded her affecting epistle, by describing her own misfortunes; declaring her resolution of remaining in a widowed state; and her intention of considering Adolphus as her adopted child.

Mr. Frazier, having paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair, immediately returned to town; when Martha, and her young master, (as she termed him) were removed to Lady Mortimer's house.—So sweetly conciliating were the manners of that admirable woman, that the child had not been a week under her roof, before he bestowed upon her the appellation of his new mamma; and so strongly were his affections attracted by her kindness, that he preferred her society to that of Martha.—These proofs of affection were returned with double interest; for Lady Mortimer felt that this lovely child in some degree filled up the dreadful vacuum which death had made in her heart, and which the society of an insipid companion was not likely to diminish.—Miss Downing, as was mentioned at the commencement of her ladyship's history, was the daughter of a clergyman universally esteemed, but whose confined income prevented him from making any provision for his child.—Lady Mortimer, with that sympathy for the unfortunate, which influenced all her actions, no sooner

heard of this orphan girl's destitute condition, than she offered her an asylum: but there was an inertness in her disposition, and a want of exertion in her character, which rendered her a very unfit being to call forth Lady Mortimer's affections.—Nature seemed to have endowed the little Adolphus with all her finer susceptibilities:—he was warm in his attachments, grateful in his feelings, and ardent in all his childish propensities. To subdue the impetus of the passions—to direct his energies—and to turn his ardent affections into their proper course, Lady Mortimer felt, would at once occupy her attention, and prevent her mind from brooding over her irreparable loss.

In the practice of benevolence and the fulfilment of active duties, Lady Mortimer passed the winter in Devonshire; and five months had elapsed from the period of Mrs. Sinclair's dissolution, before a letter from the unprincipled F\*\*d reached her hands.—Conscience—that certain haunter of the depraved man's imagination—though it slumbers, can never soundly sleep; and it was roused into the most powerful action by the account of the death of the being he had so cruelly injured.—His letter was expressive not only of sorrow for his past offences, but of the utmost contrition of mind; and, to give a just idea of the impression under which it was written, in the ensuing lines it is faithfully transcribed—

“ Madam,

“ With a heart torn by the most contrite sensations, and a body laboring under the torture of an incurable disease, I do myself the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your ladyship's letter, dated October the twenty-eighth.

“ If the prayers of a man whose

conduct had proved him lost to every sentiment of honor could obtain acceptance at the throne of grace, mine should be offered to that Being whose laws I have treated with such negligence. for your ladyship's kindness to the hapless mother of my child.—But, laden with crimes, and bowed down with the weight of offences, prayer must be presumptuous:—I dare not pray:—I cannot hope for pardon!—As a wretch I have lived; and in the dread of a future retribution I must die!

“Oh! Madam! Oh! Lady Mortimer! detestable as my conduct must have made me in your eyes, could you behold the sufferings of the man who now addresses you, they would call from your sympathising bosom the commiserative sigh!—But I ought, and do apologise for the egotism of this epistle; and, instead of describing my own sufferings, I ought merely to have expressed the gratitude of my feelings—feelings, which the power of language cannot describe, or the pen of a ready writer express!—My son, Madam, educated under the auspices of such an exalted character, and inheriting the virtues of his ill-fated mother, will, I trust, become an ornament to society, and an honor to human nature

“Should the Almighty in mercy lengthen my existence, and allow me time for repentance, never will I claim relationship with the object of your protection—never shock his feelings by the sight of his worthless parent! No, Madam! too severely do I feel the effect of bad example, ever to force myself into my child's presence!—To your protecting care, Lady Mortimer, I resign him:—on you, and you alone, depends his future destiny. I relinquish all claim to his person and fortune, and

subscribe myself, Madam, your eternally obliged  
E. F\* \* D.”

Much as Lady Mortimer despised the character of the writer of this epistle, it was impossible for a woman of her exquisite sensibility to peruse it unmoved; and, clasping the little Adolphus to her bosom, she exclaimed, “Now, my beloved boy, I may consider you as my son!”

Renovated in health by the mild air of Devonshire, and restored to a degree of tranquillity by a succession of benevolent exertions, at the commencement of the ensuing summer Lady Mortimer returned to the fertile banks of the Severn. That this return should be hailed by all classes of society is natural; for a woman of Lady Mortimer's urbanity of manners and benevolence of heart must be a desirable acquisition to any neighbourhood where she might be inclined to take up her abode.

Though, from the childish caresses of the little Adolphus, tears of conjugal and parental affection would frequently flow, yet, while she mourned the irreparable loss of those dear connexions, her grateful heart sensibly acknowledged the many blessings she still enjoyed.—On the day that Adolphus completed his sixth year, a young clergyman of Mr. Colville's acquaintance undertook the office of private tutor, who expressed his astonishment at finding him so extremely forward.—Soon after this event, Lady Mortimer could not help observing that her companion, Miss Downing, actually appeared a new character:—animation seemed to have taken place of insipidity; and the being who had been accustomed merely to answer in monosyllables, would frequently advance subjects for con-

versation.—A conduct so new, unexpected, and agreeable, naturally called forth her patroness's observation; and she soon discovered that Mr. Lindsey (which was the name of the young clergyman) was the inspirer of this wonderful alteration.

A few years only had elapsed from Mr Lindsey's entrance into Lady Mortimer's family, when the rector of the adjoining village suddenly expired; and, as the disposal of the living rested with her ladyship, she immediately presented it to Adolphus's tutor, on condition, that, though he was to reside at the rectory, he was, each day, to devote a certain number of hours to the improvement of her adopted son.—Then, and not till then, did Mr. Lindsey avow his attachment to the benevolent Being, who, by bestowing upon him the comfort of competence, enabled him to offer his hand to the person who had long possessed his affection; and Miss Downing, stimulated by the example of her amiable benefactress, determined that the rectory should display a minor kind of benevolence. Adolphus divided his time between study, and grateful attention to the incomparable Lady Mortimer; and, as he increased in years, displayed those shining qualities which did honor to his head and his heart.

*(To be continued.)*

*The Country Fair.*

I LOVE to see the smile of pleasure beaming in the rustic's countenance; nor can I envy that man whose wisdom would lead him to turn away in utter contempt from the sports of a country fair. It makes a holiday for miles around, which, as soon as the sun is up, is proclaimed by the village bells. Happy morning to all the lads and lasses! They rise, hurry on their

best clothes, and trudge off, all jollity, for the fair; deeming, as they go along, that the sun shines brighter than usual on the gay occasion. They pass in pairs—John and Mary arm in arm together; and a luckless rogue he must needs be, who cannot find a fair one to accompany him. See them at the fair:—scarcely do they know which way to turn themselves. Here the drum calls to the puppet-show: there the trumpet announces the wild beasts: at this corner are the horse-riders, at that the tumblers and dancers; while the formal quack doctor in the midst is dealing forth his falsehood and his physic together; his Merry Andrew meanwhile keeping the rustics together by his quaint conceits.

Along the street, are ranged the booths for various commodities. Here are the ribbons and the mottoed garters: I love to hear the country maiden spelling out their meanings, and making comments, full of wonder, upon all she sees; for she, perhaps, has never been five miles beyond the hamlet that gave her birth, and is a total stranger to the world; here she finds a something like it—noise, cheateery, and show. I deem thee innocent, fair rustic! and therefore wish thee still the peace that rural life can give, far from the tumult and the trick of cities:—return to thy cottage life, and think not of the world.

Here are the booths for refreshment, where soon the inspiring ale makes orators of the rustics, and opens their hearts for glory. See that ploughboy, heated by his beverage, daring to shake hands with the tremendous recruiting serjeant, from whom, at any other time, he would have averted his eyes in sheepish insignificance. See! he has changed hats with him, and now receives the

serjeant's sword and a shilling together. He falls in with the other recruits, starts and staggers at the roll of the drum, and then marches off with the rest.—Now we see him again—his sister hanging upon him,

“Like Niobe, all tears,”

while he, full of ale and fancied glory, heeds her not, but, turning upon her a stupid stare, leaves her with a coarse expression, or an oath. Of all the music I meet with at a fair, the drum and fife of the recruiting party are most hateful. True it is, their tunes are measured well, and the ear is not offended by the discord of their tones; but the heart is offended, and the memory recalled to all the discord of “wideswasting war”—to all the miseries of desolated plains, of weeping widows, children left fatherless, and the thousand horrors that attend the march of glory. Oh! take away your warlike music, and leave the fair to its salt-box, to its tin horns, to its watchmen's bells and rattles: they are melody itself, compared with the music that tempts men from their comforts and their homes.

Now the rural sports begin: the boys hob for the apples; and some of them are soused over head and ears in the tub. Now comes the donkey-race, where we find more of fun than speed; now a jingling match, and now a match at grinning. Certainly a horse-collar may be very convenient to grin through; but is not that noble animal, the horse, rather insulted, than otherwise, by the twisted contortions of countenance that disgrace his appendage? The evening approaches, as if in shame, or rather in pity, just as the chemise-race is begun; and the sober folk set out on their homeward journeys—each bearing some token, the gift of parent, friend, or sweetheart, to keep up the remem-

brance of the fair. I will away with these, and leave the night sports of the fair to those who like them; too often intoxication and rude riot close the scene; but here, as in the world, let not the censure that attends the intemperate few, fall on the innocent many, who have enjoyed a happy day. BENEVOLUS.

#### *Powerful Effect of TERROR.*

BEFORE the actual breaking out of the Irish rebellion in 1798, among other modes adopted for extorting confession from persons suspected of treasonable or seditious practices, was that of whipping; and so great was the terror excited in the people by this measure, that the Rev. Mr. Gordon, in his account of that unhappy period, gives it as his opinion, that, in the neighbourhood of Gorey, (and probably in other places) they would have been extremely glad to renounce for ever all notions of opposition to Government, if they could have been assured of permission to remain in a state of quietness. A particular instance of that terror is thus related in his own words.

“On the morning of the 23d of May, a laboring man, named Dennis M'Daniel, came to my house, with looks of the utmost consternation and dismay, and confessed to me that he had taken the United Irishman's oath, and had paid for a pike, with which he had not yet been furnished, nineteen-pence-half-penny, to one Kilty, a smith, who had administered the oath to him and many others. While I sent my eldest son, who was a lieutenant of yeomanry, to arrest Kilty, I exhorted M'Daniel to surrender himself to a magistrate, and make his confession; but this he positively refused, saying that he should, in that case, be lashed to make him produce a

pike which he had not, and to confess what he knew not—I then advised him, as the only alternative, to remain quietly at home, promising, that, if he should be arrested on the information of others, I would represent his case to the magistrates. He took my advice: but the fear of arrest and lashing had so taken possession of his thoughts, that he could neither eat nor sleep; and, on the morning of the 25th, he fell on his face, and expired, in a little grove near my house.”

*The conscientious STATESMAN;  
an Anecdote.*

MR. John Temple, son of the celebrated Sir William Temple, was appointed secretary at war, by William the Third: but, having been so unfortunate as to persuade his royal master to send his friend Captain Hamilton over to Ireland, to engage Tyrconnel, then in arms, to submit, and having passed his word for his fidelity, he was so chagrined by Hamilton's perfidy in immediately joining Tyrconnel, that he sunk into a profound melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him—not even the kindness of the king, who, convinced of his integrity, forgave him his error in judgement. Under this mental depression, he, one morning, took a boat, as if designing to go to Greenwich; but, stopping at a public-house, he made up some dispatches which he had forgotten, and, returning to the boat, seized the first opportunity of throwing himself into the Thames, having previously contrived to drop a shilling and a note unperceived. The note was as follows—“My folly, in undertaking what I was not able to perform, has done the king and kingdom a great deal of prejudice. I wish him all happiness, and abler servants than  
JOHN TEMPLE.”

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 208.)

CHAP. 11.

I'm truly sorry, man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
And fellow mortal.

—— the best laid schemes o' men  
Gang aft agley,  
And leave us nought but grief and pain,  
For promis'd joy. Burns.

It is too well known, that the generality of militia regiments are officered by plain country gentlemen, unversed in military science—by needy young men, who enter them for a maintenance—or by those who wish for a becoming uniform, without liking to face the danger generally attendant upon the right of wearing it.

Of such characters were Richmond's new associates composed; and it may easily be imagined, that the superiority of the lately commissioned captain excited no small degree of envy and ill-will. The mode of his entering the regiment was also much against him, as his company had been asked for by the senior captain, for his son; and he was not a little irritated to see it otherwise bestowed. Hence originated many inquiries respecting the more successful applicant. The colonel declared he knew nothing of him, but had given the commission at his son's request; while Lord Hardsburgh, with a malignancy suited to the other parts of his character, affected to speak slightly of a man whom he found to be unpopular, saying he could give no other account of the gentleman, than that he had, in a drinking-bout, cajoled him into a promise of thus providing for him; but, as far as the sciences of whist and billiards would be a recommendation in his new

line, he could very unequivocally and feelingly give his testimony of Captain Richmond's skill in them.

Unluckily, too, except where his heart was really interested, his manners were not conciliating; and in a little time, when he perceived that every improvement in military discipline, which his previous observation enabled him to suggest, was pertinaciously opposed, through the unveiled wish of contradicting him—he sought not to conceal the contempt, with which such mean unsoldier-like behaviour inspired him.

In this unfortunate way did our ill-starred hero make his *début*, with the addition of being stigmatised as a gambler, a French spy, avowing a set of popular principles, to conceal those which he really entertained—besides other reproachful conjectures, equally remote from truth.

His first quarters were upon the eastern coast of the kingdom; and, among the many refugees driven from their native country to seek shelter in this, to whom, from his perfect knowledge of their language, he was enabled to be serviceable, were Madame D'Almenie and her mother-in-law, wife and parent to the gentleman at whose chateau in Provence he had spent some time, and been entertained with a kindness and friendship which first showed him the felicity of a domestic life, and created a degree of gratitude in his mind, which no subsequent circumstances could ever obliterate.

These ladies were in a state of great distress: their only protector had been unable to accompany them:—overcome by the fatigues and hardships of their journey, a lovely boy, of two years and a half old, died after they had embarked:—they had been plundered of all the ready cash they had about them;

and now—destitute of friends and money, and with hardly common raiment—they at length landed on the English coast.

That they should so soon meet with one who had known them in former days, seemed almost providential, while the power of being useful afforded to Frederic an alleviation to the regret of witnessing their fallen state. Upon his first intimacy at the chateau D'Almenie, he felt that admiration for its lovely mistress, which her beauty never failed to excite: but, on addressing her with the gallantry authorised by the custom of *her* country, he found her ideas were modelled according to the virtuous dignity of the fair sex in *his*; while the gentle but steady disapprobation which she evinced, impressed his mind with such a sentiment of esteem and veneration, as no personal charms would have created.

When he saw them thus degraded in a foreign country, the delicacy of his conduct prevented those doubts which their unprotected situation might otherwise have excited. Calamity conquered punctilio; and they permitted him to be their banker, till he could help them to dispose of some valuable jewels, which they had fortunately contrived to preserve.

This was hardly accomplished before his regiment was ordered down into Yorkshire: and there the amiable *émigrées* commissioned him to find out some small cheap habitation, where, besides enjoying the advantage of the sea breezes, which the delicate state of Madame D'Almenie's health rendered advisable, they might live with the frugality which their present circumstances demanded.

To that part of the kingdom, likewise, they had a particular preference, as Madame D'Almenie was

maternally descended from a respectable family in the county; and, though no communication had been preserved, she doubted not their national hospitality would prevent their disclaiming a relative, to whom their countenance and advice, till re-united to her husband, would be of essential benefit.

The mutual dissatisfaction between Captain Richmond and his brother officers being once formed, continued to increase; and, as numbers, rather than justice, influenced the opinion of disinterested people who had no concern in investigating the matter, it was taken for granted in the town where they were quartered, that an unknown individual, apparently shunned by the rest of the corps, must deserve the prejudice that existed against him.

Thus situated, he found that any pretence to get away was desirable, and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, to go to Stillerness, a village with good accommodation for bathing, about thirteen miles off. His principal object was to fulfill Madame D'Alnicie's commission: but little was he aware that the execution of it would form an æra in his life, from which a total alteration in his hopes and wishes might be dated.

At Stillerness was a little kind of hotel, where from about fourteen to eighteen persons might be tolerably accommodated; but so limited was its plan, that only one table could be provided; and, at meals, the guests always met together.

Richmond arrived just at three o' clock, and was immediately ushered into the dining-room, where, at the bottom of the table, he found himself placed among a party of brown-wigged, middle-aged men, and black-bonneted old women, with three younger ones (whom the

labors of the toilet had detained till the fish was nearly gone) so bedizened with trinkets, and bedecked with all the colors of the rainbow, that their appearance was equally disgusting and ridiculous. From the military stranger, whose arrival had, in some degree, occasioned their double decoration and delay—and whose opinions of the fair sex were delicate, even to fastidiousness—they received but a glance a-piece; and that look so sufficiently conveyed his sentiments, that they dared not pester him with their conversation.

An elderly woman, however, whom conscious wealth inspired both with courage and condescension, pressed him to eat of every thing within her reach—adding, that she was sure there was “as good a dinner as any Christian need sit down to.”—“Very likely, Madam: but it is much earlier than my heathen-like time of dining,” said Frederic.

“And I think it far too late,” rejoined another of his neighbours, “and that's just the difference between us, Captain.”

“And I say it's over hot to eat,” exclaimed another female.

“But, comfortably as you travelled, cousin,” resumed Mrs. Goodbarrow, the first speaker, “you need not complain.—She and I and my husband, Sir,” added this female orator, addressing her discourse to the new comer, “came in but just before you; or we wouldn't have *sot* higher up at table upon *no* account.—We were in our own carriage, with only my daughter Fawcett's maid and child, who (poor thing!) was quite a pleasure of a companion to us—Not but our two horses *sweat* very much: but, though they might find it sultry, I'm sure, in the inside, we were all as snug as could be.”

“And pray, Madam, do you drive



your own horses?" asked Richmond, who found he was expected to say something.

"No, Sir: never such a thing: *Peter* drives. Why, you didn't suppose we came in a gig?—I assure you, we've kept our own carriage since *Martinmas* gone a year."

"Ten times worse than the mess-room!" ejaculated Richmond to himself; and, casting his eyes round, to see if there were any thing better than brown wigs and black bonnets, he at length rested them upon a gentleman and lady at the other end of the table, who were the only people besides himself that had the appendage of a footman: and, upon inquiry, he found them to be a Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake from the neighbourhood of Nottingham, who came annually into that part of the country, to give their children the advantage of sea-bathing, and visit some near relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake were both of that civil yet common sort of characters, who are more easily to be met with than described. As such, there was nothing in their society to afford attraction to Richmond: yet, when invited by Mr. Mortlake to take coffee and play cards with him up stairs, it seemed preferable to associating with the people below; and he readily complied.

A particular fondness for the game of piquet was Mr. Mortlake's leading passion; and he constantly asked some of his inmates to his 'drawing-room—no matter who or what they were, if they would but spend a few hours at his darling amusement. His wife, always happy to please him, played, if she was wanted; but, not being equally devoted to it, occasionally escaped: and, as her company was not required on the present occasion, she ordered her carriage, and, after a drive

of about a couple of hours on the sands, returned, accompanied by one of the loveliest young women that imagination could portray.

Richmond, who (with the exception of the Mortlakes) had fancied himself among a set of demi-savages, found a sort of new-born interest, the moment he beheld this addition to the company, which made him forget that he had, only three hours before, determined not to remain longer than that night. Whether he remarked the grace of Miss Monson's appearance, when silent—or the musical tone of her voice, and animation of her countenance, when speaking—still he perceived that it was reserved for the so recently despised Stillerness to show him the most fascinating of her sex.

*(To be continued.)*

*The FLEET PRISON;  
or a CURE for EXTRAVAGANCE.  
(Concluded from page 217.)*

As sleep was a stranger to my eye-lids during the few hours that I devoted to my bed, I arose at an early hour: but, to my astonishment, on arriving at the place of destination, I perceived the house shut up.—Upon knocking at the door, it was opened by the servant whom I had terrified into obedience of orders.—The fellow shook his head, and, with an appearance of sorrow, said, "Ah! Sir! my poor mistress is no more!"—There was something so shocking in the idea of a wretch so lost to every principle of virtue being suddenly summoned into the presence of her Maker, that a sudden faintness overwhelmed me; and I was actually obliged to lean against the door.—Recovering myself, I emphatically exclaimed, "May the God of mercy have compassion upon her soul! But you, young man," I added, "who have

been receiving the wages of iniquity, recollect that repentance is still within your power; and, if you wish for a friend better capable of advising you than I am, call upon Sir William Davenport in Berkley-square."

Those principles, which, through an intimate association with immoral characters, had so long lain dormant, seemed at this moment suddenly to revive; and I could not avoid asking my own heart, if I had not cause to repent of many crimes!

—The loveliness of virtue had never struck me so forcibly, as when Maria was relating her artless tale; and the sudden death of the wicked woman who had endeavoured to destroy her peace for ever, directed my thoughts to the power of avenging Omnipotence.—Instead of seeking Malcombe, or returning to any of my morning lounges, I hastened home, and shut myself up in my apartment, where, upon taking a retrospect of my past misconduct, I found that I had more reason for contrition, than the uneducated being whom I had advised to repent.

Upon taking leave of Sir William Davenport, I had promised to call upon him between the hour of one and two: therefore, after having made some little alteration in my dress, I ordered my carriage, and in a short time was set down at his door.—Though we both resided in the same county, and were personally known to each other, yet, as our estates were thirty miles distant, no degree of intimacy had taken place: nevertheless he received me with all the warmth of friendship, and, conducting me into the library, introduced me to his lady.—If I was gratified by the ingenuous and cordial manner of Sir William, I was still more so by the urbanity and sweetness conspicuous in Lady

Davenport, whose expressions of gratitude for the services I had rendered to the amiable Maria, far exceeded what was due to me.—After conversing some time upon the subject of my last night's adventure, and lamenting the sudden death of the infamous Mrs. G\*\*\*, her ladyship said with some appearance of embarrassment, "Will you promise not to think me impertinent, if I ask whether you are perfectly satisfied with the person who has the management of your affairs?"

"Does your ladyship mean the person now residing at the Lodge," I eagerly demanded, "or Mr. Malcombe, my late tutor?"—"If I am rightly informed," replied Lady Davenport, "they are so closely connected, that you cannot be dissatisfied with one, without it affecting the other: but, short as our acquaintance is, your conduct to poor Maria has been so praiseworthy, that I cannot consider you in the light of a stranger.—The truth is, Mr. Lessington, that I have received a letter this morning from Leicestershire, containing intelligence which materially concerns you:—it is from what I term a chit-chat correspondent, who derives peculiar pleasure from detailing all the news."—At that moment the door opened, and two ladies and a gentleman were announced, who, I soon found, had come by appointment, to attend her ladyship to the Museum.—Disappointed at not receiving the intelligence which Lady Davenport was going to communicate when these, to me unwelcome, visitors arrived, I took my leave, requesting permission to wait upon her ladyship the next morning, at any hour that she might appoint.

Vexed and mortified at the interruption to our confidential conversation, and still more so at not having

seen Maria, I sent back my carriage, and strolled into Bond-street, with the image of that lovely girl possessing every idea.—“ You are the very man I have been in search of,” exclaimed Colonel Lemster, clapping me familiarly upon the shoulder.—“ Why, where the devil have you been all this morning? for I have actually called five different times at your door.”

I coolly replied that I had accidentally met with a Leicestershire acquaintance.—“ Well, my dear fellow,” he continued, “ that is not to the point. I do not mean to pry into your private secrets: but you must positively accompany me to White’s;—for Dashwood, Clavering, and half a dozen others, are waiting for us, and have commissioned me to invite you to a turtle-feast.—We mean, as you may suppose, by way of giving a whet to our appetites, to pass the intervening hours in rattling the dice.”

It was in vain that I urged a pre-engagement, and indisposition: the former was not listened to, and the latter disbelieved: and, passing his arm under mine, he absolutely declared I should accompany him, and actually dragged me to White’s.—We found, as he had informed me, a party assembled, who all began to rally me upon my pretended engagement; and all were eager to discover who my Leicestershire acquaintance was. That aversion which I had felt to gambling upon my first arrival in London, seemed to return with redoubled force: yet I had not resolution to withstand their rallery; and, with the impetuosity of passion, I seized the box.—All the fabled evils of Pandora were surely concealed in it—but, alas! without that solace, hope; for, provoked by a succession of ill-fortune, to sustain my spirits I drank unusually

hard.—At that moment I seemed one of those miserable beings who appear fated to bring destruction upon themselves; for, while my conscience impressively warned me against the two vices I was indulging, yet, in spite of her remonstrances, I continued to play and drink.—Deprived of reason, prudence, and temper, by fortune proving my enemy at every attempt I made to court her smiles—I madly exclaimed, “ I have lost all my money; and this throw decides the fate of Lessington Lodge; or, in other words, Gentlemen, I now stake it against any one who can afford to lose its real worth.”

No time was allowed for recantation. “ Done! Done!” was vociferated from several voices.—“ I’ll go your halves”—“ I’ll be a fourth with you, if you lose”—resounded from every side.—Phrensied by this too evident proof of the actual league that existed against me, I seized the box with the action of a maniac:—but the die was cast: my ruin was premeditated; and Lessington Lodge became the property of my antagonist.

A sudden faintness at that moment overwhelmed me—I reeled back a few paces, then fell upon the floor.—Of what followed I am totally ignorant; and, when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a handsome bed-room, in company with a total stranger, and a medical gentleman, who was in the act of tying up my arm.—To the operation he had performed, I am most probably indebted for the preservation of my existence, or, at any rate, for the restoration of reason; for I felt the current of my blood rushing with impetuous violence from my heart to my head.—I attempted to speak; but the surgeon forbade it, assuring me that

the continuance of my reason depended upon total quiet; while the humane stranger, in the most soothing accent, implored me implicitly to follow the salutary counsel.—Then stooping down, he added in a whisper, “I am unfortunately obliged to leave London for a few days—but I think the evidence I can give will be sufficient to restore to your possession that beautiful spot, Lessington Lodge.—Let this circumstance, however, be buried in your own bosom, until I return.”

This distant ray of hope was a balm to that agitation which my own imprudence had produced; and, as I strictly followed the advice of my skilful physician, in a few hours my fever was subdued; and, on the following evening, I returned to what I vainly considered as my home.—Upon entering it, I was accosted by two ill-looking fellows, who instantly made me their prisoner, producing writs, which actually astonished me by the immensity of the sums.

My readers will recollect, that, from a habit of indolence, I had empowered that detestable villain, Malcombe, to pay all my bills: but, upon examining the different accounts which were brought against me, I discovered that he had paid none.—My keepers, with some degree of civility, inquired whether I would be conducted to the Fleet prison, or a spunging-house; but, having no money to supply the expenses of the latter, I desired them to convey me to prison.

I will not attempt to describe the sensations which overwhelmed me when I found myself inclosed within these dismal walls: the horror of my mind, however, was certainly diminished by the pointed civility of the master of the house. He entreated me to support the vicissitude

of fortune with the firmness of a man, invited me to take supper with him, and assured me he would provide me with a good bed.

Though solitude at such a moment would have been preferable to society, yet I thought that to refuse his invitation would seem to argue a want of gratitude. I therefore said that I was ready to accompany him; and he conducted me into a handsome parlour.—As the depravity of Malcombe more deeply wounded my feelings, than the recollection of my own misconduct, I disclosed the whole of his iniquity to my companion, from the first moment of my coming into the possession of my fortune.—He listened to my recital with the most anxious solicitude;—gave it as his opinion that Colonel Leinster and he had combined their influence to produce my destruction; requested me to give him an exact description of their persons, that he might immediately send hand-bills to every port in England. I observed that the lateness of the hour would prevent him from putting this judicious scheme in practice until the following morning; but he assured me he always had people in readiness to perform that kind of business.—“And we must offer,” continued he, “a large bribe for detection—not less than five hundred pounds.”—“Five hundred pounds!” I exclaimed—“Do you recollect, Sir, that I am not master of five hundred pence? Wretch that I have been, to waste that wealth bestowed upon me for such noble purposes!—Oh! the bare recollection of my folly is insupportable!”

“In *you*, Mr. Lessington,” he replied, “I behold a young man naturally inclined to be amiable; whose virtuous principles have been subverted by the abandoned conduct

of your associates: and, if we are fortunate enough to secure the persons of the plunderers of your property, I have no doubt of being repaid. I will advance the sum proposed for their detection; and God Almighty grant that our endeavours may succeed!"

Three weeks have now nearly elapsed, since I first entered this abode of wretchedness and iniquity--and no intelligence has been obtained either of Lemster or Malcombe; and that hope, which had been inspired by the hint suggested by the stranger, alas! is nearly gone.—Yet by some invisible power I am supplied with sustenance: the generous master of this place has given me a general invitation to dine at his table: but, as my spirits are not sufficiently good to allow me to join in conversation, I take my cheerless meals alone.—From a neglected education, I have but little enjoyment in reading; and my memory, from want of application, might be compared to a sieve.—In writing alone, do I ever receive gratification: from a mere child, it has always been my favorite employment; and, as the idea struck me that *my* imprudences might operate as a warning to the young and affluent, I unhesitatingly determined to publish them

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I had just completed the last sentence, when the door opened, and the worthy master of this dismal mansion appeared, followed by Sir William Davenport, and the humane stranger.—“Do not think I have been ignorant of your misfortunes, or have not felt for your situation,” said the baronet, at the same time extending his friendly hand; “for I have been half over the kingdom to serve you, since we last met. You must not interrupt me,” he continued, perceiving me

eager to express the grateful emotions of my heart: “but I am fatigued; and, as my tale will be rather prolix, with your permission I will take a chair:” then turning to his companion, he said, “Cooper, you had better sit down.”—With a respectful bow, Mr. Cooper availed himself of the permission; while I gazed at each alternately with astonishment.—“To Cooper’s exertions, Mr. Lessington,” he added, “do I in great measure attribute the success of my plan: but, if you will grant me a little patience, I will methodically relate every circumstance.”

A bow, which, as Sterne describes, carried expression with it, and which I intended should convey both gratitude and assent, was an inducement to Sir William to commence his narrative; which he did to the following effect.

“On the day when you, Mr. Lessington, so fortunately preserved poor Maria from a fate worse than death, Lady Davenport received a letter from Leicestershire, describing you as an almost ruined man; but representing that ruin to have been occasioned by the combined nefarious practices of Malcombe and your steward.—Lady Davenport’s correspondent added, that your passion for gaming knew no bounds, and that it was reported your estate was already mortgaged for more than half its worth.

“The nobleness of your conduct to the young creature whom you had restored to our protection, interested us deeply in this report; and Lady Davenport had determined to make you acquainted with the subject of this epistle, with the friendly intent of putting you upon your guard.—This intention, you know, was frustrated by the unwelcome arrival of her friends, who

came an hour sooner than they had been expected, and whom it was impossible to leave for one moment.—You quitted our house evidently agitated and disappointed: I perceived it on your countenance, from my library window; and, calling for my hat, I determined to follow you, and give you that intelligence which my wife was unable to give.—I had nearly overtaken you, when you were accosted by Colonel Leinster, one of the most noted gamblers in town—a man, who has repeatedly been known to carry false dice about him, and, in great measure, to support the appearance of a gentleman by their use.

“I was near enough to hear him urge you to accompany him, in terms which convinced me he had some iniquitous object in view; and I hesitated for a moment whether I should not accost you, and endeavour to prevent you from being duped. Colonel Leinster, however, is a duelist, as well as a gambler; and I did not think it justifiable to hazard the loss of life even in your cause. I therefore returned home with the utmost expedition, and desired Cooper, who is my butler, to dress himself, and follow you.—I put twenty pounds into his purse, that he might play a little—knowing that he understands hazard.—I cautioned him to fix his whole attention upon your opponents, particularly Leinster; and informed him that I would have two Bow-street officers dressed in my livery, in readiness, if he observed any thing unfair.—He soon reached White’s, and the officers followed him;—but, until you rashly pledged your Leicestershire property, he was not able to discover any thing unfair; but he then saw the dice altered, and you completely beggared.—As he was quitting the room for the purpose of

summoning his attendants in waiting, you unfortunately fell to the floor; and, while he was employed in rendering you assistance, the wretches who had plundered you, inhumanly walked off.

“I need scarcely add, that the moment you were restored to recollection, Cooper left you under a surgeon’s care; and, as soon as I found my scheme had been frustrated, I consulted an eminent lawyer.—He informed me that the only method I could then pursue, was to obtain a warrant to apprehend the plunderers. This I had no difficulty in doing, upon two grounds; for, the moment you had lost your all, the abandoned Leinster hastened to your house.—There the partner of his iniquity was waiting for him; a post-chaise and four was ready prepared; and after having made themselves masters of all your valuables, these abandoned wretches set off.—The circumstance of your total ruin was soon made public; writs without number were immediately taken out; and your creditors, supposing you had never intended to pay them, were at once enraged and clamorous.—Had I attempted to satisfy their demands, I must have involved myself in difficulties; and it would have interfered with my resolution of pursuing the fugitives.—You had, doubtless, acted with imprudence and impropriety; and I thought it right you should feel the effect of it.

“While my carriage was preparing, I dispatched a letter to Mr. \* \* \*, the superintendant of this house, informing him that bills to a large amount were out against you, which, for reasons that I should assign, I did not then consider prudent to discharge. I informed him you had been shamefully plundered, and entreated him to circulate

hand-bills describing the persons of Leinster and Malcombe.—As I did not use my own horses, I travelled with great rapidity, and actually reached Portsmouth in the space of eight hours.

“ While I was pursuing my way into Hampshire, Cooper was searching the port of Chatham, and crossed over to South End; and from thence he made researches in most of the different parts of Kent.—From Portsmouth I travelled post to Plymouth, thence into Cornwall; where a letter from Cooper met me, to say he had reason to believe the fugitives were in Glamorganshire, as he had by accident discovered that Malcombe had a brother residing there.—I immediately crossed the Bristol Channel, and met my indefatigable ambassador at Gower, the place he had mentioned as the residence of Malcombe's brother.

“ Not to trespass further upon your patience, there we found the wretches we were in search of—Leinster disguised as a very old gentleman, and Malcombe disfigured by a red wig, in the character of his servant.—They had concealed their names under those of O'Brian and Killarney: the former had an admirable imitation of the Irish brogue; and so great was the difficulty we had in securing them, that we were forced to bring them up in irons.”

Here Sir William paused; and I was at length permitted to express the overflowing effusions of my heart. He then informed me that he had found a sufficient sum of money in the boxes of the delinquents, to pay the greater part of my creditors' demands. For the unprecedented exertions of Sir William Davenport, I was aware I could never make any compensation; but to his zealous dependant I felt delighted at having the power of making due

retribution; and I trust my readers will not believe me capable of ingratitude to a man who had actually preserved me from all the miseries of want.

After taking an affectionate leave of the keeper of the prison, to whom I shall ever consider myself highly indebted, I stepped into Sir William's carriage, and was received by Lady Davenport and Maria with all the warmth of real friendship.—The image of that lovely girl had never been absent from my imagination during my confinement in the Fleet: but how could a creature laden with such a long catalogue of imperfections dare to aspire to a being whose virtues elevated her so far above me? The loss of fortune I could have sustained with some degree of fortitude; but the idea of having lost such an estimable treasure by my own imprudence, became insupportable; and I candidly acknowledged the miserable state of my feelings to my estimable friend.

“ That you have suffered, severely suffered for your indiscretions,” said Sir William, “ is certain: but evil habits, my dear young friend, are not easily cured;—and, though the alliance you would form is far beyond Maria's expectations, yet, as her friend and second father, it is necessary I should witness a reform.—One twelvemonth of probation I require from you; and if, during that period, you forsake the errors of your youth, most readily will I entrust the future happiness of Maria to the only being I am persuaded she ever loved.”

Words were inadequate to express the joy I now experienced: with the most grateful emotions, I agreed to the proposal; and have now only to inform my readers, that my plan of reformation is begun; and, though the past cannot be re-

called, I trust my future conduct will prove that I am not totally lost to the sense of that dignity which attaches to the character of an orderly upright man.

*The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

(Continued from page 199.)

*Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Pembroke.—In continuation.*

MIDDLETON at length ventured to approach: Matilda held out her hand to him: he pressed it eagerly in his. "Is it thus," he cried in a faltering accent—"is it thus I meet Miss Lenox? Is it now I am to bid her farewell for ever? Surely thou art an angel, or soon wilt be so! Sweet spirit of gentleness and peace! pity a wretch whose heart is heavy within him;" and, to hide his emotion, he bowed his head on her hand. Matilda, extremely affected, replied, "Dear Middleton, you distress me. Do not alarm yourself at seeing me look so pale and thin:—I shall live: I have a thousand pleasures to look forward to; and, among the many friends that Heaven has blessed me with, Middleton is not the least esteemed."—"Best and most amiable of women! continue to me your enviable friendship: I will prize it as the dearest gift of Heaven; and, when I am far away, the idea that I am not forgotten by the valued inhabitants of Lenox Abbey, will have power to attune my soul to peace in the bitterest hour of anguish and disappointment.—Great God! I came to bid you adieu—to take my leave of you, perhaps for ever! Can this frail, this erring heart ever feel a pang equal to that which now rends it? Farewell, most dear, most respected of women—receive this last adieu!" and he raised her hand to his lips.

Matilda turned her cheek to him,

tinged with a rosy hue. "Farewell, Sir!" said she—"May the Father of mercy shield you from future misfortunes, and protect you wherever you go."

Middleton caught her with fervor in his arms, without speaking—sighed, as if his heart was breaking—hurried to the door—then waved his hand to me, and was in the carriage that waited for him in a moment. Sydney and Brudenel followed; and they immediately drove away. Matilda sunk on the sofa, pale and quite exhausted with the agitation of her spirits: she rested her head on my bosom: she wetted my neck with her tears.

We continued both silent for some considerable time; when Lady Granville joined us. This truly considerate parent would not disturb her daughter in those moments of anguish which she knew her extreme sensibility would occasion. Miss Lenox, fully sensible of the generous and affectionate behaviour of her mother, pressed her hand with rapture to her lips, saying, "My dear Madam! I cannot express the sense I have of your maternal goodness: I can only say that I will never willingly add another hour of uneasiness to the many you have experienced on my account."

Lady Granville would not hear a word of the past; and having, by her kind and soothing manner, talked her daughter into some degree of cheerfulness, Matilda proposed attending her ladyship into the drawing-room to her father and friends.

As we entered, the weak and feeble form of his daughter drew a tear into Lord Granville's eye: and the distress of his soul vented itself in the most affecting words—"My dear child! your pale face wrings your father's heart with anguish! Matilda! dear Matilda! for mine and



your mother's sake, endeavour to be well: smile once more upon us; and bless me with the return of that serene expression of happiness which once enlivened those dear features."

My poor friend was quite overpowered by this unexpected address: she sunk into his lordship's arms: but, presently recovering herself, she assured him she was well, and that a short time, she flattered herself, would restore her former strength and healthy appearance. "I have," continued she, "but one request to make to my indulgent father; and your ready acquiescence to my wish will make your child happy."

"Oh! name it, my Matilda!" replied my Lord eagerly.—"My daughter cannot make an improper request; and I live but to see my children happy."

"Then, my Lord," answered Matilda, "may I entreat that you will never insist on my forming a connexion to which my heart is averse? Nor will you, my dear Madam," (turning to Lady Granville) "endeavour, by your gentle persuasions, which would be infinitely more distressing than your absolute commands could be, to make me consent to a union that may be utterly repugnant to the feelings of my soul? Comply but with this the dearest wish of my heart; and your daughter will never give to parents so very dear and condescending one moment's uneasiness on account of an unfortunate attachment."

"It was never my design," returned my Lord, "in so important a point as that of an establishment for life, to lay my commands on my children; though I own it is my wish to see you both married.—Do you, my love, mean to make a vow of passing your days in celibacy?"

"No, my Lord: I only wish to spare my heart the pain which en-

treaty and persuasion from those I love would occasion me, when my soul is averse to their solicitations. I wish not to give my hand in marriage, till my heart is free from the entanglements of perhaps an improper prepossession."

"Be happy, and in your own way, my dear girl!" cried my Lord: "and know that your father has no wish but to promote his children's felicity."

My long, my melancholy tale is now, my dear Charlotte, nearly finished.—Time, which spreads its sovereign influence over all mankind, will, I trust, bring a return of those jocund days that I once passed at the Abbey. Time will lessen that pensive expression which every sentimental mind may read in the languid eyes of Miss Lenox.

"Prolix enough you have been," methinks I hear you say—"and yet have strangely omitted one very material circumstance."—I understand you, my fair friend, and will endeavour to account to you for my silence on that particular. It would have made many breaks in my narrative, had I mentioned from time to time the success of our inquiries after the original cause of all our troubles. But know, my gentle Pembroke, that all the circumstances of this dark affair are now come to light—even the hand which inflicted the wounds on the good, the kind, the irreproachable Middleton. Oh! 'tis a piteous tale! Some time, but not now, I will send it to you.—Lord Beaumont is returned to his lady: but Mr. La Roche still lingers in the vale of St. Cas. Mr. Fortescue, by his particular desire, is to pay him a visit, at this favorite retirement, before he gives it up to the purchaser; for it was sold before Lord Beaumont quitted France.—My brother, Lenox, and Edward

Fortescue, are preparing for a trip to the continent. On their departure, I return to Stanley Grove, my long-neglected home. Charlotte, you will meet me there. Miss Lenox will accompany me: her wan cheek will draw the tear of soft compassion from your eye; and her tender melancholy will temper the fire of your vivacity. Tell Emma, your gentle sister, I bring a being of a superior order in my hand—which, I hope, will insure to me the pleasure of her company:—tell her, 'tis her sister excellence, that one soul animates both their bodies—but with this difference—that Emma, all good, kind, and benevolent as she is, has never tasted the bitter cup of adversity; while our fair unfortunate has been exquisitely miserable. But I will not anticipate the pleasure you will taste on reading her history at length, which I will send you in a few days.—In all this enormous packet, not one word of a lover, and a favored lover too! It is even so, Charlotte; yet Hastings never was dearer to me than at this moment. The gentleness and goodness of his heart discover themselves hourly. He has endeared himself to me by his generous friendship for the unfortunate Middleton.

Adieu, my sweet friend! I find a gloom on my spirits: my heart, though devoted to one man, yet feels a void at the absence of another. All our little parties are now imperfect: whether walking, reading, or in our concerts, we cast our eyes wistfully around: he that heightened the pleasure of every scene, is absent. Middleton was our first performer in the musical line, both as to taste and execution. Even Matilda's fine tones do not give the pleasure they were wont to do: her voice is broken and tremulous; and there is something so soft

and plaintive in her manner, as is not to be described.—Once more adieu, my dear Charlotte! Remember me affectionately to your Emma; and tell her I will soon fulfill my promise, and send the tale that will more immediately affect her than you.—Ever affectionately yours,

LOUISA FALKLAND.

*Mr. Middleton, to Sir Henry Hastings.  
Rosemount.*

I FIND it utterly impossible, Sir Henry, to imitate the conduct of my friend Sydney: it would be destructive of my peace of mind to follow yours.—Love, with all its softness and refinement, is a passion that may very properly be indulged by such as you. Passionately devoted to a most amiable and interesting object, fortune smiles propitious on your wishes; and a short time will make you the happiest of mortals. But why, O too generous Hastings! do you hint at the possibility of what I ought never to think of? I must think of love as a golden dream, which, to me, can never be realised.—Miss Lenox, you tell me, recovers daily. The pleasing intelligence is delight to my soul:—the world would have been a desert to me; had the fair Matilda quitted it; though I may possibly never see her more, till that time when death shall level all distinctions. Oh! Hastings! still this fond weakness hangs about me; but this will be the last letter on a subject on which I am conscious of the folly of suffering my mind to dwell. What had I to do with love—I, an alien, an outcast from society? Had not a nobleman, more conspicuous for his virtues than his fortune, raised me from nothing, and made me what I am, I must flee—I must quit the kingdom.—My situation stares me in the face more fearfully than ever.—The wide world is open before me.—Shall

man, the boasted lord of the creation, grow fat on the good things of this life, vegetate, and die?—My patron! my generous benefactor! I will do something, that shall at least faintly speak my gratitude, or never see the beloved circle of my friends again.

Lord Malcombe's estate lies mostly in Scotland, which, though his native country, he has not visited for many years; but has trusted the management of his affairs there to a man who has one eye for his master's interest, and two for his own. There is the greatest reason to think this Scotchman has not discharged his trust with honor. My Lord is by nature easy: he dislikes going so far from home, and dreads coming to an open rupture with a haughty vindictive man.—I would fain make this matter easy to him. I am not totally ignorant of the value of land; and I know something of agriculture. My heart beats quick with the hope that it may be in my power to be of some service to him, to whom I am under such infinite obligations.

How have I hitherto passed my life? I am ashamed to ask myself the question. In the Highlands of Caledonia I shall have time to study philosophy: reason will there have power to temper my passions with prudence: a constant view of those barren mountains will aid my endeavours to soften the haughtiness of my mind. You ask me concerning my health:—my constitution is a good one; and I have nearly regained my former bodily strength. My future destination in life once settled, I feel my mind more at ease: I can think of Miss Lenox with some degree of composure: it is my pride that I esteem and love her:—I would avow my passion in the presence of her father.—Lord Granville

knows little of the soul of Middleton, if he thinks there is any thing to fear in me.—I would not accept the hand' of his beloved daughter, were he to offer her to me; and Miss Lenox would lessen herself infinitely in my esteem, did she consent to unite her high blood with the contaminated stream that flows in the veins of an humble dependant.—A sincere and refined friendship is all I wish to possess. With what inimitable grace, and harmony of voice, did she wish me happiness, did she bid me adieu!—Too busy memory! why do you linger so long on those fond scenes, that are past, never to be renewed?

Next week I leave Rosemount.—I go to Lord Malcombe: I shall then acquaint him with my desire of visiting Scotland, and flatter myself I shall gain his consent to the completion of a plan on which I have set my mind. I will write to you before I quit London; and then Heaven knows when you will hear from me again.

Adieu, dear Sir Henry! Tell your lovely Lady Falkland, I never can forget the honor she did me, in her delicate attention during my illness. Happy Hastings! to spend thy life with such a being as this. Tell Lord Granville—tell my Lady—ah! what can I bid you say?—my heart is with them. Tell the too charming Matilda—(my hand trembles, my pen feebly performs its office)—tell her—and you will tell her true—there is not that being on earth who more sincerely wishes her happy, than I do.

You will ask if this is my philosophy!—Alas! I fear it is merely speculative. “The laurel,” (to use the words of my admired author) “which fancy had wreathed about my brow,” already begins to fade. I trust it will bloom afresh, when I am

far away from the fascinating objects that at present enchant me.—Once more adieu! and believe me to be your most sincerely devoted humble servant,

H. MIDDLETON.

(*To be continued.*)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page 211.*)

“ GENEROUS partners of my misfortunes! gallant warriors, who burn with ardor to fight in your country’s cause! follow me; and I will conduct you to your native soil. Though the approach to it is barred against us by land, the sea presents to us a ready entrance. I do not mean to conceal from your knowledge the dangers which await us; for I know that I speak to a band of heroes. Through the perils of the sea, we go to encounter still more dreadful perils on our landing. It is only at the expense of your blood that you will regain possession of your homes, with the enjoyment of liberty; and it is only at the same price that you will be able to maintain the possession.

“ Do you ask me, while preparing to attack a power which strikes the trembling universe with awe, whether all our provinces are ready to rise and second our valour—whether numerous allies offer us an unfailing resource? . . . Aided by foreign auxiliaries, we first entered the arduous career: at present two provinces only—but they are two Batavian provinces—set the glorious example, arise in arms, and invite us to join them. A friend, truly worthy of that appellation, the virtuous Coligni, affords us his support. Genlis, and those Gallic warriors, who by our sides made their first steps towards liberty, and participated in our misfortunes—far from abandoning us at the moment when

our dangers are renewed, and become more alarming—still undauntedly continue partners of our fate. These are our only allies: but exalted courage supplies the place of numbers, and renders a small band of such heroes equal to a multitudinous army; and you hear the voices of your compatriots, of your wives, of your children, of your friends, of the manes of your fathers—the voices, in fine, of liberty and of your country.

“ In ancient days, the traveler was wont to arrest his course to survey with reverential admiration the tombs at Thermopylæ, and read this inscription—“ Go, announce to Sparta that here we lie the willing victims of obedience to her sacred laws!” Nor need we doubt, that, obedient to the oracular admonition uttered by those tombs, and accompanied as it were by the glorious shades of the heroes who slept beneath them, he announced the tidings at Sparta, and in every country which he visited on his way.

“ Should it be our fate, gallant warriors! to perish in the struggle against this modern Xerxes, who proudly exults in his power to cover our plains with his battalions, and our seas with his fleets, even after death our buried remains will yet inspire and animate the contest. But how glorious will be our laurels, if the Batavians, emancipated by their valour and their virtues, triumph over the despot and his numerous armies! A tutelar deity, Liberty herself, will display her broad banner full in view—will guide our ships in their course—will fight by our sides, and render us invincible.”

He ceased; and shouts of loud acclaim resounded through the vault of heaven. The Batavians and their Gallic allies poured forth the joyous pæans of victory, as if they had al-

ready surmounted all their difficulties, and the day were now come which crowned their toils with the glorious meed of liberty. Immediately the warrior train begin to prepare for their departure.

“Cease,” said William to the Batavians, whom he found busied in burnishing their arms—“cease your needless care: the courage, the strength, of those who brandish those weapons, will give certainty and effect to their strokes: at present let us think of nought but commencing our career: in such an enterprise as engages our attention, a day unprofitably wasted is a day lost to glory.”

The warriors buckle on their arms without delay.

Meanwhile Coligni, Henry, and the Gallic chiefs, crowd around William, and, by their looks, seem to solicit him to defer for a while the moment of their separation. The hero, affected to the soul, keeps his eyes long riveted on his generous friends, unable to give utterance to the sentiments which glow in his bosom. but at length, recovering from his emotion, “Dear Coligni!” said he, “you see my regret; nor could I overcome it, if the voice of my country did not speak so energetically to my heart. The universe has witnessed our misfortunes: it is now time that mankind should behold our triumphs, or that a more glorious fall should immortalise our fame. In the midst of our disasters, it seemed as if the hand of some guardian genius, pointing out to us the bosoms of our undaunted friends as the surest haven to shelter the shattered remains of our shipwrecked fortunes; conducted us to thy camp, that from thy persevering fortitude we might derive an exemplary lesson to support and animate our own. Coligni! let Tyranny

tremble on beholding us again in arms, after we have parted from your embraces. But, if my words have aught of influence on your mind—the last words perhaps that you shall ever hear from my lips—trust not to the peace which is tendered to you by the artful Medici. You are not ignorant that hatred, in the bosoms of princes, is not so suddenly succeeded by friendship: you are now about to encounter at court a more tempestuous, a more treacherous ocean, than that to which we are preparing to expose our fortunes and our lives. Alas! why am I not allowed at once to gratify the different inclinations of my heart—to ward off at the same time the bloody sword which is levelled at the breasts of my countrymen, and that by which you are threatened? . . . .

“Receive my adieux, thou generous prince, who hast lavished on me such flattering testimonies of thy esteem and friendship—thou, who, at so early an age, hast supported us under our calamities, and increased the ardor with which we burn to succour our country, and defend the cause of human nature groaning under oppression. Long may'st thou live, to employ thy every thought in promoting the happiness of France! Should fate at a future day place thee on that throne which has too often been the seat of crime, let the admiring world behold in thee a second Titus. . . . .

“Coligni! how painful to our friendship is the present moment! What a debt of gratitude we owe for your seasonable aid! but how pleasing to receive such assistance from a generous hand—from the hand of him who is dear to our hearts! Gratitude and friendship shall direct our steps in the paths of virtue and glory: you shall participate in the renown which awaits us; and if, after I

am numbered with the dead, any trophy be erected to honor my tomb, whoever comes to view it shall be taught to pronounce the name of Coligni; and the mention of that name will afford ample gratification to my shade."

Henry, deeply affected, exclaimed—"Nassau! were I not bound by the most powerful ties to my country and to Coligni, I would, in obedience to the call of glory and of friendship, attend thy steps to the end of thy career—would unite my fortune with thine—and thy laurels should be my laurels, or thy grave should also be mine. . . . Often shall fond memory repeat to me those conversations in which time glided imperceptibly away, without leaving any other trace of its duration, than the regret of their being too soon concluded."

Coligni, unable to control the crowd of tumultuous emotions which struggle in his breast, rushes into the arms of his friend. "And must we then part?" said he with faltering voice.—"I know not what secret presentiment hangs lowering o'er my mind, and tells me this is the last time I shall ever clasp thee to my bosom. Am I to attend to the inward suggestion? and on which of our heads is the deadly stroke to fall? . . . . The peaceful olive invites me to repose under its shade: but I descry a latent snake, whose curly spires environ its trunk, and whose eyes and tongue are so many poisonous darts:—perhaps the olive is to be drenched with my blood. Genuine courage cannot long be dismayed at the sight of danger; and my refusal to appear at court might be construed into a proof that I had insincerely made a pretended peace. I am determined therefore to try whether candor can for once disarm fraud. Hapler is

thy lot, who art only to meet thy enemy, sword in hand! My thoughts shall ever follow thee; and my heart will participate in all thy dangers. Meanwhile let my sword accompany thee; and, wielded by thy hand, may it acquire immortal splendor from the overthrow of tyranny! . . . . Go, my dearest friend! . . . . And you, illustrious Batavians! . . . . the fire which sparkles in your eyes, is to me a sure pledge of your noble achievements; and the laurels which I have already seen reaped by your hands, afford me an infallible presage of the trophies which fate has in reserve for you."

He said, and stretched forth his sword to William, who received it with the most lively satisfaction. At the same time Henry presented to Maurice a stately charger richly caparisoned. Maurice admires the generous steed, nimbly springs upon his back, and burns to rush with him to the dangers of the field.

While the chiefs spent the unheeded moments in these affecting adieux, the Batavians in arms, together with Genlis and the Gallic bands who courted the honor of attending those warriors, sallied forth on the plain, conducted by the brothers of Nassau, and mounted on fleet coursers. At first, impatient for the moment of departure, they clashed their clanging arms: but, soon participating the sentiments which the friendly chiefs expressed to each other, they were hushed to respectful silence, and stood motionless around.

Meanwhile the immense plain which the Batavians were to traverse, presents the majestic spectacle of Coligni's army drawn out in battle-array—the last token of respect which that chief pays to his illustrious guests. An honor, less brilliant indeed, but not less

flattering, is still in reserve for them. From the bosom of the peaceful hamlet where the heroes lately enjoyed the rural festival, advance the village train whom they had admitted to an association in the entertainment. At their head appears Adelaïs, who, on approaching William, presents to him, in their name, a wreath of blooming laurel.

At that sight, the countenances of the Batavians and of their Gallic allies glow with martial ardor, and their ranks are instantly in motion. William mounts his steed, and, brandishing the sword of Coligni, gives the signal of departure. The warrior train immediately commence their march: martial music resounds the triumphs which crown successful valour—the brazen mouths of war alternately rend the skies with their mimic thunders—and the vaulted dome of heaven re-echoes with repeated shouts of “Victory! Victory to the Batavians!”

The cohorts now advance on their way: the chiefs still commune with each other by the interchange of expressive looks, and continue to seek each other with their eyes, even when no longer distinguishable; while the prayers of the Gallic warriors and of the innocent inhabitants of the hamlet, now wafted to their ears in a confused murmur of friendly approbation, long accompany the heroic band.

*(To be continued.)*

#### *Strictures on PUPPYISM.*

*(From a work now in the press, entitled, “Vaga, or a View of Nature, containing a Sketch of modern Egypt; with subjoined Essays on important Subjects,” by Mrs. PECK, Author of the “Maid of Avon,” the “Welch Peasant Boy,” &c. &c.)*

PUPPYISM, as I take it, is a term of contempt, and odious in society.

—There are two descriptions of fools—the mischievous and the harmless; but the puppy is always offensive, and always hurtful to himself and others. He is, in his several dispositions, a pest-house; for he infects, and, by force of the example which he sets, inoculates the weak and the unthinking with the plague of his own evil propensities and absurdities.—The puppy is false to God and nature; for he blackens the fair presence of truth with lying sarcasm, and distorts not only his mind, but his person.—The puppy is at once a reptile and a beast; for venom is in him, and he is open-mouthed for prey.—The puppy is a cannibal; for he feeds on his fellow, and devours his own kind.—The puppy excels in all monkey-tricks, and is a master of mimicry, buffoonery, and other contemptible acquirements.—He exhibits gratis, for the diversion of the public; and his acting is a union of tragedy and comedy, because he as often raises a laugh against himself, as he causes tears to flow.—The puppy is malicious; and to his ignorance and stupidity we may attribute his impudence.—He affects to despise that excellence, which he is assured his own dull capacity can never reach; and, smarting under the ignominy of the whip, he would be a scholiast, a commentator, a critic, and, “like the beetle, soars aloft;” but, presently finding his level, he falls with additional disgrace.—The puppy sneers and winks away the good name of many an innocent, but thoughtless woman. The puppy is endowed with contrary qualities, and looks like a monster in nature; as if he were of both sexes. He is the rudest of the rude, in the masculine sense; and, in the feeble effeminacy of his mind, he may be said to vie with this part of the female character; and, in

point of chit-chat, tea-table prattle, dress, and fashions, dispute the prize with the weakest Lady Imbecile that ever performed for the amusement of the company—by screams at the sight of a spider, hysterics, soft swoonings, &c. &c.!!!—The infantine constitution of these gentlemen will not admit of their taking up arms, because they are not able to bear them. My Lord Betty is as gentle as an ass; for he will suffer to be beaten, with the sweetest pliancy of temper. A tender male he is, soft for mercy, and modest through fear.—I will speak plainly—The petty gentlemen are pernicious weeds in the garden of society, choking its best produce, and ought to be torn up by the roots. Women (if they would) might put down puppism, by their displeasure; after the example of the Athenian ladies, who entered into a resolution to withhold their favor and their smiles from such men as should prove enemies to their country.

—  
*The Grand-daughter of the  
 Poet CHURCHILL.*

THE daughters of *Sensibility*, who honor our pages with their perusal, will, no doubt, feel a lively, and (we trust) an *active* interest excited in their bosoms by the following extract from the "*Anti-jacobin Review*" of last month.

If the assertion of Johnson be true, that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors," may it not be hoped that an enlightened nation will identify its own greatness with the prosperity of its literary men and their posterity? When the grand-daughter of Milton was discovered in poverty, a generous emulation appeared, who should be foremost to honor the memory of the great epic poet, by befriending

his aged and indigent descendant. This was worthy of a people proud of their literary greatness. A similar occasion now calls for similar benevolence. The grand-daughter of *Charles Churchill*—of a writer not excelled by any for vigor of imagination, and for a manly independence of character—is, at this moment, languishing in poverty, sinking under accumulated embarrassments, with the added pain of beholding a mother the sharer of her afflictions. The sum of *one hundred pounds* would not only relieve them from the threatened terrors of a prison, but enable the daughter to avail herself of peculiar advantages she possesses to support herself and mother. Born in France, the victim and survivor of all the horrors that marked the progress of the French revolution, she has now, in her twentieth year, visited the soil of her ancestors, hoping to subsist, by her industry, in the country that has been adorned by the writings of her progenitor. A series of minute difficulties, which now, in the aggregate, amount to a total inability to escape utter ruin, unless relieved by the generosity of private individuals, has prevented her hitherto from exerting her abilities in the task of teaching the French language, to which she is eminently competent from her long residence in France, from the purity of her pronunciation, and from her equal skill in the English tongue. Fettered by difficulties, she cannot make the first step in that path, which, once entered, would lead to decent competence for herself and mother: but it is anxiously hoped that this appeal will not be fruitless, and that the individual who has ventured to make her situation known, will be enabled, by the benevolence of those whom this



address may reach, to impart relief and consolation to the virtuous and the afflicted. W. MUDFORD.

No. 13, Union Street,  
Somers Town.

\* \* \* Any particulars that may be wished, and which, from motives of delicacy, should rather be the object of a private than a public communication, will be cheerfully imparted by Mr. Mudford to those who may interest themselves in the subject.

#### Social VIRTUES.

(From Dr. COGAN'S "Ethical Treatise on the Passions.")

THE cultivation of prudence, justice, benevolence, in all their branches, is not merely of some importance; it is absolutely necessary to the possession and diffusion of that extensive good, after which we so ardently pant; to attain which our nature is rendered capable; and of which vice is the venom and the canker. It is a fact, which no one can deny, that the regular and steady practice of every virtue would raise human felicity to the most exalted state of perfection. Were every man prudent, extensively and uniformly, he would extract the greatest possible good from every possible situation. He would arrive and repose at the true point of enjoyment, perfectly secure from the numberless vexations, disappointments, and horrors, in which the imprudent are so frequently involved. Were every man just and upright, each individual would march with a firm step in paths of perfect peace:—all the irritated, irritating, and malignant passions would subside:—man would no longer be a terror to man:—the voice of lamentation would seldom be heard, and the voice of reproach would be for ever silent. Were every man benevolent, he would alleviate the nume-

rous wants, and mitigate the distresses which justice itself was impotent to relieve; and confer greater enjoyments, than it is in the power of justice to protect. Benevolence is the virtue of a feeling heart, and it renders the feeling heart of the befriended object peculiarly happy, by the inspiration of those delightful affections, love, friendship, gratitude, and complacency. By universal discretion, minuter injuries and displeasures would be unknown; mutual confidence would be diffused over every part of our social intercourse: we should travel smoothly through every stage of our existence, strangers to the rude shocks of impertinence and indiscretion; assiduously and successfully studying our mutual accommodations on the road. It is this virtue of discretion, which forms the basis of what is termed politeness, in genteel circles; which is so attractive and engaging, that it is frequently presented and accepted, as a substitute for more substantial virtues. The semblance of good-will displayed by an urbanity of manners is found to be more captivating, than greater benefits, conferred with a roughness in the mode, which approaches to an indiscretion.

#### MEDLEY

*Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

*Algerine Friendship*—The ancients ranked friendship as one of the most exalted of human virtues; and various are the noble instances which history records of its effects. Even Dionysius, the Syracusan tyrant, was so struck with the attachment which subsisted between Damon and Pythias, that he pardoned the former, though previously condemned to suffer death—More modern times, however, display the force of friendship in a light no less admirable and disinterested; for, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty eight, when the French were bombarding Algiers, a most





*Groundless Jealousy*

magnanimous instance of attachment was displayed by an Algerine captain.—The besieged having withstood the attack of the besiegers, gave way to the most unbounded indulgence of cruelty and revenge: they fed their prisoners alive to the mouths of their cannon, and many were compelled to suffer a much more lingering death. A French officer, of the name of Choiseul, being destined to expire by a cannon-ball, an Algerine captain, his particular friend, in vain applied to his sovereign to have the cruel sentence revoked.—Finding entreaties of no avail, in the agony of his feelings he resolved to try the effects of force; and, when the executioners of this cruel mandate were attempting to chain the Frenchman to the mouth of the cannon, he three times rescued him by force.—At length finding himself overpowered by numbers, he entangled himself in Choiseul's chains, exclaiming, "I die for, as I cannot serve my friend and benefactor, we will both share the same fate!"—The Dey, who witnessed this noble proof of attachment, called aloud to his soldiers not to fire, instantly granted a pardon to the Frenchman, and applauded the magnanimity of the Algerine.

*Old Bachelors.*—Of those unsocial beings, who suffer some of the fairest objects of creation to pine on the virgin throne, a very respectable writer thus expresses himself: "Their passions are in unison with the frozen regions of the arctic circle, and their sympathies with those timid animals, that are frightened at their own resemblance, and who never think themselves safe, but in solitude. They eat their morsels alone, and call it happiness."

*License of a British Sailor, recorded by the Author of "the Man of Feeling."*—As I was walking, on a rainy morning, through one of the back streets in the city, I was struck with the melancholy figure of a blindman, who was endeavouring to excite charity by ballad-singing.—While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain necessity compelled him to chaunt, a sailor, who came whistling by, stopped, and purchased a ballad from him—"God preserve you!" cried the blindman—"for I have not tasted a morsel of bread this blessed day!"—The sailor instantly looked around him, and, perceiving a baker's shop, sprang up four steps, and returning as rapidly, forced a small loaf into the blindman's

hand.—I was so affected with this amiable act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back; and, taking out all the silver I had about me, (which, I think, amounted only to four shillings) "Thy nobleness of soul and goodness of heart," said I, "make me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony of my esteem and regard."—"God bless your noble honor!" said the sailor—"and thank you, but we will divide the prize-money fairly."—Then, stepping back to the object of his compassion, he put a couple of shillings into his hand, and, clapping him upon the shoulder, added, "Here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you: so get into harbour, and make yourself warm; and keep your hum-strum for a drier day than this."

*The royal Sportsman.*—When princes receive the admonitions of their subjects with temper, it is a striking proof of the natural goodness of their hearts.—Alonzo the Fourth, king of Portugal, was so entirely devoted to the pleasures of the chase, that he gave up the management of public affairs for the uninterrupted enjoyment of them.—Business of the greatest moment, however, at length demanded his presence in the council: but, instead of appearing interested in the affairs of state, he began to describe the enjoyments he had derived from the sports of the field; upon which, a nobleman of the first distinction addressed him in the following words—"Courts and camps, sire, were allotted for kings, not woods and deserts.—Even the affairs of private men suffer, when recreation is preferred to business: but, when whims or pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin.—We came here for other purposes, than to hear the exploits of the chase.—If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances, of your people, you will find them obedient subjects: if not . . ."—"It not!" exclaimed the king, with rage impressed upon his countenance—"If not," replied the nobleman, in a decided tone, "they will look for another and a better king to govern them."—Indignant at this bold assertion, Alonzo darted out of the room, but returned in a few moments, tranquil and composed. "I perceive," said he, "the justice of what you have

told me: he who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot expect to have faithful subjects.—Remember, from this day I am no longer Alonzo the sportsman, but Alonzo the king of Portugal.”

*Improved Cooking-Apparatus.*—Mr. Deakin, of St. John Street, West Smithfield, has obtained a patent for an improved kitchen-range, comprising, in a small compass, and at a moderate expense, an oven, a perpetual boiler, a convenient movable steaming-apparatus, a portable still, and an ironing-stove.—A register above, to regulate the draught, and prevent the fall of soot, is also calculated to prevent the chimney from smoking, and to extinguish it, if on fire.—From the

boiler, a warm bath may be supplied with steam at the distance of forty feet.

*List of the present Theatres in London,* which, taken at the lowest calculation, contain, as follows—Covent garden Theatre, 3,000 persons—Drury-lane Theatre, (supposing it built) 2,800—Opera-house, 3,500—Panthcon, 3,000—Little Theatre, Haymarket, 1,800—Lyceum, 2,000—Surrey Theatre, 2,500—Astley's Olympic, 1,500—Astley's Amphitheatre, 2,500—Sadler's Wells, 2,200—Sans Pareil, 1,500—Regency Theatre, Tottenham street, 1,600—Royalty, 1,600.—Total, 29,500.—Here then we have 13 theatres in this metropolis, capable of containing near 30,000 spectators.

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## POETRY.

### BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.

Grace, face; Smile, beguile; Charm,  
harm; Receive, believe; Remain, chain;  
Bands, hands; Sight, light; Kind, re-  
fined.

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### *The History of the VIOLET.*

*Addressed to Mrs B\*\*\*\*, and occasioned  
by her presenting one that was faded, to  
the Author.*

By J. N. LACEY, Author of the “*Farm-  
House, and other Poems.*”

YOU bid me sing a faded flow'r—  
A violet, sweet as Beauty's breath:  
You bid me consecrate the hour  
That yielded up its bloom to death.

And so I will: but feeble lays  
Will come to deck the violet's tomb:  
Unknown the bard who speaks its praise,  
Who mourns his much lov'd flow'ret's  
doom.

Its history this—In early spring  
It rose amid a shelter'd bow'r,  
There wide its odors round did fling,  
Till Beauty came, and pluck'd the  
flow'r.

A little while its petals pale  
Appear'd to smile on Beauty's breast:  
Its sweetness scented spring's soft gale,  
While all around spoke peace and rest.

But soon, alas! its modest head  
Droop'd o'er the bosom where it lay!  
Still was the flow'ret sweet, though dead—  
Sweet as the balmy hours of May!

Its grave so bright, so soft, so warm,  
Would bid us envy such a death:—

Thus was it snatch'd from Nature's storm,  
To die, inhaling Beauty's breath!

And, Lady! sometimes beauty's doom  
Resembles much the fragile flow'r:  
It blooms belov'd!—too oft its bloom  
Lives not beyond youth's early hour.

Yet, when the fair one droops and dies,  
Blessings shall hang upon her name:  
Her virtuous soul shall seek the skies,  
And live in everlasting fame!

For virtue, like the flow'r in death,  
With all its sweetness doth survive;  
'Tis as it were a sainted breath,  
And, long as mem'ry lasts, 'twill live.  
*April, 1812.*

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### *Address of the GENIUS of the MORNING, to the SLUGGARD.*

By Mr. JOHN WEBB, Author of “*Ha-  
verhill,*” and other Poems:

SLUGGARD! from thy couch arise!  
Chase soft slumbers from thy eyes;  
Nor thy active senses steep  
In the balmy dew of sleep,  
While the scenes of morn delight,  
Pregnant with serene delight.

Night retires before young day:  
Cynthia hides her silver ray:  
Morn's fair star, that gild the sky,  
Veils her bright resplendent eye:  
Tears pellucid deck the thorn,  
Dropp'd from lid of “meek-ey'd Morn.”

Though I boast celestial birth,  
Yet I deign to visit earth.  
When each purple morning springs,  
I descend on agile wings,

Bright and dazzling to behold—  
 Ev'ry plume bedropp'd with gold.  
 Lo! day's king, in glory dress'd,  
 Mounts refulgent in the east.  
 See his golden radiance streams!  
 Teeming nature hails his beams.  
 While the lark, on dewy wings  
 Soaring up, at "heav'n gate sings"—  
 Linnets, blackbirds, and the thrush,  
 Render vocal ev'ry bush.

Haste!—Sweet Flora's lovely train  
 Spot with gold the velvet plain—  
 Range you lily silver'd vale:  
 Breathe the pure salubrious gale.  
 But, if Nature charm not thee,  
 Nor the wood's wild minstrelsy,  
 Rise, and to the hills repair;  
 For the goddess Health is there.

Rise! and clasp her in thy arms:  
 She has captivating charms,—  
 Blest with her, thou may'st defy  
 The stern frowns of poverty:  
 But, bereft of her fine glow,  
 What has Fortune to bestow?  
 What are titles, fame, or wealth,  
 Balanc'd with that jewel—Health?

## Lines

addressed to Master LAMBERT WEST,  
 on his completing his eighth year,  
 June 7, 1812.

No longer, dear Lambert, can true friend-  
 ship trace [that face;  
 The sweet smile of childhood adorning  
 For the smile of intelligence radiant ap-  
 pears, [years;  
 Disclosing a mind, which is ripe for its  
 A smile, which now seems most expres-  
 sive to say, [ray—  
 You now feel the force of reason's bright  
 While the mind now expands to the view,  
 like a rose, [disclose.  
 When the rays of the sun its beauties  
 'Tis thus, my dear Lambert, instruction  
 displays [ardent rays,  
 The pow'rs of the mind; and, like Sol's  
 It draws forth a gem from bright intel-  
 lect's mine, [liantly shine,  
 And, by polishing, makes it more bri-  
 Yet, while polishing, Lambert, I hope,  
 and I trust, [just;  
 You'll learn to be moral, religious, and  
 For these are the helm and support of  
 your state; [great,  
 And by these alone, can you hope to be  
 May I, my dear Lambert, each year see  
 you shine [term divine!  
 In those virtues, which moralists oft  
 May your breast with affection and duty  
 o'erflow! [you owe  
 For affection and duty are debts, which

To parents, who study your joy and your  
 peace, [to increase  
 And whose happiness you have the pow'r  
 These lines as a tribute of friendship I  
 pay,  
 As I hail the glad morn of your ninth  
 natal day. M. P.

## ELLEN ADAIR.

Tune, "Robin Adair."

By J. M. L.

ONCE, when my soul was sad,  
 Ellen was nigh.  
 She bade my breast be glad:  
 She sooth'd my sigh.  
 Then peace, on downy wing,  
 Check'd ev'ry sorrow's sting;  
 For then you smil'd on me,  
 Ellen Adair!

Heav'n dwells within her eye:  
 Grace fills her form:  
 Her heaving bosom's sigh  
 Stoics might warm.  
 Her cheeks of roseate hue  
 Health's purest pencil drew:—  
 But, ah! thy heart is cold,  
 Ellen Adair!

Else, why my vows refuse—  
 Vows fond as true?  
 Else, why that love abuse,  
 Felt but for you?  
 Oh! fickle fair! you'll find,  
 Love seldom fills man's mind,  
 True as is mine, unkind  
 Ellen Adair!

Still though my beating heart  
 'T brobs no more free—  
 Still though its bitter smart  
 Is all for thee—  
 E'en though Death lingers nigh,  
 Still shall my latest sigh  
 Be a fond pray'r for thee,  
 Ellen Adair!

Completion of the BOUTS RIMÉS proposed  
 in our Magazine for April.

Addressed to a Lady—By J. M. L.

BID not thy beauteous brow to lour:  
 For, oh! it has o'er me such pow'r,  
 Its frown would fill my soul with care.  
 Oh! bid me not thy presence shun:  
 As soon could nature lose its sun,  
 As I thine absence bear.

To see thee smile—to know that ease  
 Pours through thy breast her pow'r to  
 please,  
 Is dear to me as life or love.  
 Bliss such as this is all I crave:—  
 Give glory to the great and brave:—  
 Peace let the poet prove!

Remember, youth's bright hour will *wane*,  
That Age and all his trembling *train*  
Will steal o'er Beauty's graceful form.  
Then wait not, dear one, to *explore*  
What wisdom whispers—we will *soar*  
Above his utter *s.o.m.*

Hymen shall point us out the *road*  
To Comfort's bow'r, whose bliss *abode*  
We'll share in sun or show'ry *wrath*:  
There ev'ry bliss will wait to *cheer*;  
And there, without one pang o' *fear*,  
We'll live and die together!

Lines to HER who MUST understand them.

Ah! now again, all sad and slow,  
I wander through the moon-light grove,  
And strive to charm away my woe,  
While eclipses wild my life of love.

Breathe, gentle lute, with softest air—  
Breathe pity through Eliz's breast:  
Thy sound shall meet th' impassion'd  
fair:

Her smile of love shall crown me blest.

Ah! sure the maid, whose tender eye  
Smiles as the dewy star of eve,  
Shall yield to love's soft banishment,  
And all my fondest vows believe!

SINCERUS.

RINALDO and ROSAURA.

(From Mr. Peacock's "Philosophy of Melancholy.")

WHERE black rocks scowl, and many a  
tufted pine [pine,  
Waves o'er the bleak and clouded Ap-  
Where hursts the cat'ract from primeval  
snows,

The stately tow'rs of Count Anselmo rose.  
One only child was his—a peerless maid,  
By many a youth with hopeless pain sur-  
vey'd; [sigh:

For young Rinaldo claim'd her secret  
Nor shunn'd the flame her father's  
wac'ful eye. [toie

Their youthful passion's saken bonds he  
With ruthless hand, and barr'd his iron  
door.

His weight of woe Rinaldo strove to  
bear, [care.

And wander'd wide, in heart corroding  
His minstrel lyre, across his shoulders  
flung, [he sung.

With sweet accordance sooth'd the woes  
Their course of grief twelve long'ring  
months had held, [impell'd,

When the sad youth, by bleeding hopes  
Retrac'd his lonely steps in pensive mood,  
O'er outrag'd love's still cherish'd haunts  
to brood.

He found the chapel deck'd, the altar  
dress'd,

To face Rosaura to a rival's breast.

His angui-h'd mind, in wounded pas-  
sion's flow, [of woe.

Farm'd wild resolves, and pictur'd deeds  
Bright shone the moon on old Ansel-  
mo's tow'rs: [bow'rs.

The bird of night complain'd in laurel  
Th' inconstant clouds, by rising breezes  
driv'n, [night heav'n.

Scour'd, black and swift, along the mid-  
There, as beside the moat's dull wave he  
stray'd, [maid,

His fond gaze rested on his long-lov'd  
Where sad she pac'd, on him alone in-  
tent, [scent.

Along the winding, moonlight battle-  
He saw her hair in lengthen'd tresses  
stream; [beam.

Her tearful eye dim-glist'ning in the  
Awful gaze: his inmost soul was  
mov'd [she lov'd.

He touch'd the lay that most, he knew,  
Oh! while those thrilling strains around  
her stole,

Can language paint the tumult of the soul,  
That fix'd in light the retrospective  
scene, [been?

And waken'd ev'ry bliss that once had  
Her ardent glance, quick turn'd towards  
the note, [the moat,

Where the pale moon-beams quiver'd on  
Hail'd the lov'd form, her constant  
thought's employ,

And glow'd at once with recognising joy.  
Her white hand wav'd, in Cynthia's sil-  
ver light, [height:

The sign of welcome from the barrier-  
Her soft voice chid his steps estrang'd so  
long; [father's wrong;

Condemn'd and mourn'd her tyrant  
Told how, allur'd by wealth's fallacious  
charms, [arms;

He doom'd a lordly bridegroom to her  
Yet, rather, far she wish'd with him to  
rove, [ful love.

Share his hard meal, and bless his faith-  
With rapt'rous hope he heard her ac-  
cent's fall. [wall:

Her gliding steps forsook the terrac'd  
She pass'd the postern-gate, the green-  
sward press'd, [breast.

Sprang o'er the turf, and sunk upon his  
No steed was theirs, with steady swift-  
ness strong, [along.

To urge their flight the mountain glens  
Love lent them speed; the conscious  
moon alone [moan.

Beheld their path, and heard their genius  
Swift on the wind-swept crag their steps  
impress'd

Wing'd the soft hours of man's oblivious  
 rest.  
 The dripping morn rose dark, and wild,  
 and cold: [roll'd:  
 The heavy clouds in denser volumes  
 The gath'ring blast peal'd forth a voice  
 of dread, [head:  
 Toss'd the light larch, and bent the cedar's  
 A wild response the echoing cavern gave:  
 The rain swollen torrent roll'd a yellower  
 wave: [scream:  
 Far on the storm was borne the eagle's  
 Still hope was theirs, and love's celestial  
 beam. [summit's tow'r'd,  
 High pois'd in air, where mightier  
 Where from his clouds the mountain-  
 genius loud,  
 A frozen mass of tempest loosed snow  
 Shook to the blast, and mena'd ad below.  
 In silent awe they gaz'd. That only way  
 Through those deep gorges and lonely  
 dirges lay. [sing,  
 Safe seem'd the path beyond the turbid  
 If once their steps might pass the  
 dang'rous verge, [deep,  
 Where, o'er the chasin, immeasurably  
 The rude pine-budge was thrown from  
 steep to steep. [sell'd,  
 Still, as they went, the frantic torrent  
 And louder gusts along the angles yell'd.  
 Like some propaetic spirit's mournful  
 cry, [ply,  
 Peal'd from the caves the Echo's wild re-  
 They press'd the bridge.—at once the  
 whirlwind's force [course.  
 Hurl'd the vast man down its thundering  
 E'en while the woods, with sudden tu-  
 mult r'nt, [scent,  
 Announc'd the havoc of its first de-  
 One speaking glance the sad farewell de-  
 clar'd: [shar'd.  
 One last embrace the madd'ning moment  
 Thus in the sanctuary of love enshin'd,  
 In tend'rest links inseparably twi'd,  
 Blest in one fate, they met the whirling  
 rock, [fall rock.  
 That crust'd the pine, and rent th' ether-  
 The raving stream, in wilder eddies  
 suny'd, [made:  
 Engulf'd the rock the mighty impulse  
 And o'er the tomb of love, too soon o'er-  
 thrown, [alone.  
 The genius of the mountains frown'd

*The withered Rose.*

(From Miss TEMPLE'S Poems)

BEHOLD you rose!—you wither'd rose,  
 So late the pride of May;  
 No more in beauty's garb it glows:  
 Its hour hath pass'd away.

No more the wild-bee checks his flight,  
 To visit that fair shrine;  
 No more it strikes the ravis'd sight  
 With blushes, pure as thine.  
 Yet still it charms the passive heart  
 Far more than brighter flow'rs;  
 For e'en in death its leaves impart  
 The sweets of Eden bow'rs.  
 With holy sadness and delight,  
 The traveller lingers nigh,  
 To ponder o'er its early blight,  
 And catch its balmy sigh.  
 For thus do virtue's lovely deeds  
 Give sweetness to decay;  
 Thus do they live, when gaudy weeds  
 Have bloom'd—and pass'd away.  
 Pile can not fetter it:—the hour,  
 And seize the general doom;  
 But virtue's firm and fragrant flow'r  
 Can triumph o'er the tomb.

*The VISIONARY.*

(From THE SPENCER'S Poems.)

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies  
 Her pall of trisomic death has spread,  
 When mortals sleep, when specters rise,  
 And nought is wakeful but the dead,  
 No bloodless shape my way pursues;  
 No selected ghost my couch annoys:  
 Visions more sad my fancy views—  
 Visions of long departed joys!  
 The shade of youthful hope is there,  
 That linger'd long, and latest died;  
 Ambitious, all dissolv'd to air,  
 With phantom honours at her side.  
 What empty shadows gimmer nigh!  
 They once were friendship, truth, and  
 love!  
 Oh! die to thought, to mem'ry die,  
 Since lifeless to my heart you prove!

*A SUMMER SONG.*

Oh! why sprang the lark with fresh glee  
 to the skies, [rise?  
 And bade from each bough a glad chorus  
 'Twas Nature's all-hail to the prime of  
 the year;— [is here!  
 Fairest child of the Sun, lovely Summer  
 On the balmy-scented breeze of the South  
 she is borne, [of the morn.  
 Her bloom ever height'ning the glow  
 Around her a life-giving radiance she  
 pours, [with flow'rs.  
 And her foot prints, so airy, are spangled  
 By her presence, now freed from the  
 coyness of Spring, [and to sing;  
 The hills, woods, and vales, seem to laugh



And—though glooms intervene, the gay  
charm to alloy— [Joy.  
Yet each living thing breathes a spirit of  
Benignly, O Summer! thy splendor dis-  
play;  
For Hymen enkindles his torch in its ray;  
Bids lovers be ardent, and maidens be  
kind, [to bind.  
And delights with thy flow'rs his soft fet-  
Bloom on, lovely Summer! for soon, with  
a sigh, [and die.  
Thou wilt sink on the rich lap of Autumn,  
Yet the triumphs of plenty shall gild thy  
decline, [soms were thine.  
And its fruits shall remind us, the blas-  
In Winter's dark hours, when thy ab-  
sence we mourn, [thy return;  
Shall gay Hope be our guest till we hail  
For, sure, 'tis a homage most grateful to  
Heav'n, [giv'n.  
Thus doubly to relish the boons it has  
Nor let discord and care the bright sea-  
son deform, [stain;  
Since care is a winter, and discord a  
In the bosom of peace may we bury our  
strife, [of life.  
And count, by its Summers, the progress  
R. R.

REMEMBRANCE of a little FAVORITE.  
(From "Ballad Romances," &c. by Miss  
A. M. PORTER)

AH! sweetest child! though ne'er again  
I may to this sad bosom press thee,  
Yet still, through years of anxious pain,  
My heart shall love, my lips shall  
bless thee.

Still, still, with tears of fond regret,  
Shall thought in waking dreams recall  
thee,  
And oft, by many fears beset,  
Muse o'er the ills that may befall thee.

For never can I cease to dwell  
On all thy looks and acts en-learing;  
Thy prattling tongue, remember'd well;  
Thy gaze, while song or story hearing;  
Those speaking eyes, that kindled oft  
With more than childish sense of feel-  
ing;  
Those pretty arms, caressing soft; [sing;  
That kiss, to dry my tears when steal-  
That mimic air of martial rage,  
While sword or gun thy hand was  
grasping;  
That studious look o'er letter'd page;  
That smile, while watchful Pero clasp-  
ing;

That fairy grace, with which thy feet  
Danc'd artless, ev'ry eye delighting,  
While pleasur'd, genuine and sweet,  
Shone from thy features, love-exciting;  
Those budding charms of mind and heart;  
That wond'rous taste, that temper  
even;  
All, all thou wast, nay, all thou art,  
An angel turning earth to heaven.  
These from my heart no time can take,  
Nor changing scenes make me forget  
thee;  
I lov'd thee for thy own sweet sake,  
And for thy own sake shall regret thee

VENUS lamenting the Death of her DOVE.  
Written extempore on Miss Jackson's Pic-  
ture representing that Subject, by W. T.  
FITZGERALD, Esq.

AT that sweet bird, whose office 'twas to  
bear [avi,  
The car of Venus through the ambient  
The wanton Cupid shot a playful dart,  
And pierc'd, with luckless aim, the  
flutt'ring's heart.

The Paphian goddess sigh'd, with grief  
oppress'd, [breast:  
And dropp'd a tear upon her fav'rite's  
Objects divine of innocence and love!  
The Queen of beauty mourning for her  
Dove.

The Kiss.

"I NEVER give a kiss" (says Prue)  
"To naughty man; for I abhor it."—  
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true.—  
She'll take one, though, and thank you  
for it.

The Widow MOORE'S Marriage.

A SON of Mars, in war so bold,  
Knock'd at the widow's door:—[told,  
To church they went; and soon 'twas  
The widow was no Moore.

Gare l'Eau!

"AH! craignez l'eau sur toute chose!"  
Dit un devin des plus fameux  
A certain homme très peureux:  
"De votre mort l'eau sera cause."—  
Mon homme alors renonce à l'eau,  
Craint la rivière, et déjà n'ose  
S'approcher même du ruisseau,  
Boit son vin pur, double la dose,  
Devient ivrogne, et croit par-là  
Détourner le moment critique.—  
Qu'arriva t-il de tout cela?—  
Hélas! il mourut hydropique!

\*.\* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.

0



London fashionable Walking Dresses.

*Walking Dress*—A mantle of any fancy silk, trimmed with nobbed fringe of white silk.—Bonnet to

agree with the mantle, having a cap attached to it.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[London, May 26]—The king of Prussia has appointed a French general of division, Dunette, governor of Berlin, of which place he is to have the exclusive administration; it is almost wholly occupied by French troops. In all the cities and towns of that kingdom occupied by the troops of Napoleon, a French police has been established, paramount to all the native authorities.

[29] March 26, an earthquake took place at Caraccas, which, in less than three minutes, laid one quarter of the town in ruins, and rendered the remaining three fourths uninhabitable. Fourteen thousand five hundred houses were levelled with the ground, and (together with all the other public buildings and monuments) nineteen churches and convents—the churches at that moment full of people—it being Holy Thursday. The number of lives lost is variously stated: but the most moderate accounts estimate it at five thousand—Rocks and mountains in the vicinity were rent asunder: huge masses of them were hurled down into the valleys, and others left in a state of threatening suspension—The calamity extended to the adjacent towns, and interior of the country: the town of Lagunira was laid in ruins, with the loss of several hundred lives; and the shock was felt at Curacna and in the island of St. Kitt's, though slightly, and without any mischievous effect.

[30] May 22, a French squadron, of two forty-four gun frigates, and a brig of eighteen guns, was destroyed near L'Orient by his Majesty's ship Northumberland, of 74 guns, and the Growler, gun brig. They drove the French vessels on shore, set fire to the two frigates, and saw them blow up:—the other vessel bilged, and soon filled with water.

[30] In March, a slave ship having introduced the small-pox at Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) where it has usually proved as destructive as the plague—and several families having speedily caught the infection—universal terror was excited; public sales were

prohibited, shops shut by proclamation, and all intercourse with the interior interrupted.—One good effect, however, ensued, in the extension of vaccination, to which the terrified inhabitants eagerly resorted for safety.

[June 1] Gottenburg, May 23—Unless Bonaparté can make himself master of the Russian magazines, Prussia and the whole of Germany will be in a state of starvation. The scarcity of forage, in particular, is such, that they have been obliged in many places to unroof the thatched houses, to get food for their horses.

[1] Advices from Rio Janeiro, of March 15, state that the civil war was continued between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and the partisans of the latter were assisted by the Portuguese troops, which had taken possession of Maldonado and Colona. Rigorous measures were adopted by the friends of the revolution in Buenos Ayres, where all property belonging to Old Spain, to the Brasils, Monte Video, Lima, and the whole territory still acknowledging the parent state, was placed under sequestration; and any persons disclosing concealed effects of that description, were to be rewarded with one third of the amount of the property so discovered.

[1] Advices from New York, of April 25, represent that the recruiting business was carried on with success in that city and other parts of the state; and that 3,000 volunteers had presented themselves in New York alone, in seven days.

[1] The governor of Virginia, with the advice of the Council of State, under the expectation of a war with England, has ordered a very large quantity of arms to be delivered to the volunteers in various places under his jurisdiction.

[3] Bonaparté and his empress arrived at Dresden on the 16th of May—the emperor and empress of Austria on the 18th—and, on the 19th, Bonaparté gave a grand dinner to the emperor and empress of Austria, the king, queen, and princess Augusta of Saxony, the queen

of Westphalia, and grand duke of Wurtzburg.

[4] The bombardment of Cadiz, which commenced on the 15th of May, ceased on the 16th, and was resumed on the 17th.

[4] Baron Eroles has descended from the height of the Pyrenees, and made another successful incursion into the province of Roussillon with 6000 horse. Besides a levy of 30,000 dollars, he has collected much booty.

[5] *Bilboa, May 6*—The French continue to levy most oppressive contributions on this town and its neighbourhood; and they are collected under such severe penalties, and with so many precautions, that it is impossible to evade them.

[5] *Lisbon, May 19*.—The guerillas are extremely active in all parts of Spain in attempts against the enemy, in many of which they have recently been very successful—General Ballasteros, on the 14th April, surprised and destroyed, in Arrolla, a column under the command of Gen. Rey.

[6] April 16, a Spanish chief, Don Geronimo Merino, attacked and defeated a numerous body of French, near Arauda, and took 509 prisoners. The prisoners immediately suffered, in the proportion of twenty for each of the three members of the Junta of Burgos, who were lately put to death by the enemy—and in the proportion of ten for each of Merino's soldiers, who lately shared the same fate. This act was accompanied by a declaration, that, in this ratio, retaliation would always be observed.

[6] Advices from America state that flour had fallen in the United States from ten dollars to seven dollars per barrel, in consequence of the embargo.—They add, that the sum of 50,000 dollars had been voted by Congress, to alleviate the distresses of the people of Caracas; and the president had been authorised to send provisions for their immediate supply.

[6] In Canada, an addition is made to the oath of allegiance; and the people are required to swear that the Prince Regent is the lawful sovereign, or, on refusal, to quit the country.

[8] *Seville, April 25*.—Scarcity has increased to such a pitch, that it has been found necessary to place guards at the bakers' shops, to prevent the soldiers stealing the bread. but these guards are paid by the bakers, who are obliged to give each soldier two quartos per day.

[8] *Seville, April 27*.—The criminal court has to-day decreed, that, if General Ballasteros be taken, he shall be treated as a rebel, and accordingly suffer death, in conformity with the edict of the 1st April, 1810.

[8] In Poland, a public manifesto has lately been issued by the native authorities, in which they enter largely into the aggressions of Russia, since the partition of their country by that power. They declare their determination to restore their independence, and to re-establish their monarchy; and, supported by 100,000 of their brave champions in arms, they threaten to drive the invaders within their own boundaries. No doubt is entertained, that this instrument is dictated by the adherents of the French court, and is intended to assist in accomplishing the ambitious projects of the French ruler.

[8] Advices from Rio Janeiro, of April 8, state that a squadron from Monte Video had bombarded the city of Buenos Ayres.

[8] Among the recent war measures of the American executive, are—the creation of a war department, with two secretaries at the salaries of 3000 dollars each—the establishment of a corps of engineers—and the imposition of 100 per cent. additional duty upon imports.

[8] *New York, May 7*.—Every preparation for war is making: a large train of field and battering artillery has arrived here from Washington, and workmen are employed to equip them with harness, &c. Large depots of provisions are making, and now shipping for Albany and the other stations on the Hudson, as if to prepare for an army destined against Canada.—The governor of this state has already actually ordered a detachment of 1100 to march to the posts immediately on the Canada lines; and 13,000 more are ordered to be draughted from the militia without delay.

[8] *New York, May 9*.—Books for the loan of eleven millions of dollars were opened on the 1st of May in the ten towns prescribed by the act. They were closed on the 2d, when the total sum, according to the *New York Gazette*, subscribed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Georgetown, was only 4,050,000 dollars.

[9] *Hobnstadt, May 25*.—The Danes have embargoed in their ports all the French privateers, and forbidden, for the

future, the depredations of those vermin on their coasts. The Swedish property they had lately taken in the Sound, they have ordered to be restored.

[9] A British officer thus writes from Palermo, April 18. "We still remain in Palermo: but our continuance is uncertain . . . . We have an active enemy very near us, and comparatively a small British force to oppose him, so that in fact our only prospect of ultimate success must be in the union of the population for our support.—Assassinations, I am sorry to say, are frequent, and robberies still more so. Scarcely a day passes, that some officer is not a sufferer from depredation."

[11] An American paper mentions the execution, at Havanna, of five free negroes, one free mulatto, and three slaves, for an attempt to possess themselves of the island. One of them, it is said, was to have been created king.

[11] A fever has broken out in Carthagena, which is as contagious in its nature, and as destructive in its effects, as that which prevailed last year in Murcia. The number of persons who have already fallen victims to it, is said to be very considerable.

[12] *Cadix, May 24.*—At Seville, such is the scarcity of wheat, that the fanega (bushel) has been sold at 54 hard dollars. The truth is, that many people are found dead on the roads for want of bread.

[13] The official agents from Buenos Ayres say, "Our army has had three conflicts with the Portuguese, in all which the patriots have been victorious. In the last action, the Portuguese lost, in killed, 300 men."

[15] The American Congress have lately passed an act abolishing the practice of flogging in the American army, and substituting, in lieu of it, stoppage of pay, confinement, and short allowance of provisions.

[15] *Naples, May 19.*—A great scarcity of provisions continues to be felt throughout all Sicily.

[16] *Paris, June 1.*—The imperial decree, of May 8, fixing the price of grain, has every-where been carried into execution, and produced the best effects. In many markets, grain is already below the price fixed by the decree.

[19] Lient. general Sir Rowland Hill achieved, on the 19th of May, a brilliant exploit against the French posts and establishments at the bridge of Almaraz, which afforded the only good military

communication across the Tagus. The bridge was defended by two strong forts, and other formidable works, which the British troops took by storm, and destroyed, together with the bridge itself—besides taking the enemy's magazines, with 259 prisoners, and 18 pieces of cannon.—Our loss was 33 killed, and 177 wounded.

[20] The Junta of Buenos Ayres, by an official notification, of April 1, have refused to acknowledge Mr. Staples as British consul, because his credentials wanted the usual forms, and because the British Government had not yet replied to a communication made by the Junta to the British secretary of state in June, 1810.

[20] Advices from Jamaica state that the crops, it was apprehended, would be very deficient.

[20] There has been a storm in Barbadoes, which has done much injury to the plantations. It was attended with utter darkness, and a quantity of mud and sand descended in a torrent; but to what cause this singular phenomenon was to be attributed, has not been discovered, though it was conjectured to be the effect of some earthquake.

[20] Intelligence from Vera Cruz, of April 17, says that the communication between that city and Mexico was cut off, and the insurgents were every-where increasing in strength.

[21] In a recent affair, the Spanish chief Espoz y Mina killed 700 French, wounded 500, released about 500 of his compatriots from captivity, and took a large quantity of ammunition and other necessaries.

[21] Admiral Berkeley, who is commander in chief of the Portuguese naval force, has made a donation of all the emoluments of that office for the expenses of the war: and Lord Wellington has also made another donation of four millions of reis for the same object.

[21] The British force in the Spanish peninsula is about to be materially augmented by the addition of ten Spaniards to each company in every regiment.

[22] A successful experiment was lately made at Paris, of a flying machine, consisting of a small balloon with taffety wings 22 feet long.

[24] May 1, a great volcanic eruption took place in the isle of St. Vincent; but the particulars are not yet sufficiently known here, to be detailed in our present Number.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*—On the 30th of May, a bulletin announced that His Majesty continued in nearly the same state as at the time of the last monthly report.—Since that latter date, no communication has been made to the public respecting him.

*Price of Bread.*—Quatern Wheaten Loaf, June 4, eighteen pence, halfpenny—June 11, the same—June 18, nineteen pence—June 25, nineteen pence, three farthings.

*Rioters.*—At *Chester*, sixteen of those misguided people have been condemned to death, of whom two have since suffered; nine have been sentenced to transportation for different periods, and three to imprisonment—At *Lancaster*, seven have been found guilty—At *Manchester*, eight have been hanged—one of them a woman, guilty of stealing potatoes.

[*London, May 21*] The receipts of the property-tax, for the year ending April 5, 1810, were £11,533,871 : 19 : 3½—those for the year ending April 5, 1810, £11,332,454 : 12 : 6.

[21] A report, from the directors of the Southwark bridge company, states, that, from accounts taken at different times, there pass over Blackfriars bridge, every day, on an average, 61,069 foot passengers, 822 horses, 990 coaches, 533 waggons, 1502 carts, &c 590 gigs, &c.—over London bridge, 89,610 foot passengers, 764 horses, 1240 coaches, 763 waggons, 2924 carts, &c 435 gigs, &c.

[25] On Saturday, at a meeting of nobility, gentry, and others, at the Freemasons' Tavern, (the Duke of York in the chair) a subscription was commenced for the relief of the distressed manufacturers, and a committee appointed to conduct the business.

[26] In the neighbourhood of Carlisle, tumult and disorder prevail to a greater extent than before.—In the vicinity of Huddersfield, the arms-stealing system is still pursued.

[27] Books, to the amount of £40,000, have been sold by auction in London, within the last two months: and the young Duke of Devonshire has bought Count Mac Carthy's library, in one lot, for 25,000 guineas.

[28] At the eighth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible society, May 6, it was stated in the annual report, that 35,690 Bibles, and 70,738 Testaments,

were issued last year, besides the number circulated abroad by the society's aid—that, within that period, seventy new auxiliary societies (including branch societies) were produced in Britain alone—and that the net income of the year was £43,532 : 12 : 5, and its expenditure (including its engagements) 40,530 : 10 : 11.

[28] An American youth, named Colburn, not eight years old, advertised, in the "Morning Chronicle" of this day, the exhibition of his wonderful faculty of carrying arithmetical calculations to the greatest extent, and of squaring, cubing, and extracting numbers, to the extent of millions—all by memory alone.

[29] The aggregate ages of the three senior judges of the court of Common Pleas amount to 290 years—The salary of a judge is £4,000 a year, from which he pays his circuit expenses, amounting to nearly £1,000—In case of retirement, the pension is £2,000: but he cannot receive that pension till he has served 15 years, or is incapacitated by some permanent infirmity.

[30] Dr. Spurke is promoted to the bishoprick of Ely, supposed to be worth £12,000 per annum. It has a palace at Ely, and a superb mansion in Doverstreet. A patronage belongs to it, of more than one hundred very valuable dignities and benefices. It is, moreover, a royal franchise; and the bishop has jurisdiction over all causes, criminal as well as civil.

[30] There is now in the garden of Mr. Borrett, Lower Road, Islington, a bed of 500 tulips, in full bloom, the finest that have been seen for many years.

[30] A Somersetshire pedestrian is said to have lost *twenty pounds of his weight* in an attempt to walk a thousand miles, one mile in every hour—a task, in which he failed, after having continued it for thirty days.

[*June 1*] *Murder.*—About a month since, Mr. Burrows, of Appleton, had had a litigation, and angry altercation, with a Mr. Bowler, a neighbouring farmer: but since that time they had apparently been good friends. On Saturday last, however, at 5 in the morning, Bowler (a man of seventy) repaired to a place where Mr. Burrows was to pass, and, after two hours spent in walking

to and fro' while waiting for his intended victim, at length, on Mr. Burrows's arrival, he discharged at him a blunderbuss loaded with slugs. Mr. Burrows fell, but was not killed; and the assassin escaped for the present.—*See June* [8.]

[1] *Attempted Murder*.—A footman in a gentleman's family at Ham had denounced to the lady's maid in the same family, that, if she took the aim of any other man, he would shoot her.—We presume (though our information does not say so much) that he must have had matrimonial pretensions to her: but, however that may be, on Friday last, the young woman, having accompanied some friends to Ham fair, took one of them by the arm, for which offence, the footman, on her return home, discharged at her a pistol loaded with slugs, and severely wounded her.

[1] Last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Brougham stated the case of a person, named Godfrey, who had been confined in Lincoln jail, and, being troubled with a severe bowel complaint, had recourse to sprits for relief. The use of them was at last denied to him; and, on a relapse, medical assistance was brought him. His medical attendant prescribed to him the use of the same cordials; and he got better. One night he had another relapse, and disturbed the prisoners with his cries, who wished to get into his cell to afford him relief or assistance. The turnkey, however, said he could not disturb the governor, although they represented to him that the man was in the agonies of death. At length he ventured to awake the governor: but medical assistance arrived too late; for in a few hours the man died.

[3] Last week, in a well-ventilated coal-mine at Felling, near Gateshead, Durham, a double blast of hydrogen gas took place, and set the mine on fire, forcing up such a volume of smoke as darkened the air to a considerable distance, and scattered an immense quantity of small coal from the upper shaft. In the explosion, 93 men and boys perished, the remains of 80 of whom are still in the mine, which continues unapproachable.

[4] A thrush, which for four years past had built her nest in the garden of Mr. Antony Thompson, at St. Bees, has, this year, changed her residence, but not quitted the premises. She has taken up her abode in a bottle-rack, and built

her nest in the cavity of a bottle bottom! This her cottage is not more than a couple of yards from a back door, through which some or other of the family are frequently passing. The thrush is at present in the quiet state of incubation, and so familiarised to her old friends and protectors, as to suffer them to stroke her back, while she feeds from their hands with the greatest composure.

[4] A youth, only 19 years of age, an apprentice to a surgeon in the neighbourhood of Bedford square, committed suicide on Tuesday afternoon, by means of a pistol, in a field not far from the New Road, Mary-le-bone, adjoining the Regent's Park.

[4] *Sabbath breaking*.—Yesterday, in the court of King's Bench, a conviction, heretofore obtained against a grocer for having served in his shop on Sunday, was quashed; the judge (Lord Eldon) observing, that the informer could not prove that the article which he saw the grocer deliver, *wrapped up in paper*, to a customer, was not the "*Form of Prayer*" for the day—or that the money, given by the latter, was given in payment for it.

[5] There are now immured, within the walls of the four principal prisons for debtors within the bounds of the metropolis, upwards of fifteen hundred persons, on whose industrious exertions probably three times that number were principally dependent for support.

[5] Tuesday evening, the new almshouses in Gravel-lane, Southwark, built by the Rev. Rowland Hill, for 24 poor aged widows belonging to Surrey chapel, were opened for their reception.

[6] On Wednesday, while two of the magistrates were conversing in Marlborough-street office, a genteel-looking man entered, and, with a menacing air, threw a pamphlet on the table, demanding that it should be perused, and his grievances, stated therein, redressed, or he would "do for some of them"—at which words, he drew from his side pocket a huge slaughter-knife, brandished it at the magistrates, and made his escape. Yesterday he again made his appearance at the office, with the same knife in his pocket, and was secured.—He is a French teacher, by name Le Furc, born in England of French parents, and, in his pamphlet, complains of the want of redress of injuries which are not even stated—His whole conduct betraying evident insanity, he was committed to safe custody.



[8] Bowler, the assassin of Mr. Burrows, [*See June 1.*] after having roamed about the country for several days, lying in the fields (as he himself states) and drinking ditch water, at length returned, on Saturday, to his own house, where he was arrested.—At Marlborough-street office, he confessed the deed, but pleaded insanity; and several respectable witnesses have deposed that he has been deranged, at times, for upwards of twelve months.—He requested to be admitted to bail, and offered a deposit of £10,000, but was committed for re-examination.

[10] *Escape from France.*—Saturday, nine men were put on shore at Sandgate out of a schooner which had picked them up at sea, they having made their escape from the prison of Verdun; which they effected by working a passage through the common-sewer. The original number that escaped in this way from the prison was 48; but, on their arrival at the sea-shore, which they accomplished in safety, and where they had procured a boat for their purpose, they were surrounded by a guard of soldiers. In this extremity, they attempted to defend themselves with some tomahawks, which they had found in the boat. In the contest, 12 of them were shot, 27 made prisoners, and nine made their escape, though all wounded.

[10] Yesterday, a waterman was convicted in the penalty of twenty shillings, with costs, for having refused to take a gentleman from Chelsea to Wandsworth, although he had plied him.

[11] *Plymouth, June 8.*—This morning, at three o'clock, a fire broke out in the rope-house of the royal dock-yard here. The flames raged with great fury for several hours, and consumed almost the whole of the building; nor could their progress be stopped, until the building was cut through, and separated.—As the wind blew hard at east, and the conflagration took place on the weather-side, and where neither fire, candle, nor any light is ever used, it is supposed to have been caused by some incendiary.

[11] Last night, in the House of Commons, Sir J. Newport stated, that the home revenue of Ireland for the last year had fallen half a million short of the interest of the debt and the sinking fund.

[12] The gross amount of the tax upon hackney coaches and chairs, for last year, is £30,909—the charges of management, £3,182. : 1 : 3—and the net produce, £27,726. : 18 : 9.

[13] The Rev. Mr. Gilbert, rector of Settrington—heretofore foiled in an attempt to recover from Sir Mark Masterman Sykes above two thousand pounds in consequence of a wager on the life of Bonaparté (noticed in our Magazine for March, p. 143)—had since applied for a new trial: but, yesterday, the court of King's Bench—declaring the wager to be contrary to law, morality, and Christianity, as contemplating assassination—affirmed the former verdict.

[15] On the 4th inst. a box, containing dollars to the amount of £100 was sent from Messrs. Bosanquet and Co.'s, bankers, by the Lincoln and Barton coach, to the bankers at Barton. On the 6th inst. a parcel, containing bank notes to the amount of £1,500, was sent by the same house, by the same coach, to the bankers at Barton. Both the box and parcel were stolen. A box and parcel resembling them were delivered, but without the contents.

[15] On Sunday afternoon last, William Hunt, one of the brick makers belonging to Mr. Whitehead, of Cadogan-place, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, beat and kicked his wife, in Little Exeter-street, in that parish, in a most unmerciful manner, and afterwards, following her into the yard, stabbed her in the loins with a clasp knife, declaring that nothing should prevent his murdering her. The poor woman was conveyed to St. George's Hospital, with little hopes of recovery.

[16] A woman, named Marney, was killed in a pugilistic contest with another woman, named Brookey, in Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's, on Saturday last.

[17] It appears from the evidence given before the Committee on the Orders in Council, that, at Kidderminster, the distresses of the poor manufacturers became so pressing that they were obliged to have recourse to their clothes, and raise money by pawning them to the pawnbrokers; and so general was this practice, that at last it was put a sudden stop to, by the pawnbrokers refusing to take in any more of those articles. In the same manner, in Sheffield, the cutlery was so generally pawned, that the pawnbrokers of Sheffield were enabled to come into the London market, and undersell the manufacturers themselves.

[19] The "Morning Chronicle" of this day contains an address to the public, from D. I. Eaton, confined in Newgate for an obnoxious publication, and

reduced to solicit pecuniary aid.—(See *our Mag. for May*, p. 242.)

[20] Yesterday, after the Regent's levee, ten deputies from the general society of Quakers waited on his Royal Highness, and read to him a petition from their society, praying for peace.

[22] A few days ago, a gentleman at Westham, near Pevensey, dug up a crop of new potatoes, and has since planted the ground with the same vegetable; thus two crops, of this useful root will be produced in one year.

[22] Two sharks, one measuring nine and the other ten feet in length, were lately harpooned at Kingston. On cutting up the longer, 37 young ones were taken out, some of them upwards of 18 inches in length.

[22] The apothecaries in the metropolis have, in consequence of a late order from the company, refused to sell the medicine called "child's cordial." It is a strong narcotic, and has, in several instances, when taken in large doses, consigned the infant to eternal rest.

[24] The number of carriages, returned to the Tax Office, for the present year, is said to be less, by above fifteen hundred, than that of the preceding returns.

[25] The number of our military force for the present year is to be two hundred and forty-five thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six officers and men, including those in India.

[27] By a recent regulation at the War-Office, any officer, wounded in action, and having lost more than one limb or one eye, is to receive the full pension for each limb or eye so lost—besides any other pay or allowance, to which he may otherwise be entitled.

**BORN.**

[*May 20*] On the 19th, of the Hon. Mrs. Werainck, Foley-place, a daughter.

[22] On Tuesday, of the Countess of Lindsey, a daughter.

[22] Wednesday, of the lady of Joseph Blake, esq. Devonshire-place, a son.

[*June 1*] Friday, of the lady of Benjamin Hall, esq. M. P. a son

[3] Sunday, of the lady of W. C. Chambers, esq. Chesterfield-street, a son.

[6] Thursday, of the lady of John Cary, esq. West-end, Hampstead, a daughter.

[9] Yesterday, of the lady of Edward Greathead, esq. S. Audley-street, a son.

[10] Monday, of Lady Romilly, a still-born child.

[12] On the 5th, of the lady of J. R. Kemp, esq. M. P. a son.

[17] Yesterday, of the lady of T. Daniell, esq. Devonshire-place, a daughter.

[18] Monday, of the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Capel, a daughter.

[22] Monday, of the Hon. Mrs. Holland, lady of the Rev. Dr. Holland, a still-born child.

**MARRIED.**

[*May 21*] Yesterday, Robert Nassau Sutton, esq. to Miss Mary Georgina, daughter of J. Manners Sutton, esq.

[23] On the 19th, W. Beauchamp Proctor, esq. captain in the navy, to Miss Anne Gregory.

[29] Yesterday, the Hon. Thomas Stanley Ouslow, to Miss Hillier, of Stoke-park, Surrey.

[*June 2*] Friday, Lord Delvin, to Lady Emily Cecil, daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury.

[3] Tuesday, Capt. George Ferguson, R. N. to Miss Elizabeth Holcombe, of Aramstone-house, Herts.

[5] Wednesday, the Hon. Henry St. John, son of Viscount Bolingbroke, to the second daughter of the late Sir Henry St. John Mildmay.

[6] On the 28th of May, the Rev. James Slade, rector of Teversham, Cambridgeshire, to Augusta, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Law, prebendary of Carlisle.

[12] On the 10th, Roger Eaton, esq. of Parkglas, Pembrokeshire, to Miss Dorothea Wilmot, of Clifton.

[13] Lately, the Rev. Thomas Bedford, rector of St. Helen's, Worcester, to Mrs. Catharine Mannoch.

[13] Thursday, A. H. Sutherland, esq. of Gower-street, to Miss Charlotte Hussey, of Sandhurst.

[15] Saturday, the Rev. T. L. Strong, rector of Titsey, Surrey, to Miss Tritton, of West Hill.

[17] On the 9th, the Rev. G. H. L. Gretton, to Miss Donne

**DECEASED.**

[*May 22*] On Monday, Sir Edward Littleton, bart.

[23] Wednesday, Rawson Hart Boddam, esq.

[26] On the 17th, Mrs. Beckett, Queen-square, Westminster, aged 81.

[27] Saturday, the Rev. Louis Dutens, aged 82.

[29] On the 6th, the lady of Captain Wight, R. N.

[*June 1*] *May 25*, the Rev. Edward Salter, Canon-residentary of Winchester.

[5] *June 2*, John Hunter, esq. of Clarges street,

[8] June 6, the Rev. Philip Wrough-  
ton, of Woolley Park, Berks.

[8] Saturday, at Heudon, Mrs. La-  
motte.

[10] Monday, the lady of Major Ge-  
neral Raymond

[11] Tuesday, Sir Francis Molineux,  
bart. Gentleman-usher of the black rod.

[12] Lately, at Downton, Mrs. Blake.

[13] Tuesday, Richard Baldwin, esq.  
treasurer of St Bartholomew's Hospital.

[15] June 3, aged 88, Mrs. Marshall,  
of Crown-court, celebrated for her suc-  
cessful treatment of disorders of the eye.

[17] June 13, Mrs Elizabeth Adam-  
son, Finchley Common.

[17] Sunday, Mrs. Ann Baldwin, St.  
Leonard's, Buckinghamshire, aged 80.

[20] June 2, in Jersey, the lady of  
Capt. Adana Campbell, of the 26th.

[22] June 7, aged 61, Colonel Nicholas  
Bayly, brother to the late Earl of Ux-  
bridge.

[23] June 20, Mrs. Stanley, Maddox-st.  
APPENDIX.

*Snails.*—In a garden at Fulham, very  
much infested with snails, soap-ashes  
being strewed on a border near a  
hedge whence they proceeded, those in-  
sects completely disappeared in twenty-  
four hours, and did not re-appear during  
the whole season.—By the occasional  
use of the same preservative, the garden  
is now entirely free from snails in the hot-  
test and wettest seasons.

*Cure for the Croup*—In many desperate  
cases of that disorder, a cure has been  
effected by "Ward's Essence," prepared  
as follows—To four ounces of the best  
highly-rectified spirit of wine, and four  
ounces of camphor, thoroughly mixed  
and incorporated, add four ounces of the  
best volatile spirit of sal ammoniac. If  
both the spirits used be not good, they will  
not take up the proper quantity of cam-  
phor.—This essence has long been used  
as an embrocation for sprains, rheuma-  
tism, quinsy, and some kinds of sore  
throat. A much-respected physician, Dr.  
Hawkins, of Monmouthshire, first tried  
it for the croup a few years since: and,  
on comparing his success with that of a  
medical friend who followed the estab-  
lished mode, it appeared, that, of an  
equal number of patients, that friend  
lost sixteen, Dr Hawkins none.—He di-  
rects the throat to be bathed with the  
essence; and a piece of flannel to be  
dipped into it, and tied round. This has  
given immediate relief in very violent  
paroxysms

*Unfunded Debt of Great Britain and Ire-  
land, up to the 5th of January, 1812:—*

Great Britain, £50,454,166: 15: 8  
Ireland, 1,843,012: 10: 0

52,297,179: 5:

making, with the }  
funded debt (no- }  
ticed in our last } 817,101,745: 5: 8  
No.) of - - }  
\_\_\_\_\_

a total of £869,398,924. 11. 4

*Number of re-issuable Promissory Notes,  
stamped in England during the year ended  
10th of October, 1811.*

Value of Notes.	No. of Stamps.
Not exceeding £1. 1s.	2,702,536
Exceeding £1. 1s. and not ex- ceeding £2 2s.	46,473
Exceeding £2 2s. and not ex- ceeding £5. 5s.	563,739
Exceeding £5. 5s. and not ex- ceeding £20.	218,388
Exceeding £20. and not ex- ceeding £30.	830
Exceeding £30. and not ex- ceeding £50.	190
Exceeding £50. and not ex- ceeding £100.	1,632

Total, 3,565,788

*Amount of forged Notes presented for  
payment at the Bank of England, and re-  
fused, during eleven years, from January  
1, 1801, to December 31, 1811—Total  
£101,661—including all notes supposed  
to have been fabricated on the Continent.*

*Wheat and Flour imported into Great  
Britain, in twelve years, from 1775 to 1786;  
in twelve years, from 1787 to 1798; and in  
twelve years, from 1799 to 1810, both in-  
clusive:—*

1775, 575,950; \*6, 21,568; \*7, 233,905;  
\*8, 106,016; \*9, 5,254; 1780, 4,242; \*1,  
162,278; \*2, 81,259; \*3, 584,014; \*4,  
215,817; \*5, 107,968; \*6, 50,999.

Total Quarters, 2,149,170

Annual Average, 179,097

1797, 60,245; \*8, 149,667; \*9, 109,702;  
1790, 219,351; \*1, 463,591; \*2, 22,417;  
\*3, 490,398; \*4, 327,902; \*5, 313,793;  
\*6, 879,200; \*7, 461,767; \*8, 396,721.

Total Quarters, 3,894,814,

Annual Average, 324,568

1799, 463,185; 1800, 1,264,520; \*1,  
1,404,766; \*2, 647,664; \*3, 373,725 \*4,  
461,140; \*5, 920,834; \*6, 310,342; \*7,  
400,759; \*8, 81,466; \*9, 448,487; 1810,  
1,630,091. Total Quarters, 8,527,579

Annual Average, 693,965



*Lady's Magazine* July, 1812.



*The Right Honorable  
Spencer Perceval,  
Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c.  
assassinated May 11<sup>th</sup> 1812.*

*London: Printed by W. B. ... 1812.*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 7, for July, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. An accurate Likeness of the Right Honorable SPENCER PERCEVAL.
2. London fashionable WALKING-DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for a CUFF and BORDER of a DRESS.

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*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;*  
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

In our next month's publication, shall appear the first Number of "*Musings in a Country Church*," by Mr. Webb, author of "*Haverhill*" and other poems.

To a *Lady* (whom we forbear to designate by name) we return thanks for her obliging communication, though sorry, that, under existing circumstances, we cannot avail ourselves of it as we should wish.

The two *Completions of Bouts-rimés*, signed "*A Youth*," have not quite sufficient merit for publication, though they ominate favorably of the writer's future success.

The Parody of "*Gare l'eau*," and the accompanying song, were (we presume) not seriously intended for insertion.—At all events, we cannot insert either.

### *Appendix continued from page 340.*

*Number of Barrels of Porter brewed by the sixteen principal Porter-Brewers in the London District, from the 5th July, 1811, to 5th July, 1812:—*

	Barrels.
Barclay, Perkins and Co. . . . .	270,259
Meux, Reid and Co. . . . .	188,078
Hanbury and Co. . . . .	150,164
Whitbread and Co. . . . .	122,446
Calvert and Co. . . . .	108,212
Henry Meux and Co. . . . .	102,493
Combe and Co. . . . .	100,824
Goodwin and Co. . . . .	81,022
Elliott and Co. . . . .	56,935
Taylor . . . . .	51,220
Cocks and Co. (late Brown & Parry) . . . . .	51,274
Clowes and Co. . . . .	34,010
Hollingsworth and Co. . . . .	29,038
Martineau . . . . .	24,148
Hodson . . . . .	24,142
Pryor . . . . .	20,910

*Number of Barrels of Ale brewed by the eight principal Ale-Brewers, in the London District, from the 5th July, 1811, to 5th July, 1812:—*

	Barrels.
Stretton, Broad-street, Golden-square . . . . .	24,362
Charington and Co. Mile End, . . . . .	20,621
Wyatt, Portpool lane, . . . . .	18,067
Goding and Co. Knightsbridge, . . . . .	13,055
Thorpe and Co. Clerkenwell, . . . . .	8,742
Webb and Co. St. Giles's . . . . .	7,136
Davies, Lambeth, . . . . .	6,925
Hale and Co. Redcross-street . . . . .	6,655

*Population of the United States of America, from an official Return made in 1810 — Virginia, 965,079, of whom 300,000 are negro slaves; New York, 959,220, only 15,000 slaves; Pennsylvania, 810,163; Massachusetts (and Maine), 700,745; North Carolina, 563,526; South Carolina, 414,935; Kentucky, 406,511; Maryland, 380,546; Connecticut, 261,942; Tennessee, East and West, 261,727; Georgia, 252,433; New Jersey, 245,562; Ohio, 230,760; Vermont, 217,913; New*

*Hampshire, 214,414; Rhode Island, 70,913; Delaware, 72,674.—Territorial governments:—New Orleans, 70,556; Mississippi, 40,352; Indiana, 24,520; Columbia, 24,023; Louisiana, 20,845; Illinois, 12,282; Michigan, 4,762.—Total, 7,233,421 souls*

*Number of all French Commissioned Officers, Prisoners of War on Parole, in Great Britain, on the 5th June 1810, 1811, and 1812, respectively.*

Years ending	Comm. Officers on Parole.	Have broken then Parole	Have been re-taken.	Have effect-ed their Escape
5th June, 1810	1,685	104	47	57
Do. 1811	2,087	118	47	71
Do. 1812	2,142	242	63	179
		464	157	307
		218	85	133
		682	242	440

Besides the above Commissioned Officers, other French Prisoners, such as Masters and Mates of Merchant Vessels, Captains, 2d Captains and Lieutenants of Privateers, Civilians holding situations connected with the Army and Navy, Passengers and other Persons of respectability, have broken their Parole in the three years above-mentioned . . .

The numbers, stated in this Account, include those persons only who have actually absconded from the places appointed for their residence.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR JULY, 1812.

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SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*  
(Continued from page 292.)

THE day passed over in silence. Sappho appeared to labor under an extreme depression of mind: she never pronounced the name of Phaon, and took no further share in the conversation, than by some uninteresting remarks, merely to avoid giving offence to her host by an apparent affectation of silence. Euty-chius labored under the same embarrassment, and durst not mention the subject which occupied her imagination.—This painful restraint continued, on both sides, till Night (so ardently invoked by Sappho) spread her veil of darkness, and, in unison with her gloomy thoughts, seemed to favor her design.

Euty-chius and all his household were plunged in tranquil sleep, when Sappho, accompanied by the faithful Rhodopè and Clitus, embarked on board a vessel, previously engaged for the purpose—and, overwhelmed with anxious apprehension, ordered the pilot to direct his course toward the island of Leucadia.

Leucadia was originally a peninsula attached to Acarnania, opposite to Ithaca and Cephalonia: but the Corinthians, having rendered themselves masters of it, separated the isthmus from the continent, and formed an island, celebrated for the promontory, of Leucatès—a rock projecting into the sea toward Cephalonia.—At a short distance from the promontory, stood the sacred temple of Apollo.

Let us now leave Phaon crossing the seas, impatient to regain the

walls of Mitylenè, and still more impatient to bind those ties which were to unite him for-ever to his beloved Cleonicè:—let us leave Nompophilus and Euty-chius overwhelmed with grief and astonishment at the sudden and unexpected departure of her, whom they had already named the Muse of Lesbos:—let us follow the destiny of Sappho.

She pursued her voyage to Leucadia, accusing the tardiness of the winds, which did not keep pace with her impatience. On the fifth day she discovered the islands of Greece; and, coasting along their dangerous shores, she landed, on the tenth day, at the port of Ambracia, whence she sailed in a smaller vessel to Leucadia. Impatient to obey the oracle of the Pythia, her only remaining hope—and to seek in oblivion a remedy for all her woes—she immediately hastened to the temple of Apollo, to obtain from the high priest an explanation of the obscure response of Stratonicè. This temple, equally venerable for its great antiquity, and the immemorial worship of the god to whom it was dedicated, was built on the summit of a mountain, so elevated, that, during storms, the clouds were seen to traverse and envelop its porticoes: but, when the elements were at peace, the eye wandered uncontrolled, and commanded the vast extent of the azure main. In this holy temple reigned a solemn and religious silence, which was only interrupted by the sacred hymns of the priests, or the bellowing of the victims devoted to the



altar.—In the centre stood the statue of Apollo: his look was full of divine majesty, and his eye seemed to follow the arrow just shot from his bow.—Prostrate at the foot of the altars were constantly seen a crowd of strangers from different parts of Greece, and the most remote regions, who either came to invoke the aid of the god, or to return him their thanks.

Sappho entered the temple, her head lowly bent toward the ground, her mind resigned, and deeply impressed with religious awe inspired by the sacredness of the place. The priest was in the act of offering up a sacrifice, when she approached, and, in the tone of supplication, said, "Hail, thou minister of Apollo! hail, ye ancient altars, at whose feet so many supplicants have received consolation! Vouchsafe, O sacred minister of a beneficent Deity! to listen to my prayer! I have wandered from shore to shore: I have traversed the perilous extent of the seas, to implore the protection of the gods, and to know their will."

The priest listened with solemn gravity, and suspended the preparations for the sacrifice. A long beard descended in silver undulations on his breast; and his snowy locks were encircled with a crown of laurel. "What are thy wishes?" he inquired in a slow and solemn tone.—"When thou hast explained them, I will then inform thee whether they be agreeable to the gods." He looked steadfastly at Sappho, and continued, "Young maid! you do not come hither to ask of Apollo to excell in drawing the bow, nor that he will grant you his rays, nor the talent to charm by harmonious sounds; these are the prayers of warriors, husbandmen, and musicians.—At your age, an unfortunate

passion can alone have conducted you to Leucadia."

"Sacred minister!" exclaimed Sappho—"you sustain my drooping courage. Explain, I beseech you, the mystery of an obscure oracle, which has announced that my love can only be extinguished in the waters of Leucadia. Full of hope in this prediction, of fear toward an offended deity, and of confidence in Apollo, I am come to desire that he will extinguish, in these salutary waters, a passion which has resisted the torments of disappointment, the counsels of friendship, and the insults of contempt."—"Follow me," said the priest; "and I will show thee where others, laboring under similar misfortunes, have found a termination of their sorrows."

When they had reached the portico, he said, "Behold that high promontory, which overhangs the sea! That is the rock of Leucatès. 'Tis thence Deucalion, despised by Pyrrha—Phobeus, of the race of Codrus—and Cephalus, disdained by Ptaola—leaped into the sea."

At these words, the color forsook the cheeks of Sappho, and she cried, "Alas! is death then my only resource? Yet even death is preferable to so miserable an existence."—"Repose greater confidence in the gods," returned the priest: "for neither Deucalion, nor Phobeus, nor Cephalus, perished: they only lost, in the waves, the remembrance of their love. These icy waters, like the springs of Lethè, extinguished their passion. Their history is engraven on the summit of the rock.—Like them, put your trust in the gods; for they alone can save you: but, if you offend them by your timidity, then—dread their vengeance!"

The sacred priest retired, darting a terrific look at the unhappy Sap-

pho, who remained transfixed with terror and astonishment at the dreadful sentence.

Rhodopè and Clitus, who had attentively watched her, now approached, but remained silent, and durst not interrupt her melancholy reflexions.—After a pause of some moments, Sappho appeared as if she suddenly formed some desperate resolution, and exclaimed, “ My fate is fixed ! and, whatever may be the result of the promises of the divinity—whether I extinguish my passion or my life—I shall obtain repose.”—Her bosom heaved tumultuously with contending passions : she tore her garments in violent agitation, and rushed with rapidity toward the fatal promontory. The astonished and afflicted Clitus ran after her, to support her footsteps ; and Rhodopè, whose age did not allow her to follow her mistress, screamed aloud for assistance :—but her cries were lost in air, amid the roaring of the waves ; and Sappho, deaf to her voice, still ran with precipitation, to accomplish the will of the divinity.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

**The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.**

*(Continued from page 276.)*

BOOK 5.

MOUNTED on rapid steeds, William with the Batavians and their Gallic associates soon approach the famous towers of Rochelle, and instantly march to the shore, where Coligni's fleet awaited their arrival. His orders had preceded them on their way ; and they find every thing ready for their immediate departure. William advances at their head, and climbs the lofty sides of the vessel destined for his reception. He is followed by the Batavians and French : the anchors are

torn up from their oozy bed ; and, spreading their canvas wings, the ships rapidly fly over the foaming billows.

From the recesses of his grotto, Ocanor beholds the warriors ploughing the watery plains : he commands the winds and the waves to respect that favored fleet ; when suddenly the waves and the winds unite in harmonious concert ; and the obedient main presents the image of a majestic river, whose placid stream flows with uniform tenor along its wonted bed ; while, issuing from the stormy chambers of the South, Auster waves his pinions with mitigated force, gently flutters in the swelling sails, and with attempered breath soothes the smiling surface of the deep.

As a rising generation of oaks, promising to surpass their progenitors of the grove, display unusual vigor even in their youthful state—enjoy the genial gifts alternately lavished on them by the sun and by the clouds—imbibe the rich juices which the fertile soil supplies for their nourishment—inure their tender branches to struggle against the blast—and, darting their roots deep into the ground, announce to the traveller who already reclines under their shade, that they will one day be the fathers of a forest, will rear their towering heads to the clouds, and mock the fury of the tempest ;—such, the Batavians proceed on their way, favored by the winds and waves.

Their fleet pursues its prosperous course ; while, behind them, rapidly disappear Olonne, Jersey, the shores where the Loire pours forth her tributary waves into the ocean, and those where the broad Seine placidly discharges her majestic stream. Arrived near Calais—where the sea, confined within the narrow boun-

daries of opposite rocks, is seen at times to rage and struggle with unavailing fury to overthrow its barriers—the ships dart through the strait with the same rapidity as the sons of Æolus wing their way through the yielding air. Thence the warriors derive a happy presage, and doubt not that Heaven smiles propitious on their voyage.

At length, in distant perspective, they descry the Batavian shores.—Those shores—the dearest object of their ardent wishes—gilded at that moment by the brightest beams of day, present to their minds the image of a new-born world, fresh from the plastic hand of the almighty Creator. At the sight, every heart bounds with joy, and the pilots direct the course of the ships toward the wished-for land.

Meanwhile, under the faint horizon, where an almost imperceptible discrimination scarcely divides the sea from the sky, suddenly appear whitening sails, which at first seem borne by light skiffs; but, gradually increasing in size, they soon display tall vessels, whose masts rise to the clouds, and whose rigging is now clearly seen to wave in the wind. Recognising the ships of Spain, the Batavians and French quickly prepare for combat; and already are the brazen thunders impregnated with the seeds of destruction, when a small bark is seen rapidly skimming the surface of the deep, and advancing toward William.

Near the prow stands a mortal distinguished by the noble sweetness of his countenance, who, with the vigor of youth which he yet retains un-impaired, unites the majestic grace of old age toward which his years are advancing, and whose head begins to be crowned with hoary honors resembling the first down of frost that glistens on the

autumnal leaves. William attentively views his features, recognises him, and, receiving him on board his vessel—

“Barneveldt!” cries he, clasping him to his bosom, “’tis you then that bless my longing sight! Not foreseeing that we should have the happiness of thus meeting on this sea, and that we were coming with a fleet to your assistance—you and your Batavian followers were, no doubt, repairing to the coasts of France, to take us on board your ships. Barneveldt had for a season disappeared: but he has not suffered the sacred flame of liberty to cool in his bosom.”

His eyes sparkling with increased animation, Barneveldt exclaims, “No! my sight does not deceive me! I behold the undaunted defenders of our liberty! There was a time, indeed, when, shunning the observation of mankind, I avoided even their traces. Secretly residing in Holland, I have as yet seldom visited the cities: the wildest, the most unfrequented recesses were my fortuitous abode. But, when the fame of your exploits reached my ear, and I saw a regeneration taking place in the minds of the Batavians, I immediately made my appearance among the most virtuous citizens of Holland and Zeeland: I found them worthy of the name of men: they had thrown off the yoke of despotism; and from their lips I heard the language of freedom. I spoke to them of those heroes, who, at a distance from their country, had fought in her support, at the same time that they were defending the rights of the French, and who, assisted in their turn by the aid of their generous friends, had, on the banks of the Loire, erected, as it were, the first altar to Batavian liberty. ‘The earth,’ said I, ‘is

under the dominion of tyrants: let the sea, less subject to their control, open us a passage to go join those heroes.'—We found a number of ships laden with the gold of Potosi—the spoil of hapless America—which was destined to achieve the subjugation of our provinces, by Philip, who employs the steel of the old world against the new, and the gold of the new world against the old. We attacked them; and, courage supplying the place of numbers, victory crowned our enterprise with success. Together with this rich prey, we come in person to announce to you the resolution which has named you our chief. Nassau! that high honor is conferred on you by a people who are regenerated under the auspices of liberty."

He said—and William exclaimed, "Then the Batavian does not servilely bend the knee before the shrine of tyranny!"

Barneveldt had entered William's vessel, attended by several warriors under the conduct of Boisot and Saunoy, chiefs who had distinguished their courage and skill in naval engagements. They express the sentiments with which they are animated toward their country, and toward the man whom she has named as her defender.—While William clasps Barneveldt to his bosom, the remembrance of Egmont and Horn recurs to their minds; and the names of those two heroes, their friends, are pronounced by them with deepest sorrow.

Before he returned to his own ship, Barneveldt pointed out to William the vessels laden with the treasures which they had wrested from Spain, and desired him to pronounce their destination. "That gold," replied William, "belongs to our country. Intended as the instrument of despotism, let it, in our

hands, become the instrument of liberty."

At the names of liberty and country, unanimously re-echoed at the same moment by all the warriors of the fleet, the ships dart forward with increased velocity: but William, apprehensive of being discovered, gave orders, that, under the friendly shelter of an island which presented a convenient bay for their reception, they should furl their sails, and cast anchor. Immediately the sails are furled: the anchors, descending with thundering noise into the waves, fasten their strong gripe in the sand beneath; and the fleet rests motionless on the surface of the deep.

After a short interval, the father of day plunges his beamy car into the western main, and the irradiated ocean seems the palace of the sun, blazing with torrents of light, which mingle with the limpid crystal of the fluctuating waters. The dazzling brightness of the departing day adds to the horrors of the succeeding darkness. The luminaries of night silently advance through the sky, dispel the gloom with their rays, and shine conspicuous in the heavens, now visible on every side; and, the sea reflecting the magnificent spectacle, the astonished eye beholds, at the same moment, in the æthelial expanse, and in the liquid mirror which appears equally boundless, those globes of exhaustless fire, together with the worlds which they illumine and animate. Around their reflected glories, assemble the scaly inhabitants of the watery domain: Leviathan himself, upheaving the vast enormity of his bulk from the pearly caves of the deep, rises to the surface of the waves, to contemplate the wondrous sight.

Meanwhile the winds, as if impatient to swell the heroes' sails,

raise their voices over the main, while the radiant stars point out the track they are to pursue. Sudden the fleet displays its canvas wings, and resumes its interrupted course. Such, the eagle rushes forward with eager speed, when, returning with food to her young nestlings, she, from the summit of an airy rock, beholds them captive in the hands of the ravisher: her eyes flash with fire; and the air, agitated by the motion of her pinions, yields to the impetuosity of her flight.

The earth is veiled in darkness: inactive night has suspended the labors of busy mortals, who now peacefully enjoy the sweets of soft repose: but the fiendly powers, the irreconcilable enemies of man, suffer not the influence of sleep to approach their eyes.

*(To be continued.)*

—  
*The OLD WOMAN.*

*(Continued from page 249.)*

**N<sup>o</sup>. 7.—On the COMFORT arising from the Recollection of a well-spent LIFE.**

A WORK which has so extensive a circulation as the *Lady's Magazine*, must of course be perused by persons of various ages and different stations in life; and, though I have hitherto addressed those remarks which time and experience have allowed me an opportunity of making, to the younger part of my sex—yet I flatter myself that a few observations to the aged will not be unacceptable to some of my readers.

“Bare and hackneyed as the path of life is, when trod by thoughtless multitudes, deep and serious instruction will be found upon the road, by those who contemplate the whole compass of their being, and consider the present moment as only introductory to the future\*.”

\* Brewster's "Meditations for the Aged."

Successive generations tread this hackneyed path, this inevitably varying circuit, without making a deeper impression, than we do on the sand which margins the sea's extended shore; and man, weak man, walks over the obliterated footsteps of his predecessor, without reflecting that time must soon efface his own.—Yet, alas! it is not every one, who is prepared to meet this impressive certainty with composure.—The vicious and unprincipled endeavour to banish it from their thoughts; or, if the idea unwillingly intrudes itself upon their imagination, they take pains to elude it, by flying to the pleasures of the world.

To meet death with calmness ought to be the primary object of our existence: but the question may be asked, “How is that calmness to be acquired?”—I answer, “By doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.”—To perform these duties, no brilliancy of parts is requisite; for the ignorant and uneducated possess an equal power with the affluent and enlightened: the performance depends not on wealth or situation, but upon a proper government of the heart. Yet, if, during the earlier part of life, virtuous principles have not been cherished, and religious propensities acquired, there is little probability of obtaining that dominion over the passions, which can alone bring us peace at the last.

As the decline of life must necessarily be attended with the privation of many earthly comforts, how prudent would it be to lay in a store of those, which neither time nor infirmities have the power to decrease—and, as our vigor declines, to feel our confidence in our Redeemer strengthened, our hopes enlarged, and our faith imparting peace—“that peace” (to make use of

the words of the sacred writer) "which passeth all understanding, and which the world cannot give."

Life may not unaptly be compared to a journey, in which the traveller has an immense tract of country to pass through, where he must naturally expect to have difficulties to encounter, and barren rocks to climb over.—In one part he may be delighted by the fertility of the scene which surrounds him:—in another, he may encounter a dreary, barren plain.—Again, his eye may dwell on the beautiful intermixture of wood and water,—when, on suddenly turning an angle, he may only behold a stagnant pool.—To carry this simile a little further, I will suppose this traveller has commenced his journey without a proper supply of food, and fancied, that, in passing through the deserts of Arabia, he should meet with a caravansary every five or six miles of his road.—How should we find language sufficiently strong to express our astonishment at this traveller's folly? We should consider it almost a waste of pity to commiserate his misfortunes, or to deplore his inevitable doom: yet how few of us make a proper provision for our journey, or store our minds with intellectual food!

There is something peculiarly gratifying in beholding old-age retaining the cheerfulness of youth, and sustaining the unavoidable decays of nature with calmness and composure.—Such, in general, will be the conduct of the truly pious Christian, who can take a retrospective view of a well-spent life, and who, though she may recall to mind many omissions of religious and moral duties, yet feels her heart totally free from any intentional vice. According to Mrs. Hannah More's expression, such a character as this may be said to "grow old grace-

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fully:" and, at any rate, it must be acknowledged that such individuals would grow old *usefully*.—The example they have set, the precepts they have given, and the practical piety they have displayed, must afford volumes of instruction to the young and inexperienced mind.

But, unfortunately, the infirmities of age are too often considered by their possessors, as an apology for preevishness and pettishness of temper; and, instead of beholding that dignified command over the passions, which ought to attend the declining period of existence, we often see it accompanied by irritability and anxiety about the most trifling affairs. I do not mean this censure to fall upon those in whom the intellectual faculties have no longer the power of being displayed, and whose gradual decay of mind and body demands from humanity the sympathetic sigh:—I merely mean those whose bodies alone feel the gradual decline of nature, but whose mental faculties do not participate in the decay.

"The fabulous story of the Sibyl's books" (observes Mr. Brewster) "affords an instructive allusion to the value of human life, as it draws towards its termination.—Tear successive pages from the volume of time; and inquire of the contemplative man the price of what remains.—He who computes his days by the duties he is called upon to fulfill, and the perpetual impediments which the best-intentioned meet with, to obstruct the usefulness of their endeavours, can alone be sensible of their real value"—If retrospection points out the neglect of duties at the decline of our existence, with what fervency should we implore the Almighty to pardon the omission of them! for it is then absolutely impossible for us to have an

opportunity of redeeming the mis-spent time. Not only days have been lost; but weeks, months, and years, have rapidly succeeded each other, without the truth of their being gone for-ever occurring to the mind. Yet, at the hour when the sun of our existence has passed its meridian, and is calmly declining toward an evening sky, it is then surely right to reflect that the time is fast approaching, when it must set, never more to rise! This reflexion, so far from being accompanied by an appalling sensation, must impart a secret satisfaction to a truly religious mind; for it is a bright perspective; and, though the pious Christian views through a glass darkly, yet, illumined by faith, it appears transcendently bright.—“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man,” to conceive the extent of that felicity which will be the reward of a well-spent life.

The most perfect of human beings, I allow, would not dare to presume upon their own perfections: they rely upon the atoning blood of Christ, united to the consciousness of having fulfilled their different duties as far as the infirmities of their nature would allow. Such a character was the amiable Mrs. H\*\*\*s, the wife of a most respectable clergyman of Elmdon in Essex, who not only encouraged the benevolence of her disposition, but extended its influence over his three parishes.—In the village where they resided, it doubtless had a wider field of action, than in the two, where the duty was in part supplied by Mr. H\*\*\*s's curate: in the former, three poor families daily received the remnants of the table, and in succession three more. On the last day of the week, a leg of beef was boiled down in a copper

with a large quantity of barley and vegetables, which, on the day peculiarly devoted to the performance of religious and moral duties, was equally distributed among the poor inhabitants.—While Mrs. H\*\*\*s was benevolently relieving the bodily wants of the lower class of the parishioners, Mr. H\*\*\*s was no less zealously employed in preparing food for their minds; and, in the true acceptation of the word, he was a faithful priest.

In relieving want, Mrs. H\*\*\*s carefully avoided encouraging idleness: mere babes in the parish of Elmdon were taught to become useful in their sphere of life; large quantities of wool, hemp, and flax, were purchased for spinning; and the former was knit into stockings by children not more than five years old. A pair of these stockings was given to every individual in the parish, on the day on which we celebrate the nativity of Christ; and each child, whose name was noted down for good behaviour or diligent application, received either sixpence, or a four-penny piece.

In addition to these benevolent acts, Mrs. H\*\*\*s was the village physician; and, in imitation of professional practice, never omitted a daily visit to those who were incapable of going to the parsonage-house; and if the case exceeded her abilities, she sent to Cambridge for her son, who was an eminent surgeon, and whose benevolence and humanity equalled her own.

Thus, in a constant round of charitable exertion, this exemplary character passed the meridian of life, and, with the full vigor of her faculties, reached that period which the royal Psalmist has declared to be man's measured time. Sudden was the blow—short the warning given; for, blest with health,

and in the full possession of all her faculties, a paralytic stroke brought her to the verge of the grave—Though filial affection was a stimulus to medical exertion, it was soon evident to those around her, that human art was vain; and, though the flowers of intellect still blossomed, the root of the plant was totally withered!—Her death-bed presented a scene at once impressive and consoling:—every feeling was tranquillised by pious resignation: she felt that she had fought a good fight—that she had kept her faith—and that she was going to receive a crown of righteousness.—No appalling thought, no alarming apprehension, was discoverable:—her every word and action displayed a mind at peace; and, though in one moment reduced to a total state of helplessness, no dissatisfied expression ever escaped her lips.—In the days of health, Addison's beautiful poem of "The expiring Christian to his Soul" had always seemed to accord with her own sensations; and she expired uttering these consolatory words—

"The world recedes—it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes:—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring!"  
(To be continued.)

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 262.)

CHAP. 12.

The sex we honor, though their faults  
we blame— [ful theme—  
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruit-  
A theme, fair Julia, doubly kind to me:—  
Since satirising those is praising thee,  
Who would'st not bear, too modestly re-  
fin'd,  
A panegyric of a grosser kind. Young.  
All thoughts, all passions, all designs—  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame—  
All are but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame. Coleridge.

THE personal as well as mental advantages of Julia Monson amply justified the sudden predilection

which she inspired. She was between nineteen and twenty, and the eldest of nine children. Their father, Sir William Monson, possessed an entailed estate, of nearly two thousand a year: but the rapid increase of his family—his lady's want of resolution to retrench their expenses, and to deviate from the mode in which they had set out in life—and his own indifferent health,—all together contributed to add an annual embarrassment to his circumstances; for so closely was his property tied up, that he could not even cut wood, till his son, then only four years old, should be of age.

Of this numerous family, Julia was the pride. The probable fate that might befall her, wrung many a bitter sigh from her father's heart, who would scarcely have thought the highest distinctions of wealth or title equal to the merits of his darling child.

In sickness, she was his comforter, and, in his happier hours, the friend whose animation and accomplishments gave to the passing time a zest, which it derived from no other source. Two boys, whose birth succeeded hers, were carried off by the scarlet fever in their infancy: and, at this period, the endearments of the little Julia wound themselves so around her father's heart, that, of the six other daughters, and two sons, who were afterwards born to him, none could inspire an equal affection.

As fervently and sincerely as it deserved, was this partiality requited: yet—as is always the result of such exclusive preferences—the general happiness of the family was by no means increased by it. Lady Monson looked upon Julia as her rival in Sir William's good opinion. She had a childish jealousy of beauty, which, extending to her own daugh-



ter, became an unpardonable folly, and occasioned a harsh snappishness of manner, that prevented the gentle affections of this amiable girl from expanding alike to both her parents.

After this, it needs scarcely be said, that Lady Monson was a weak woman. Sir William had married her for her beauty, without considering that good sense, good temper, and fortune, were more valuable and lasting qualifications. Upon this oversight he had ample leisure for reflexion; and to Julia, whose mind he formed and cultivated to the utmost extent, he looked forward, as setting that example to the younger children, of which he knew their mother was incapable.

Lady Monson's chief occupations were fine works and dressing—the only two things in which she excelled—and on both of which she lavished more money, than, from the peculiar circumstances of her family, she was authorised to do. Airing out in her carriage, with paying and receiving visits, filled up the rest of her time: for, the nursing and education of her children, and the arrangement of domestic concerns, being all committed to the care of people hired for the purpose, were no tie upon her. Though the most rigid censor could not accuse her ladyship of extravagance, or giving into any expense unbecoming her situation in life, yet her greatest flatterer could not praise her for prudence; and her husband never found her the attentive softener of his cares, or the active assistant who studied the welfare of his family, or looked beyond the occupations of the passing hour.

The measles had successively attacked the younger branches of the family in the spring; and a severe cough, that remained with Miss

Monson and some of the little ones, rendered a visit to the sea-coast advisable.—A small house was taken for her accommodation at Stillerness, about three and twenty miles off; and she was accompanied thither by the governess and five of the younger children.

Sir William was under the necessity of going to Cheltenham; but, believing that his daughter's health rendered the sea air indispensable, he agreed to the separation.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake had spent some time in the neighbourhood of Manningdale Hall (Sir William's seat) and were of course acquainted with his daughter, whom, as the only person Mrs. Mortlake could associate with at Stillerness, she took every opportunity of having with them at the hotel.

By this mean Richmond, who for her sake endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the Mortlakes, was perpetually in her society; and, in it, he first knew the nature of that passion, by which the wisest and the weakest, the gravest and the gayest, are equally enslaved. Whether the present quietude of his life, and the remoteness from all that could agitate his mind, insensibly moulded it to receive the softest sensations, or that Julia Monson was his predestined conqueror, certain it is, that, even in this period of their acquaintance, she became the sole object that gave interest to his days, brightening them as they rolled on, and preventing retrospection of the past, or care for the future, while every idea was engrossed by the happiness which her presence diffused.

It has often been remarked, that, in a youthful bosom, the perception of preference is alone sufficient to create attachment. Thus it operated with Miss Monson. She knew nothing of Captain Richmond: but,

when she noticed the admiration with which he regarded her, was it in female nature to avoid giving him credit for sense, for judgement, and all those agreeable, yet lighter qualifications, which seemed spontaneously to arise in her society? His knowledge of the fine arts, his stores of anecdote, whiled away the hours: at the same time, the inequality of his manner rendered him more interesting, than she was aware of.

The Mortlakes spoke of his being a gloomy reserved man, who seemed indifferent to every thing but cards: yet, notwithstanding this, they owned themselves at times astonished by the elegance of his manner, and the charms of his conversation; for, though they remarked not that these powers were only called forth when Miss Monson was with them, her own penetration was not backward in pointing the observation.

By the other bathers in the place he was universally disliked. The want of conciliation in his behaviour—ever conspicuous, where his approbation was not secured—displeased them, in proportion as he had been disgusted by the first hour's specimen of their manners and conversation.

They spoke of him, as "a proud saucy fellow—one whom nobody knew—and, for their part, they did not desire it. They only wished the poor landlord might not suffer:—all was not gold that glittered: and, oftentimes, these fine flashy fellows, that were keen enough to bet their half guineas, and have their fresh bottle of wine every day, setting themselves up for great folk, would take a French leave."

Richmond, soon after his arrival at Stillerness, found out a neat little cottage about three quarters of a mile from the village, which was exactly adapted for Madame D'Al-

menie. He hired it for her, and, by busying himself in inspecting the necessary alterations, and fitting it up, gave a handle for the low-lived malignity of his inmates, which they were not tardy in laying hold of—insinuating that the expected tenants at Hamlen "were no better than they should be," and of a description of ladies, whom it was wiser to exclude, than admit into respectable society.

Richmond had gained another week's leave of absence, but ineffectually tried to obtain a few more days, for the purpose of remaining as long as Miss Monson did. He therefore joined his regiment, more gloomy, more irritable, than ever—with even less toleration than before for the society of his brother officers: and this, augmenting their prejudice, occasioned a sort of treatment, which, if his mind had not been too much engaged to attend to it, would have been noticed in a hostile manner: but, every idea engrossed by one fascinating object, he had not even a thought to waste upon indifferent people.

#### CHAP. 13.

Virtue's the paint, that can make wrinkles  
shine.

That, and that only, can old age sustain,  
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish  
for pain.

Not numerous are our joys, when life is  
And, yearly, some are falling of the few.  
But, when we conquer life's midday  
stage,

And downward tend into the vale of age,  
They drop apace:—by nature some de-  
cay;

And some the blasts of fortune sweep  
away. Young.

THE Mortlake family, and the young Monsous, both quitted Stillerness in the course of a week: but Miss Monson, instead of returning home with her little brothers and sisters, went to visit her aunt, Mrs. Egerton.

That lady was a widow, but, by

agreement with the guardians of the present representative of the family, continued to reside at the mansion-house. She had been so deeply afflicted by the loss of her husband at an early period of their union, and afterwards by the death of two most promising children, the only pledges of her lamented partner, that her habits of life insensibly became of the most secluded sort; and it was principally in the regions of romance, that she found a relief from the real calamities that had overtaken her.

The perusal of novels became not merely her amusement, but her study; and hence, while her judgment was completely obscured as to common worldly transactions, her heart was proportionally sympathetic to every thing that soared above them. That she was of course subject to imposition cannot be wondered at; for experience did not teach her circumspection; and no tale of distress that reached her ear, excited any other inquiry than how it might be mitigated. Her romantic turn, it may be easily believed, excited ridicule in her neighbourhood; but the amiability of her disposition, and the inoffensiveness of her manners, shielded her from censure.

To the young, the affluent, or the happy, her habitation had so little attraction, that it was long since any of them had been its visitors. Sir William Monson occasionally came over; and Julia was generally with him: but her ladyship, who affected to despise Mrs. Egerton's "romantic whims" (as she termed them) rarely honored Woodfield with her presence.

A lovely young woman, like Julia Monson, sole source of happiness to a declining parent, was an object exactly calculated to win the heart of Mrs. Egerton. She had never known how to entreat Sir William

to spare his daughter: but during his absence was the very time to urge her wishes; and she did it so effectually, as to gain a promise that the intervening time, between leaving Stillerness, and the return of the family, should be spent with her.

Julia, 'tis true, had several invitations more promising of amusement: but they were declined, in favor of that which she thought it most incumbent upon her to accept; and the transports, with which she was received by her kind-hearted relative, almost seemed a recompense for the gaiety which she had sacrificed to attend her.

It has before been stated, that Madame D'Almenie was maternally connected with a Yorkshire family:—it was that of Egerton: and finding, by inquiry, that the dowager was the only person of the name, to whom she could, with either propriety or advantage, introduce herself, she wrote to her, and explained her present unprotected situation.

Many more worldly-minded people would not have attended to a statement, which, though possibly true, might as probably be the fiction of some unprincipled adventuress, who made the leading circumstances of the times subservient to her own purposes.

Suspicion, however, was foreign to the breast of Mrs. Egerton; and she instantly proved her implicit reliance on the representation that was made, by offering the fugitives an asylum at Woodfield. To accept it was not by any means a part of Madame D'Almenie's plan; but the prospect of finding a respectable friend so kindly disposed toward her, gave her intended residence at Hamlen cottage additional value. She replied, accordingly, in terms so expressive of her gratitude, as heightened Mrs. Egerton's wish to

know her; and she again, though they declined a residence, entreated a visit to Woodfield so strenuously, that the *émigrées* considered compliance as the only way in which they could prove their sense of the kindness conferred upon them.

When Miss Monson was informed of these expected visitants, she could not but regret the precipitancy of a benevolence, which, even in the present instance, might draw her aunt into a very unpleasant dilemma: but the moment the objects of her fears presented themselves, her apprehensions vanished, and she became only anxious to atone for the injustice of her surmises.

In truth, two women more perfectly engaging could not easily be found. Misfortune had in some measure subdued the thoughtless vivacity of their country, and replaced it with a sort of dignified gravity, which at once stole upon the affections.

After remaining ten days at Woodfield, the two Mesdames D'Almenie proceeded to their new residence, about twenty miles off, where they received a visit from their friend Richmond. In their society, he found a solace; and at Stillerness, where he had first seen Miss Monson, a melancholy sort of pleasure stole over his remembrance. In this place, she had walked—in that, he handed her from Mrs. Mortlake's carriage—in another, he perceived her relieve an indigent old woman—and in a fourth, he had beheld her playing with her little brothers and sisters. In short, every step he took had been previously traced by her. As such, the very ground he trod upon was interesting; and, several times a week, he rode over, ostensibly to pay his respects to Madame D'Almenie, to carry her a new book, materials for work, or

any thing to enliven her solitude, but, in reality, to indulge those retrospective delights, which, far from conquering, tended indelibly to impress his new-born passion on his soul.

To investigate the prudence of these indulgencies, is less the province of the biographer, than to record the unpleasant circumstances that originated from them. Though Richmond was never absent from parade, his perpetual disappearance, during those hours when his duty did not require his attendance, was remarked: it was easily known whither he went; and thus was every scandalous conjecture fully confirmed, to which his taking Hanlen cottage had given birth.

It was at this period, that Lord Hardsburgh, having married, and remained with his bride two or three days, grew weary of the retirement to which etiquette devoted the first weeks of their nuptial life, and, under pretence of military duty, joined his regiment, to vary the scene for himself, and leave her the unmolested enjoyment of any amusement she could find out.

His lordship was soon acquainted with the imaginary motives of Captain Richmond's perpetual absences, and, not doubting that a *chère amie* of his must be worth looking after, went purposely to Stillerness, and easily obtained a sight of Madame D'Almenie. Toward superiority in any respect, his lordship had all the malignancy of a little mind; and to rob a man he disliked of a favorite mistress, would be in itself a delicious gratification, for which the personal charms of the lady in question now rendered him doubly zealous. He accordingly wrote a very complimentary epistle, explaining his intentions, and holding forth such lures as would probably have

been successful with a lady of the character he supposed Madame D'Almenie to be.

Most unfortunately, Richmond was at the cottage when she received the letter; and, in her unguarded state of distressful agitation, she betrayed its contents. He instantly quitted her, and, seeking out Lord Hardsburgh, threw the letter in his face, and added a little of that manual discipline, which he thought the offender deserved, and which he would have inflicted in a much severer degree, had he not been appeased by every submission, and promised humiliation, that could liberate this pusillanimous young nobleman from his gripe.

Nothing, however, could be further from Lord Hardsburgh's intentions, than either writing an apology to the lady he had insulted, or challenging her defender, as the laws of modern honor would have demanded, after the indignity he had suffered. The letter, which alone would have proved the impertinence he had offered, was in his own possession. His servants alone (whose evidence he knew he could command) were witnesses of the attack upon him; and accordingly, listening to the first suggestions of his rage, he ordered Richmond to be put under arrest for assaulting his commanding officer.

In one respect, Lord Hardsburgh had a considerable advantage, as he was at liberty to circulate what reports he pleased of the affair; but, "as morn and cool reflexion came," repentance accompanied them. He began to fear that his own conduct would not stand the test of investigation; and, by awakening the vengeance of Richmond, he might excite a revival of pecuniary demands which he was little prepared to meet: for, judging of another by

himself, he did not suppose, that what had passed previously to his opponent's entering the militia, would now with-hold him, if too severely irritated, from gratifying his revenge.

Actuated by these sentiments, he requested Major Kelton to be a mediator in the affair, and, if possible, to get it accommodated, as (he said) he felt he had been too hasty, and would be sorry to injure a young man, whom he had, however imprudently, been the means of introducing into the regiment.

The major, who thought this a fair opportunity of getting rid of both parties, proposed a mutual resignation, as, he assured the lieutenant-colonel, his bearing an insult so tamely, and then wishing the affair hushed up, would be such a stigma upon his character as a military man, that he could not well show himself in that light hereafter: and, when he found Richmond determined on abiding the award of a court-martial, he so strenuously advised him against it, that he at length conquered his resolution, by representing, that, however justifiable his anger might be, the attack upon his commanding officer could be so completely proved, that he would certainly be cashiered, and rendered incapable of serving again.

To these arguments the haughty spirit of our hero at length yielded.

Power, it is well known, can accomplish much. The colonel, who knew, by sad experience, that every affair in which his son was engaged, terminated to his discredit, got the business smoothed over as well as he could. Both the young men resigned. The lieutenant-colonel's fears were appeased, and his malice in some slight degree gratified. The major rejoiced in the success of his

machinations; and thus ended the military career of poor Frederic.

With "all the world before him where to choose," he resolved not to be in a hurry to fix his future destination. He found his health injured by the irritation of his mind; and, at present desirous only of seclusion and quiet, he again fixed himself in the vicinity of Madame D'Almenie. Her character, he thought, would be its own support against such aspersions as the misjudging world might cast upon it; and, should there be any repetition of insult, he was upon the spot to avenge it.

It has already been shown that prudence, or a just and calm mode of action, was no characteristic trait of our hero: and it is perhaps as unnecessary to descant on the erroneous policy of this idea, as it is impossible to describe his joy, on finding that Miss Monson, the loveliest of human beings, the secret object of all his thoughts, was again at Stillerness, whither she had accompanied Mrs. Egerton only a day or two previous to his arrival.

*(To be continued.)*

#### *The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

*(Continued from page 272.)*

*Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Charlotte Pembroke.*

*Lenox Abbey.*

I ONCE more resume my pen, in order to give you the history of our amiable unhappy widow. But first I must tell you, we have heard from Middleton. My Sir Henry is his friend, his correspondent. In one part of his letter, he is the hero, the philosopher—in another, he sinks into all the softness and languor of love.—Miss Lenox is yet pale and weak: but she seems happy, nay even cheerful. Her attachment is that of a sensible delicate woman:—the

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honor and rectitude of the man she admires is as dear to her as her own fame: his praises sink deep into her heart;—but, from the almost insurmountable barrier which fate has placed between them, she has not an idea of a nearer connexion, than that of a tender and disinterested friendship.

It will be a necessary prelude to the inclosed history to tell you by what means we became acquainted with the gentle writer.—When Mr. Middleton was thought to be in imminent danger, an express was sent to Lord Malcombe and to Mrs. Middleton, acquainting them with the danger of the young man, so dear to them, and requesting their immediate attendance on him. The affliction of Lord Malcombe was much more affecting than the loud and violent grief of Mrs. Middleton. I own, Charlotte, I was much disappointed in the person and manners of the latter. Mrs. Middleton, it is true, is a plain good kind of woman: but I had, I know not why, entertained an idea that the mother of such a son must have a something about her superior to her present situation. But there is not the least similarity between her and her son: they are indeed of quite a different order of beings. There was a something in her behaviour, which I could not account for:—when the poor sufferer was in the height of his delirium, she seemed thoughtful and absent; but, when he got better, she proposed leaving the Abbey, though very much importuned by Lady Granville to stay, who thought a mother would be anxious to attend on her child. The answer she made, was, that, as her son was so well attended through the goodness of her ladyship, and as he did not seem at all desirous of her being with him, she would rather go, &c.

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she knew her absence was an inconvenience in her lord's family.

You will think this rather unfeeling behaviour; and so it appeared to us. Previous to her quitting us, a conversation, which had often occasioned debates among us, was renewed in the presence of Middleton and his mother. We wished to know what was become of the lady, of whom, though appearances were so much against her, Middleton would not harbour a suspicious thought. He was still sanguine in his favorable opinion of her.—In the height of this conversation, Mrs. Middleton asked if we knew the lady of whom we were talking.—She was answered in the negative, and made acquainted with every particular that had as yet come to the knowledge of the family.—“A circumstance now strikes me,” replied Mrs. Middleton, “which, during my son's danger, I had not time to think of, but which now, on comparing circumstances, leads me to think it may be possible to trace this cruel transaction to its source.”

We all listened with profound attention; and she thus continued—  
“On our way to the Abbey, my lord stopped to change horses at M\*\*\*, near which is the seat of Mr. D'Anville, whose family, the hostess informed me, was in very great confusion. As I had formerly known something of this family, I inquired a little into particulars; and she told me that Mrs. D'Anville, who was a very amiable lady, and greatly beloved by all who knew her, had lately been at Mr. D'Anville's sister's at Marble-hill for the recovery of her health; but that, a few days before, she had unexpectedly returned, in a most distressed condition both of mind and body, and had continued in strong convulsions ever since: and—what height-

ened the distress of the servants—Mr. D'Anville was absent from home; nor could they gain any intelligence where he was to be heard of.

“My own distress,” continued Mrs. Middleton, “at that time, prevented my thinking so much as I should have done on this unhappy lady, whom I had formerly known in the most elevated circumstances.—Now,” continued she, “if there is, as I strongly suspect there may be, a connexion between this affair and my son's unhappy accident, it may easily be discovered by making inquiries at Marble-hill, which is not far from here.”

This scheme was approved. Lady Granville was intimate with Mrs. Mordaunt, the lady who resided at this seat; and she has dined here once since I have been at the Abbey.—Lenox, all animation, rested not till he had been to Marble-hill.—On his return, he told us he no longer had a doubt that he should soon be enabled to unravel this intricate affair, “though, at present,” continued he, “I can obtain but a very unsatisfactory account with regard to particulars. Mrs. Mordaunt was not at home. I was a little damped at this disappointment: I, however, asked the servant, if a Mr. and Mrs. D'Anville had not lately been at his lady's house: he answered that they had been there, but that they had quitted it some time. Finding the servant an intelligent fellow, I told him I had very particular reasons for being so inquisitive about the affairs of his family, and that I was very sorry Mrs. Mordaunt was from home. The man very civilly answered that he would be very happy to give me all the satisfaction in his power. I then asked him if he could tell me the time when Mr. D'Anville quitted Marble-hill.—

‘Yes, Sir,’ answered he: ‘it was the very day on which the attempt was made upon the life of the young gentleman at the Abbey: and what made it very remarkable,’ continued the man, ‘was the very abrupt departure of both Mr. and Mrs. D’Anville. Mr. D’Anville, on the morning of that day, rode out; and his lady, as was often her custom, walked out alone. She had been gone out a considerable time, when my mistress began to be alarmed at her sister’s absence, as she was in a very weak state of health; and she walked out in hopes of meeting her. She had not been long gone, before Mrs. D’Anville entered our hall, pale and trembling. She called for her own servants—ordered the horses to her carriage—hurried into it—and drove away immediately. My lady soon after returned, much frightened, and was exceedingly alarmed, when she heard of the precipitate departure of Mrs. D’Anville. The second day after this, an express came with the melancholy tidings that the poor lady lay dangerously ill at her own house, and to request Mrs. Mordaunt’s immediate attendance, as the servants were in the greatest confusion, on account of their lady’s illness, and the absence of their master.’—He added, that his lady travelled post to the assistance of Mrs. D’Anville; but what had passed in that family since, he was ignorant of; for he had not heard of his lady since her departure from home.

“Mrs. D’Anville,” continued Lenox, “in my opinion, was most certainly the woman whom Middleton was assisting, when he received his wounds: but, as to any further insight into this intricate affair, I do not know how it can be obtained, till Mrs. Mordaunt returns to Marble-hill; for, at the present moment,

any application to Mrs. D’Anville” . . . . . Here Middleton declared that he would not by any means consent to have application made to her:—she appeared, to be unfortunate; and he would not, for the universe, add to her unhappiness.—Thus this affair rested for some time after Mrs. Middleton quitted the Abbey; when, one day, a letter was brought, directed “to Henry Middleton, Esq.” of which the following is a copy—

“The first moments of returning sense are employed by an ill-fated woman in dictating a few lines to the most injured of men. Totally unknown to you, Sir, your humanity to a helpless stranger was returned by a most barbarous assassination. I am hovering on the verge of the grave; and my only wish is, that my sinking spirits may support me till I have cleared my character from the heavy suspicions which envelop my fame. I shall then breathe my last sigh in peace; and this weary frame will sink into eternal oblivion.—Oh! Mr. Middleton! when your kindness supported my feeble emaciated frame, could you suppose it possible that I could be an accessory to the infamous attempt made on your life? The Almighty, who alone knows the sentiments of every heart, can judge the purity of mine: but, though it may be possible for me to clear my own fame, I shudder at the thought of fixing the guilt on a man to whom I am united in the holy ties of matrimony: but this avowal, hard as it is, honor, truth, every sentiment of moral rectitude, demands of me. Great God! what did I see?—the hands of my husband stained with the blood of an innocent man! Lost, infatuated D’Anville! what action in the whole life of thy unhappy wife could engender that baneful weed, jealousy?



It is true, Sir, I have often observed you, as you rode by Marble-hill; and your figure brought forcibly to my remembrance a person who was once infinitely dear to me: but that beloved object ceased to breathe, long before I became the wife of D'Anville; and, when I gave him my hand at the altar, I gave him all that was left of an affectionate but lacerated heart.—When I made my vows, I was not insensible of the duties of a wife; and I solemnly declare, it has been the constant study of my life to make my husband happy. But I fear I shall extend this letter, till it will become tedious to you, and painful to myself. Suffice it to say, that I took a pleasure in looking at you, and have frequently praised your person to Mr. D'Anville, without an idea that the commendation, which I thought due to an accomplished stranger, could excite in his bosom any suspicions of so groundless a nature. But, that he did harbour such suspicions, you, Sir, have too fatally experienced.—I came to Marble-hill, to try if change of air and place could possibly heal a broken constitution, and did really find a great deal of benefit from the pure air of the country. On that memorable morning, I walked out alone, as was frequently my custom. I went on slowly, musing on the unhappy temper of my husband, and endeavouring to recollect in what I could possibly have offended him; when I found I had extended my walk too far. My strength failed me: my trembling limbs could hardly support me; when, on lifting up my head, I saw some gentlemen in the road. I wished for their assistance: but my voice was too feeble to be heard. Fainting with fatigue, I sunk insensibly on the ground. How long I remained in that situation, I know not. Deep and piercing groans

awaked me from my trance:—I opened my eyes to a scene of horror, that chilled my blood! I saw the humane Middleton, who had supported my fainting limbs, covered with wounds! I saw my husband, with his face distorted with passion, and his sword reeking with the blood of the hapless stranger!—Terror gave wings to my feet: with breathless haste I returned to the house:—in a state of distraction I abruptly quitted Marble-hill, and knew not what I did, till I had reached my own home, where I at length recovered my reason, only to be sensible of the most poignant anguish.—A fever and delirium ensued; and death approached, to release me from a world which had afforded me nothing but a series of the most bitter misfortunes. Believe me, Sir, when I heard of your recovery, it cast the first ray of hope that dawned on my soul. I felt joy for all those who have the pleasure of your acquaintance; and I felt it more particularly for the sake of a wretched unhappy man, who was guilty of a deed, which he must ever deplore. Unworthy as he is, I cannot but lament his banishment from his native country; or, if he ever visit England again, I tremble at the thought of his being exposed to a prosecution for assassination. He is my husband—the man to whom my fond departed father gave my hand.—I am overpowered by the exertion I have made in writing this long detail.—May that gracious and just Being, before whom I bow with an humble and corrected spirit, protect you from any future attacks from malevolence and cruelty! If I am yet to linger a little longer in this vale of tears, I shall return with the friendly and amiable Mrs. Mordaunt to Marble-hill; when, if it will be any satisfaction to you, or to the respectable family you are with, I will relate

the particulars of my sad story.—  
Adieu, Sir! Thoroughly sensible of  
the misfortune which I have unin-  
tentionally occasioned to you, I must  
for-ever lament the cause which  
made me trouble you with this  
paper from the unfortunate

FRANCES D'ANVILLE."  
(To be continued.)

—  
Mock AUCTIONS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

THERE hardly is, in the present  
day, a thing more necessary to be  
guarded against than an auction.—  
Methinks I see some fair bargain-  
buyer start at my assertion, and,  
with laudable confidence in her own  
judgement, pronounce it a fallacious  
one: but, if she will do me the fa-  
vor to read on, I think, at least I  
hope, she may be induced to alter  
her ideas on this subject. I believe  
I may safely assert, that, of one  
hundred auctions in London, about  
ninety-nine are not absolutely ge-  
nuine sales: some are mixed—a sort  
of half and half business; but most  
of them are mere *rigs*—such is the  
term for a sale where the goods are  
supported by *puffers*, and never al-  
lowed to be sold but for a profit. In  
walking through our principal streets,  
a new *Mart* or auction-room attracts  
our notice at every corner, where  
tempting inducements are held out  
to invite a person to enter; such as  
green or red baize folding-doors,  
mahogany seats and tables, and all  
the pretty, I had almost said foolish,  
*wick-nackery* of the day.

Now all this tends greatly to the  
injury of the regular tradesman, and  
often more to that of the buyers at these  
sales. Great is the rejoicing, if two  
or three genteel females happen to  
attend; when, if they allow them-  
selves to become buyers, it is almost  
certain that they will be sufferers

in some way; and I beg the atten-  
tion of any sale-going fair one to the  
few remarks that follow. The goods,  
at these sales, are chiefly made on  
purpose—slight, showy, and fine,  
if piece-goods; if jewellery, the  
gold is generally very indifferent;  
and, as to furniture, it is notorious,  
and has been for years, that a very  
great quantity is regularly made, for  
no purpose whatever, but to be  
sold at sham auctions. All this, of  
itself, ought to be sufficient to put  
persons on their guard: but there  
are many other matters to be thought  
of in going to an auction. We are  
often induced to buy articles which  
we do not at all want, merely be-  
cause they are *bargains*; when, in  
fact, a thing not wanted is dear, at  
any price. Another dangerous thing  
is eagerness in bidding. I have seen  
many a lady, who had *set her heart*  
on some fanciful lot at a sale, abso-  
lutely bidding upon herself, that is,  
continuing to advance, for fear the  
auctioneer had not taken her bid-  
ding; and the auctioneer suffered  
her to remain ignorant of her mistake.  
And who, that has attended auc-  
tions at all, has not occasionally  
seen two ladies, who had both *fallen*  
*in love* with the same lot—such as a  
service of china, some very gay ar-  
ticle of furniture, or a lot of lace  
or millinery? In such a case—and  
it is no uncommon one—the things  
universally fetch more than their  
value, not unfrequently twice as  
much. Again, a lot is often so  
oddly and purposely mixed, that,  
even if you buy it cheap, at least  
three parts of the articles contained  
in it will be such as you neither want  
nor know how to get rid of.

I wish to address all these cau-  
tions particularly to the fair sex, as  
being less aware of the tricks prac-  
tised in this way; not but that ma-  
ny men may also profit by them.

It is a most unfeminine thing, at least it is so in my opinion, for ladies to attend auctions at all. They are almost sure to be treated with rudeness, perhaps with insult; to say nothing of the perpetual quizzing that is likely to attend them. But, if this will not keep them away, I hope the danger of being seriously cheated may operate in a stronger way, and induce them to look for morning amusement at their work-tables, in some useful book, or in a ride or walk.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. AN OBSERVER.

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*The Ruins of Time, and the Anxiety of Man for POSTUMOUS FAME.*

“All has its date below:—the fatal hour  
Was register'd in heav'n ere time began.  
We turn to dust; and all our mightiest  
works [lay,  
Die too: the deep foundations that we  
Time ploughs them up; and not a trace  
remains. [rock:  
We build with what we deem eternal  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;  
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in  
vain,  
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

*Cowper.*

FINELY has Cowper, in the above passage, described the ruins of time. Man builds the mighty edifice, endows it amply—and fondly, but vainly, hopes, that, while the world shall last, his name cannot be forgotten. Time, however, rocks the fabric into ruin, and buries it deep in the earth, where the founder and his name sleep together. The warrior's marble tomb, deeply engraved by his country or his friends, as feebly can record his fame: Time, with silent but resistless labor, will first make the marble's surface plain, and then crumble it into dust.

It is really a grand and awful contemplation to look back, and trace the rise and fall of empires, the growth and decay of cities, and the

immense toils of conquerors and kings, whose names live, it is true, but the place of whose dominion is not now to be found, or, if found, is but the throne of desolation. There is not perhaps in the world a greater example of this, than in the wonderful ruins of Persepolis in Asia, where it is supposed that Darius, who was conquered by Alexander of Macedon, had his palace—the principal ruin being so called. The description of it is too extensive to be given in a short essay like this; but, to a beholder, along with the other ruins spread over so large a space, it must be an impressive lesson. “Here,” he might exclaim, “one great emperor resided, till another came, greater and more powerful, who overthrew him, and succeeded to his splendid palaces and his kingdom, or rather added them to his own vast empire. Both are long since gone to the silent tomb; and time has swept away their proudest works, has turned this once beautiful city into a desert, and is gradually mouldering away and mingling with the dust these marble monuments of majesty.”

But, to leave majesty, and turn to simple man, it certainly seems a part of our nature to look beyond this life, and endeavour, by some means or other, to render ourselves the talk of posterity. The author writes for postumous fame; the soldier fights for it; the statesman intrigues for it; and the monarch, too often, makes himself miserable for it. Even in very humble life, where little or nothing has been done to call for it, a grave-stone starts up, to tell you how *good* a man it covers. Too often, alas! it tells not truth; and here it may not be amiss to say that the maxim, “speak not ill of the dead,” may be carried too far. Silence, with respect to a bad cha-

acter, may perhaps be commendable; yet even this is doubtful; but it is too much that a man of notorious evil habits should be praised on a tomb-stone for possessing every opposite good quality: and yet how often do we see this done!

Man's existence, of itself, is but a span; his labors last ages longer than he does; yet would one suppose, to see him, even in old age, gathering together riches, building and decorating houses, laying out gardens and pleasure-grounds, perhaps without an heir to inherit them after him, that he fancied himself capable of enjoying an immortality on earth. Such, however, is almost always the conduct of man: he is anxious to leave something behind him, to be remembered by:—he gives his name to a square, a street, a court, or even an alley: he calls his mansion by his family name; or leaves almshouses' handsomely endowed for the children of misery and misfortune. In all these cases, he is doing much good; he is employing the laborer, and providing for the poor; and so that good be but done, we ought not to quarrel with the motive that occasions it. J. M. L.

*MARRIAGE Ceremonies in the FEROE Islands.*

(From Landt's Description of the Feroë Islands.)

SOMETIMES a young man in Feroë endeavours to gain the affection of a young woman without communicating his intentions to any of his friends; but as soon as he obtains the young woman's consent, he no longer thinks concealment necessary. If he proves unfortunate in his suit, has no means of access to the object of his love, or is unacquainted with her parents, he employs the intervention of some respectable person, who makes the proposal in his name.

This confidential friend waits upon the young woman and her parents, acquaints them with the young man's intention, and receives their answer. If the offer be rejected, nothing more is to be done; and the sutor must direct his views to some other quarter; but, if no objections are made by any of the parties, the lover repairs, a week after, to the house of the young woman, with his high hat on his head, and his wooing staff in his hand, as a signal of his errand. Persons of higher rank celebrate their weddings at any period of the year they think proper; but the common people marry only in the autumn, which is their slaughtering-time.

The bridegroom has two men, who are generally selected from the most respectable of his friends, and whose duty is to accompany him to and from church, and to dress and undress him. The bride has also two bride-maids, who dress her, and who, during the ceremony, stand behind her and the bridegroom; she has also two young men called *lyasvoynar*, that is, leaders, who, each laying hold of an arm, accompany her to the church, hand her into her pew, and, when the service is over, attend her in the same manner back to the house where the wedding is celebrated. The bridegroom first repairs to the church, with all his male attendants walking in pairs; and then the bride, who, however, is preceded by a company of bride-girls, all neatly dressed and ornamented, who arrange themselves in a row in the passage before the pew appropriated for her, where they remain standing till she and her maids have passed them\*. During the ceremony, a

\* A widow has no bride girls at her wedding; and, in this case, the men and the women walk promiscuously together.

great many candles are placed on the altar; and, when it is ended (which is generally in the afternoon), the company return. After the new-married pair have received a congratulatory kiss from each of the guests, they all sit down to a dinner, which consists of soup made with beef, or lamb; roast beef, or lamb, succeeded by rice soup, plum tarts, and a kind of fritters without apples; and, on such occasions, there is always a plentiful supply of brandy and ale, which is handed about by cup-bearers. When the dinner is over, and a thanksgiving hymn sung, the apartment is made ready for dancing. The bride and bridegroom, with the whole company, form themselves into a circle, and, joining hands, dance round in cadence, towards the left side, to the sound of a nuptial song, which is sung by all the dancers in full chorus. If the apartment is not large enough to admit the whole company to make one circle, they form themselves into two or more concentric circles. . . . .

Next morning, the wedded pair receive presents from the guests, which generally amount to one or two crowns; and a glass of wine or brandy is given to each person present. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and dancing: but, after dinner, one of the most ingenious of the guests brings in a rump of roast beef, part of the cow killed for the wedding, the tail of which, adhering to it, is bent upwards, and ornamented with ribbons; but the whole piece sometimes is decorated with painted or gilt paper. It is introduced with a poetical oration, the subject of which is a panegyric on the dish; and sometimes the fate and history of the cow is detailed in this speech, with a tiresome and insipid minuteness. The vessel con-

taining the dish is placed at the upper end of the table, where it is handed from the one to the other; each of the company, if they choose, giving vent at the same time to some witty and extempore effusion in verse, which either contains some trait of satire, or is calculated to excite a roar of laughter\*.

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*An over-ruling PROVIDENCE.*

*(From Mr. D'Ogby's Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge.)*

As far as it may tend to generate improvement in ourselves, to awaken our gratitude to God, to quicken the sense of our dependence on his high will, we cannot carry to an erroneous extreme our application of the doctrine of a particular Providence. On general grounds, we owe to him the warmest expression of thankful adoration, as we are dependent every moment on the provisions of his bounty, as we have received from him all that we possess, as we look to him for all that we expect. And, on every striking occasion of unexpected change in our fortunes, of relief from distress, of escape from danger, of unforeseen success, nay of unforeseen calamity also, this gratitude ought to be quickened to a more warm and glowing feeling. For the purpose also of increasing and strengthening the general sense of our subjection to an

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\* Some injury, done to them by their superiors or rulers, serves sometimes on such occasions as the subject of these effusions. The following is an example: an inhabitant of Feroe was once condemned to pay a fine for shooting an eider duck, though the witnesses differed in regard to the color of the fowl, the one asserting it to be grey, and the other affirming that it was white. The culprit, therefore, turned the whole procedure into verse, and with so much satirical humour, that it afterwards served as a fund of amusement to various companies.

over-ruling Providence, we may well draw striking lessons from the passing events of the world. We must be disciplined by them to a just knowledge of our dependent state: we must be disciplined to humility, to reflexion, and to piety—to a religious trust in the goodness of God, and to a patient acquiescence under all his dispensations. And, from the more severe and awful warnings which the course of worldly events at times displays in the eyes of trembling mortals, that solemn reverence for the name of God, and that fear of his great displeasure, ought to be excited, which may produce in us unvarying obedience. These are the effects, which, we may well presume, were intended by the Almighty, in the visible traces of his government which he is pleased to afford, and which therefore ought to be produced on the feelings and the conduct of his creatures.

But, in every thing beyond this, every principle of reverence towards the Deity, every sense of our own utter ignorance and weakness, admonish us, that we ought to advance with a most cautious tread. We must ever remember, that it is not for the short-sighted creature to fathom the ways of the Supreme Creator; that his purposes are shrouded beneath a veil which no mortal eye can pierce; that his scheme of government has ends, and bearings, and relations, which our limited faculties cannot possibly comprehend. We cannot guard with too much anxiousness against that presumptuous confidence, which would teach us to advance arrogant claims to his favor and support, or rashly to denounce his judgements against others. We cannot be too cautious how we pretend to familiar views of his providence and government; how we interpret a declaration of his will on

occasions wholly unworthy of his exalted dignity; how we make him a party in the low struggles of human interest and ambition. We cannot be too cautious how we convert into a source of arrogant presumption, of unsocial animosity, of gloomy superstition, or of irreverent familiarity with sacred names, that sense of the divine superintendance, which, in its just and natural tendency, nourishes a genuine, correct, efficacious piety, generates true Christian humility in ourselves, and comprehensive charity towards our fellow-creatures.

*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*

*(Continued from page 257.)*

TIME, which alleviates the most heart-rending afflictions, restored Lady Mortimer's mind, not only to a state of composure, but to actual cheerfulness; and the happiness which she endeavoured to diffuse around her, reverted to, and enlivened, her own breast.—The society of the amiable Adolphus was not only a never-failing source of gratification; but, as his education had been highly cultivated, and his understanding cast in a superior mould, she soon preferred his company to that of any other being in the world.

By every act and word, he displayed an ardency of sentiment, which, under the guidance of matured judgement, promised to adorn the character of the man; and so tenderly was he attached to his amiable benefactress, that he anticipated her wishes before they were expressed.—Thus loving and beloved, passed the life of Adolphus, until he had completed his seventeenth year; when, one summer evening, as he was angling in a branch of the Severn, he perceived a travelling-carriage and four drive rapidly up the avenue.—An out-rider preceded, and

a footman followed the equipage; but neither carriage nor livery conveyed an idea of its owner; and conceiving that it contained some friend of Lady Mortimer's, whom he had not the pleasure of being acquainted with, he folded up his fishing-tackle, and immediately returned.

The horses, which were really smoking from exertion, were standing at the front door.—Adolphus, whose humanity was excited by their appearance, asked Lady Mortimer's groom, why they were not put into the stable.—One of the stranger's sable attendants answered, that he believed his master did not intend staying more than half an hour.—“But, in that time,” said Adolphus, “the poor animals may catch a violent cold;”—then turning to the groom, in a low voice he inquired, whether he knew to whom the equipage belonged; and being answered in the negative, walked to his own room.

At the time the strange carriage drew up, Lady Mortimer happened to be walking in a parterre of flowers, which surrounded the house, and, with that urbanity which marks the gentlewoman, met her guest as the servant was letting down the steps.—The salutation of politeness passed between them; when the stranger, with evident embarrassment, said, “I presume I have the honor of addressing Lady Mortimer;” and, being answered in the affirmative, requested five minutes' conversation:—whereupon her ladyship instantly preceded him, into the drawing-room.

He was a tall elegant figure, apparently about fifty, with large hazel eyes full of expression. He moved with an air of dignity, though, from the dejection of his countenance, he seemed to have been a child of mis-

fortune.—He placed himself on a sofa by the side of his astonished companion:—his agitation visibly increased; and it was some moments, before he was able to articulate.—At length, having made two or three efforts to recover himself, he said, “You see before you, Madam, one of the most miserable and culpable of men; and, on your reply to the questions I am going to propose to you, the only prospect of my future comfort depends.”

If Lady Mortimer had felt astonished at the stranger's visit and manner, she was much more so at the singularity of this speech; and she merely said she should feel pleasure in being able to afford ease to his mind.—“I once,” added he, “made your ladyship a promise, which at that time I intended most religiously to keep: but circumstances have occurred, to render that promise no longer binding; and I now wait upon you, to inquire whether I still possess a child.”

“A child!” repeated Lady Mortimer.—“Yes, Madam,” said he, interrupting her—“I repeat, a child; or, in other words, for suspense is insupportable, is Adolphus F\*\*d alive?”—“He lives to be every thing that the fondest father can wish him,” replied Lady Mortimer, extremely agitated.—“Oh! my God! I thank thee!” exclaimed F\*\*d, bursting into tears of ecstasy, and clasping his folded hands to his breast.—The faithful Martha at that instant entered, not knowing that her lady was engaged; and, instantly struck with the expressive countenance of her former master, uttered an involuntary scream.

“Well may you be shocked at the sight of a villain, Martha!” said he, in a deep and melancholy tone of voice:—“but, as we are taught to believe that there is forgiveness

for the penitent in heaven, oh! do not prejudice the mind of my dear boy!"

Lady Mortimer, who was the only collected person, instantly arose, and bolted the door; and, perceiving poor Martha extremely agitated, kindly took her hand, and led her to a chair.—A pause of some minutes succeeded; during which time, Mr. F\*\*d actually sobbed aloud. At length, turning his eyes upon Martha, he sighed out, "Oh! what a villain I was, when I last saw you!"—"Ah!" said Martha emphatically, wholly unmindful of the distinction between master and servant—"a hard-hearted one, God knows! or you could never have broken the heart of that dear angel, who, I may say, doted upon you!"

"Go on! go on! I deserve it from you," said F\*\*d.—"For your attachment to your injured mistress, I honor you, and, if wealth can reward your fidelity, you shall be rich enough."

"I want no wealth; I want no reward,"—rejoined Martha, without even using the appellation of Sir; and, as long as this dear lady will accept my services, I never shall want a comfortable home."—Lady Mortimer mildly reprimanded Martha for not appearing more grateful; when, shaking her head, she burst into a flood of agony, and hurried out of the room.—Lady Mortimer instantly followed, to desire her not to hint to the servants who Mr. F\*\*d was.—"No, my lady! no!" said the attached creature—"I do not like talking about villains: but, pray, my lady, don't let him deceive you; for you don't know him as well as I do."

Agitated as Lady Mortimer's feelings were, she could not avoid smiling, as she turned away from the suspicious Martha; and, returning to her visitor, perceived him walk-

ing up and down the apartment in the greatest agitation.

"That attached, unforgiving woman will ruin all my hopes of future happiness, Lady Mortimer," said he, striking his forehead as he spoke. "She will expose to my son the depravity of my conduct; and he will detest the destroyer of his sainted mother!"

"Far different will be her conduct, assure yourself, Mr. F\*\*d," replied her ladyship. "You must make allowance for Martha's want of education: I am aware that her attachment to the memory of her amiable mistress has rendered her unmindful of all distinction."—"Distinction, Madam!" repeated F\*\*d with peculiar emphasis—"Yes! there is a wide distinction between virtue and vice! Martha has fulfilled all the moral duties which were imposed upon a person in her situation; while I—Oh God! I have been the slave of every vice! But," continued he, deepening the tones of his expressive voice, "sometimes, Lady Mortimer, the wicked prosper; and that has been my case. With the property of my lawful wife, I became merchant and speculator; and, as I was desirous of acquiring riches, I was indefatigable in pursuing the means.—I am wealthy, Madam, as an eastern potentate, but a perfect mendicant in inward peace. My wife is dead: my children, one after the other, followed her; and I feel isolated in the world—a world, which, to me, presents nought but a dreary waste!"

Abandoned as had been the conduct of this unhappy being, the amiable Lady Mortimer could not avoid pitying his fate; and represented to the happiness he might anticipate from the society of Adolphus, who possessed every virtue that could adorn the human mind.

"It is those very virtues, Madam,



which will prove the bane of my tranquillity!" exclaimed he, in a more elevated accent. "He must detest and despise the wretch who could destroy innocence like his mother's!"—"But, never suspecting the destroyer," said Lady Mortimer, "he will only love and respect his new-found parent."—Lady Mortimer then informed him, that Adolphus had been taught to believe his father had died even before he was born; and that grief for the loss of an affectionate husband had brought his mother to an early tomb.

"Oh! what a load of grief you have removed from this long-laboring bosom!" exclaimed F\*\*d: "what enlivening hopes have been conveyed to this agitated heart! Oh! Madam! complete your work of benevolence! let me behold this long-neglected son!"

"Previous to that gratification," said Lady Mortimer, "it will be necessary to account for your long absence from England. To a mind like your son's, there must be no apparent ambiguity: all must appear clear and undisguised."—Struck with the justness of the observation, Mr. F\*\*d relapsed into a state of agitation; when Lady Mortimer, having remained thoughtful for some minutes, said, "Suppose we say, you were made prisoner, when the report arrived of your death; and that, from a mistake on the part of the correspondent who announced the death of Martha's amiable mistress, you had been taught to believe your child had shared its mother's tomb, but that, upon returning to England, you had discovered the joyful truth."

"How can I thank you? how express the sense I entertain of your goodness?" said the again relieved F\*\*d, respectfully taking Lady Mortimer's hand.—"By becoming wor-

thy of that son, whom Heaven in mercy has restored to you," rejoined her ladyship, perfectly overcome by the idea of being separated from him.

"I trust, Madam, I now see the enormity of my past conduct in a proper point of view; and, if my son will sometimes condescend to deprive himself of your society, that will be all I shall ever wish or want.—I am not the selfish wretch, Lady Mortimer, that you may reasonably suppose me; not for worlds would I wish to deprive Adolphus of your more valuable society.—Had I, at his age, had the good fortune to meet with such a mistress, I should never have felt the pangs of a wounded conscience.—But, introduced at that period into the society of the gay and profligate, and never having, during childhood, been taught to control my passions, I was hurried into the vortex of dissipation, and unhesitatingly followed vicious example.—But," continued he, "have I not much to fear from Martha? will she be likely to corroborate an untruth?"—"I will converse with her upon the subject," replied her ladyship; and immediately rang the bell in a manner which summoned her down.

"You have now lived with me near fifteen years, Martha," said her ladyship in an impressive tone of voice, "and, during that period, I believe you have never known me to sanction deception of any kind."—"No, my lady; and, if I was to live with you fifteen more, I am certain I never should," rejoined Martha, without permitting her ladyship to proceed.—"There are few circumstances in life where deception is allowable; yet there are some few where it becomes pardonable: for instance, it is necessary to conceal the failings of a father, lest the son should think

himself at liberty to follow the example.—With respect to my dear Adolphus, I have thought it prudent to deceive him. You know I represented his father as dead, when I believed him to be in existence. That father is now returned, to claim his affection, and to bestow upon him a princely fortune.”—“God bless him for that, however!” exclaimed Martha, interrupting Lady Mortimer, who, unmindful of the exclamation, thus proceeded—“Mr. F\*\*d, Martha, has lost his wife, and all the children he had by her.”—“’Tis an ill wind,” said Martha, “that blows no one any good: and I wish from my heart, though I owe no ill-will to the poor lady, that she had died twenty years ago.”

*(To be continued.)*

*The EYE ; a Fragment.*

“Magic, wonder-beaming eye!  
In thy narrow circle lie  
All our varied hopes and fears.”

Wonderful is the eye! all the feelings of the soul display themselves in its magic sphere. It is the throne of love: there passion is read in all the purity of nature’s language: there the lover learns his doom; nor are words wanted to explain it. It is an index of all that works within us:—if wit flows from the tongue, the eye gives energy to its meaning: if pleasure fills the heart, the eye gleams with rapture: if sorrow sets her seal upon man, the eye pours forth its lucid tear, and tells a tale of woe unutterable: if anger fires, the eye flashes forth vengeance: if pity moves, the eye still records the genuine feeling of the soul.—Wonderful then is the eye!

J. M. L.

*Anecdote of the CZAR IWAN.*

THE Czar Iwan, who reigned about the middle of the sixteenth century, made a practice of fre-

quently perambulating the streets of Moscow in disguise, not only for the purpose of discovering the opinion which his subjects entertained of his administration, but for the noble purpose of redressing the grievances of those who were oppressed.—Having, one day, extended his walk to a small village not far distant from the capital, he implored relief from several of its inhabitants, but implored it in vain; for neither the abject state of his apparel, nor the tale of distress which he had fabricated, produced any emotion of pity in their minds.—Indignant at this want of humanity, the emperor was in the act of quitting the village in disgust, when he observed a small cottage, whose humble appearance seemed to proclaim that its inhabitants were in want of support.

Iwan, however, drew near it, and, knocking at the door, implored shelter and assistance, declaring that he was alike suffering from hunger and cold.—“Can you afford me a lodging for one night?” said the emperor, admirably feigning an appearance of fatigue.—“Alas!” replied the peasant, “you will have but poor fare here; for you are come at an unlucky time.—My wife is in labor; and I fear you will be disturbed: but come in! come in! you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and to such as we have, you shall be heartily welcome.”

The czar entered the humble, yet hospitable dwelling: in a cradle he beheld two sleeping infants; while a third, about three years old, was peacefully reposing upon a skin near the cradle.—Her two sisters, the one apparently about five, and the other seven years of age, were on their knees, offering up prayers for their suffering parent.—“Stay here a few moments,”

said the peasant; "and I will get something for your supper, my friend. —and, quitting the room, he returned, in a short time, with eggs, honey, and black bread.—  
 "You see all I can give you," said the peasant: "partake of it with my children: at present I cannot eat; my heart is too full."

"Your charity and hospitality," replied the emperor, "must bring down blessings upon your family; and God will reward you for it."

"Pray to God that my wife may be preserved to me, my friend," said the affectionate husband; "and that is all I wish for."—"And is that all you wish to make you happy?" demanded Iwan—"Happy!" repeated the peasant in an emphatic tone of voice—"Judge for yourself. I have five fine children—a wife that loves me—a father and mother both in good health; and my labor is sufficient to maintain them all"—  
 "Do your father and mother live with you?" inquired the emperor.—  
 "Certainly," replied the man.  
 "My mother is in the next room."  
 "—But your cottage is very small, my friend."—"It is large enough to hold us all, and to give us peace and content."

In a few minutes, this contented mortal was summoned into the adjoining room; and in a transport of joy he approached the emperor with the new-born babe in his arms—  
 "Look!" exclaimed he—"this is the sixth she has brought me! See what a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him, as he has done the rest!"—The czar, evidently affected by this parental mark of tenderness, took the infant, and, looking steadfastly upon his countenance, said, "From the features of this child, I am persuaded he will be fortunate, and arrive at great preferment."—The peasant smiled at

this prediction, and, as a proof of his disbelief, gave a significant shake of the head.

The peasant, exhausted by the fatigue of his daily employment, and the agitation his mind had undergone, stretched himself upon a bed of straw, and invited his guest to repose himself.—In a few moments, toil and anxiety were both buried in oblivion:—the happy father of this humble family was soon in a sound sleep:—but the emperor, unaccustomed to a sight so interesting, raised himself from his recumbent posture, to gaze upon the domestic scene.—  
 "What a happy calm! what delightful tranquillity!" said Iwan—"Avarice and ambition never enter here! How sweet is the sleep of innocence! how refreshing must be the repose of such a man!"

The peasant, from habit, awoke at the break of day, to return to his accustomed laborious employment; and the emperor, after taking leave of him, and thanking him for his hospitality, said, "I am acquainted with a very benevolent man at Moscow, to whom I shall make a point of mentioning your friendly and kind treatment; I will persuade him to stand godfather to your new-born infant: therefore promise not to have it christened \* until I return; which shall be within the space of three hours."

Though the peasant promised to wait the appointed period, he placed little dependence on the declaration of his guest: in short, it appeared very improbable that a man in so destitute a condition should possess any powerful friend.—His word, however, had been passed, and he waited the appointed time: but, as neither the stranger nor his friend ar-

\* It is a practice in the Russian dominions to have the children baptised soon after they are born.

rived, he desired his mother to carry the child to the sacred sanctuary, that it might receive the baptismal rite.—As the family were in the act of quitting the cottage, for the purpose of repairing to the church, the father of the family perceived a train of carriages approaching, accompanied by the emperor's guards. Standing at his door, and having summoned his children to behold the splendid cavalcade which was evidently advancing toward his hut, what a mixture of sensations were excited by perceiving the guards draw up, and the state coach stop!

The czar instantly alighted, and, approaching the agitated and astonished peasant, said, "I promised you a godfather; and I am come to fulfill that sacred engagement. Give me the child, whose birth I almost witnessed; and follow me to church."

Joy, exultation, and astonishment, deprived the happy parent of the power of speech; for, in the costly robes which adorned the person of the emperor, how could he recognise the mendicant, whom he had lodged the preceding night?

The emperor for some moments silently beheld his perplexity; then, addressing him in the most conciliating accents, said, "Yesterday, you performed the duties of hospitality toward me: to-day, I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing the virtue of humanity.—I shall not remove you from a situation, where, even in poverty, you have enjoyed happiness: but you shall have numerous flocks, and rich pastures, and be enabled to perform all the active duties of benevolence. Your new-born infant shall be under my immediate protection; for you must remember that I prophesied he would be fortunate."

Petified with joy—unable to ar-

ticulate from astonishment—the benevolent peasant was, for some moments, incapable of expressing either his gratitude or his delight:—at length, seising the child, he pressed him to his bosom, and respectfully laid him at the emperor's feet.—The czar, having entered into the sacred contract, declared his resolution of not depriving its mother of the satisfaction of nurturing her child: "but," said he, "as soon as he is old enough to receive the advantages of education, he shall have masters of every description under my own eye."—This amiable sovereign faithfully fulfilled his promise:—the boy did credit to the pains bestowed upon him; while his worthy parents, to the end of their existence, received proofs of the emperor's esteem and munificence.

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*Anecdote of CHARLES XII. of Sweden.*

THAT the basis of the human mind is discoverable at an early period, an attentive observer of the propensities of childhood will readily allow; and, whenever pusillanimity is displayed during the early part of existence, I should be inclined to fear that cowardice would disgrace the character of the man.

In the history of the celebrated Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the correctness of this opinion is strikingly exemplified; for his biographer informs us, that, when dining with the queen his mother, before he had attained the seventh year of his age, a spaniel, to which he was attached, in receiving a piece of bread from him, bit the hand that was kindly offering him sustenance. The wound was deep, and of course extremely painful; but the heroic boy, instead of crying, concealed his hand under the table, to prevent any punishment being inflicted upon this favorite dog; and the accident would



robber, who boldly claps a weapon to your breast, tells you at once his necessity, and risks his life for an uncertain gain. This man lays himself open to the laws; and death, if discovered, will be his portion: but the seducer, after having plundered the dearest thing on earth, a woman's virtuous name, is liable to no punishment, except, if it can be called one, a trifling fine; when he must be left to the bravery of the father or brother of his victim; and here he must be treated like an *honorable man*—must be challenged to fair and open combat, and a valuable life staked, on equal terms, against that of a villain, who is unfit longer to contaminate society with his presence.

Let every female take this to her bosom: let it be her morning remembrance; and be her evening prayer put up to Heaven to avert a fate so dreadful—And, that she may the more readily do so, let her look at the awful picture of a daughter torn, at first by the arts I have described, from the home of her parents, led abroad by her seducer till all the best feelings of her heart are alienated—till she becomes indifferent about a return to virtue, if indeed it were possible. Then look at her deserted by the man she trusted, thrown from him, and, no doubt, hated by him for the very vice he had been the means of bringing her to. See her become the inmate of some brothel: mark her youth and her beauty fading away before the touch of disease and wretchedness, till at last she perishes at an untimely age, probably in the very streets\*!

\* For an impressive illustration of this remark, see, in the poetic department of our present Number, an affecting picture of the "*Victim of Seduction*," from the elegant pen of Laura Sophia Temple.

EDITOR.

Oh! woman! dearest solace of our lives, when virtuous! how hateful must such a picture be to you! But, oh! while you shudder in detestation of a fallen sister's vices, let pity for her fate have a place in your breast; let your hate and your detestation go united against the unprincipled seducer: for, did every female, when she knew a man to bear this character, shun his society, as she would a pestilence, seduction would not be so common: but, as it is, they are allowed to mix with the world, as if they were unsullied members of it—as if the crime they had committed were very venial; and thus they are, in effect, encouraged to go on and prosper in their villany! J. M. LACEY.

*Biographic Sketch of Mr. PERCEVAL.*  
(With a correct Likeness.)

THE Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, whose awful and untimely end has excited so strong a sensation among all descriptions of persons in every part of the United Kingdom, was descended from an ancient and respectable family, whose nobility is traced with certainty to the period of the Norman conquest. His father was John, late Earl of Egmont of the kingdom of Ireland, and Baron Lovel and Holland in England. His Lordship having been twice married, the fruit of his first union was John James, the present Earl of Egmont, Mr. Perceval's half-brother: and, from his second marriage—with Catharine Compton, Baroness Arden, sister to Spencer, late Earl of Northampton—he had, besides other issue living and dead, the present Lord Arden, and his younger brother Mr. Perceval, who, from his uncle, received the name of Spencer.

He was born at his father's house in Audley-square, November 1st, 1762, and brought up at the family

seat at Charlton in Kent, where he chiefly spent those portions of his early life that were not devoted to the prosecution of his studies at the different seats of learning,—a circumstance, to which he subsequently became indebted for above one-and-twenty years of conjugal felicity; his family having here contracted an intimacy with that of the late General Sir Thomas Wilson, baronet, with which they afterward formed a two-fold matrimonial alliance, as will appear in the sequel.

Having received the first rudiments of learning at Charlton, young Spencer Perceval was, at an early age, sent to Harrow school, and thence, in due time, removed to Trinity college, Cambridge, where he had, for his tutor, Dr. William Lort Mansell, the present Bishop of Bristol. Here he pursued his studies with industry and success—became an accomplished classical scholar\*—and obtained the degree of M. A. in the year 1781.

In December, 1782, he was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, of which he subsequently became a bencher; and, after a close and attentive study of the law, was called to the bar in Hilary term, in the year 1789.

He commenced his professional career in the court of King's Bench, and accompanied the judges on the midland circuit; in which tour, he displayed his talents to considerable advantage, as he afterward did in Westminster Hall and the court of Chancery. In the court of King's Bench, however, his practice was never very extensive; the ground

\*The writer of this article has in his possession a MS. copy of Latin verses by Mr. Perceval, which, though written almost extempore, amid the distractions of legal and parliamentary business in the year 1805, would be far from discreditable to the pen of a professed scholar.

being already occupied by powerful competitors, of established and well-merited reputation, over whom no junior practitioner, however great his talents, could hope to gain precedence.

In August, 1790, after the example of his brother, Lord Arden, who, four years before, had married General Wilson's eldest daughter, Mr. Perceval wedded her sister Jane, who, besides bringing him an ample dowry, brought him a rich store of comfort and happiness, such as is rarely enjoyed in the matrimonial state—and has since, during the uninterrupted tenor of nearly twenty-two years, uniformly proved herself one of the most affectionate of wives, and most exemplary of mothers.

In the year 1791, he published a pamphlet, which may justly be deemed the remote cause of his subsequent elevation to the ministry, and of his tragic and untimely end, as connected with his official situation: for it was that publication which first recommended him to the notice of Mr. Pitt, with whom he had before been either not at all or very slightly acquainted—and which laid the foundation of his intimate friendship with that statesman, and his consequent connexion with Government.—The object of the pamphlet in question was, to prove that an impeachment by the House of Commons does not abate in consequence of a dissolution of parliament.

Hitherto he had had no opportunity of displaying his talents in the senate: but at length the death of his maternal uncle, the late Earl of Northampton, opened the door for his admission into the House of Commons: for, his cousin, Lord Compton, member for Northampton, having vacated his seat by succeeding to his father's earldom,

Mr. Perceval—already deputy recorder of that borough, of which his cousin above mentioned had been nominated recorder—was, through the family interest, chosen to fill his place, which he continued to occupy in that and the two succeeding parliaments. On the 2d of June, 1797, he delivered his maiden speech, in support of Mr. Pitt's bill for suppressing the nautical commotions at The Nore.

Having, on this and other occasions, zealously supported Mr Pitt's measures, he naturally gained the good-will of the ruling powers: and, accordingly, in 1799, he was honored with a silk gown, and became the leading counsel on the midland circuit. About the same period, too, he was appointed counsel to the Board of Admiralty; and the University of Cambridge likewise nominated him one of their two counsel.

In 1801, he was raised to the office of Solicitor General, in the room of Sir William Grant, the present Master of the Rolls; and, in 1802, he succeeded Sir Edward Law (now Lord Ellenborough) as Attorney General; which employment he continued to hold until Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville came into the ministry in 1806, on the death of Mr. Pitt. Upon this change in the administration, he became a member of the Opposition, and as strenuously opposed the measures of the new ministers, as he had supported those of their predecessor.

On his appointment to the office of Solicitor General, Mr. Perceval totally withdrew himself from the court of King's Bench, and thenceforward confined his professional exertions to the court of Chancery, where he met with considerable success, soon acquired an extensive and lucrative practice, and was considered as the most powerful antagonist to Sir Samuel Romilly, who, at that

period, stood pre-eminent as a Chancery practitioner.

On the dismissal of Mr. Fox and his colleagues from the ministry in April, 1807, Mr. Perceval was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the emoluments of which office, were likewise added those of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—something more than £2,000 a year—as a compensation for the loss to be incurred by the dereliction of his professional practice at the bar.

On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1809, Mr. Perceval was appointed to succeed him, as first Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister; which offices he continued to hold until the hand of an assassin suddenly terminated his earthly career on the 11th of last May, as already related in our Magazine for that month.

Of the liberal provision made for his family by parliament, we have there likewise taken notice:—it here remains to add, that, besides the addresses from both Houses to the Regent on occasion of his death, numerous others were presented from various public bodies, panegyrising the deceased minister, and expressing deep regret for his loss.

His funeral was honorably attended: and the procession would have been much more numerous, had not the members of both Houses of Parliament been previously apprised by circular letters, that it was the particular wish of his family to have the ceremony conducted as privately as possible. A party, however, of the City Light Horse—of which corps, at the time of his death, Mr. Perceval was a member and treasurer—escorted his remains from Newington Butts to the church at Charlton, where the body was deposited in the family vault of the Falls of Egmont.

In his person, Mr. Perceval was



of a thin spare habit of body, occasioned as well by his habitual temperance, as by his practice of early rising, and close attention to his legal and parliamentary business. He was about the middle stature—perhaps rather below than above it.—His features, though not impressed with the stamp of beauty, were rendered pleasing and prepossessing, by the mild sun-shine of good-humour and benevolence which habitually beamed from his countenance.

In the intercourse of private life, he was affable, mild, gentle, condescending, modest, unassuming—remarkably patient of contradiction or interruption in his discourse, even from an inferior—rarely interrupting the discourse of others, but attentively listening to whatever they had to say—humane, benevolent, charitable, generous—delicate in the mode of conferring favors—a most affectionate husband—a fond, attentive parent—a kind, indulgent master.

Of his public character we forbear to speak, as the subject would lead us into political and religious discussions, which we wish to avoid. Suffice it therefore to say, that he was a warm admirer of Mr. Pitt, whose measures and maxims he first zealously supported by his oratory and his vote, and afterward imitated in his own ministerial career—that he was a strenuous defender of the existing establishments in church and state—and, of course, adverse to parliamentary reform, or the grant of indulgences to those denominations of Christians whose creed accords not with that of the national church. We cannot, however, avoid noticing the laudable zeal with which he promoted the abolition of the slave-trade, or the pains he took to enforce the residence of the clergy among their parishioners, and to

meliorate the condition of the officiating curates.

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VOLCANIC ERUPTION *in the Isle of*  
ST. VINCENT.

THE eruption of the Soufrier mountain in St. Vincent's, on the 30th of April, after the lapse of nearly a century, was preceded, on the 27th at noon, by a dreadful shock, with a severe concussion of the earth, a tremulous noise in the air, and a vast column of thick, black, rosy smoke, which, mounting to the sky, showered down sand, with gritty calcined particles of earth and favilla mixed, on all below. At night, a very considerable degree of ignition was observed on the lips of the crater. The same awful scene presented itself on Tuesday the 28th; the fall of favilla and calcined pebbles still increasing, and the column from the crater rising perpendicularly to an immense height, with a noise, at intervals, like the muttering of distant thunder. On Wednesday the 29th, the column shot up with quicker motion, dilating, as it rose, like a balloon. At length, on Thursday the 30th in the afternoon, the noise became incessant, and resembled the approach of thunder still nearer and nearer, with a vibration that affected the feelings and hearing. The Caribs, settled at Morne Ronde, at the foot of the Soufrier, abandoned their houses, with their live stock and every thing they possessed, and fled precipitately toward town. The negroes became confused, forsook their work, looked up to the mountain, and, as it shook, trembled, with the dread of what they could neither understand nor describe.—the birds fell to the ground, overpowered with showers of favilla, unable to keep themselves on the wing.—the cattle were starving for want of food, as not a blade of grass or a leaf was now to be found:—the sea was much discolored, but in no wise uncommonly agitated. About four o'clock P. M. the noise became more alarming, and, just before sunset, the clouds reflected a bright copper color, suffused with fire. Scarcely had the day closed, when the flame burst at length pyramidically from the crater, through the mass of smoke; the rolling of the thunder became more awful and deafening, loud claps quickly succeeded, attended with electric flashes—some flared, and playing zig zag across the perpendicular column from the crater—others shooting upward from the mouth, like rockets of the most

dazzling farre—others like shells with their trailing fuses lying in different parabolas. Shortly after seven P. M. the ebullition of lava broke out on the N. W. side. This immediately after boiling over the orifice, and flowing a short way, was opposed by the acclivity of a higher point of land, over which it was impelled by the immense tide of liquefied fire that drove it on, forming the figure V in grand illumination. Sometimes, when the ebullition slackened, or was insufficient to urge it over the obstructing hill, it recoiled, and then again rushed forward, impelled by fresh supplies, and scaling every obstacle, carried rocks and woods together, in its course down the slope of the mountain, until it precipitated itself down a vast ravine. Vast globular bodies of fire were seen projected from the fiery furnace, and, bursting, fell back into it, or over it, on the surrounding bushes, which were instantly set in flame. About four hours from the lava boiling over the crater, it reached the sea. About half past one, another stream of lava was seen descending to the eastward toward Rabacca. At this time the first earthquake was felt: this was followed by showers of cinders, that fell with the hissing noise of hail during two hours. At three o'clock, a rolling on the roofs of the houses indicated a fall of stones, which soon thick-

ened, and at length descended in a rain of intermingled fire—the miserable negroes flying from their huts were knocked down, or wounded and many killed in the open air. Several houses were set on fire. Had the stones that fell been proportionably heavy to their size, not a living creature could have escaped without death; but, having undergone a thorough fusion, they were divested of their natural gravity, and fell almost as light as plumage, though in some places as large as a man's head. This dreadful rain of stones and fire lasted upwards of an hour, and was again succeeded by cinders from three till six o'clock in the morning. Earthquake followed earthquake almost momentarily; or rather the whole of this part of the island was in a state of continued oscillation—not agitated by shocks, vertical or horizontal, but undulating like water shaken in a bowl.

Darkness was only visible at eight o'clock in the morning—a chaotic gloom enveloped the mountain, and an impenetrable haze hung over the sea, with black sluggish clouds of a sulphureous cast. The whole island was covered with ferns, cinders, scoria, and broken masses of volcanic matter. It was not until the afternoon that the muttering roar of the mountain sank gradually into a solemn but suspicious silence.

## POETRY.

*On the DEATH of an accomplished Youth*  
By Mr. JOHN WEBB, Author of "Miscellanies," and other Poems.

WHEN blooming innocence receives its  
breath, [of death,  
And youth's fair blossoms feel the blast  
What sympathetic bosom can forbear  
To heave a sigh—what eye to drop a  
tear?

The youth I mourn was deck'd with early  
grace; [face,  
And with her roses Health adorn'd his  
Till fell disease, that baffled human art,  
Invited the pale fiend to pierce his heart.

So blooms the wild rose in the sunny  
vale, [gale;  
And opens its crimson bosom to each  
Till some destructive insect's noxious  
pow'r [flow'r  
Of life and fragrance robs the blushing  
Could early worth prolong the fleeting  
breath, [Death,  
Or rip'ning talent charm remorseless

Dear youth! thou hadst not fall'n in  
life's young bloom;  
Nor had parental sorrow dew'd thy tomb  
Fond parents! though wise Heaven your  
prospects blight,  
Still rest assur'd, "whatever is, is right"  
Though this dark cloud your names, here  
overspreads, [heads  
Perhaps 'twill burst in blessings on your  
That Being, whom created worlds obey,  
In mercy gives, in mercy takes away:  
Supremely wise and just his sovereign will—  
And finite man should tremble, and be  
still.

*Address to MUSIC,*  
*occasioned by hearing a young Lady play,*  
*who was an excellent Performer on the*  
*Piano-forte.*

By J. M. LACEY

SCIENCE divine! oh! soul-dissolving  
pow'r!  
Music! to thee my votive lay I bring,

When female talent aids thy happiest  
 hour, [passion'd string  
 And strikes, as now, thy bold, im-  
 First, by *Andante* movements, we are told  
 The soft'ning tale of love, in pensive  
 strain,  
 Where ev'ry melting tone proclaims, how  
 cold [pam  
 All other feelings are, to love's keen  
 Next *Allegro*, in lighter, livelier tone,  
 Gives pleasure to the bosom dull be-  
 fore, [blown,  
 While brighten'd eyes bespeak all sorrow  
 And fancy whispers, 'twilt return no  
 more.  
 But sad *Adagio's* mournful notes arise :  
 Plaintive they steal upon the feeling  
 soul, [eyes,  
 And force pure tears from Poverty's azure  
 Proclaiming Music's wonderful control.  
 Next *Maestoso* pours his martial air :  
 Majestic in sublimity it flows,  
 Bids ev'ry swelling cloud its grandeur  
 share,  
 And seeks in energetic burst its close.  
 Then *Agitato's* changeful strain begins,  
 Alternately depicting hope and fear.  
 Now Hope approaching in *piano* wms ;  
 Now Fear in wild *fortissimo* we hear.  
*Largo* next comes, with awful pausing  
 tone, [of woe ;  
 Painting, in sound, the very depth of  
 Or, wafting hymns of praise to Heav'n's  
 high throne,  
 Fills ev'ry bosom with religion's glow  
 Last *Presto's* sprightly jig, with merry  
 sound,  
 Sets ev'ry head and foot in motion gay ;  
 Bids the light heart with ecstacy rebound,  
 And leads the dance in fanciful array.  
 Thus, science sweet ! our ev'ry feeling's  
 thine ! [the lyre !  
 All hail, then, magic influence of the  
 For thee a simple wreath of verse I twine,  
 But, ah ! without thy harmony on fire !

Thoughts, at a MOTHER'S GRAVE.

HUSH'D is the deep toll'd bell, whose  
 iron tongue  
 In accents solemn call'd to her long home  
 A tender, aged mother !—Such a scene,  
 Replete with all that interests the mind,  
 So big with knowledge, worthy being  
 known, [heart,  
 Might ope the sluices of th' obdurate  
 And melt it into sympathy.  
 Here mine eye [hier,  
 May drop soft Nature's offspring on her

Nor fear the ridicule of thoughtless man.  
 Oh ! 'tis a pang severe, to part from one  
 I've known so long, whose fond officious  
 care  
 Dandled me on affection's downy lap !  
 Though all with me is sad, creation  
 smiles, [scene.  
 And vernal blossoms grace the laughing  
 The sun descending shoots a golden ray,  
 And May's sweet flow'rs its scent each  
 vagrant breeze. [dust,  
 And, while the sexton mumbles dust on  
 I hear the blackbird tune his ev'ning  
 song — [form'd —  
 'Tis o'er—the awful service is per-  
 One hugging look ; and then a long  
 adieu !—  
 The crowd disavies the sanctimonious air,  
 And ev'ry aspect brightens. Some retire  
 To tavern near, and in the rosy bowl  
 Drown ev'ry serious thought, while  
 others seek [of joy.  
 Green haunts of pleasure, and gay bow'ls  
 But he, who loves to pore o'er Nature's  
 works,  
 Hastes to still scenes of flow'ry solitude,  
 The nurse of deep reflexion : there his  
 mind [lark,  
 May, soaring upwards, pass th' aspiring  
 (Though the blithe chorister "at heav'n's  
 gate sings")  
 And pay his mite of genuine gratitude  
 To the grand source, whence all his bless-  
 ings flow. [mood,  
 But thou, my heart, indulge thy pensive  
 And taste the luxury of ideal grief  
 Haworthill, May 21, 1812. JOHN WEBB

The Song of the RED-BRACKET,  
 on the Departure of Miss \*\*\*\*\* from  
 her Residence at K\*\*\*\*\*.

By J. M. LACEY.

SHE is gone ! and the Robin must pine,  
 Must pine for his tenderest friend.  
 Her hand forbade want to be mine :  
 But her honours must now have an end  
 No more will her fingers, so fair,  
 My meal from you window bestow.  
 I sang her a song for her care :  
 But my song must now warble of woe !  
 She is gone to the tumult-fill'd town,  
 Where to follow I never can dare.—  
 Stern man on a red breast would frown ;  
 His smile I must not hope to share.  
 But, for her who has foster'd my form,  
 Who has fed me in winter's cold day,  
 May she never feel sorrow's rude storm,  
 But pleasure still wait on her way.

She is gone to the bosoms of those  
 Whose esteem ev'ry wish of her heart,  
 Whose friendship is sweet as the rose,  
 With no thorn its sharp anguish to dart.  
 The red-breast finds joy e'en in this—  
 The red-breast now mournful and poor:  
 But the Pow'r that sends sorrow and bliss,  
 Will direct me to mild Mercy's door!

*Verses written during an INDISPOSITION  
 in Spring.*

FROM Albion's cliffs grim winter flies,  
 And seeks the northern strand;  
 While spring, with primrose chaplets  
 Descends to bless the land. [crown'd,  
 Creation's chequ'd. bright Sol pours forth  
 His vivifying beam; [grove,  
 Glads the gay tribes that haunt the  
 And gambol in the stream.  
 Behold, how earth's green carpet's deck'd  
 With Flora's various dyes!  
 She waves her wand—when, lo! her race  
 In flow'ry millions rise.  
 But, ah! while epidemic ails  
 On this frail fabric seize,  
 Suns shine unfelt, and blooming scenes  
 Possess no charm to please.  
 While rosy Health, celestial nymph,  
 Eludes these out-stretch'd arms,  
 The sprightly page, the songful muse,  
 Have lost their wonted charms.  
 Descend, bright form, ere summer wake  
 Her golden footed hoims: [queen—  
 Come, while sweet May—that sylvan  
 Recruits in jess'mine bow'rs.  
 Then will I string my self taught lyre,  
 And pay the thanks I owe  
 To HIM, great source of ev'ry bliss,  
 Whence all thy blessings flow.  
*Haverhill. JOHN WILBR.*

*Lines from the Album at GILSLAND SPA.*

DAME Nature with Art once an argu-  
 ment held, [cell'd.  
 Which as yet, in creation, had chiefly ex-  
 Art instanc'd her statues of Rome and of  
 Greece, [crease;  
 Whose fame ev'ry century help'd to in-  
 While Nature's best models so soon died  
 away, [droop'd in decay.  
 That they scarcely were known, ere they  
 "But," Nature reply'd, "don't you copy  
 from me?" [tures I see.  
 For, in all your chef-d'œuvres, my fea-  
 You may talk of your Studley, your  
 Chatsworth, and Stowe, [owe.—  
 Which to Phrus and you their celebrity  
 But view Gilsland—the place I so proud-  
 ly call mine;

And all claim, to the palm we contest,  
 you'll resign."

Then together they went o'er all parts  
 of the ground, [around—  
 Which Art, with attention, examin'd  
 View'd the rocks, wood, and water—and  
 own'd, with despair, [there.  
 No effort of hers could add any thing

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed  
 in our Magazine for May.*

*By J. M. L.*

MAN feels a pleasure stealing through  
 his soul, [vious way  
 When from the town he takes his de-  
 And sees, o'er heav'n's blue vault, the  
 mist clouds roll, [day.  
 When first Aurora paints the new-born  
 It is an hour that leads the ardent mind  
 Far from the track by worldly beings  
 trod;  
 It is an hour that bids us rapture find,  
 "And look, through Nature, up to  
 Nature's God!"

Who, let me ask, would on a down-bed  
 want, [hill and plain?  
 While morn's bright beauties deck each  
 Who, but would quit his couch, and seek  
 them straight, [cham?  
 If sickness could not bind with galling  
 Then does the lark his earliest warblings  
 send, [flight,  
 As up tow'rd heav'n he takes his loftiest  
 While each glad bird a grateful lay doth  
 lead, [light.  
 To swell the song that haunts the hour of  
 All that the eye with new delight can see,  
 Conveys an unthought pleasure to the  
 breast— [glee,  
 Show me the worldly sight gives half the  
 Unless 'tis Pity soothing Woe to rest!

See the young rustic to his labours take  
 A heart as happy as the summer hoims!  
 Ah! who can doubt, that 'tis for te e's  
 sweet sake, [paw'rs?  
 He thus with joy excites his manly  
 For love can lighter make the lab'rs  
 load, [for care,  
 Can sooth the mind beneath a weight  
 Can point to bliss the sweet and flow'ry  
 road,  
 And bid our bosoms ev'ry rapture share.  
 While health shall let me hail bright  
 morning's beam, [pure—  
 I'll heed not worldly minds, nor worldly  
 Convinc'd that life's, at best, a transient  
 dream;  
 And to be happy, must be surely rig'!

Another.—To ENVY.

AVANT, thou base enslaver of the soul!  
 Aghast, I view thy horrid eye-balls roll.  
 Nor love can charm, nor friendship soothe  
 the mind, [end.]  
 Where thy dread form can facile entrance  
 What, though kind Heav'n the gifts of  
 fortune send, [honors, lend!  
 Though health her sweets, and fame her  
 In vain, to charm, unnumber'd blessings  
 wait [straight  
 Peace flies affrighted at thy frown—and  
 The Fury passions rise.—Then take, oh!  
 take [take  
 Thy hideous form from me!—Not for the  
 Of all that misers prize, or hope can see,  
 Would I thy whispers list—thou foe to  
 glee,  
 To innocence, to all that makes the load  
 Of human woes seem light—and cheers  
 the road  
 Mark'd out by Providence, from whence  
 thy spite [puts "all is right."  
 Would chase the angel guide, who whis-  
 JOANNA SQUIRE.

New BOLTS RIMÉS proposed.

Man, span, Care, despair; Trace, place;  
 Tell, spell; Fate, state; Ground, pro-  
 found, Child, mild, Obey, stray.

The MUSIC of the GROVES.

(From Mr. G. DYER'S "Poetics," lately  
 published.)

CLARA and I, the other day, [gay,  
 Walk'd out, the birds were blithe and  
 As striving all to please their loves.  
 So great a war the warblers made  
 In their orchestra over head,  
 There seem'd a concert of the groves.  
 Clara and I sat down together, [feather,  
 Like two young birds of the same  
 Yet grave as two old Quaker preach-  
 ers—  
 Quoth I, "Clara, you have read Gay\*,  
 And well know what these warblers say;  
 For they have often been your teachers.  
 "Of all these birds that seem so blest,  
 Pray, tell me which you like the best,  
 And why by you they are prefer'd"—  
 Quoth Clara, "That I'll freely do:  
 But, after, I must hear from you,  
 As freely, what's your fav'rite bird.  
 "I love the bird that hails the morn,  
 The linnet trilling on the thorn,  
 The blackbird's clear loud song:  
 But most I love the melting tale,  
 That's warbled by the nightingale—  
 So sweetly warbled all night long.

\* Gay's Fables.

"That lark has taught me when to rise—  
 Those other warblers, how to prize  
 The cheerful song of day.  
 I love to sooth affliction's pain;  
 And I have learn'd the soothing strain  
 From Philomela's evening lay."

Then I—"Clara, you oft have seen  
 A little bird on yonder green,  
 In varied colors gaily dress'd:—  
 To me it pours a pensive song,  
 Yet sweet—and neither loud nor long:—  
 That is my bird, Robin red-breast.

"It sings no better than it teaches:  
 And thus, methinks, the warbler preach-  
 Clara, it smily speaks to you— [es—  
 "One day I listen'd at the door,  
 And heard you sing, an hour or more,  
 'A song, I thought, to nature true.  
 "Those birds, which they so gaily sing—  
 'They do but had the flaunting spring,  
 'And gaudy summer's golden hours:  
 'I sing, when sombre autumn comes:  
 'I love to cheer the winter glooms:  
 'And may my song, sweet girl, be  
 yours!

'They droop at the departing year,  
 'While I still at the village cheer.—  
 'May you your spring-time gaily fill,  
 'But cheer, when spring-time shall decay,  
 'Your friends with your autumnal lay,  
 'And be their winter warbler still!"

Val-dictory Address to the Public, delivered  
 by Mrs SIDDONS, at Covent Garden  
 Theatre, on her final Retirement from the  
 Stage, June 29, 1812.

(Written by HORACE TWISS, Esq.)

Who has not felt, how growing use en-  
 dears [years?  
 The fond remembrance of our former  
 Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave  
 at last [past,  
 The hopes of youth, the habits of the  
 The thousand ties and int'rests, that  
 impart  
 A second nature to the human heart,  
 And, wreathing round it close, like ten-  
 dils, cimb,  
 Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?  
 Yes! at this moment crowd upon my  
 mind  
 Scenes of bright days for-ever left behind,  
 Bewild'ring visions of enraptur'd youth,  
 When hope and fancy wore the hues of  
 truth, [seen  
 And long forgotten years, that almost  
 The faded traces of a morning dream!  
 Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for  
 they renew  
 The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,

1  
2



*London fashionable Walking Dresses.*

For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—  
 For those full honors of my long career,  
 That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd my latest fear!

And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more,  
 And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er—  
 Though the bright beams are fading fast  
 That shone unclouded through my summer-day—  
 Yet grateful mem'ry shall reflect their  
 O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,  
 And lend to later life a softer tone,  
 A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and friends! to whom the tragic strain  
 Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,  
 Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,  
 And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,  
 May think on her, whose lips have pour'd  
 The charmed sorrows of your Shak—  
 On her, who, parting to return no more,  
 Is now the mourner she but seem'd before—  
 Herself subdued, resigns the melting  
 And breathes, with swelling heart, her  
 long, her last farewell!

Extract from

The VICTIM of SEDUCTION.

By LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

[See the Remarks "on Seduction," in our present Number, page 324.]

LOUD howl'd the tempest of a winter's night,  
 And dying lamps dispens'd a twinkling  
 No friendly star illum'd the vault of heav'n;  
 But, o'er its face, big clouds were wildly  
 Mute silence reign'd in each deserted street,  
 Save, where the rushing blast, or pelt—  
 Was heard to whistle, or to rudely beat.  
 'Twas then, that, on a flinty step reclin'd,  
 To all the pow' of wretchedness resign'd,  
 Grief on her cheek, and famine in her eye,  
 A child of misery was seen to lie.  
 Rough blew the wind around her shivering form;  
 Lost were her sighs amid the rattling  
 Uncover'd was her bosom, once so fair,  
 Now the cold residence of dark despair.  
 Loose down her back her matted tresses lay,  
 Those lovely locks, once deck'd in colors gay:

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Damp were her temples with the dews of death,  
 And slowly drawn her thick and struggling breath.  
 Life's quiv'ring taper hastens to an end:  
 On Death she calls—to her a welcome friend.

I mark'd the closing of her stormy day:  
 I saw her ling'ring graces steal away—  
 Heard the last accents tremble on her lips,  
 While Nature sigh'd at beauty's dire

On hearing it remarked that a certain Wit's  
 "Fire was extinct."

No! no!—his fire he still retains,  
 Whate'er you may suppose.  
 Its lustre has but left his brains,  
 And settled in his nose!

Le MEDISANT adroit.

"Croyez nous," disait-on à Cléon l'hy-pocrite—  
 "Venez-vous de Damis tous les jours  
 Ou le voit, déclinant vos mœurs, votre conduite.  
 Il n'est rien à l'abri de sa langue d'as-  
 "Amis," reprit Cléon, "la justice céleste  
 A proscrit sagement la vengeance au  
 Chrétien.  
 Loin d'imiter Damis, hélas! je vous pro-  
 que je voudrais pouvoir n'en dire que du  
 bien"

\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.

### London Fashionable WALKING-DRESSES.

1. A gypsy hat, composed of white chip and heliotrope ribbon—white ostrich plume drooping on the left side.—A clear muslin dress, trimmed with the same in festoons fastened up with straps and buttons.—A scarf shawl of double-twilled heliotrope-color silk, with a deep ball silk fringe.—Shoes to match.

2. A chip and satin Parisian bonnet, with high crown, and plume of green feathers from the top, shading one side of the head-dress.—Spotted muslin dress, with three frills round the bottom, and two rows of lace let in—the edges of the two upper frills exactly at the head of the lace.

A military Spencer of green twilled sarsenet, with rich gimp and frogs, to



clasp across the bosom on one side, and button over to the other.

The prevailing colors are, green, red-lilac or heliotrope, buff, pink, and blue—all of the very palest shades. In the morning, Spencers of the above colors in figured saracets over white cambric dresses, made with high collars and very short skirts, trimmed with two or three

frills, or vandyked trimmings.—Some ladies wear the dress of muslin or linen, of the same shade as the Spencer, and trimmed with three rows of narrow ribbon.—Half boots to lace behind.—Round hats with flat crowns are still worn. A flower under the brim is a prevailing ornament, with a ribbon simply tied round the crown.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, June 23*] *Palermo, May 5.*—Through the mediation of Rear-Admiral Freemantle, an armistice has been agreed upon between the Sicilian and Tunisian governments: 390 Sicilians, slaves at Tunis, have been redeemed, at the rate of 320 dollars each.—Corn is at about £15 sterling the quarter, at Palermo.

[24] Bonaparté, before he determined on commencing hostilities against Sweden, wrote to the Crown Prince, offering to restore Pomerania, Finland, and the estates of Bernadotte in France and Italy, on condition that the latter would cooperate with him in accomplishing his designs in the North.—Bernadotte rejected the offer.

[25] *Madrid, May 8* —An address, from the magistracy of Madrid to King Joseph, states, that “the hospitals, poor-houses, houses of correction, and similar establishments, contain no fewer than 8000 individuals, who receive their daily aliment through the hands of the municipality. This excessive number, however, constitutes but a small fraction, compared with those who languish and suffer in private houses, in streets, and in chambers, which resound with their doleful clamors, and which menace the most dreadful political convulsions, while a numerous army consumes all the scanty produce of an exhausted country.”

[26] *Dantzic, May 16* —In Poland, provisions become more and more scarce for both armies; and the continued requisitions made for them have deprived the inhabitants of their last morsel of bread. Forage is still more scarce; and hay is not to be had. The horses are fed on rye meal, and straw which has been used for thatch, in consequence of which they die in great numbers. A Polish officer, lately arrived from Warsaw, states, that, in the country through which he passed, all the houses were without thatching,

and that, in many houses, large holes were dug in the ground for the children's shelter.

[26] *Petersburg, May 22.*—The government has allowed to be introduced into the ports of Litchau, Riga, and Petersburg, and to be deposited in the royal magazines, as well as those of individuals, coffee, sugar, spices, and other colonial products, without paying duties, and even to withdraw from these warehouses a third of such colonial merchandise, without their being subject to any duty; but if they remain warehoused more than a year and a day, they will be sold by public auction, and the ordinary duties paid out of the proceeds of the sale.

[27] Ships with colonial produce are admitted into any of the Prussian ports, provided they are half laden with rice, and only pay half the continental duties.

[*July 2*] *Algerias, June 3.*—An action took place on the 1st instant, in the environs of Bornos. General Ballasteros attacked General Curru, for the purpose of dislodging him from his position, and at first actually obtained some advantage; but having been charged by a numerous body of cavalry, he was driven back with the loss of three pieces of cannon, and 1000 men killed, wounded, or taken.

[6] The late Paris papers contain a trial of a female for adultery. She was sentenced to a twelvemonth's imprisonment, and her paramour, who was tried with her, to one month's imprisonment.

[6] June 15, a large quantity of confiscated British merchandise was publicly burned at Genoa.

[6] Letters from Bordeaux hold out the prospect of an uncommonly abundant harvest.

[9] Preliminaries of peace between Russia and Turkey were signed about the 10th of June.

[8] A treaty of defensive alliance, be-

Treaty between France and Prussia, was ratified at Berlin, March 5.

[9] By order of Bonaparté, several valuable pictures from the Museum have been distributed to the parish churches of Paris.

[9] The civil list, for the Prince Royal of Sweden, is fixed at 100,000 crowns.

[10] Advices from Portugal, of June 22, state, that Lord Wellington had established his head quarters at Salamanca, from which city the French had withdrawn.

[11] A treaty of alliance between France and Austria was concluded at Paris, on the 14th of March, by which either party is bound to furnish the other with 30,000 men, if attacked or invaded.

[12] A treaty of peace and alliance, offensive and defensive, has been signed by the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries, but not yet ratified by the sovereign on either side. [See July 27.]

[13] The Russians have begun to act upon their defensive system. The produce on the frontiers of Lithuania, in several situations, has been destroyed, so that the enemy, if he advance, must be encumbered with all the necessary means for his subsistence. Other precautions have been resorted to in Courland; and the grain, and effects of the like description, which were deposited at Liebau and Riga, have been removed to Livonia, beyond the reach of the invaders.

[13] Advices from Mexico and Vera Cruz, the former to the 15th of April, the latter to the 1st of May, state, that the influence of the revolutionary party had been so powerful in both, that the restrictions on trade in favor of the parent state have been abrogated, and commerce is thrown open to all nations.

[14] The American legislature has passed an act for admitting the state of Louisiana into the Union.

[14] A letter from an officer of His Majesty's ship *America*, dated Gulf of Venice, May 12, 1812, states, that, on the 10th, the boats of the *America* and *Leviathan*, covered by *L'Eclat* brig, were towed in shore, and landed 200 marines, under the command of Captains Rea and Owen, at Linguilla and Alcias. They instantly marched forward to the attack of the batteries, of which they at length obtained possession, spiked the guns, and then brought out sixteen sail of vessels of different descriptions; seven of which, laden with salt, they scuttled; the other

nine, laden with wine, brandy, leather, glass, broad cloth, &c. were sent to Malta.

[15] May 26, a small body of Spaniards, under Gen Lacey, attacked a superior force of 3,500 French stationed at the bridge and neighboring points of Molino del Rey, and drove them from their positions, with the loss of 700 men killed, wounded, and prisoners.

[15] Advices from Spain, of June 21, state, that, at Tarragona, two ships had obtained licenses from the French governor to be admitted into the port with cargoes of colonial produce, but were both seized and confiscated, on entering the harbour; that, at Cadiz, the French have succeeded in throwing some shells into the market-place, where one or two persons were killed, and several wounded,—and that a decree has been published for assembling the new Cortes Ordinarias on the 1st October, 1813.

[17] On the 22d June, Bonaparté declared war against Russia, and the French army soon after invaded the Russian territories, by crossing the Niemen, at Kowno, about 50 miles from Wilna, the capital of Lithuania. On the 23d, they threw three bridges across the river in less than two hours; and, on the 24th and 25th, effected their passage without opposition.

[18] Fifteen hundred Prussians, with 82 officers, lately deserted in a body from the French quarters, and safely reached the Russian camp.

[18] Advices from the continent state, that the Russians strictly adhere to their preconcerted plan of bearing off every description of portable property, and destroying every thing, not capable of removal, that can directly or indirectly contribute to the shelter or subsistence of the French armies.—At Liebau, the private effects had been carried off, and the public property had been thrown into the sea. The whole of Courland had been converted into a waste; and most of the inhabitants had abandoned their dwellings, and sought refuge in Livonia.

[20] July 6, a gallant exploit was achieved on the coast of Norway, by Captain Stewart, of the *Dictator*, who, aided by two sloops and a gun brig, attacked a Danish frigate, three large sloops of war, and 25 gun-boats, which were sheltered within the rocks of Mardoe, and supported by numerous batteries. The frigate was totally destroyed—the three sloops completely disabled—and several of the gun-boats sunk.

[20] Fire-engines are attached to every corps in the French service in Poland. They are employed to convey water with more expedition than by manual labor, to the troops, through pipes, extending sometimes a mile in length.

[20] So great a scarcity prevails in Zealand, that a barrel of rye [four bushels] was lately sold at Elsinour for sixty-two six-dollars—£12. 8s. sterling.

[20] The inhabitants of Poland are in a state of starvation, owing to the number of troops quartered in their country. The French military have agreed to subscribe, in the following proportions, to their relief.—Generals 30 florins per month, Generals of Brigade 18, Colonels 12, inferior officers 6.

[20] Advices from the Baltic state, that the vanguard of the French army was in possession of Wilna, which the Russians had previously evacuated. A conflagration took place in the city on the day of the entrance of the French, but whether it was occasioned by the advancing or retreating army, has not, we believe, been ascertained.

[20] The French minister of commerce and manufactures, in a circular of the 12th ult. communicates to the prefects of the departments an improved process for the extraction of sugar from beet-root, invented by one Bonnation. It is calculated, that the produce of 100,000 acres of beet-root will yield a quantity of sugar adequate to the

total consumption of France; and very near this extent, it is said, has been planted in the course of the present year.

[21] Advices from New York, of June 23, state, that, on the 17th, the Senate adopted the resolution of the other House for declaring war against Great Britain, and that the military commander at New York had, on the 25th, publicly announced, in general orders, that war was actually declared.

[21] The French evacuated Oviedo on the 15th of June.

[21] Letters from Badajoz say that the French cut and destroy all the corn which they cannot carry off.

[21] *Cádiz, June 29.*—The desertion from the French army is very considerable, particularly in Germans and juramentados.

[21] Dispatches from Lord Wellington, of June 30, state, that he was then at Fuente La Pena, nearly fifty miles in advance from Salamanca, on the road towards Valladolid;—that his advanced guard had daily skirmishes with the rear of Marmont's army, which was in full retreat.—that the Portuguese had been generally in front with the British, and on all occasions had behaved most nobly;—that the loss of the allied army in the several skirmishes had been very slight; and that they took a considerable number of prisoners.

[27] The Ottoman emperor has refused to ratify the treaty of peace with Russia, signed by his plenipotentiaries.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

### *His Majesty.*

During the last fortnight of June, His Majesty suffered a high degree of agitation: but he was somewhat better on the 27th, when the Queen's Privy Council met to make their quarterly report.—In the afternoon of that day, the paroxysm increased to a degree of violence, such as he had not experienced since December, 1810. It lasted, without abatement, between 50 and 60 hours; and on the 29th, he became, for a few minutes, speechless.—The interruption to speech, however, lasted only a few minutes; and the habitual course of rapid and inarticulate speaking returned, till nine in the evening, when His Majesty fell asleep, and had between four and five hours of quiet rest. He awoke very composed.—After this, he continued to improve, though with slight occasional variations

from better to worse; and the last accounts represent him as daily advancing in health—taking his meals regularly—and enjoying uninterrupted repose. They add that his mental symptoms have lately been very favorable—approaching, at times, to nearly lucid intervals. [July 23.]

*Price of Bread.*—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, July 2, twenty pence—July 9 and 16, the same—July 23, the same.

[London, June 29] On Tuesday, at Blandford in Dorsetshire, William Reynolds, a man of 83, who had been more than twenty years preacher to a Methodist society, hanged himself.

[24] In a thunder-storm in Essex, last Sunday, the lightning struck the spire of Rayleigh church, and completely stripped off the lead. It also descended a cottage chimney near the spot, and melted

an iron pot suspended over the fire. At the same time, a shower of uncommonly large hail did considerable damage in the gardens and fields.

[24] By a proclamation dated yesterday, the Regent has revoked, or rather provisionally suspended for a time, the orders in council, of January 7, 1807, and April 26, 1809, so far as they regarded American commerce, and has thus allowed a renewal of the trade with the American United States.

[24] In the House of Commons, last night, Mr. Parnell, adverting to the injury done in Ireland by the tithes-proctors, and the extent to which litigation was carried in enforcing the payment of tithes, stated that no less than 1121 actions had been tried in the space of one year within the jurisdiction of six counties only,—and the defendants in these actions were the poorest and the most miserable part of the peasantry.

[26] At the late sale of the Roxburgh library, a private gentleman gave £478 for the Old Bailey Trials, from the humane motive of placing them in the hands of a literary man, to make an abridgement of them, for the purpose of demonstrating the necessity of revising the code of our criminal laws, and diminishing the number of felonies, to which there is now adjudged the penalty of death.

[29] In the court of Exchequer, on Saturday, Thomas Britt, collector of assessed taxes in Bristol, and William Skeirett, collector at Sandbach in Cheshire, were found guilty of fraudulently obtaining sums not charged in the commissioners' assessments, and were amerced £600 each.—On the same day, a verdict was given against a housekeeper for having refused to permit the surveyor to pass through his house for the purpose of ascertaining the number of windows in the year.

[29] Potatoes have this year been planted to an unusual extent throughout the country.

[30] Mr. White's subscription.—Amount this day advertised, upwards of one thousand and fifty pounds.

[30] The intelligence from the manufacturing districts shows the immediate activity produced by the abrogation of the orders in council. On Saturday, at Leeds market, a greater quantity of cloth was purchased, than has been known to have been bought in one day at any former period. At Liverpool, one and a half

millions of yards of bounty goods have been shipped within the last week, worth £125,000: and it is said, that two and a half millions of yards more are in progress of embarkation. Within the same interval of a week, £12,000, convoy duty, at 4 per cent. has been paid, indicating further shipments to the amount of £300,000 at the same port. It is added, that the wages of the Lancashire manufacturers have been raised about 2s. 3d. per week.

[July 1] On Wednesday last, an experiment was made with a machine at Leeds, under the direction of Mr. John Bienkinsop, the patentee, for the purpose of substituting the agency of steam for the use of horses, in the conveyance of coals on the iron rail way, from the mines at Middleton, to Leeds.—This machine is, in fact, a steam-engine of four horses' power, which, with the assistance of cranks turning a cog-wheel, and iron cogs placed at one side of the rail-way, is capable of moving at the rate of ten miles an hour.

[1] An eel was caught on Saturday se'nnight at Wharfedale, which measured five feet and a half in length, was about 18 inches in girth, and weighed twenty-seven pounds.

[2] On Monday last, at Manchester, Mr. Sadler, the celebrated aeronaut, made his twenty third ascent, and alighted at Oakwood, about six miles from Sheffield. He made the passage in about 48 minutes, so that he must have travelled at the rate of a mile in a minute.

[3] Association for the relief of the manufacturing Poor.—Amount of subscriptions this day advertised, upwards of £7,300; of which the Regent subscribed 200—Lord Rivers, 100—Messrs. Child and Co. 100—L. M. N. 100.

[4] Yesterday, Thomas Bowler was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Burrows, noticed in our last Number. Although it was clearly proved that he had antecedently been insane, yet, as it appeared on the other hand, that, about and at the time of the murder, he was cool, collected, and rational, he was found *Guilty*.

[1] The diocesan returns, printed by order of the House of Lords, state that four millions of persons in England have not the means of attending church, there being that number more than all the churches can contain,—that the places of worship of the established church in England are 2553—and those of dissen-

ters, 3454—These numbers do not include Scotland.

[7] The provincial papers already attest the happy effects of the suspension of the orders in council; trade every where beginning to revive, and the discontentments and disturbances to subside.

[8] The sale of the Roxburgh library concluded on Saturday.—The total produce was above £23,000. The library cost the late Duke under £5000.

[8] On Saturday, a partial explosion took place in one of the powder mills at Hounslow, by which two men were so severely burned, that they died the same evening.

[9] Yesterday morning, a little before one o'clock, a boy, lying off the Custom-house quay, was boarded by a gang of robbers, who seized the Custom-house officers, bound their hands and feet, presented a blunderbuss to them, and threatened instant death if they made any noise or resistance. They then robbed the vessel of silk, to the amount of £3000, and made off clear with it by half past one o'clock.

[9] July 6, at Newtown near Plymouth, a Mr. Hine, a respectable flour merchant and corn factor, without any apparent cause, murdered his two children and himself—having likewise fired a pistol-ball through the breast of his wife, who was found alive, but in a dying state.

[9] Yesterday, Mr. Cobbett, after paying the fine of £1000, was discharged from prison, on the expiration of his two years' confinement, for the remarks published in his paper on the practice of flogging in the army and navy.

[11] From an examination at Marlborough-street office yesterday, it appears that a mother, through pure mistake, gave arsenic to four of her children, instead of cream of tartar. Two of them have died in consequence—*We recollect to have heard, some years since, the suggestion of a law, to prohibit the sale or possession of arsenic or tartar emetic, without the addition of some remarkable coloring, to distinguish them.*

[13] A fine boy, five years old, walking on Kennington Common with his father and mother, on Friday last, was struck on the breast by a cricket-ball, several yards from the bat, and killed on the spot—*[Notwithstanding the imminent danger of such accidents, it is common to see boys, and men too, playing at cricket in the public roads and foot paths round London, and even in the very streets, in some parts of*

*the outlets! The writer of this remark has often, in his walks, seen passengers severely hurt with cricket-balls.]*

[13] On Thursday, twenty three houses were consumed by a conflagration, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire.

[13] At the late Winchester assises, John James, an apprentice, aged nineteen, was convicted of the murder of his master's wife at Shalfleet, near Yarmouth. He had given her three deep wounds with a hatchet in the head and face, and cut her throat. He confessed the deed, but without alleging any motive; and, when interrogated, only referred the interrogants to the 3d chapter of Job.

[13] The cowardly crime of suicide has of late become remarkably frequent. The "*Morning Chronicle*" of this date records five recent instances of it, exclusive of the case of a Captain Young, who, on Sunday morning, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from a window, in Southampton-street, Covent-garden, and was killed on the spot.

[14] From the documents laid before the Association for the relief of the manufacturing Poor—quoted, last night, by Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons—it appears, that, at Boltou-le-Moor in Lancashire, (in the neighbourhood of which place the late disturbances in that county originated) the population was seventeen thousand, of whom three thousand were reduced to the condition of parish paupers, besides a large number who were driven from their houses as wanderers throughout the country, and a yet larger number receiving relief from the opulent and humane—It further appeared, that, at Walton, near Prescott, in the same county, the population was 5000, of whom 1300 were receiving eleemosynary aid, while earning, on an average, less than three shillings a week; and that, at Huddersfield, (famous in the history of the late riots) the manufacturers were earning, on an average, less than one shilling a week. Equal distress prevailed among the laboring poor in many other places; and, to watch the motions of their hungry desperation, the magistrates had found it necessary to employ numerous spies, at thirty shillings a week, besides their expenses.

[14] On Saturday se'nnight, while the surrounding air was perfectly calm, a quantity of hay, supposed to be two hundred weight, was suddenly caught up by a whirlwind from a field near Blagdon, and carried high above the clouds over

Mendip Hill. A number of rooks and swallows immediately collected together, and, darting up with much clamour among the scattered hay, were seen pursuing it in circles through the air.

[15] On Tuesday, by the explosion of a powder mill near Rosslin in Scotland, two men were killed and a third blown about two hundred yards through the air; when, though much hurt, he had the good fortune to fall into the mill dam. The explosion was heard at above six miles' distance.

[16] The small-pox is at present very prevalent in London, especially in the suburbs, inhabited by the poorer classes, and has occasioned numerous deaths of late, particularly of children; although these ravages might so easily be prevented by the vaccine inoculation, performed gratis at above twenty stations in different parts of the metropolis.

[17] At Spilsby, Robert Moggit, aged 24, swallowed a quantity of corrosive sublimate, on Thursday last, and died the next day, without assigning any reason for this deliberate suicide.

[17] On Monday, at Mr. Atkinson's distillery, St. George's Fields, a man descended into a large vat, to clean it. When near the bottom, he fell down insensible. Another man, going down to his assistance, fell in like manner: and oth were suffocated by the foul air below.

[17] Yesterday, a respectable tradesman in Mary-le bone road cut his throat, while at breakfast.

[17] *Curious Fraud*—A man of respectable appearance lately called at the house of Lord Besborough, as an agent commissioned to inform him of the arrival of certain packages expected from Ireland. Next day, some weighty boxes were delivered; and the said agent received £6 for the carriage; but, on examination, they were found to contain nothing but bricks and rubbish.—In attempting a similar trick at the Marquis of Waterford's yesterday, the impostor was apprehended.

[18] Last night, in the House of Lords, Lord Holland stated, that, from a list which he had obtained, it appeared that the number of *ex-officio* informations, which had been filed from the year 1800 to 1807, was fifteen—and, in the three years, 1808, 9, 10, the number was forty-two, of which more than one half had not been prosecuted to trial.

[18] A letter from Stropshire, of July 13, describes very promising crops of

gram and potatoes—good humour all around—and corn at 26s. the bushel of 38 quarts.

[18] A late Boston paper says—"It gives us great pleasure to state, that the town and the county of Nottingham were never more tranquil than they are at present. The frame-workers are now busy at work there, and throughout Leicestershire; and the combs and shuttles of Yorkshire, the smithy engines of Warwickshire, and the spindles and looms of Lancashire, are likewise all in motion."

[18] *Child stealing*.—A boy, three years and a half old, was decoyed from his mother's door, in Frogmore-rents, Mary-le-bone, on Thursday evening, by two women, who stripped and left him in the watchman's beat in the course of the night, covered with a filthy rug.

[20] We hear, from the principal corn counties, that the late fine weather has produced a most striking effect on the growing crops, and there is the most promising appearance of a good harvest.

[21] Memorials to the members of the House of Commons are daily arriving from the "disturbed districts," signed by the most respectable inhabitants of all sects and parties, assuring the House, that they are now in a state of complete tranquillity, which they have every reason to hope will continue, as the condition of the distressed poor is already much bettered by the opening of the trade with America.

Three physicians have lately died at advanced ages.—See Deaths.

## BORN.

[June 24] On the 15th, of the lady of J. Ireland Blackburn, esq, M. P. a daughter.

[20] On Saturday, of the lady of W. Curtis, esq, Portland-place, a son.

[July 1] On Wednesday, of lady Holland, a daughter, who survived only a few minutes.

[3] June 29, of the lady of the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett, Leatherhead, a daughter.

[4] Wednesday, of the lady of the R. Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, a daughter.

[8] Yesterday, of the lady of Lieut. Col. Wheatley, of the 1st reg. of Guards, a daughter.

[9] Yesterday, of the Duchess of Bedford, a daughter.

[11] Wednesday, of the lady of Sir Edward Syngé, hurt, a son.

[16] On the 13th, of Lady Jerningham, a son.

[17] Thursday, of the lady of C. Raymond Barker, esq. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, a son

[20] Lately, of the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, near Clapham, a son.

[21] Thursday, of Lady Gertrude Sloane, a son.

MARRIED

[June 23] On Tuesday, the Rev. Townshend Selwyn, to Charlotte Sophia Murray, daughter of the late Bishop of St. David's.

[25] Lately, Viscount Ashbrook, to Emily Theophila, daughter of Sir Theophilus Metcalf, bart.

[26] Tuesday, Major Adolphus John Dalrymple, of the 19th Light Dragoons, to Anne, daughter of Sir James Graham, bart.

[July 4] Lately, W. Powell Lorymer, esq. of Perthvie, Monmouthshire, to Miss Cæcilia Addis

[8] On the 3d, Lieut. Col. Wardlaw, of the 76th, to the Hon. Anne Lake, daughter of the late Viscount Lake.

[9] Sunday, James Weld, esq. of Cowfield house, Wilts, to the Hon. Julia, daughter of the late Lord Petre.

[13] June 20, the Earl of Euston, to the youngest daughter of Admiral Berkeley.

[13] Saturday, Viscount Mountjoy, to the relict of the late Major W. Brown.

[15] Saturday, G. Nelson, esq. of Chaddleshorth-house, Berks, to Miss Charlotte Halletts, of Denford.

[15] Lately, at Eskgrove, Captain Charles Peter Hay, to Helen, daughter of Sir David Rae, bart.

[17] Saturday, James Harding, esq. of Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Pym.

[21] Lately, the Rev. Mr. Bradford, to Martha, daughter of Edward Wilmot, esq. of Clifton.

DECEASED.

[June 24] On Tuesday, Samuel Maucesty, esq. late ambassador to Persia.

Yesterday, in his 23d year, deservedly esteemed and deeply regretted by all his acquaintance, Mr John Ayers, of North Petherton, to whom our Magazine is indebted for a variety of original productions, under the signature of "*Anonymous, N. P.*"

[27] June 16, Henrietta, Lady of Sir John Morris, bart.

[29] Monday, Richard Kirwan, esq. President of the Royal Irish Academy.

[29] Thursday, aged 84, the relict of the Rev. Giles Templeman, Dorsetshire.

[29] Saturday, aged 82, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Dr. Ramsden.

[30] Friday, Philip Mallet, esq. au-

thor and editor of several valuable publications.

[July 1] Lately, Lord Massey.

[2] Lately, aged 77, Sir Joseph Peacocke, bart.

[4] June 25, Lady Harrington, mother of Sir John Harrington, bart.

[11] Wednesday, Matilda, daughter of Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, bart.

[13] Thursday, Abraham Goldsmid, junior, esq.

[15] June 26, Ch. Stedman, esq. author of the "*History of the American War.*"

[15] Thursday, James Mingay, esq. senior King's counsel, &c.

[15] Saturday, the Rev. G. Coventry Lichfield, of King's college, Cambridge.

[17] Sunday, aged 90, Mrs. Foxcroft, of Halsteads, Yorkshire.

[20] Saturday, at Coventry, while visiting a patient, David Ratray, M. D. aged 74.

[21] Saturday, aged 80, David Morton, M. D. Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.

[23] Saturday, aged 83, Mrs. Anne Tillet, Knightsbridge.

[23] Monday, Lady de Crespigny.

[24] Tuesday, aged 81, Joseph Denman, M. D. Chester-place, Vauxhall-road.

APPENDIX.

*Cock-roaches and Hedge hogs.*—A gentleman in Bath thus writes—"I lately procured one of those little animals" [*hedge-hogs*] "for the purpose of destroying cock-roaches, with which I was greatly annoyed, and have the satisfaction of finding my expectations more than answered, as he pursues them in all directions, and devours them with the utmost avidity. In a domestic state, the hedge-hog is perfectly innoxious, requires no care, is satisfied with very little food, which should be fresh meat, raw or dressed, and drinks either milk (of which he is very fond) or simple water."

*Amount of all the stamped Dollars and silver Tokens, issued by the Bank of England, from the 19th of Feb. 1811, (being the date of the last Return to the House of Commons) to the 13th of April, 1812, inclusive.*

421,584 stamped dollars, at 5s. each	}	£106,146 0 0
21,340 Do. at 5s. 6d. each		
7,222,446 silver tokens of 3s. each (first issued 9th July, 1811)	}	1,083,366 18 0
3,361,171 Do. of 1s. 6d. each		

Total, £1,447,469 4 6

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*Lady's Magazine... August, 1812*



*The Lover's Leap.*

*London: Published by J. P. Colman, Paternoster Row Sept. 1812.*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 8, for August, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The LOVER'S LEAP.
2. London fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Elegant new PATTERNS for BORDERS, TRIMMING, &c. &c.

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*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row ;*

*where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.*

## NOTICES.

*In our next Number, will commence an entertaining and instructive Novel, entitled—“ Henry and Emma Lloyd, or Modern Life delineated.”—N.B. We request the fair Authoress to favor us with her address.*

To *Laura's Query* respecting *Translations of the French Morceaux* given in our poetic department, we reply, that we would not, in any case, recommend a close translation of poetry, which can hardly ever be successful: and, in our own case, we should rather wish for a free imitation, or—what would be more likely to please—the bare adoption of the principal idea from the French, and all the particulars from the writer's own fancy.

*Mrs. Oldham* (The “*Old Woman*”) begs leave to express her acknowledgements to the intelligent correspondent who has addressed her under the signature of “*Publicola*,” and will at all times feel herself flattered by a communication of that writer's sentiments.

A “*Divine Song*” would require considerable improvement, before we could venture to publish it.

We would with great pleasure oblige the author of the “*Anacreontic Completion*,” &c. by inserting his lines (*next month*), did they not inculcate an objectionable doctrine, which we should be sorry to recommend to our fair readers.—If he choose to alter and amend, there is yet time until the middle of September.

We are sorry for “*M. T. K. T.*”'s trouble, as neither of his sonnets happens to suit us.

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### *Appendix continued from page 388.*

*Agricultural Phenomenon.*—A field of wheat belonging to Mr Lewis, farmer, of Purton, Wilts, claims the admiration of the surrounding country. His crop of wheat, last year, completely failed; but, without fresh ploughing, sowing, or manure, there have, this year, sprung up from each old root from 60 to 66 stalks, bearing as many ears; and these ears are as much as five inches in length, full of the finest grain imaginable; and, what is more astonishing, a new stalk is springing from the first joint. The nature of the grain, however, seems to have changed by being so long in the ground: and it is now [August 4] a fine piece of Lammas wheat.

*Remarkable Case of Abstinence.*—There is now [August 15] a woman in the parish workhouse at Berwick, who, for several weeks, has taken no sustenance whatever. She was found at Gainslaw, and brought to the workhouse, nearly fourteen days ago, by the overseers of the poor, who have not been able to prevail on her to taste food of any kind, though she seems to be in a state of starvation. She declares that she knows not when she last ate any thing, and that she loathes food; yet, except great peevishness when spoken to, she shows no symp-

toms of delirium or fever; and her pulse, though languid, is quite regular. She will give no account of herself, and requests only to remain undisturbed. The overseers have ascertained that she has a brother in Leith, in indigent circumstances; that she has been roaming about the country, chiefly in Berwickshire, for a considerable time; that it does not appear that she ever solicited food, or a bed, and that she usually slept in the plantations, or beneath a hedge, uniformly rejecting every thing offered to her.

*Notable Co-incidences*—On the 17th of last June, Great Britain rescinded the Orders in Council—and the Congress of the United States determined on war with Great Britain.—On the 20th, the American general Bloomfield, at New York, announced war against Great Britain—and Bonaparté, from the head quarters of his grand army, issued his first bulletin, and declaration of war against Russia.—To these may be added, that Sellis, the supposed assassin of the Duke of Cumberland, and Lorenzo, the assassin of the Count and Countess of D'Antraigues, were intimate acquaintances, and that they both committed suicide.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1812.

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SAPPHO; an *Historic Romance*.  
(Concluded, from page 297, and accompanied with an illustrative Engraving.)

SHE soon reached the promontory; whence viewing the vast extent of the bellowing waves, an involuntary dread took possession of her mind:—she became pale: her knees trembled; and, looking fearfully around, she perceived the inscriptions consecrated to the memory of those who had escaped the fury of the waves.—She cautiously approached the edge of the precipice, and observed with horror, that the sea had undermined the rock, which appeared suspended over the raging flood, and seemed actually falling into the waves. She drew back with fear and precipitation, and covered her eyes with her veil. Rhodopè, who had followed her mistress, and who augured the most sinister intentions, reached the brink of the abyss at the moment when her mistress started back, and caught her in her arms.—Sappho endeavoured to disengage herself from her embrace: but Rhodopè resisted all her efforts, and entreated her to retire from the precipice. “I conjure thee,” said Sappho, “in the name of thy fidelity, which makes thee a partner in my afflictions, not to oppose the will of the gods, which has been revealed to me by the sacred minister of Apollo. I come hither to invoke the divinity on this consecrated spot, destined for the termination of my woes;—Leave me then, I entreat thee, by thy tender love, and by the excess of my misery—and let me invoke the gods

without restraint, and obey their dictates.”—Rhodopè, deceived by her words, reluctantly obeyed the commands of her mistress, and retired to a short distance with Clitus.

Now free from interruption, Sappho raised her hands and streaming eyes to heaven, and, in the voice and attitude of supplication, exclaimed, “O ye powers who protect the unfortunate! never had any mortal a juster claim on your compassion. In obedience to the voice of the oracle, and with submission to the will of Heaven, I kneel before you, a willing victim. If you have decreed my death, it will be for me the beginning of repose. If I am permitted once more to see the shore, and to enjoy tranquillity, I solemnly swear to dedicate my life to the altars of the chaste Diana. 'Tis in the silence of her sanctuary, that I shall experience joys more pure than those promised by the deceitful pleasures of love.—O Thetis! receive me into thy bosom.”

At these words, she rushed toward the edge of the precipice; but, seized with involuntary terror, she suddenly stopped at its brink. Rhodopè screamed aloud; and Clitus darted forward to seize his mistress: but Sappho, who saw his design, hastened the fatal moment of execution.

The natural timidity of her sex, and the dictates of religion, might have triumphed over her resolution; and she would not perhaps have fulfilled the oracle: but her implacable enemy, invisibly concealed in a cloud, hastened her destruction by inflicting

344 *Sappho.*—*Musings in a Country Church.*

fresh wounds. The goddess, with a malignant smile, drew the golden bodkin which supported her flaxen tresses, and, with repeated strokes, pierced the heart of the unfortunate maid. Sappho felt the goading wounds, and, furious as the heifer stung by the bee, she covered her face with her veil, and, heaving a profound sigh, rushed forward, and fell into the sea.

When Clitus arrived, he perceived nothing on the surface of the waves: the weight of her fall had sunk her to the bottom of the abyss.—In a few moments, she appeared struggling in vain against the pangs of death.—At this dreadful sight, the faithful Clitus leaped from the precipice to her assistance: but he unfortunately fell on the edge of a rock, and perished.

With slow and trembling pace, Rhodopè reached the promontory, when a wave brought her mistress to her view:—another wave succeeded, and swallowed her up for ever.—Worn out with age and infirmity, the wretched Rhodopè could not sustain this dreadful shock; and she fell senseless to the ground.

Thus ended the days of the hapless Sappho.—That she was more unfortunate than those who had preceded her at Leucadia, and perished in the waves, is to be imputed to the implacable vengeance of an offended deity.—Unfortunate maid!—thy woes will cause the sacred tear of pity to flow: that compassion which the barbarous Phaon refused thee, will be felt by successive generations; and thou shalt enjoy the love and veneration of posterity.—On the following day, the attendants of the temple found her mortal remains on the shore, which were interred with funeral honors. By a decree of the people of Mitylènè, a magnificent tomb was erected on the spot where

she was buried, with an inscription which records the sad history of her misfortunes.

—  
Solitary MUSINGS  
in a COUNTRY CHURCH.  
By Mr. WEBB, Author of “*Haverhill,*” and other Poems.

THOUGH by birth and principles a sectarian, I take a solitary pleasure in ranging the consecrated domes of the establishment, and frequently indulge in such solemn reflexions and meditations as the scene inspires.—One evening, as the bell of death was summoning to his clay-cold retreat the sad remains of a fellow mortal, I traversed the gloomy aisles of a country church, rapt in serious thought.

“How rev’rend look’d the face of this  
tall pile, [ble heads,  
Whose ancient pillars rear’d their mar-  
To bear aloft its arch’d and pond’rous  
roof, [immovable,  
By its own weight made steadfast and  
Looking tranquillity! It struck an awe  
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look’d  
cold,  
And shot a chillness to my trembling  
heart.” *Congreve.*

As I entered the chancel, the first object that attracted my attention was a beautiful window of painted glass, on which were portrayed the Virgin Mary, a bishop in his pontificals, and one of our English monarchs, arrayed in all the splendid insignia of royalty.

“The storied window, richly dight,  
Cast a dim religious light.” *Milton.*

Under a small square stone, lie the mouldering relics of a gentleman, who was called from the active pursuits of life, in life’s meridian prime, when imagination had formed many a fairy scheme of sublunary happiness and hope. The flatterer Hope had painted the future in happy colors: but Death, the grand baffler of human projects, marred a series

of embryo plans, and put a final period to the useful exertions of an enterprising genius.—For a few moments, fancy took an excursion to his late residence, and surveyed the garden, the neat alcove, and the hawthorn bower—retreats, calculated to invite reflexion, and to solace a mind fatigued with the pursuits of business, and tired of the anxieties of active life. The fir and bay trees still flourish green and fair: aromatic shrubs in full blossom perfume the breeze of evening; and flowers of every hue and name grace the parterre: but, alas! he that planted and decorated this delightful spot, sleeps in this cold un-social tomb—unconscious of its beauty, unmindful of its fragrance.

Human felicity! what a transitory flower! the prey of every adverse blast! What are the fairest earthly expectations, but bubbles on the passing stream, burst and dissipated by the softest vernal gale?

Close by his side, rests his only son, a youth of promise and of pregnant intellect—torn from his embraces by a fatal disease, when the buds of genius were beginning to expand, and had given a flattering assurance of a copious harvest of paternal comfort.—My youthful muse dropped the tributary verse on his lamented bier\*; and the afflicted parent read the artless effusion with eyes suffused with tears.

“ Parental hopes! gay visions, painted  
fair! [in air!  
How soon your rain bow tints dissolve  
On the fair scene stern disappointment  
ours; [hours.”  
And blasted prospects' gloom domestic  
*Author's manuscript Poem.*

Yon small marble, placed in the wall, and painted round with black, records the memory of a gallant

\* See, in our last month's publication, a poem, by Mr. WEBB, “*On the Death of an accomplished Youth.*”

colonel, who, though not deficient in manly courage or brilliant achievement in the field of Mars, yet acted a more conspicuous part in the licentious scenes of low debauchery, and, by his excesses, debilitated a robust constitution; and the shattered fabric sunk to its original dust at the age of forty-eight.—Here the contemplative mind might indulge in awful speculations, about the eternal fate of such a character: but, admonished by Shakspeare, it would do well to exclaim, with that great bard,

“ Forbear to judge; for we are sinners all.”

Another small monument informs me, that underneath are deposited the remains of a dissenting minister, who died in his seventy-fifth year; and the inscription concludes with the following apposite address—“ What his character was, will be known at the great day. Reader! think what thine will be.” I knew him well.—While attending his reapers, (for he occupied a small farm) he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and experienced an instantaneous transition from the petty concerns of time, to the grand, the stupendous scenes of eternity.

“ How many fall as sudden, not as safe!”  
*Young.*

Hard by the belfry, lies all that was mortal of a gay facetious excise officer, who, during the blithe moments of thoughtless jocularly, was heard to express a wish, that, when dead, he might be buried as near the bells as possible, as he loved their music. Surviving friends, attentive to his desire, appointed this spot to be his resting-place.—He was a man of sprightly wit and agreeable manners, whose highest ambition was to set the table in a roar. But, “ alas! poor Yorick!” where are thy flashes of convivial mirth? vanished into “*thin air!*” Where are thy boon

companions, who conspired with thee to drown the "felon Care" in the rosy bowl? they have all followed thee to the house of death, where night and silence reign.

While thus, in pensive meditation, I paced the sacred edifice, the shades of evening began to gather thick around me; and I felt a sudden tremor pervade my frame, and remind me that it would be prudent to retire.

"Yet some there are, who, free from fear,  
Could wander through the cloisters drear—

Could rove each desolated aisle, [pile—  
Though midnight thunders shook the  
Or dauntless view, or seem to view  
(As faintly flash the lightning-blue)  
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning  
chambers throng,  
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy  
vaults along." *Mason.*

(To be continued.)

#### THE OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from page 333.)

#### NO. 8.—ON FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the passions or sentiments which adorn human nature, friendship is certainly the most sublime, because the least selfish affection of the soul; and honor, frankness, tenderness, and generosity, are the foundations on which it is established.—Amid the various ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness of life, it is at once the most delicate and fragile; for suspicion would weaken it, and distrust destroy its growth.—Confidence and esteem are the cements by which it is united:—sap the foundation of either, and it perishes in the bud! Wealth cannot purchase, titles cannot obtain it; and the great, alas! seldom enjoy this most refined of human gratifications.

The term, "*Friendship*," according to its general acceptation, means little more than the common courtesies of the world: but surely

this must be a sad perversion of the noblest passion which can dignify the soul!—"How tiresome do all the pleasures of the world appear, compared with the happiness of a faithful, tender, and enlightened friendship!" says Zimmermann, in his beautiful description of the beneficial effect which may be derived from solitude.—"How joyfully," he adds, "do we shake off the shackles of society, for that high and intimate connexion of the soul, where our inclinations are free, our feelings genuine, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutual confidence of thoughts and actions, of pleasures and pains, uninterruptedly prevails; where the heart is led by joy along the path of virtue, and the mind conducted by happiness into the bower of truth; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation, and succour, are reciprocally given and received, in all the accidents and misfortunes attached to human life."

The pen, which could thus beautifully describe the charm and effect of friendship, must have been guided by the emotions of a heart influenced by its benign power; for no cold or apathetic character could have depicted it in such glowing colors.—A soul, irradiated by the charm of friendship, nobly disdains all the petty considerations of the world; and misfortune, instead of weakening the noble passion, binds it still closer to the heart.

A weak mind is incapable of friendship; and an interested one can never feel the force of its superior charm: a bad temper cannot hope to retain affection, even if its possessor displays innate goodness of heart.—Though real friendship will bear and forbear; yet there are certain points, which it cannot pass—certain

tain delicacies of conduct, which are necessary to sustain it—certain refinements of behaviour, not easily described by words.

Doctor Johnson observes, that “so many qualities are necessary to constitute real friendship, and so many accidental circumstances must arise to secure its continuance, that the greater part of mankind content themselves without it, or supply its place by interest or dependence.”—Though the authority of such a man must doubtless carry weight with it, yet I must hope that instances of genuine friendship are not so rare as he describes. I will hope, that my own sex, in particular, are not so blind to their present happiness, as to check the growth of a passion, which has not unaptly been termed the “balm of life.”

In the selection of a friend, much care is necessary, and much precaution ought to be observed. “It requires time to deliberate upon friendship,” says Seneca: “but, the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the inmost secrets of my heart; and I should consider my thoughts, as safe in his breast as in my own.”—Good sense, good nature, firm principles, and religious propensities, are absolutely necessary in the composition; for good sense will inform the mind, good temper throw cheerfulness around us, and religious sentiments and firm principles produce an influence upon the heart.

The friendships which are formed at an early period of existence, are generally more permanent than those we enter into at a more advanced date; and therefore it is peculiarly necessary that young persons should carefully search into the private character of those, with whom they mean, in a certain degree, to

However insi-

gnating may be the manners, and how highly cultivated the understanding, yet, if there are any latent traits to be discovered of a want of susceptibility in the heart—if the object of admiration displays want of filial attachment, or coldness and indifference in the performance of religious duties—such a character, I will pronounce, must be a dangerous acquaintance.

“It is necessary,” observes Doctor Blair, in his beautiful Sermon addressed to the young, “to recommend to you sincerity and truth; for these are the basis of every moral virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart—those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate—present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth.—If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men—when interest shall have completed the obduracy of your hearts, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile?—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; and its first appearance may be considered as the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame.”

I have ventured to extract these sentiments from an author, whose opinions are established upon the solid basis of truth, and whose writings have been more beneficial to society, than those of any author I am able to quote.—If Doctor Blair’s opinion of the human character be well founded—of which there cannot be a doubt—persons, in forming their friendships, ought to avoid all attachments with



those who are deficient in the requisite virtues of the heart.

Youth undoubtedly is the proper season for cultivating the humane affections; and, as the happiness of life in great measure must depend upon the connexions which are then formed, neither external accomplishments nor insinuating manners ought to influence the feelings, or be allowed to act as a substitute for innate goodness and worth.

I am aware that parents, in general, seldom omit cautioning their daughters against the seductive charm of love, while they permit them to form friendships without care or precaution. If a disease of body in the animal creation is considered of so dangerous a tendency as to infect a whole flock, how much more caution ought to be observed, with reflecting creatures, who evidently become tainted by pernicious example!—A mother's lynx-like eye ought to penetrate into the deepest recesses of that being's heart, towards whom she perceives her daughter to feel a growing attachment, and a secret regard.—She ought not merely to watch the actions of that being in the fulfilment of important duties, but in those trifling circumstances which appear insignificant, and by which she may form a more accurate opinion, than in circumstances of moment.—We are all guarded in matters of importance, because we naturally expect every eye to be fixed upon us; but, in those unimportant actions which appear to carry no weight with them, we suffer our natural propensities to unfold themselves.

As youth, however, is the season when the most permanent friendships are formed, I do not mean to discourage a propensity which gives to life its greatest charm:—I merely

mean to caution the unsuspecting, and to guide the untaught.—Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations of the parties to participate in the alluring pleasures of the world:—too many, likewise, of these pretended friendships are founded upon the whim of the moment; and, like all attachments suddenly formed, are seldom binding, but dissolve with some new caprice of the mind.—Sometimes they are produced by the effect of flattery, or the power of self-interest, and remain no longer permanent, than while these ignoble feelings are gratified.

These connexions deserve not the name of friendship, which is a passion at once dignified and refined—a sentiment which ennobleth human nature, and calls forth all the finer feelings of the mind. 'Tis a charm which soothes us in the hour of affliction:—'tis a shield which blunts the shaft of distress:—'tis a harbour where the shattered vessel, after all its toils and dangers, may safely repose!

O friendship! thou emanation of divine beneficence! thou sweet assuager of the most heart-rending grief! from thy granite buds I inhale the sweets of Arabia:—thy unfading blossoms ever bloom! Sweet, however, as is the power, and soothing as is the charm of friendship, I would caution the young and inexperienced against its too eager formation: I would persuade them to examine closely into the character of those with whom they intend forming this binding, this indissoluble connexion.—But, while caution ought to be observed in contracting the intimacy—when a virtuous friendship is once formed, then let them consider it as a sacred engagement, which calls forth all the nobler energies of the heart. To be changeable

or capricious in friendship, evinces a flippancy of character, or an unsteadiness of disposition; and that being who can change his friends with the same ease as his apparel, must not hope to be either loved or esteemed.

A very judicious author has observed that he would form an opinion of a stranger's character, by knowing the disposition of those with whom he associated\*.—If, therefore, the public opinion, with respect to us, is to be guided by the estimation in which the characters of our friends are held in society, how careful ought we to be in the selection, since, on their credit as much as on our own conduct, depends the applause or censure of the world.

Prosperity invites, but adversity tries the power of, friendship. 'Tis in the season of distress and calamity alone, that we can know the real value of a friend. True friendship then seems to say, "If thy father and thy mother should forsake thee, in the sanctuary of my bosom shall thy sorrows all find rest."—Soothing sanctuary! refreshing harbour! where the little bark, which has been tossed upon the billows of adversity, may repose in peace; where every sorrow will be diminished by participation, and every joy augmented by being shared!—If the tear of affliction steal down the cheek of the friend of our bosom, the tender hand of sympathy wipes it away; and the smile, which irradiates the countenance, imperceptibly enlivens the heart of those we love.

Cold must be the heart, and apathetic the disposition, of that mortal

\* This idea is forcibly, though quaintly, expressed, in the French proverbial phrase, "*Dis moi qui tu hantes, et je te dirai qui tu es*"—i. e. "Tell me with whom you associate, and I'll tell you who [what] you are."

who participates not in the bliss that friendship inspires; whose breast never glowed with tenderness and affection, and whose joys are all centred in self-gratification.—In this union of souls (if I may be allowed the expression) there is a regular interchange of happiness—a sweet communion of thoughts, sentiments, and impressions, which at once delights and expands the breast!—In endeavouring to promote the happiness or welfare of the being to whom we are attached, all selfish considerations are banished from the mind; and, in possessing the power of evincing our friendship, we experience sensations of heart-felt delight.

Yet even this most disinterested and dignified of passions ought not to interfere with other important duties of life. We were sent into this world to become useful members of society, and not to direct all our energies to one particular point.—Those ties and dependencies, which the God of nature instituted, doubtless supersede every other claim; and, if the attached friend be an undutiful or inattentive daughter, an unaffectionate sister, or an undomesticated wife, that strength of attachment upon which she probably may pique herself, instead of adorning the character, must be considered as a shade.—Pure and genuine friendship interferes with none of the moral duties: on the contrary, it is the province of true friendship to be virtue's safest guide; and the being who feels the force of that noble passion, will, like a skilful pilot, endeavour to direct the little bark of life. Like a beacon, it will warn—like a mainer, long accustomed to sail on life's tempestuous sea, teach the friend to avoid those shoals and quicksands, which we are all invariably destined to encounter.

(To be continued.)

*The DEBTORS ;  
a Narrative founded on Facts.  
By M<sup>A</sup>RIA.*

THOUGH the gratification which the philanthrope enjoys from a wide-extended usefulness, is supposed to be exclusively attached to the wealthy part of mankind, yet whoever contributes to the advantage of society, and whoever endeavours to lessen those evils to which individuals are exposed in life, may doubtless be called a philanthrope, in the strict acceptation of the term.

It has been observed by a celebrated author, that we can bear every species of misfortune with fortitude, except those, which, from imprudence or impropriety, we bring upon ourselves : but I am inclined to believe there are situations where no censure can be attached to the suffering individuals, yet where fortitude has been unable to sustain them. Had I the power of appealing to that justly admired philanthrope \*, who lost his valuable existence in the service of his fellow creatures, he would, I am persuaded, confirm this opinion, from personal observation. —How many unfortunate beings are, at the present moment, confined within the gloomy walls of a prison, either through the depravity of those in whom they placed confidence, or through their want of principle !

As custom authorises, and fashion seems to stamp the practice of incurring debts of greater magnitude than the income can afford—so thoughtless are individuals of the consequences arising from it, that they seem to think the regulation of their expenses according to their fortune, a circumstance of too little importance to merit regard. It is true, a debt of *honor* (as it is termed) is considered as a positive engage-

ment ; while the industrious tradesman or mechanic is thought impertinent, if he venture to make a claim ; and, while the non-payment of his just demand exposes him to all the horrors of a prison, five times the sum that would satisfy him, is lavished upon an evening *fête*.

This is no caricature representation of fashionable inconsiderateness—to give it no harsher term ; for how many honest tradesmen are at this moment suffering from an evil, which seems to defy the power of law !—(Can fortitude sustain a man under such trying circumstances ? or could the most apathetic being calmly submit to be torn from his domestic circle, and confined within the walls of a prison, merely for having given credit to the thoughtless or unprincipled ? Can he behold the means wrested from him of supporting the dear pledges of conjugal affection ? can he calmly contemplate the sufferings of a wife whom he adores ? Ah ! no ! these are trials which would convert heroism into cowardice ; for they penetrate to the very bottom of the heart !

As a friend and a monitor, I would caution my young readers against a practice, which, I allow, has fashion for its support, but which a little calm reflexion must convince them is offensive in the eyes of the great Creator of the world—Allowing that debts are incurred with the firm intention of paying them, yet, if credit be required beyond a certain period, it should be recollected that the tradesman must be punctual in his payments to the manufacturer, and that, if he fail in this punctuality, the most lamentable consequences must ensue.

Inconsiderateness is at once the failing of, and apology for, youth ; and I am persuaded there are many

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\* Mr. Howard

young men and women of fortune, who, from mere want of reflexion, omit to settle their tradesmen's accounts. Could they witness the inconvenience, nay, the misery, which frequently arises from their inattention, they would shudder at the very thought: but, as example is more impressive than precept, I shall terminate my remarks with the history of a young lady of large fortune, who, with a disposition naturally amiable, brought misery upon a worthy family by not being punctual in the settlement of her accounts.

Should the history of Louisa Pennington act as a beacon to the young and affluent—or should it be the means of preventing one superfluous debt from being incurred, my heart will glow with exultation: for I shall have the satisfaction of thinking I am not a useless being in the world.

#### *The History of Louisa Pennington.*

In one of the most fertile parts of Yorkshire, resided a gentleman of the name of Pennington, whose ample fortune and extensive landed property became actually proverbial.—The secret satisfaction which is experienced from the benevolent disposal of riches, Mr. Pennington enjoyed in an eminent degree; and he felt the liveliest gratitude to that Being who had made him the dispenser of so many comforts to those, who, otherwise, had wanted the necessaries of life.—Still, as it is in the nature of man to sigh after some unenjoyed possession, Mr. Pennington long sighed for an heir to his immense estates; and at length Providence gratified his wishes, by the birth of the heroine of my tale.—This anxiously-desired treasure was received with the greatest rapture: bells rang, and bonfires blazed: oxen

were roasted whole, sheep slaughtered; and nectar flowed from hogsheads of old ale.

Favored by nature no less than by fortune, the little Louisa was at once her parents' joy and pride; and, as she increased in years, she displayed a sweetness of disposition which promised them a rich harvest of future delight. Before she was capable of appreciating the value of maternal tenderness, she had the misfortune of losing her amiable parent; and this circumstance seemed to strengthen that affection which her surviving parent had previously displayed.

As Mr. Pennington possessed one of the most exalted understandings, which a superior education had polished and refined, he resolved to become the preceptor of his daughter—anticipating the sweetest satisfaction from drawing forth the latent powers of her mind.—But, as, in female education, he was aware there were a thousand refined delicacies to be attended to, which the other sex are unable to comprehend, he found it would be necessary to obtain an assistant, to aid him in the important office. In the person of Mrs. Montgomery he had the good fortune to meet with an able coadjutress, whom the young Louisa soon revered as a parent, and loved as a friend; whose sweetness of manners was a pattern for imitation, and whose mind was the seat of every moral excellence.—With advantages like these, it might naturally be expected that Louisa would become an amiable and accomplished young woman:—few, in fact, would have ventured to vie with her in fashionable acquirements.

If in accomplishments she excelled, in the virtues of the heart she was still more pre-eminent. Her purse was open to every being in

distress; and, by her sweet manner of conferring an obligation, she actually doubled the debt.

Such was Louisa Pennington, when she had completed her eighteenth year--and when, by the death of her father, she became undisputed heiress to an annual income of seven thousand pounds—Ardent in her feelings, and susceptible in her disposition, the violence of her affliction knew no bounds: but, as exquisite emotions soon exhaust themselves by their violence, Louisa's grief gradually diminished in the course of a few months.

Previous to the death of Mr. Pennington, it had been determined that the family should spend the ensuing winter in town; and, as that season of the year approached, the necessary preparations for the journey at once occupied Louisa's thoughts and attention.—Colonel Desborough, a near relative to Louisa, volunteered his service to secure her a house, and engage such an establishment as was suitable to a young lady of her fortune.

Delighted, as my heroine was, at the prospect of becoming a participant in those gaieties which she had so often longed to enjoy—yet, when the moment arrived for the gratification of her wishes, she was unable to take leave of her numerous dependents without a flood of tears; and, as their reiterated prayers for her happiness followed her into the carriage, she emphatically exclaimed, "Periaps I am quitting this spot for ever!"

I shall pass over the few incidents which occurred on the journey, and establish my young heiress in a superb mansion in Portman Square, where the fame of her immense fortune soon attracted a crowd of admirers.

It was with the deepest regret

that the amiable Mrs. Montgomery beheld the head of her former pupil become giddy with the gaieties of the town, while she entered with eagerness and avidity into every fashionable amusement. Still, that benevolence, which had flowed in such an extensive channel in the country, diffused itself among the suffering children of misfortune in the metropolis; and Miss Pennington soon became as celebrated for her beneficence, as for her various accomplishments. She had not been more than seven weeks in London, when she received the account of her steward's sudden death—a man, whose long-tried probity had endeared him to her father, and whom Louisa always treated with the respect due to an old friend. Colonel Desborough, who was one of those officious characters that delight in appearing of consequence, undertook to furnish his relative with a successor to the worthy Mr. Hemming; and pointed out the advantage she would find in retaining him in her establishment during her residence in the metropolis.

Previous to the death of Mr. Hemming, Louisa and Mrs. Montgomery had regularly inspected the domestic accounts: but, as the former often complained of the unpleasantness of the employment, and the latter as frequently commented upon the largeness of the amount, she appeared delighted with the colonel's proposal, and resolved to retain her new steward in town.

As Louisa's fondness for fashionable amusements increased, Mrs. Montgomery's influence diminished, and they no longer felt that gratification in each other's society, which they had experienced in Yorkshire; for the friendship of the latter was so sincere, that she could not behold

the slightest impropriety in the conduct of her former pupil, without warning her against a repetition. —It was not merely the unnecessary expenditure of money which called forth the warning remonstrances of Mrs. Montgomery; for that Miss Pennington's ample income seemed to allow; but she had repeatedly observed the item of "*Private Expenses*" amounting from fifty to two hundred pounds.

In the extensive circle of Louisa's fashionable acquaintance, there were some whom Mrs. Montgomery could not avoid thinking exceptionable; and, with all that zeal which arises from disinterested affection, she cautioned her against too great an intimacy with them.—Louisa's mind was unfortunately tinged with that spirit of independence, which is so natural to young people; and, instead of being influenced by these anxious representations, they appeared to excite a degree of opposition. In this society, cards were the favorite amusement. Louisa regularly played, and as regularly lost considerable sums: but, as Mrs. Montgomery was determined not to countenance an intimacy, which, she was aware, might prove so destructive in its consequences, she invariably declined the invitations.

That sweet intercourse, which arises from similar pursuits and inclinations, was soon succeeded by restrained civility, or studied etiquette: and, had not Mrs. Montgomery indulged the hope that time would show her young friend the impropriety of selecting such dangerous associates, she could not have supported the mortifications she repeatedly endured. She likewise looked forward with delight to their return into Yorkshire, and frequently painted, in the most glowing colors, the joy that Louisa's numerous pensioners would experience. —How

great then must have been her disappointment at hearing that new arrangements had been made for the summer season, and that, with the persons she had so much reason to dislike, she was to become domesticated! — Petrified by the unwelcome intelligence, she for some moments remained silent; then, with all the tenderness of maternal anxiety, she explained her reasons for disapproving the plan; but, infatuated by the insinuating manners of her new acquaintance, Louisa remained inflexible.

That both the Blissingtons and the Luxmores in great measure supported their expensive establishments by their general success at the card-table, was a circumstance of such universal notoriety, that it scarcely admitted a doubt.—As both ladies, however, were nearly allied to families of the first distinction, they were countenanced in what are termed the higher circles; and, from their introduction, the heroine of my story became acquainted with several Right Honorables.

Though Louisa had firmly resisted her friend's remonstrances against the proposed excursion, yet, when she heard her declare her resolution not to become a party concerned, she had recourse to a never-failing mode of persuasion, and burst into a flood of tears.—That affection, which might truly have been termed maternal, could not withstand the force of these silent arguments; and Mrs. Montgomery consented to join the proposed party in their excursion to the lakes of Cumberland.

As I wish not to trespass upon either the time or the patience of my readers, I shall postpone my description of the effect produced by this journey to another month, leaving the heroine of my story in the act of quitting town.

(To be continued.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.  
(Continued from page 300.)*

ON the torrid plains of Asia, stands the throne of Tyranny. From the secret recesses of her palace, which lies embosomed in barren rocks and pathless deserts, her eyes survey the whole universe, which groans under her oppressive sway. The monster herself, invisible to human ken, displays only her sword and her iron sceptre. Suspicion and Terror are the inmates of her diè abode—ever busily employed in forging chains, while its gloomy dungeons incessantly echo with the sighs of unfortunate captives.

At the sight of the Batavian fleet advancing to the destined shores unimpeded by any obstacle, the infernal genius uttered a tremendous yell, which shook the heavens, the earth, and the sea; and mighty empires tottered to their foundations.—“What!” exclaimed she—“does man, the feeble sport of every element—the slave of all nature—the slave of his own passions—does man rear his audacious head, and aspire to liberty? A few of thy nations, Europe, have seemed to break my sceptre: but, of these, some, after having purchased their liberty at the expense of torrents of blood, have seen me rise again with more terrific aspect in the midst of liberty itself: others fondly imagine themselves to be free; and that illusion rivets the chains with which I keep them bound.—Lo! the Batavian, proud of his ancient independence, dares to disturb the peace of Europe by the voice of rebellion. But I am determined to subdue, to punish that insolent people, and overwhelm them with calamities which shall furnish a dreadful example to the whole universe, that all nations may henceforth learn to bear the yoke without mur-

muring, and, far from wishing to throw it off, may tremble at the very name of liberty.”

At these words, she springs from the ground, and, cleaving the liquid air, reaches the confines of Europe, where with delighted eye she contemplates the ruins of ancient Greece, the tombs of liberty—thence accelerates her speed, and alights in the centre of Madrid.

In that accursed spot, rises a temple sacred to Fanaticism, who, under the names of Moloch, Tentatès, and other appellations, was formerly adored by various tribes, and fed with the flesh of human victims. Enraged to see himself deprived of those detestable offerings, he shed his poisoned breath over a new mode of worship; and, collecting the scattered ruins of the temples and altars which had smoked with human blood, with them he built those altars and that temple where he receives the adoration of the Spaniards. His hand brandishes a bloody poignard: paleness sits on his withered countenance; a hidden fire preys on his entrails, and sparkles from his hollow eyes.

Guided by the sombre gleam of the blazing pyres whose flame gives light to this horrid abode, Tyranny makes her way to the sanctuary of Fanaticism. Scarcely has he perceived her, when, penetrating her intentions, he exclaims—

“My eyes, equally with yours, have beheld that fleet which wafts a crowd of audacious rebels. Shall I then have sworn in vain to extend my empire over the entire globe—have raised my fallen images from the dust, and shrouded the earth in profound darkness? The darkness begins to dissipate: various nations are preparing to rise; and, lo! the Batavian, who was subject to the Spanish yoke, and was expected to bend his proud neck before my shrine: . . . .

“ Alas! those happy days are now no more, when I expelled from Spain the Moors and the Jews—when I shook the ancient Iberia to her centre, and seemed to sink her to annihilation! She lost her inhabitants, her wealth, her industry; but she retained *me*, and preserved the uniformity of one unrivaled mode of worship. To her soil I transplanted the Inquisition, there to strike deep roots, to extend and multiply its branches, and to guard her from the approaches of that arrogant philosophy which undertakes to dispel by the light of its torch the mists of darkness, under cover of which I rule the globe. Past likewise are those still happier days, when I conducted my obedient sons to the new world—when I waded through rivers of blood—when to worship me, or to perish, was the only alternative—and I thought myself the sole conqueror of the western hemisphere.

“ If the Batavians be crowned with success, their example will draw away the crowd of votaries from my shrine; and these altars, erected by my own hand, will, together with myself, be hurled to the shades below. But I have yet strength remaining, and still grasp this poignard. Madrid! cease to offer me those sacrifices too slowly repeated after the lapse of each revolving year: there are other sights more grateful to my eyes. Tyranny! let us strike—let us conjure all the elements to subserve our vengeance and our triumph! let whole nations be immolated in successive hecatombs on our altars; and let the Batavian provinces, witnessing a sacrifice which shall be solemnly commemorated to the end of time, be converted into one vast pyre, to consume the entire race of their inhabitants.”

“ Fanaticism!” interrupted Ty-

ranny, “ we are united by a communion of interests. You serve me: I support you. Let the Batavians sink under the united efforts of our power. From this hour we swear their destruction . . . . But the moments are precious: may we this very day accomplish it!”

Immediately the two dæmons, wrapped in a cloud which throws additional gloom o’er the darkness of night, take their way through the air, and in an instant hang hovering over the Batavian fleet.—As, during the placid course of a bright serene day, the furious hurricane, rushing from the stormy regions of the North, throws the whole atmosphere into confusion, and spreads ravage and desolation over the fertile plains, in like manner the presence alone of the two dæmons involves the ocean in chaos. The radiance of the stars is eclipsed; terrific murmurs echo from the hollow caverns of the deep; the rising waves swell into mountains, which suddenly fall and disappear in the profound abyss: Leviathan, aroused from his slumbers in affright, darts from his oozy bed, springs up toward the sky, looks around in wrath to discover who dares thus to disturb his domain, seeks his enemy all over the ocean, encounters the bellowing surges, and increases the tremendous uproar.

Separated from the rest of his fleet, William vainly endeavours to rejoin them: the Batavian shores disappear from his view: the skill of the pilot and the exertions of the seamen are alike ineffectual; and, erring at random o’er the main, his vessel is violently hurried into those seas which were first ploughed by Columbus: But Ocanor, from his grotto, beholds the hero’s ship buffeted by the storm: with a motion of his hand, he puts to flight the two dæmons, who were driving it toward



a ledge of hidden rocks ; and, enveloped in a radiant cloud, himself directs its course toward an adjacent island.

Assembled on the shores of the isle, a countless multitude of people were pouring forth their ardent vows to heaven in favor of those unfortunate navigators, who appeared destitute of every aid: others, embarked in frail skiffs, were sailing out, to meet and rescue them from a watery grave. Unassisted, however, by their efforts, William and his followers safely reached the land: but scarcely had they set foot on the beach, when the sea swallowed up their vessel. The warriors cast a look of consternation on the devouring abyss, and gave vent to their grief in loud lamentations. William alone preserved his wonted calmness: his unmoved steadiness impresses every mind with awe and admiration, and a general silence immediately ensues; when, addressing the surrounding multitude, "What nation is this," said he, "whose sensibility takes so lively an interest in our fate?"

A venerable senior steps forward—Aldamene, the chief of the isle—whose countenance bespeaks the virtues of his soul, and whose silver beard, low descending on his breast, inspires the beholders with respect. "We are Batavians," answered he to the hero; and, at the sound of that name, the eyes of William and his warriors glistened with joy and lively hope.

Aldamene perceived their emotion, but thus continued—

"This island, almost a desert, was the unknown seat of happiness: we have acquired possession of the soil, without staining it with blood: the mildness of our regimen has alone captivated the savage inhabitants: that race of men, rude from

the hand of nature, enjoys, in common with us, all the benefits of impartial laws, and participates with us in that happy equality which they ought every-where to establish among mankind.

"A multitude of Peruvians, escaping from the general destruction of their country, took refuge in your forests, whose shade lies almost beyond the reach of your eye. Those Peruvians, notwithstanding the horror naturally excited in their breasts by the sight of the inhabitants of the other hemisphere, cherish us as men not devoid of sympathy for their misfortunes—as friends of justice, and, above all, irreconcilable enemies to the Spaniards. The serenity of the sky produces equal serenity in our minds: we peaceably adore the great Father of nature: our offerings are simple prayers, the effusions of a pure heart; and virtue alone is with us the depository of the laws.

"While such the happy tenor of our days, far, nevertheless, from being indifferent to the fate of that country to which we owe our origin, we feelingly participate in her misfortunes, and even reproach ourselves, at times, with the enjoyment of our felicity.—The voice of fame, though in feeble imperfect sounds, has spoken to us of the patriotic efforts of a hero and his generous associates to burst the chains of the Batavians. Their names have reached our shores; and several of our number, especially my son Irthur, glow with ardent desire to follow that hero in the paths of danger. As for myself, who have formerly known him, I should esteem myself supremely blest, if, before death seal these eyes which already begin to be obscured by age, I could once more behold some of the inhabitants of that country where the chief part of my life has been spent

in the study of the laws and of justice—in the honorable but dangerous office of their guardian and defender. . . . .

“ But do you, in turn, deign to inform us who you are—what are your designs—and why this warlike apparatus? Are we to suppose, that, spurred on by the desire of conquest, you come to disturb our peaceful enjoyments, and that you cannot suffer a spot on earth to remain unstained with the blood of man?—No! it cannot be: your countenances forbid the idea; they announce to us that your souls are not agitated by ferocious passions, but are open to the soft impressions of friendship. In this isle you will hear her soothing voice, and see the hand of hospitality freely stretched forth to alleviate your distresses.”

“ And are these, then,” said William, “ the Batavian shores where we were to land?—Happy people, who have escaped from the various disasters by which your country is overwhelmed! . . . Venerable sage, we come not to introduce the horrors of war into your peaceful abodes: far from being enemies to the Batavians, we are. . . . .”

“ O moment of bliss!” exclaimed the senior—“ The magnanimity which your whole person displays, and the unshaken firmness of your demeanour, bring back to my mind a pleasing recollection. . . . . No! I cannot be mistaken—’tis to William himself I speak!”

Immediately a loud shout of universal joy rings through the air: the inhabitants of the isle unanimously congratulate each other on their happiness in giving their brethren a welcome reception on their shores: they crowd around them; they press them to their bosoms: Irthur, his companions, the women, the very children, ask them a thousand

questions respecting their fate, and that of the Batavians. The aged sire entreats William and his brothers to accept the simple asylum which his hospitable roof affords: every individual in the crowd, animated by the same sentiments with Aldamene, imitate his example, eagerly press forward, and invite the Batavians to take shelter in an abode sacred to friendship.

William in few words gratifies their curiosity: he accepts the offered asylum, asks and immediately obtains the largest of their ships, declaring that he will allow but a short space for rest and refreshment, and then depart without delay.—After having issued his orders to his followers, he withdraws from the multitude, and retires to a distance from the shore—his whole soul intent on the execution of his great designs.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.  
(Continued from page 309.)

CHAP. 14.

“ Upon my tongues, continual slanders rise,  
The which in ev’ry language I pronounce—  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumor, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters?” *Shakespeare.*

THE appearance of the ladies from Woodfield at Stillerness is easily accounted for. Mrs. Egerton was of a nervous, relaxed habit. She had been frequently advised to try sea air and bathing, but had never summoned resolution to move from her beloved retirement; and, though she often thought of it, would probably have let this season pass, like many others, in indecision, had not a letter arrived, which at once determined her, that, as far as her countenance could remove the stigma of

unmerited calamity, it should not be withheld.

Madame D'Almenic had represented the obloquy cast upon her unfriended state, and the cruel predicament in which it had involved the only friend she had in England, till fortune had so kindly shown her others in the ladies of Woodfield. Upon receiving this epistle, Mrs. Egerton, with the romantic enthusiasm of seventeen, rather than the matured judgement of seven and forty, hastened to Stillerness. Her acquaintance with the generous defender of insulted innocence immediately succeeded. His conduct had been consonant with all her ideas of whatever was great or good in human nature. She honored him with her highest approbation, and constantly admitted him into the select society, composed only of the two French ladies, herself, and her lovely niece. Frederic, alive only to the delights it afforded, absented himself from every other; and such hours as he could not devote to this adored circle, were spent in long solitary perambulations through the surrounding country.

No situation could be more dangerous than that of poor Julia, thus constantly associating with one who had powers of fascination, which it was not easy either for the heart or the judgement to resist. She nevertheless perceived with a regret, whose pungency was known only to herself, that this admired youth was by no means held in that estimation, which every one, admitted into the domestic intercourse of a female party, ought to be.

Miss Monson was slightly acquainted with some of the other bathers at Stillerness. From them, who brooked not the neglect of his behaviour, she heard the sarcasms thrown out against poor Richmond;

but the pity and regard he inspired, prevented her repetition of them to her aunt, lest he should lose the countenance of the only respectable person who had noticed him since his last return to Stillerness.

While Julia thus hesitated, she received a letter from Mrs. Mortlake, which, after giving an account of some little commissions she had executed, and reverting to the time they had spent together at the sea-side, thus proceeded—

“ We have not, it seems, formed a very respectable acquaintance at Stillerness, in Captain Richmond; which I mention, lest you should meet him hereafter, and, not knowing the general opinion in which he is held, be involved in any disagreeable dilemma.

“ We were, you know, to spend a few days in the vicinity of his quarters, before we pursued our journey homewards; which gave me an opportunity of inquiring who he was: but this seems a point which no one can elucidate, as the colonel had declared he knew nothing about him, except that he was a foreign acquaintance of his son, who recommended him. Now 'tis perfectly understood, what species of acquaintances Lord Hardsburgh formed during his travels; and his recommendation is no credit to any one. Indeed, from the extraordinary proficiency of this young man in all games of skill, he is supposed to be no other than one of those *chevaliers d'industrie* who abound in the great cities of the continent, and, by aid of a genteel address, impose on that good-natured credulity by which our travelling English nobility are distinguished.

“ The morality of our *ci-devant* inmate is not held to be more unimpeachable in other respects; as it seems, the sole purpose of his visit—

ing Stillness was to secure a retreat for a favorite sultana—the seduced wife of a French nobleman, who, abandoning her husband and connexions, followed her seducer to England.—He received her upon her landing; and under his protection she has since continued.

“As to the *fracas* with his lieutenant-colonel—between two such characters, nobody seems to hazard a conjecture, which was most to blame; though the event, by freeing the regiment from them both, gives general satisfaction. As to its origin, some lay it to the account of the frail fair one already alluded to, while others say it began at a card or billiard table, where Richmond’s dexterity enabled him to fleece the other to a very considerable amount.”

This epistle, in which, upon a very slight foundation of truth, a towering fabric of calumny was reared, had been written without any malevolence of intention, but purely from the pleasure of communicating intelligence, which, in a mind unstored with better topics than the news of the day, is generally a predominant amusement.

Though Julia could not credit, she scarcely thought herself justified in wholly disregarding, so circumstantial a detail, and, after some little deliberation, carried the letter to her aunt, by whom, for the first time, she was condemned, as siding with a malicious world, in traducing one of the most amiable of his sex.

“Great virtues, and high qualifications,” pursued Mrs. Egerton, “are generally balanced by errors; and a spot upon the fairest character, like a stain on the finest cambric, is more conspicuous than on a groundwork less pure.—Envy, my dear Julia, is the predominant vice of the world; and Richmond, without any of that cold-blooded circumspection,

which disguises foibles, is just formed to excite it. Fastidious intolerance of common people and common things prevents his reaping that general approbation, which those who know him best are foremost to bestow.—As to this censorious Mrs. Mortlake, far from suffering her communication to alter our conduct, let it rather operate as an incentive to prove that we despise such malignant reports, which our own knowledge is sufficient to refute. Have we not repeatedly, from his own lips, heard an unvaried detail of the circumstances that produced his resignation? and, as to poor Madame, so cruelly implicated in the affair, we are thoroughly convinced that her character and habits only require investigation, to prove themselves as amiable, as her situation is trying.

“You would stretch your hand, Julia, to save a drowning wretch, yet timidly shrink from the line of conduct which supports the virtuous against the wretched arraigners of a merit which they can never attain.”

Where Mrs. Egerton was interested, she was eloquent. This long harangue, more indicative of philanthropy than judgement, was, however, decisive in regard to her niece, who made no change in her behaviour to Richmond.

Through her aunt’s mistaken kindness, he was, if possible, more than ever of their parties—daily drinking fresh draughts of love: and, when the return of Sir William and Lady Monson recalled their lovely daughter, the world scarcely contained a man more lost to society and to himself—whose sensations were more poignantly alive to disappointment, and the anguish of unrequited love.

When he bade adieu to the chosen possessor of his heart, while the bitter tears, coursing each other down his cheeks, testified the fervency of

those wishes he uttered for her felicity, he faintly articulated, "Julia! I love you!"

More perhaps he might have uttered: but she felt the avowal unauthorized by their knowledge of each other; while—an innate sense of rectitude controlling the most ardent emotions of her heart—she refused to listen to the effusions of his. Though an unconcerned spectator might have seen how much it cost her to impose silence on the man she loved, the agony he felt prevented his perception of her sentiments; and, while with delight he could recall a hundred instances of distinction with which she had treated him, it seemed doubtful, whether they might not simply be attributed to the engaging suavity of her manner, ever sedulous to please those with whom she associated.

At some times he blamed himself for not having gained a more explicit explanation of her sentiments. Then he considered, that, had this led her to reject him, he must have lost even that little gleam of hope, which, in spite of his better judgement, occasionally diffused a ray, that pierced through the gloom which enveloped him; and again he inquired in his own mind, had he ever gained her love, what could have been the event. Could he have submitted to the humiliating detail of who and what he was? acknowledged that his condition was in fact that of a needy adventurer, who, when his present stock of cash was exhausted, must rely upon chance for a supply? or, could he ask the woman he adored, to assume a doubtful name, or share a degraded state?

That a man, unused to think beyond the passing hour, should fall the prey of these bitter reflexions, can scarcely be wondered at. His health sank in the conflict; and a

fever almost annihilated an existence, which, to its possessor, seemed fraught but with misery.

Julia, likewise, returned far less happy than when she quitted home. Her attachment was so little sanctioned by the opinion of the world, which she had always been taught to respect—so much at variance with those ideas of propriety by which she had hitherto regulated her conduct—that she no longer possessed that degree of self-approbation, without which, all other pleasures lose their zest. With a fortitude, however, highly laudable, she strove to conquer what she could not but condemn: she redoubled her tender assiduities towards Sir William—never suffered herself to be a moment unemployed—and, far from seeking the indulgence of solitude, partook of every offered amusement, with an apparent alacrity.

#### CHAP. 15.

Com's, sit by my side, while this picture  
I draw, <sup>\* [dan →</sup>  
In chaff'ring a magpie, in pride a jack-  
A temper, the devil himself could not  
bridle—  
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle.

*Swift.*

We must now again bring forward a youth, whose path our hero seemed destined to traverse.

In the lapse of time since Frederic Saint-Villiers first blazed forth in the circles of fashion, many events equally extraordinary had occurred: but the only one, at all connected with his history, was the death of Lord Blenmore, a few months previous to the present time; by which his sapient son, Lord Thackwood, was now elevated in rank, and increased in fortune, but, alas! in wisdom or in judgement, as deficient as ever, and so imbecile in mind, that it was almost a necessary addition to his existence, to have some one to control his motions, and re-

gulate his opinions. Matrimony was the only point on which he had very earnestly bent his mind—not from any predilection for the conjugal state, or preference for any one happy fair one, but solely to destroy the expectations of those gentlemen, on whom the late earl had entailed all his property, in case of his son's decease without children.

His lordship was at present taken in tow by Sir Bettesworth Harrop, one of the most needy baronets of the times, and whose extravagance often reduced him to situations that rendered the *agrémens* of a friend's house preferable to the *désagrémens* of his own. His lady, meanwhile, was obliged to live with a brother, who—being a widower, with an only daughter of seventeen, heiress to immense wealth—was happy to grant her an asylum. Sir Bettesworth had just that sort of imposing tone, and subservient abilities, which made him be regarded as a model by the present Lord Blenmore; and, while he affected to understand every thing—to be equally a *connoisseur* in the fine arts and beauty—his frivolous companion took the base metal for sterling coin; and, though he was in every respect treated as a contemner, and made the mere tool of the moment, he even felt a sort of reflected consequence from this intimacy.

They were at present spending a few weeks at the earl's seat in Yorkshire; and, along with a large party, dined at Manningdale Hall, a few days after Miss Monson's return to it.—A slight indisposition of her ladyship occasioned her daughter to do the honors of the house. Sir Bettesworth Harrop was in raptures with the grace and beauty of their lovely hostess:—the earl, of course, expressed still higher admiration. The next day they met

again. Fate threw them together, no less than three times more, in the course of a week; and at length his lordship declared that his election was now fixed upon Miss Monson.

Sir Bettesworth had really felt the admiration he expressed; but, on seeing it so rapidly excite a tender flame in the *tindery* heart of his noble companion, he gave an hour's consideration, as to the eligibility of checking or confirming it. On the one hand, he dreaded any influence that might counteract his own over this weak young man: but he foresaw, that, sooner or later, it would be acquired; and it seemed there was less probability of its being carried with a rigorous hand by such a lady as the subject of his present cogitation, than by a high-bred woman of quality, who might not admit a participator in the dominion she should choose to hold. He even began to think, that, over an innocent unhackneyed mind like that of Miss Monson, he might acquire considerable ascendancy; and his imagination, once suffered to run riot upon the subject, anticipated that the attachment, which could never be awakened by an object like Lord Blenmore, might, by a due application of such artifices as have led many an unsuspecting fair one to destruction, be fixed upon himself.

With this nefarious idea to spur him on, Sir Bettesworth resolved that no time should be lost, and accordingly used all his power over the unwary peer, to forward the scheme.

In a short time, proposals were made in form. Lady Monson was more displeased than she could decently avow, at such a proof of her daughter's charms: yet, as they had produced so flattering an overture, she conned over all the *agrémens* resulting from splendid alliances, and

the advantage of having the usurper of Sir William's affections (as she termed her) removed to a distance.

The good baronet himself had no thought, no wish, but for the happiness of this beloved child. To place her in a situation worthy her merits, was the darling wish of his soul: but it became more than a question, whether the splendor she would possess was adequate to the deficiencies which a heart like hers must feel, when united to a man incapable of appreciating her excellencies, or proving the affectionate lover, the faithful friend, who alone could constitute the felicity of such a woman as he sought.

While thus balancing in his own mind all that could be thought of, either for or against such a marriage, Sir William's opinion was at once decided, by the energy with which Julia entreated his sanction for refusing the proposals of the Earl of Blenmore—declaring that the acceptance of them would devote her to misery, which could terminate only with her life.

A less powerful pleader, in such a case, would perhaps have decided it: but the urgency of her who was principally concerned was not to be resisted. The earl was civilly rejected: but the momentary comfort which Julia derived from this acquiescence with her wishes, was interrupted by the bitter taunts and querulous repinings of her mother.

When her ladyship had once brought herself to tolerate the idea of her daughter's marriage, it was too much to have all the pains she had taken for that purpose thrown away; and that, instead of nuptial gaiety, splendid equipages, and all the glittering appendages which mark the change of condition, things were to go on just in their old humdrum way.

"Indeed, I know not," she would say to Julia, "how such conduct agrees with all your fine pretensions of filial and sisterly affection. I suppose you know, if Sir William dies before Adolphus is of age, there can be nothing done for any of you.—You might have spared us many an uneasy hour, by securing a good establishment for yourself, and a desirable connexion for the rest of the family."

In this strain would Lady Monson so constantly assail poor Julia, that nothing but the conscious approbation of her own heart, and the soothing tenderness of her father, could have supported her under these reproaches, and the cruel anticipations, which they presented in the blackest points of view. Her spirits, however, were so completely harassed, that her health began to suffer: and Sir William, ever attentive to the peace and happiness of his darling child, proposed a temporary absence from home.

To go into scenes of gaiety, or where she might have a chance of meeting Lord Blenmore, was what Miss Monson could not think of: but, when Sir William mentioned a visit to her aunt, she gladly acquiesced, and, in a few days more, was again in the romantic seclusion of Woodfield.

*(To be continued.)*

#### *The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

*(Continued from page 313).*

*Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Pembroke.—In continuation.*

THAT extraordinary and affecting letter brought every dissenting voice over to the favorable opinion which Middleton had ever entertained of Mrs. D'Anville. The answer he returned, I hope, had the effect of soothing the mind of that poor unfortunate lady.—You may suppose that

we were all very anxious for the return of Mrs. Mordaunt: but we heard no more of the D'Anvilles, till some time after Middleton had quitted the Abbey. Lady Granville sent frequently to the Hill: but Mrs. Mordaunt was not yet returned. At length, one morning, her name was announced: she was dressed in mourning:—every heart palpitated for fear this sable garb was worn for the unknown lady, for whom we all felt a very tender concern.

After the common salutations, Lady Granville, with an expression of anxiety in her countenance, inquired after Mrs. D'Anville. But our fears were agreeably dissipated, by Mrs. Mordaunt informing us that her sister was on the recovery, and was then with her at the Hill; that her mourning was for her unhappy brother, who, she hoped, had expiated by his penitence the crimes he had committed. “You have, no doubt, my lady, seen the letter Mrs. D'Anville sent to Mr. Middleton, and from that understood that her husband was obliged to flee his country.

“The miserable D'Anville,” continued Mrs. Mordaunt, “had scarcely reached Calais, when the violent fatigues he had undergone, and the great agitation of his spirits, brought on a fever; which, in a few days, grew to such a height, that his life was despaired of. He was delirious till within a few hours of his death, when the just Power, whose laws he had violated, granted him an interval of reason, to confess his transgressions, and supplicate for mercy. He dictated a letter to his unhappy wife, imploring her forgiveness for the miseries he had heaped upon her, and pathetically lamenting the fate of the gentleman, whom, in the paroxysm of passion, he had cruelly assassinated: He

concluded with fervent wishes for her future happiness, and that it might be possible for her to bury the remembrance of his crimes with him in the grave. Having eased his mind by an open confession of his faults, he lived to settle his worldly affairs, and then expired quiet and composed.

“It would be difficult as well as painful,” continued she, “to describe my own and my sister's feelings when we received the intelligence of the death of a man in the prime of life, to whom we were so nearly connected.—Mrs. D'Anville long lingered in a very precarious state of health:—as soon as the physicians would give me leave, I brought the poor sufferer with me to the Hill; and it is now my fondest hope, that I shall see her peace and health once more restored. But the chief purport of my visit, my dear Lady Granville, is to express, as well as I am able, the deep sense of gratitude with which the mind of Mrs. D'Anville is impressed for the great delicacy that has been observed toward her, particularly in not making a late unfortunate affair public, or commencing a prosecution against a poor misguided being, who is now no more. The person most materially interested in this affair, they were informed, had quitted the Abbey. To him then Mrs. D'Anville could not make her acknowledgements; and ill health put it out of her power to do herself the honor of waiting on Lady Granville. Will you then, my lady,” continued Mrs. Mordaunt, “kindly condescend to visit a most amiable, most unfortunate being, who has long been a stranger to such society as yours?”

Lady Granville, who is all urbanity and good will, expressed in the softest terms her sympathy for the



gentle widow—Miss Lenox was particularly affected: the tears flowed down her pale face, as she listened to the account of Mrs. D'Anville's sufferings, and anticipated the pleasure she should receive from an acquaintance with a lady, of whom she had already formed the highest opinion.

The next morning, Lady Granville, Miss Lenox, and your friend, went to Marble Hill, and were introduced to Mrs. D'Anville. She received us with a graceful ease, which a timidity, that seems natural to her, did not lessen. I was struck with her form, which was perfectly elegant, but reduced beyond any thing you can conceive. Her skin seemed quite transparent: there did not appear any thing corporeal about her; and my fancy, at that moment, viewed her as a charming visionary being, whose contexture was too delicate for an earthly abode. And then, her "lacklustre eye" (as Shakspeare expresses it) was the weeping testimony of sorrow and disease. But, if I may be allowed to form a judgement from such an emaciated appearance, she was never, even in high health, by any means handsome: her face is plain; but how amply, in her, has nature supplied the want of beauty! There is that undescribable charm about her—that charm so seldom to be met with—that a mere beauty, with the vanity which generally accompanies beauty—if placed beside Mrs. D'Anville—could not help finding herself shrink into nothing. Her neck, hands, and arms, are the most perfect, for shape and color, of any I ever saw.

I perceived Mrs. D'Anville was as much struck with the form of Miss Lenox, as I had been with hers. Indeed Miss Lenox is a very interesting figure. Totally inattentive to

dress, clothes the simplest and easiest to put on, are the most agreeable to her; yet is this negligence infinitely more becoming to her, than the most studied and costly attire could be.—She is yet so weak, that she cannot bear the fatigue of having her hair dressed. As she stood before Mrs. D'Anville, one of her fine brown locks fell from under her cap, and curled on her shoulder: her eyes swam in tears; and the exercise had brought a beautiful bloom into her pale cheek. Trembling, and hardly able to stand, she held the hand of Mrs. D'Anville in hers, without speaking. The weeping widow looked wistfully up in her face, while a something, too faint to be called a blush, came and went in her cheeks. With some difficulty, her words found utterance; and, addressing herself to Matilda—

"My dear lady," said she, "what is this nameless something, which, though perfect strangers to each other, connects my soul so intimately with yours?"—"I know not," answered Miss Lenox in tremulous accents: "but I too feel that something which cannot be defined. I feel that you, my dear madam, are infinitely dear to me. You have been unhappy, madam," continued Matilda. "Would to Heaven" (lifting up her eyes suffused with tears) "it might be in the power of Matilda Lenox to sooth and compose your wounded mind! Are there not charms in friendship, my dear lady, that may for a while deaden the sense of anguish in a care-worn sufferer?"

"Permit me," exclaimed Lady Granville, interrupting her daughter, "to join with my Matilda, in soliciting the honor of Mrs. D'Anville's confidence.—Think as little as possible, my dear madam, on past misfortunes, which wound

your peace, and retard returning health. Sorrow and pain are the lot of mortality: the good and the evil of this life may possibly appear to us erring mortals sometimes to be partially distributed: but I am sure I need not tell Mrs. D'Anville that it is our duty to submit, with resignation, to the decrees of Omnipotence. I fear, from her extreme sensibility, she too keenly feels the evils of life. Let hope, that sweet beguiler of human sorrows, that "leads us on from day to day," bid you look forward to happier prospects. Let me, madam—let my daughter, with Lady Louisa Falkland, and the good Mrs. Mordaunt, have the happiness of thinking that it may be in our power to supply, in some degree, the place of those friends you have lost."

I would, if possible, dear Charlotte, convey to you some idea of the attitude and profound attention with which Mrs. D'Anville regarded Lady Granville, while she so affectionately addressed her, and the expression of confidence that gradually animated her drooping features.—Mrs. D'Anville let fall the hand of Miss Lenox, while she respectfully pressed one of Lady Granville's to her bosom, and thus replied—

"I am not insensible to the joys of friendship: but your ladyship's kindness forcibly reminds me of a dear connexion I never knew—I mean the maternal one. Happy Miss Lenox in such a mother! equally happy Lady Granville in such an amiable daughter! The heart of D'Anville beats with a grateful sense of your generous attention to her. I have been unhappy, ladies—very unhappy: but my tale of woe is too long for verbal communication. I have a paper, in which I have written down the

most material passages of my life. This paper was not originally intended for any one's perusal, but my own:—it is full of inaccuracies; and I fear that the misfortunes I have experienced are painted with too high a coloring. But let it be remembered that I was young and sanguine in my hopes of happiness—that I was born to better prospects—and that I was, at that very time, sinking under the most unkind treatment. The writing of this long history afforded me a temporary amusement, and sometimes beguiled an hour of pain and woe.

"Having premised thus much in my own defence, I will submit this packet to your ladyship's perusal, and will trust to your candor in judging of some parts which your cooler reason may prompt you to condemn. With the same, and perhaps greater confidence, I can trust to the favorable decision of these young and gentle ladies, who will meet with an account of some very delicate and embarrassing situations—such, as I very sincerely wish they may ever be strangers to. My story is brought down to a period in which I thought my troubles could not admit any new addition.—What has happened to me since my residence under this friendly roof, you, ladies, are too well acquainted with."

So saying, she drew the packet from her pocket, and gave it into the hands of Miss Lenox; and then, quite overpowered, she sunk back on the sofa, and sobbed audibly. When a little recovered, she begged out pardon, saying she was weak, very weak, both in body and mind.—Lady Granville arose to take her leave, as she was fearful the conversation had fatigued her too much.

Mrs. D'Anville is a most amia-

ble and deserving woman:—Miss Lenox and she are inseparable.

I will make no comments on this sad story. Your Emma will shed a deluge of tears over the tale of Mrs. D'Anville's sorrows: and I am sure, when you see her, you will feel the same sentiments of esteem and love, with which she has inspired every one here.

Adieu, my sweet friend! I shall be the happiest creature in the world, when I can assemble the beloved society of this place, with you and your sister at the Grove; which I hope soon to do. You will not disappoint me.—Most affectionately yours,

LOUISA FALKLAND.

(*To be continued.*)

*The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.*

(*Concluded from page 321.*)

LADY Mortimer too well knew Martha's propensity to talking, to imagine she could easily be awed into silence.—“Our lives are in the hand of Providence,” continued her ladyship, deeply sighing: “but, as I before observed, Mrs. F\*\*d. and her children have all paid the debt of nature; and the husband and father, who has survived them, rests all his hopes of happiness upon my dear Adolphus.—But, were this young man, who has been taught to entertain high notions of honor and rectitude, ever to become acquainted with the improprieties of his father's conduct, I am persuaded he would not feel the slightest affection for him.”—“No,” exclaimed Martha—“he would hate and detest him! particularly, if he had been old enough to remember, what an angel his mother was.”—“Martha,” said Lady Mortimer, in a grave and rather displeasèd accent, “you do not seem to have paid much attention to the precepts of your divine Master, who, when the woman, ac-

cused of adultery, was brought before him; said, ‘Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone at her.’—“Oh! bless you, my lady!” said the embarrassed Martha, “I don't pretend to be without any faults: but I hope, my lady! you don't think me capable of breaking a poor innocent creature's heart.”

Lady Mortimer, finding it would be as impossible to prevent a stream from flowing, as Martha from condemning Mr. F\*\*d, briefly related the motive which had influenced her to educate Adolphus under the belief that his father was dead; and that which would now induce her to inform him that his father had been taken prisoner.

“I am sure, my lady, I should never go *far* to contradict any thing you choose to say; but I *hope* Mr. Adolphus won't go *far* to ask me whether I liked his father: for, if I was to say Yes, you know, my lady, it would be a downright story.”—“I think such a question extremely improbable, Martha,” rejoined Lady Mortimer: “but you might evade it, by saying you saw very little of your master; and *that* certainly, according to your own account, will not be deviating from truth.”—“Oh! for the matter of that, my lady, I *could not* see much of him,” said Martha: “for, week after week, he was never at home.”—“I have now, Martha,” said her ladyship, “proved my confidence in you; and I trust you will not say any thing to forfeit my good opinion.”—“I would cut my tongue out sooner, my lady,” said Martha in an energetic tone of voice: then, dropping a low courtesy to her ladyship, she quitted the room, without even looking at the man she detested.

As soon as Martha had quitted, the room, Lady Mortimer informed

Mr. F\*\*d that she would go and prepare her beloved Adolphus for the interview; "and, if you value your own peace, my dear Sir," said that amiable woman, "drop not a word that can give him reason to imagine your conduct to his mother was reprehensible."—Her ladyship found the object of her affection, as usual, deeply intent upon his studies; but, the moment she entered, he observed the trace of tears upon her countenance, and exclaimed, "Heavens! my beloved mother! you have been weeping!—Who is that stranger? what can have been his business?" inquired he, tenderly kissing her hand.—"Business most important—most unexpected, my dear Adolphus! and in which *you* are materially interested."

A death-like paleness overspread the fine features of Adolphus. "Oh! my beloved mother! for such I must ever call you—keep me not in suspense! What business can it have been, to draw tears from the eyes of my benefactress, my mother—my more than mother, and friend?" exclaimed Adolphus, pressing her hand to his agitated breast.—"There is nothing to depress or agitate your feelings, my dear, my ever dear Adolphus! Yet I have a tale of wonder, a romantic tale, to unfold."

"I am all attention, dearest madam," said Adolphus. "You have relieved my heart from an insupportable load: in fact, if *you* are not to feel the shafts of misfortune, *I* can singly brave every species of sorrow."—Lady Mortimer embraced the being who had expressed so tender an interest in her happiness; and related her story without any interruptions.—"And does this father, who never took any pains to discover whether I was really dead, or living, expect me to leave you?"

inquired the ardent youth, with much trepidation in the tone of his voice.

"No, my dear Adolphus, he has generously assured me," replied Lady Mortimer, "that he will not attempt to separate us."—"It is well," said Adolphus: "for I have some faint recollection that he acted cruelly by my sainted mother."—"Did Martha instil this idea into your bosom?" inquired her ladyship anxiously.—"No," replied Adolphus. "As far as I can remember, I never mentioned him to her: but I experience none of those ardent emotions which are so natural—and which I am certain would have burst forth with energy, had my mother been restored!"

"Lukewarmness in such a situation is surely unnatural, my Adolphus."—"It may be so, my dear madam," Adolphus replied: "but let me, if you please, behold this new-found father. My filial feelings may perhaps be roused by the sight."—Lady Mortimer placed her arm under that of Adolphus—when the former threw open the door of the 'drawing-room—"I present you," said she "with an earthly treasure—one that you cannot too highly value."

"Image of my sainted . . . . ."  
Here his voice faltered, and he burst into a violent flood of tears; then straining Adolphus to his throbbing bosom, he calmed his feelings, and said, "I bless God for restoring thee to me, my son!"—Though Adolphus was evidently agitated, he displayed none of those tender emotions so natural to his situation; but, when he described to his father Lady Mortimer's maternal kindness, he was all energy, gratitude, and enthusiasm.

The carriage was ordered to be put up; a bed was prepared for Mr.

F\*\*d; and the trio did not separate until one o'clock; and the next morning Adolphus accompanied his new-found father to see a gentleman's seat which was to be sold in the neighbourhood.—Money was nothing, situation every thing, to Mr. F\*\*d; and, as the mansion in question was not more than three miles from Lady Mortimer's elegant abode, Mr. F\*\*d unhesitatingly acceded to the proposed terms of purchase.

Though endowed with the most fascinating powers of conversation, a knowledge of Mr. F\*\*d's real character acted as an antidote to Lady Mortimer's regard; and, though, to gratify Adolphus, she treated him with the greatest politeness, her feelings were somewhat similar to honest Martha's.—It was in vain he implored Lady Mortimer to persuade that independent-spirited woman to receive an annuity, as a reward for her attention to the being whom he had so cruelly injured. "Don't do me, my lady," said she, "to receive *nothing* from him; for, rather than do it, I believe I should starve."

Though Adolphus was never deficient in external marks of attention to his father; yet, to a careful observer, it was evident that those attentions did not flow from the heart; for so strong was the imperfect impression he had received in childhood, that he was a stranger to the sensation of filial regard.—The expensive style of life in which he lived, united to his intimacy with Lady Mortimer, soon attracted a numerous crowd of acquaintance; and, in less than a twelvemonth after his establishment in the neighbourhood, the being who had protested he should spend the remainder of his life in mourning for his past transgressions; married a young lady of

nineteen.—This circumstance, so far from giving Adolphus the slightest uneasiness, relieved him from that constant attendance at the Abbey, which was irksome to his feelings; and he soon perceived his father's affection was too much absorbed by his young and beautiful companion, to regret the loss of his society.

Previous to his marriage, however, Mr. F\*\*d vested five and twenty thousand pounds for Adolphus in the funds, in case a future heir should arise to claim that immense fortune, which he had repeatedly told his son was all his own.—This precaution proved very fortunate for Adolphus; as, in ten months after this unequal marriage, an heir actually appeared. But he was not destined to enjoy the caresses of a father; for Mr. F\*\*d was killed by a fall from his horse, a few hours before the child was born.

Rectitude and principle then taught Lady Mortimer the necessity of explaining to her beloved Adolphus the illegitimacy of his birth; who felt more sensibly wounded by a circumstance which stamped so much infamy on the author of his existence, than by the loss of fortune.—"Well might I never feel," said he, "those exquisite sensations, which naturally arise between son and father! In fact, my heart, instead of yearning towards him, revolted at every mark I received of his affection."

Time, however, gradually blunted the poignancy of his feelings. Convinced of the folly of repining at an irremediable misfortune, he resolved to support the mortification his father's misconduct had brought upon him, with dignity and resignation.—Toward the amiable Lady Mortimer, he daily displayed an increase of affection: never was parent more completely blest in a son,

than that benevolent woman, in the child of her adoption, and the being whom she so fondly loved.

*On COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.*

MARRIAGE has been called, by some cynical beings, "the end of love:"—that it is not so, many thousands, who are happy in that state, can prove. Instead of being the end of love, it should be the beginning of it. It is a sad abuse of love, to say that it is but the vapor of courtship, which lingers round the heart for a few months, and disappears at the ceremony of marriage, as if the one were incompatible with the other. That this is sometimes the case, there is no doubt—I might say, too often the case; for, to be so at all, it must be too often: but it may be easily explained, I think, by the deceptions appearances generally put on during courtship; and, in these deceptions appearances, there is a mutuality and reciprocity in the conduct of both parties. Temper is disguised: circumstances are disguised: the behaviour of one to the other is disguised, at least so far as to be very different from what either intends it to be after marriage:—flattery is used; and the result must be, that, when they come together, disappointment ensues: coolness follows disappointment; while disgust and hatred wait behind, ready to appear upon the slightest occasion.

Courtship, to be followed by happiness in matrimony, should be very different from the above picture of it. The truest affection is where esteem almost appears to be stronger than passion. The one is pure and lasting, the other violent, but transitory. A beginning in true esteem will make an ending in sincere love. During courtship, men should endeavour to behave, as

nearly as possible, in a similar way to what they would do when married; making, of course, a proper allowance for the little pleasures and amusements common in courtship. The lady must not be debarred from these; nor should the little presents, so usual, be neglected; but certainly every thing overstrained or forced, and that cannot be nearly followed up in wedlock, should be sedulously avoided; for it is quite unquestionable, that the party who deceives the other will find him or her self deceived, when it is too late for remedy. Ladies, during this period, have a very difficult part to act: they not only have to avoid deception as much as the men, and for the same reason; but there are numerous other little matters to attend to, which influence the minds of men more than is generally thought. Coquetry, during the period of courtship, should be avoided by them, as a sort of bane. A female may unthinkingly appear rather too kind to some other gentleman, than to her intended husband; but she must remember that jealousy is even stronger before marriage than after, and that one foolish step of this sort, though taken with the utmost purity, may lose her an amiable man. But, if the motive or coquetry and flirting with other men be the result of affectation and vanity, or a wish to try (as it is called) the soundness of their lover's intention, then they do not deserve a sensible man for a partner; nor indeed are they likely to get such a one. The moment when a man of sense discovers this propensity in a female, is almost universally the last of his affection for her: a well-regulated mind cannot brook it. He looks to find a woman endowed with a mind congenial to his own, who may be his yoke-fellow for years—who may share his glad-

ness and his grief—who may be the soother of the aching head of pain, and the prompt adviser in moments of difficulty and danger: and can such a mind be expected in a coquette? Never!—But, when two persons meet, whose minds are in unison, and who, with a candor as useful as it is honorable, abandon deception during courtship, and give each other a fair earnest of what may be expected after marriage, they have more than a chance, they have almost a certainty, of happiness.

Two very great sources of misery in matrimony are, first, that persons either make a headstrong match very early in life, without consulting any one on the propriety or impropriety of so doing, and without having judgement sufficient of their own to investigate the character of the person they are to be united to; or, second, from their being driven into it entirely upon the opinion of others—generally the opinion of parents, who, having carefully weighed and measured the property on both sides, decide that the thing is to take place; and it accordingly does, without an iota of affection on either side. In these cases, little hope of happiness is to be found. but I almost think that there is a better chance of it in the latter, than in the former; for, in the latter, the parties are certainly not blinded by passion; and esteem surely may, and, it is to be hoped, often does, follow the union, and grow at length into love: in the former, when passion cools, too often we see that misery succeeds the matrimonial union; and they part, as Cowper says,

“Without the least regret,  
Except that they had ever met.”

Matrimony should be encouraged. We live in an age when it is too little thought of, and, instead of

being held in any thing like estimation, it is made a general laughing-stock. Every libertine fancies himself privileged to throw out his innuendoes and his stale jokes against it; and, if any acquaintance of his should get married, the circumstance affords him *fun* for at least a week. He begins by inserting in the newspapers fine hoaxing accounts of it: the lady is described as handsome and rich in the extreme; and, whether their circumstances are such as to afford it, or not, and whether the fact is so, or not, the happy pair are made to travel in a post-chaise and four to Bath, Cheltenham, or some other fashionable watering-place, which may happen to be in season. In this very interesting piece of wit, all that he can hope to accomplish, is, to make the minds of a virtuous woman and her husband uncomfortable: but there is a small drawback to his satisfaction (supposing they are weak enough to be at all vexed at it) and that is, he has to pay pretty handsomely for each hoax of this sort. He follows up his amusement by all sorts of jokes upon poor Benedict, as he calls him; but, after all, goes home to his solitary pillow, more miserable infinitely than any of his weak endeavours can have made the married man; and there is but little doubt his slumbers are even interrupted by his very envy of his friend's superior happiness. Such a man might easily be checked, and would soon cease to think himself a wit, did every man of sense treat his fooleries with the contempt which they really merit; and I am sure every man of sense must feel inclined so to do: but it seems a sort of fashion to encourage all this; and married men are as little behind-hand in joining in such jokes as any other. To be sure, this sort of conduct

cannot operate much in the way of prevention: but it may in a trifling degree;—and, being anxious to see marriage as respected and respectable as it deserves to be, I do wish it were entirely done away. Many young men may be deterred by the hard times; and I will do the ladies the credit to believe, that, in this matter, they are more venturous than we are; but it is at best a mere bugbear. I dare venture to assert, that ninety-nine young men out of a hundred, let their situations and circumstances in life be either high or low, would live for as little, many of them for less, when married, than they did when single: and, as for the burden of children, it is less than is imagined by the theorist; for, besides the delight they afford their parents in rearing, it must be remembered, that, when reared, they are often of infinite use to a parent in his profession in life, be it what it may; and, if that parent should be unfortunate in old age—should want be his bitter portion—how often do we see the son or daughter rescuing a father or mother, or both, from the gripe of poverty, and rendering their latter days, if not affluent, at least easy, and smoothing their rugged pathway to the tomb! Surely here is reason on the side of matrimony, even if love should not warm the flinty heart.

Bachelors and maidens! be advised then; and remember, that a fond and faithful wife or husband is a blessing not to be bought, but to be won by kindness, and by a heart unknowing deception, beating in unison with that of the object of its affection. Get yourselves married, and prove to the world, by your happiness afterwards, that wedlock is a state to be envied, not reprobated—sought after, not shunned—desired, not detested!

BENEDICT.

YESTERDAY, TO-MORROW, and  
TO-DAY.

*A rhapsodical Fragment.*

WHAT is Yesterday? a name given to what is dead, which, but for its death, could not have had a name. Yesterday gives up the very pretension to life. His fate is strange! Good deeds may have been done during his existence, or crimes may have marked his progress: but they are buried with him in the grave of time. True it is, their effects remain, to bless or punish the beings who transacted them. The moment Yesterday is christened, is the moment that proves him dead. He leaves a survivor, whose name is "To-Day"—the name that Yesterday previously possessed—and whose fate will be to receive his predecessor's new name, and to follow him to the region of silence and death, to-morrow.

To-Morrow's fate is still more singular:—he can never be said to live; but he never perishes. When the clock at night peals out twelve, fancy may picture him as being born; and, during the dull hours of darkness, his expected approach may excite all the feelings of which our nature is capable. The crime-covered wretch anticipates his coming with fear—the lover, with impatience—the calm philosophic man, with unmoved placidity: but he disappoints them all:—he never comes:—loved and dreaded as he is, still he shrouds himself in obscurity, and remains unseen. He is like a disembodied spirit, which is permitted to haunt the mind of man: he is ever suggesting to us that the day is departing, that it is sinking to the tomb of its predecessor Yesterday; and either buoys up the mind with hope, or harrows it with fear, of what he himself shall produce:—but, lo! the morning breaks; and it is To-Day.



This is the best boon of Heaven to man. To-Day gives us every opportunity of improving our existence, and becoming—what the Omniscient intended we should become—useful members of society, virtuous and happy beings. The past vanishes from our view: a glorious future opens upon the sight:—but let us not wait for the promised To-Morrow's arrival, to improve that future: let To-Day engross all our attention, as the future will be either happy or miserable according to our present deeds.—If we look back upon Yesterday, it is a very shadow, empty and useless as the promised gifts of To-Morrow.

PRUDENCE and DISCRETION.  
(From Dr. Cogan's "*Ethical Treatise on the Passions.*")

PERSONAL prudence expresses such a propriety of disposition and conduct, in every circumstance and situation, as shall be the surest protection from any apparent evil, and most productive of the greatest advantage, upon the whole, to the agent. Prudence is the offspring of just discernment; and hence it has acquired the name of practical wisdom. It can only exist, when there has been a due exercise of those important faculties of the soul, attention, inquiry, consideration, and reflexion, relative to the things which immediately concern us, as these are preparatory to accurate conceptions, right discrimination, legitimate inference, and the final decisions of the judgement, by which the prudential conduct is ultimately directed. Prudence is therefore founded upon a knowledge of the nature, tendency, and consequences, of facts, derived from the observation and experience of others, or of ourselves; and a determination to act in the most beneficial manner.

Personal prudence manifests itself in being upon our guard against every thing that may prove injurious. Where this is impracticable, it submits to a less evil, in order to escape a greater. It gives the preference to the best objects which present themselves to our choice, that we may not rest in an inferior good, where the superior is within our reach. It implies an attention to the proper means of accomplishing the desired end, due exertions in the application of the means, and a firm resolution to persevere in the right path, in the midst of many difficulties, and in opposition to every seduction. It carefully avoids that rashness and precipitancy of conduct, which might augment present troubles, or induce evils at a future period; but it acts with spirit and promptitude, when deliberation and indecision might be injurious or fatal. Prudence has learned to appreciate the means of good in our possession, according to their respective degrees of worth, and the consciousness of our own merit in the attainment; and thus it indulges a spirit of contentment, satisfaction, and complacency—those sources of immediate enjoyment. It is cautious not to relinquish present advantages, without the assurance of something preferable. It avoids every risk, where a failure would induce more of misery, than success could confer of benefit. It implants patience in painful and distressing situations, while it encourages hope; and it excites to such exertions, as are rational and promising, in situations the most distressing and perilous. It effectually suppresses every turbulent, unruly, and self-tormenting passion, which at the moment of indulgence often inflicts much greater misery, than the evils resented. It employs every faculty of mind and body, in a manner correspondent

with the laws of their destination, without abuse or excess.

Impudence, on the contrary, is the child of culpable ignorance, or of thoughtless inattention, or of those strong and passionate propensities to immediate gratification, which create an indifference to future consequences. Impudence is mostly governed by the present feelings, and is hurried into action by the impulse of the moment. It is occasioned by a quick and vivid perception of some quality in an object, that is of a delusive influence, without the exercise of any of those faculties of mind, by which alone the final issue of every action can be fully discovered. Although impudence cannot be accused of a malevolent design, for no one can wish evil to himself, yet it is continually productive of mischief, for it is either blind to dangers and difficulties, or it wantonly and impotently braves them. It is continually prone to neglect and despise a superior good, which it may already possess, and to indulge in a craving after phantoms, which a deluded imagination has represented as more important realities. Under actual sufferings, the impatience, discontent, and envyings, which it inspires, increase the anguish; and it attempts to obtain a release by transports the most tormenting, or by methods which plunge the deeper into misery.

*Discretion.*—This virtue is frequently considered as a branch of prudence, although it primarily respects others and not ourselves. It avoids those inadvertencies in speech and conduct, which might incidentally prove injurious, or unnecessarily give offence. Indiscretion, either not perceiving, or not regarding, those attentions which, in civil society, one man expects from another, frequently excites severe displeasure, without designing to displease. Discretion is a singular compound of prudence, benevolence, and justice. It is a preservative against incidental resentments and ill-will; it is cautious not to injure the feelings of those who are deserving of our notice; and it is guarded by such inadvertencies as might, in any respect, prove injurious. It is a practical discrimination suggested by a benevolent temper, respecting propriety of behaviour in circumstances peculiar and delicate; and it contributes essentially to the pleasures of social intercourse, as its operations are perpetual.

VOL. 43.

*Remains of VOLTAIRE.*

(Continued from page 82.)

ON the 6th of December, 1754, I saw at Lyons a sort of mountebank who professed to eat fire, drink boiling oil, and walk over red-hot plates of iron: he had a sister cousin as clever as himself.—They told me that their secret for walking over red-hot iron consisted in rubbing their feet beforehand, for a good while, with oil beaten together with a preparation of iced alum; and that, to swallow fire, nothing was requisite but to keep the mouth extremely moist. As to the trick of dropping melted sealing-wax on the tongue, nothing is required but the courage to do it. [See an *Article of the "Medley,"* page 375.]

Man is the only animal who knows he must die. It is a melancholy consciousness, but an inevitable one, because he is endued with ideas. There are evils, then, attached of necessity to the human condition.

Many learned men resemble the stars at the pole, which travel incessantly, without making any progress.

MEDLEY.

*Cautionary Anecdote of a two-penny-post Letter.*—Some ladies are accustomed to send small notes or billets by the two-penny post, instead of full-sized letters—a practice, which is attended with more than usual danger of delay or miscarriage. Such diminutive billets are liable to be overlooked in collecting the letters at the receiving-house, particularly if laid aside on a shelf or under the counter, as is frequently the case, when the postage is paid in advance:—they are more apt, than large letters, to slip through the fingers of a clerk in the post-office, or of a letter-carrier in his rounds; and they are moreover exposed to another mischance more strange than all the rest, which will best be explained by the following plain statement of a recent fact, for the truth of which we can safely pledge ourselves, as we were present at the moment, and eye witnesses of the occurrence. About three months since, a gentleman in *Islington*, on unsealing a letter just received by the two-penny post—and before he had unfolded the sheet—saw something fall to the floor, which, upon examination, proved to be a small billet, addressed to a lady at *Hackney*. This billet very distinctly and legibly displayed the post-mark of a

different receiving-house from that into which the gentleman's own letter had been put; whence we are led to conclude that it was at the head office in Lombard-street that the little billet found its way into the opening of the larger letter, at the moment, probably, when the letter-carriers were emptying their bags. However that may be, we recommend to our fair readers to make all their post letters of a good and safe size: for, although the gentleman above mentioned—not knowing whether life, fortune, or character, might not depend on that letter—lost not a moment in forwarding it to the unknown lady at Hackney—they may not, under similar circumstances, be always so lucky as to have their stray billets fall into such hands.

*Affecting Incident*, related by one of the officers of His Majesty's ship, Swallow.—In the gallant and sanguinary action which that ship maintained, against a very superior force, close in with Fréjus, a short time since, there was a seaman, named Phelan, who had his wife on board. She was stationed (as is usual, when women are on board in time of battle) to assist the surgeon in the cure of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast—among the rest, a messmate of her husband's (consequently her own), who had received a musket-ball through the side. Her exertions were used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies, and nearly breathing his last; when, by some chance, she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be restrained: she rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms; he faintly raised his head to kiss her—she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage—that all would yet be well: but scarcely had she pronounced the last syllable, when an unlucky shot took off her head. The poor tar, who was closely folded in her arms, opened his eyes once more—then shut them for ever. What renders the circumstance the more affecting, was, that the poor creature had been only three weeks delivered of a fine boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of both father and mother. As soon as the action subsided, and "nature began again to take its course," the feelings of the tars, who wanted no additional in-

citement to stimulate them, were all interested for poor Tommy—for so he was called. Many said, and all feared, that he must die: they all agreed that he should have a hundred fathers: but who could be the substitute for a nurse and a mother? However, the mind of humanity soon discovered that there was a Maltese goat on board, belonging to the officers, which gave an abundance of milk; and, as there was no better expedient, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the child, who, singular to say, is thriving beyond all expectation: and so tractable is his nurse, that she now lies down when poor little Tommy is brought to be suckled by her.—Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and together consigned to a watery grave.

*No noxious Reptiles in Ireland*.—In our Magazine for May, page 231, we mentioned that no noxious reptiles exist in Ireland; and at the same time we related a curious settlement of a territorial dispute, decided by a reference to that circumstance.—A fair correspondent having since inquired upon what authority we advanced those facts, we answer, that various writers, of ancient and modern date, have noticed that happy exemption which Ireland enjoys: but, as it may be said that ancient writers *might* be mistaken, and that noxious reptiles *might* have existed in their time, though unobserved—a modern authority will have greater weight, because, if there were any, somebody would have discovered them before now. From Crutwell's "Gazetteer," therefore, (article, "Ireland") we quote the following passage (though it is as little necessary to adduce *any* authority to prove the truth of the statement, as it would be, to prove that lions and tigers are not indigenous in England—the fact, in both cases, being universally notorious).—"In Ireland, there are neither moles nor toads, nor any kind of serpents; and it is not more than seventy or eighty years\* since frogs, of which there are now abundance, were first imported from England. But, though the same experiment has been made with snakes and vipers, it has happily been unsuccessful."—The settlement of the territorial dispute is related by Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished in the reign of

\* The date of Mr. Crutwell's publication is 1798.

Henry II. and is, from him, quoted by Mr. Woods, in his "Account of the past and present State of the Isle of Man," published last year.

*Destruction of Bugs.*—A correspondent sends us the following, as a most effectual mode of destroying bugs, which, at this season of the year, in some old houses, female industry and cleanliness try in vain to extirpate. He states that he is not aware whether the mode is new or old; he thinks it enough that it is effectual.—Let the room that is infested be closely shut up, by excluding external air as much as possible. Place a deep earthen pan in the middle of the room, with a quantity of sand in the bottom of it; in the centre of which sand, a hole must be made, large enough to contain a roll of brimstone about a foot in length, which is to be broken into the hole, and then set on fire; the operator retreating as quickly as possible, and shutting the door close after him. By this method all that are in that room will be destroyed: and there is not the slightest danger attending the operation, if the hole in the sand be made sufficiently deep, to prevent the brimstone from overflowing, while in a fluid state.

*The distressed Poet.*—A poet lately sent a production of his to a Magazine, written in pencil; with a note apologising to the editor for this circumstance, by stating that he was rather unhappily married, and that his wife, who was not very poetically inclined, was however so addicted to cleanliness, that she would not allow him to use ink, lest he should spatter it about; and therefore, rather than renounce the Muses, he gave up his ink, took to the pencil, and wrote his sonnets in peace.

*The Angler.*—A poor simple fellow was lately angling in some water belonging to a neighbouring squire not much famed for his urbanity, who, happening to pass that way, strutted up to the poor fisherman, and exclaimed, "Pray, sir, do you know that you are fishing in *my* manor?"—The other very innocently replied, "I humbly beg your pardon, sir, if I am; but, upon my word, sir, I thought that I was fishing in *my own* manor."

*Right and Left.*—A country gentleman, who, for the first time, lately paid a visit to London, had a friend who lived in Wood-street, where he had been once or twice with another friend, who had always happened to take him into the street through some of the narrow

courts that lead to it, when, in going towards Cheapside, the house of their friend was always on the right hand. The country gentleman noticed only this circumstance; and, having to go there himself a short time afterwards, he inquired his way to Wood-street, and was directed to the Cheapside end of it. He directly set himself to look for the house on the right hand, and, after some time came to the bottom of the street, without finding his friend's house. He felt a little surprised, turned about, and came up the other side; when, after walking some way, he came to the house, and instantly exclaimed, "I knew I could not be mistaken: *it is on the right-hand side after all.*"

*Bust of Caligula.*—When the Austrians took Madrid in 1709, Lord Galway searched for a celebrated bust of Caligula, which he knew to have been conveyed to Spain. After a long search, he found it at the Escorial, where it served as a weight to the church clock.

*High Prices of old Books.*—At the sale of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library, the following extraordinary prices were paid for old editions—For Boccaccio's Decamerone (of the year 1471) £2260, by the Marquis of Blandford.—The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and of Chyvalrye (1479) £330, by Mr. Normaville.—The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye (1473) £1060.10s by the Duke of Devonshire.—The very trew History of the valiant Knight Jason (1492) £94.10s. by the Duke of Devonshire.—The most pitifull History of Appolyn, King of Thyre (1519) £115 10s by Mr. Normaville.—The History of Blanchardyn, and the Princes Eglantme, £215 5s. by Earl Spencer.—The right pleasant and goodlie Historie of the four Sounes of Aimon (1554) £55, by Mr. Heber.—The Lyfe of Vergilius, with wood cuts, £54. 12s. by the Marquis of Blandford.—The Story of Frederyke of Jemen, with wood cuts, (1519) £65 2s. by Mr. Triphook.—The Story of Mary of Nemegen, with wood cuts (1516) £67, by Mr. Triphook.

*Man rendered incombustible.*—A physician at Naples, of the name of Faracci, has lately published a work, in which he asserts that the human body may be rendered fire-proof by being rubbed with the following composition—An ounce and half of alum dissolved in four ounces of warm water, to which must be added an ounce of isinglass, and half an ounce of gum Arabic. [See page 273 of our present Number.]

## POETRY.

## ASCOT RACES ;

*a familiar Epistle to Mr. James Murray.*

DEAR Murray,

once more I shall set pen to paper,  
And send you again some poetical va-  
por ; [when broke,  
And, as vapor, (you know) like a bubble  
Will vanish away, and be lighter than  
smoke, [er than air,  
So it is with my rhymes they are light-  
And scarcely, I fear, worth perusal or  
care ; [’tis I levy,  
Yet, methinks, on your patience a tax  
And my verses, no doubt, you think won-  
derful heavy. [faces,  
Be that as it may, I’ll make no more wry  
But give some account of our trip to the  
races. [in a hurry !  
“ What races ? ” you cry.—Oh ! don’t be  
’Tis the races at Ascot I mean, Cousin  
Murray. [Friday ;  
’Twas on Friday we went, and a very fine  
And, if not very smart, we at least were  
quite tidy.  
Our party consisted of five, as I’ll say ;  
The ladies were Mistresses G. M. and A.  
And the *Gemmen*, whose friendship, you  
know, is quite fervent,  
Were, my host Mr. G. and your most  
humble servant. [and four,  
Our conveyance was stylish—a chariot  
And a servant on horseback.—we want-  
ed no more. [guide ;  
A postillion we had, our two leaders to  
And my friend drove the others.—I sat  
by his side.— [frighten’d ;  
Within sat the ladies, who were not much  
And, as their fears fled, our load surely  
was lighten’d. [say ;  
The ride was most pleasant, suffice it to  
And we reach’d Ascot Heath about one  
in the day. [smiling,  
There gaiety reign’d, ev’ry visage look’d  
While the ladies so fair ev’ry heart were  
beguiling : [to view.  
And of females, my friend, we had plenty  
From the Queen of Great Britain to beg-  
gar-gil Sue.  
Having sought out a spot from intrusion  
quite free,  
Our carriage was halted beneath an elm-  
tree. [chatted a while,  
Then we walk’d, and we gaz’d, and we  
And were blest by the Queen with a nod  
and a smile.  
Two races were past ; and we heard who  
was winner ;

When, behold ye! we felt some small  
longrugs for dinner :  
So we went to our tree, and unpack’d all  
our store ;  
And its plenty was such, we had no need  
of more. [glutton.—  
Indeed we’d enough to have tempted a  
We had chickens and bacon, cold pum-  
padding, and mutton, [pavate,  
With *accoutres* proper to please ev’ry  
Not even forgetting some lettuce for  
salad.— [’sent treat ;  
Ale, brandy, and wine.—’twas an excel-  
And much I might say how we drank  
and we eat, [said before,  
But will only say now, what I’ve oft  
That a meal thus partaken is ever lik’d  
more, [reign,  
Than that where punctilio and elegance  
Where you eat and you drink in polite-  
ness and pain. [the grass,  
Having finish’d our pleasant repast on  
We each of us took of good sherry a  
glass ; [course,  
And the ladies then led to the side of the  
Where they sately might see ev’ry gul-  
lop’ng nose. [about, to behold  
Then my friend and myself stroll’d  
The humours that races are sure to un-  
fold. [common,  
In one booth we saw, what is rather un-  
A dance by the men, and the fiddler a  
woman. [display’d ;  
O’er each turf cover’d hovel, a sign was  
And “ Good beer sold here ” quickly  
told us their trade [be found :  
Within them assembled all sorts might  
But soldiers, and swindlers, and bump-  
kins abound ; [and some merry ;  
Some drunk, and some sober, some sad,  
And all much too fond of the juniper-  
berry [might be seen  
There were only two shows ; and in one  
“ The world in a handkerchief tied ” snug  
and clean ; [much gaping,  
The other, “ The Theatre ” where was  
Much mirth, and some dancing, but more  
catgut-scraping.  
As to gingerbread booths, in good faith  
there were plenty,  
And of ribbon and toy stalls, for rhime  
I’ll say twenty.  
The last race now was over ; and  
dust and confusion [seclusion ;  
Was in almost each spot, but our spot of  
There the horses were harness’d in com-  
fort and quiet, [not.  
Far off from the bustle, far off from the

And now my good friend, you will favour  
us starting,  
And, with all our best speed, towards  
home quickly darting; [than me,  
When we came very safe, rather earlier  
And thirst made our coffee unaccountably  
fine [to town.  
Very soon, my dear Murray, returning  
I shall squeeze friendship's hand pretty  
firm in my own; [relieve  
And to recollect that, will in some sort  
The regret I experience when Hare-  
Hatch I leave.  
It only remains for my pen now to tell,  
I remain, firm as ever,  
Hare-Hatch, your friend,  
June, 1807. J. M. L.

*Ferret, written under a Painting of an  
EAGLE mounting with a SNAKE in his  
Claws.*

*By Mr. WEBB, Author of "Haverhill,"  
and other Poems.*

THE towering Eagle leaves the skies,  
And stoops to earth for prey:  
Anon, on active wing he flies,  
And bears a Snake away.  
Yet, noble princely bird, beware  
That fork'd, fatal sting,  
Whose venom would thy strength impair,  
And mar thy daring wing.  
Attend to what the poet sings,  
Nor good advice despise,  
Release the reptile; ply thy wings,  
And spurn the dangerous prize.  
Then may'st thou mount the skies, un-  
stung,  
And gain thy mountain nest;  
With food more grateful feed thy young,  
And glad thy mate's fond breast.  
Like her, proud bird, I've seen a youth  
Cry Vice, that serpent, clasp—  
Unconscious of the awful truth,  
That fate was in the grasp.  
Oh! would he from his wanton arms  
The poisonous reptile fling, [harm,  
Then life might boast a thousand  
And death would lose his sting!

*ADDRESS, written for, and at the request  
of, a Gentleman, to be presented by him  
to his Family on his BIRTH-DAY.*

I ASK no god of song nor fabled muse  
To shed their influence on the theme I  
choose: [lay.  
But sweet affection prompts this humble  
To celebrate in verse my natal day.  
A parent's breast, to tender feeling  
true, [you.  
Presents, dear relatives! these lines to

Ye dearest pledges of conjugal love,  
Oh! bless, with us, that Power that  
reigns above, [ful bloom,  
Who (while ten thousand, clad in life's  
Successive sink, and crowd the dreary  
tomb) [brief date,  
Still spares your sire, still lengthens his  
And bids with mercy our domestic state!  
Hail, natal day! may we assembled  
raise

A grateful hymn of tributary praise.  
Thus shall our humble gratulations rise,  
And pierce the radiant portals of the  
skies. [Death,  
Oh! when that tyrant, stern, remorseless  
Shall claim, with mandate strong, our  
vital breath, [spheres,  
May we, translated from these gloomy  
Mount where no suns revolving mark  
our years— [blows,  
To o'ercome serene, where no rude tempest  
But joy's pure stream in ceaseless cur-  
rent flows, [field,  
Where blissful minds a sweet communion  
And chant seraphic airs to harps of  
gold!

*Haverhill.*

**JOHN WEBB.**

*ELLY, composed on Ramsgate Sands,  
August, 1866*

LOUD sounds the wave upon the sandy  
shore [around.  
The pensive twilight casts its gloom  
The grey scenes of busy day are o'er;  
And silent nature sleeps in rest pro-  
found—  
Save where the dashing waves alone in-  
vade [reign.  
The still repose of night's untroubled  
She o'er the waste of waters casts her  
shade, [man.  
And veils the terrors of the billows  
O'er pointed rocks my lonely steps I bend,  
and with reflexion's eye the scene sur-  
vey;  
Pause, as thought turns on each remem-  
ber'd friend, [day.  
And view the joys of many a happy  
The cliff, the sands, the rocks, and  
spreading man, [wond'ring sight.  
With heav'n's vast concave, meet my  
But present objects sink:—subdu'd by  
pain, [delight!  
A prey to sickness—what can give  
'Tis not the awful grandeur of the shore,  
Nor scenes that boast the valley's rural  
name,  
Can bid the pang of agony be o'er,  
Or banish weakness from the sinking  
frame.

Religion's angel voice alone can cheer  
 The soul just parting from its bonds  
 of clay— [to fear,  
 Bid the poor trembling flutt'rer cease  
 And seek the mausions of eternal day.  
 MARINA.

BEAUTEOUS ELLA ;

a Song, by J. M. L.

Tune, "Faithless Emma."

I ONCE beheld a face most fair,  
 Wherever yet the fiends of care  
 Had planted deep the gloom of woe,  
 But beauty spread her smiling glow.  
 Oh! then I sigh'd: my soul grew sad:  
 And pleasure no more made me glad:  
 For, though the maiden's heart was free,  
 No hope-fraught smile arose for me  
 In beauteous Ella.

The bloom of summer spread the vale,  
 And fragrance hung on ev'ry gale:  
 All nature seem'd to live for joy,—  
 And nature's pleasures never cloy.—  
 But still I shunn'd the flow'ry mead:  
 Keen sorrow bade my bosom bleed;  
 For, though the maiden's heart was free,  
 No hope-fraught smile arose for me  
 In beauteous Ella.

Oh! Ella! though thy heart be cold,  
 Still shall my soul its wish unfold.  
 Be all thy hours the hours of peace!  
 May no sad feelings bid them cease!  
 Yet think, when far from thee I stray,  
 With grief companion of my way—  
 Think, that this heart's last sigh will be  
 A pensive pray'r to Heav'n for thee,  
 Oh! cruel Ella!

Sixteen Lines in Rhime.

By J. M. LACEY.

I AM not not fond of subjects long,  
 But mostly choose to pen some ditty,  
 Where female beauty fills my song,  
 With lovely lues, and language pretty.  
 Sometimes I choose a woeful theme,  
 But never dwell too long upon it,  
 Lest my fair readers doze and dream:—  
 For sorrow, then, I choose a sonnet.  
 I'm pastoral in summer-time,  
 And praise each wood-nymph's smil-  
 ing dimple;  
 But 'brevity's the soul of' rhime;  
 For some think pastorals are simple.  
 Thus, let my theme be what it will—  
 Or sorrow's sighs, or love's best  
 blisses—  
 Its linea I mostly manage still  
 To be about sixteen—as this is.

Completion of the BOUTS RIMÉS proposed  
 in our Magazine for June.

The LOVER'S VOW.—By J. M. L.

THERE is a charm in thy sweet face,  
 Would bid a gloomy savage bless thee.  
 Around it, glows a beamy grace,  
 Would woo cold Winter to caress thee.

Thy blooming cheek, thy heav'nly smile,  
 Thy snowy bosom's gentle heaving,  
 Might care and want and woe beguile,  
 Or bring a skeptic to believing!

Thy lucid eye its bright-blue charm,  
 In lustre sheds on each beholder:  
 Unknown to art, unknown to harm,  
 It bids the lover's heart grow bolder.

I am that lover!—oh! receive  
 A vow, as pure as truth can make it!  
 I am that lover!—oh! believe,  
 Worlds should not tempt my soul to  
 break it!

I vow, while life's poor pow'rs remain,  
 To prove the foudest, truest lover—  
 Proud to be bound in love's light cham,  
 Without one wish to be a rover:

For truth in love will make his bands  
 Light as the downy dove's soft feather:  
 But let not Hymen join the hands  
 Of those whose hearts link not toge-  
 ther!

Let our love, Ellen, be refin'd,  
 But not enough to chill our blisses:  
 Be it the tender, true, and kind,  
 Uniting souls, and mingling kisses!

Thus, when the day-beam hails our sight,  
 It cannot lead our steps to error;  
 And, when bright Sol withdraws his light,  
 It will not wake the throb of terror,

New BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed to our poetic  
 Readers.

Fare, share; Cold, bold; Shaft, draught;  
 Slow, glow; Skill, will; Hear, dear;  
 Range, strange; Play, gay—

which rhimesmay, at the poet's option, be em-  
 ployed either in the same order as here given,  
 or in any other that may be found more con-  
 venient—and with or without any additional  
 rhimes, of the writer's own choice.

Beware of WATER!

Imitation of the French Epigram in our  
 Magazine for June.

A CONJ'ROR once assur'd a friend,  
 Water would cause his certain end.  
 The timid soul this warning scares:  
 He ev'ry brook and river fears;

And drinks—to drown the augur's no-  
tion—  
Of purest wine a double potion.  
But ah! (to see how soon death stops ye!)  
Death struck the cautious wight with  
dripsy. YORICK.

*Ode on the Close of AUTUMN, after an  
Excursion through Hertfordshire and Essex.  
(From Mr. G. DYER'S "Poetics.")*

Now farewell Summer's fervid glow,  
Which, as the sun through Cancer rides,  
Meas'ring his way in chariot slow,  
Scorches the beech-clad forest-sides!  
Farewell, too, earlier Autumn's milder  
ray, [o'er,  
Which, the warm labors of the sickle  
Could make the heart of swain industri-  
ous gay, [store,  
Viewing in barn secure his wheaten  
What time the social hours mov'd blithe  
along, [harvest song.  
Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly  
What diff'rent sounds around me rise!—  
Now 'midst a naked scene I rove,  
Where the rude halm in hillocks lies,  
Where the rash sportsman frights the  
grove. [sound!  
Ah! cruel sport! ah! pain-awak'ning  
How hoarse your death-note to his  
list'ning ear, [round,  
Who, late, wild warbled music floating  
Bless'd the wild warblers of the rising  
year! [quid throat,  
Who, as each songster strain'd his li-  
Grateful himself would try the soft re-  
sponsive note!

Yet still, in Autumn's fading form,  
The tender melting charms we trace,  
Such as, love's season past, still warm  
The sober nation's modest face;  
Mild beaming suns, oft hid by fleeting  
clouds, [golden hues;  
Blue-mantled skies, light-fring'd with  
Brooks, whose swoln waters mottled  
leaves o'erspread; [course pursues;  
Fields, where the plough its steady  
And woods, whose many-shining leaves  
might move [grove.  
Fancy's poetic hand to paint some orange  
Be mine—for Fancy is a child——  
Still with the circling hours to play,  
And feast on hips and blackberries wild,  
Like triant school-boy gay;  
Or eager plunge in cool pellucid stream,  
Heedless that Summer's sultry day is  
fled; [theme,  
Or muse, as breathes the flute, some rural  
Such theme as Fancy's song may yet  
bestead;

Or, stretch'd at ease, to sing in simple  
strains, [rustic swains.  
Thus tuneful Maro erst, of nymphs and  
Now bear me to the distant wood\*,  
And bear me to the silent stream,  
Where oft I stray'd, in serious mood,  
Lost in some youthful dream.  
To me, O Hornsey! what retreat so fair?  
What shade to me so consecrate as  
thine? [I care  
And on thy banks, poor streamlet†, did  
For all the spring-haunts of the tune-  
ful Nine? [fade!  
Ah! pleasures, how ye lengthen as ye  
As spreads the sun's faint orb at twilight's  
dubious shade!

For, oh! pale stream, how many a tear  
I mingled in thy waters slow!  
E'en midst the blossoms of its year,  
Youth has its share of woe.  
And thus through life: for what is hu-  
man life? [scene!  
A changeful day, a molley-tinctur'd  
How quick succeed the hours of peace  
and strife! [ful green!  
How sombre tints o'erspread the cheer-  
E'en while fair Hope lights up her  
brightest sky, [to heave a sigh!  
She wavers 'midst her doubts, and learns  
But, lo! the sun now seeks the west:  
Now o'er the landscape steals a gloom;  
And now, with walking toil oppress'd,  
I view yon distant dome †!  
Ah! soon, too soon, I give the faint adieu,  
And sleeps my song, as fades the cheer-  
ful day:  
Soon shall the dusky city bound my view;  
And hag ey'd Spleen November's call  
obey.  
Ye meads, and fields, whose ev'ry charm  
could please, [rural ease!  
Ye gentle friends, adieu! and farewell  
Yet fields, and meads, and gentle fricud,  
When Mem'ry bids, shall re-appear;  
Quick, where she lifts her wand, ascend  
The long-departed year:  
The choits, whose warblings charm'd  
the youthful spring, [that now  
And summer's golden flow'rs, and all  
Of Autumn fades, their mingled charms  
shall bring; [shall glow;  
And the full year 'mid Winter's frosts  
While Fancy, as the vision'd forms arise,  
Shall pencil woods and groves, and  
streams and purple skies.

\*Hornsey Wood, in Middlesex, on the  
borders of Hertfordshire.

† The New River.

‡ St. Paul's church.



*The EPIPHANY APOLLO;*  
*the Poem, which gained, this Year, the annual*  
*Prize established at Oxford by Sir Roger*  
*Newdigate, Baronet*

*Written by Mr H HART MILMAN, of*  
*Brasenose College.*

HEARD ye the mellow hum of the sky?  
 Heard ye the hum on monster's dread-

cry?  
 In *his* majesty of fierce disdain,  
 In *his* arrogant, yet scornful of the

The *god* that neither stands,—no human  
 In *his* wide domain of earth:—*his* face—  
 In *his* less mortal in his beardless  
 In *his* strength, with more than god-

in *his* *glows*;  
 All, all divine—No struggling muscle  
 Through *his* bowing vein no mantling life-

blood flows;  
 But *his* *stone* with deity alone, *stone*.  
 In *his* deathless glory lives the breathing  
 In *his* bright handling with a conqueror's stern  
 In *his* delight, *flight*;

His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful  
 Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful  
 fire,

And his lip quivers with insulting ire.  
 Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on  
 high *sky*.

He walks th' impalpable and pathless  
 The rich luxuriance of his hair, confin'd  
 In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,  
 That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping  
 fold, *mould*.

Proud to display that form of faultless  
 Mighty Ephesian †! with an eagle's  
 flight *fields of light*,

Thy proud soul mounted through the  
 View'd the bright conclave of heav'n's  
 blest abode;

And the cold marble leap'd to life a god.  
 Contagious awe through breathless my-  
 nads ran; *man*;

And nations bow'd before the work of  
 For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bow'rs,  
 Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;  
 Haughty, as bards have sung, with  
 princely sway, *of day*;

Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds  
 Beautiful as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,  
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove—  
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form, in wild delirious  
 trance, *maid of France*.

With more than reverence gaz'd the  
 Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood  
 With him alone, nor thought it solitude:—

\* The Apollo is in the act of watch-  
 ing the arrow with which he slew the ser-  
 pent Python.

† Agasius of Ephesus.

To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care;  
 Her *one* too hope—to perish of despair.  
 Oft, as the shifting light her sight beguil'd,  
 Blushing she skinn'd *and* thought the  
 marble so ill'd *to hear*,  
 Oft breathless list'ning heard, or e'er'd  
 A voice *and* melt upon her ear.  
 Slowly she *and*, and, cold and senseless  
 grown, *stone*.  
 Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to  
 Yet love, in death, a sickly strength sup-  
 plied. *and died*.  
 Once more she gaz'd, then feebly smil'd,

#### ONE BOTTLE

SAYS my Doctor to me, "If you'll only  
 confine *wine*,  
 Your potatoes, good Sir, to *one* bottle of  
 You will *lengthen your days*."—So, with  
 some little strife, *true*;  
 I agreed to his plan; and, by Jove! he said  
 For I drank but *one* bottle all yesterday  
 through: *my life!*  
 And a day half so long I ne'er spent in

#### TO SLEEP.

(A Translation from the Latin.)

THOUGH, pictur'd in thy form, I see  
 The likeness of the dead,  
 Yet, gentle Sleep! oh! deign to be  
 The partner of my bed.  
 For, in the calm thy slumbers give,  
 How doubly blest am I!  
 Thus, without life, how sweet to live—  
 Thus, without death, to die! C. T.

#### Parliamentary Epigram,

on a Member remarkable for DIVIDING  
 the House.

INTO all sorts of subjects, both known  
 and unknown, *house!*  
 Mr. Orator Bubble goes, what you call,  
 And, unluckily having no sense of his  
 own, *House*.  
 He is always for taking the sense of the

#### CONSEIL contre la MODE.

QUE faites-vous, jeune beauté?  
 Cachez vos charmes à ma vue.  
 Apprenez que la Vérité  
 Craint même de paraître nue.

Soyez fidèle à la vertu —  
 Quand la pudeur quitte une belle,  
 L'Amour s'avole: il a tout vu:  
 Le Vice seul reste auprès d'elle.

\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
 our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor:  
 and (N. B.) see, upon this subject, the  
 NOTICES on the back of the Title-page.

† The foregoing fact is related in the  
 work of Mous. Pinel, "Sur l'Insanité."





London fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses

*London Fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.*

Morning dress of fine cambric muslin—the top part, as represented in the figure, to be made of very clear worked muslin, finished with worked trimming, to be quite square, so that one part seems separate from the other, and at the same time appears to relieve that amazing length in the body which our *élégantes* have so long complained of since the waist has been worn long.—At present they are more moderate, and must be allowed to be much more becoming.

A hat of blossom color, embossed with silk, with a drooping ostrich

feather, and to be worn quite off the face, for the hair to be exposed, which is now generally dressed with rows of small curls very full, so that the forehead can only be seen sufficiently to give a little relief with the mixture. — Grey gloves and boots.

Evening dress of rich pink figured silk, ornamented with a crape trimming and silk buttons, forming a drapery from the bottom of the waist to the opposite side, and continued round the bottom.—Full short sleeves—White kid gloves and shoes.—Head-dress, the Ponsonby cap of pink crape, to correspond with a bunch of small roses.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[London, July 22] On the passage of the Niemen by the French, and their advance toward Riga, the British admiral in the Baltic having made an offer of assistance to the governor, the latter announced to him the restoration of peace between Russia and England, and admitted British ships of war into the harbour.

[27] The Pope, so long immured in the fortress of Savona, arrived at Paris on the 20th of June, where he was received with considerable distinction.

[27] June 26, the diet of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw assembled, under the sanction of Bonaparté, and, by a public act, constituted themselves a general confederation, and declared the kingdom of Poland re established.

[27] The university of Parma has been suppressed.

[27] The vintage in Portugal is said to be of greater promise than it has been for the last 30 years; and the corn harvest is likely to be equally abundant.

[28] An action is stated to have taken place between three American frigates and the British frigate *Belvidera*. The latter was within the waters of the United States, i. e. within five miles of the coast; which being considered as an encroachment, the American vessels attacked her: but, after a long-continued and spirited resistance, she escaped.

[29] It is said, that several waggons-loads of false notes and coins, stuffed

French cotton, have left Paris for the in anticipations in Poland. This is done these articles as a winter campaign, as bad effects of frosty weather to prevent the contrivance was resorted to. The same French in the last campaign in Poland.

[30] Letters from Lima, of March 10, state that the province of Guanica had revolted from the Spanish government, and published a declaration, renouncing all subjection to Spain, and asserting their independence.

[August 2] On the 18th of June, Mr. Madison, President of the American United States, ratified the act of Congress declaring war against Great Britain.

[3] The 6th bulletin of Bonaparté's grand army, dated Wilna, July 11, states that their advanced guard reached the Dwina on the 5th—mentions some sanguinary skirmishes with the rear-guard of the Russians—and notices the capture of various magazines, which the latter, in their hasty retreat, had omitted to destroy.—It adds, that almost the whole of Lithuania, containing four millions of inhabitants, has been reduced to subjection.

[3] A report has reached Batavia of the massacre of the Dutch garrison at Palambang by the natives. The sovereign of that place had a profitable contract with the Dutch for tin, and, on receiving intimation that Batavia had

changed masters, and that the Dutch power in the East had terminated, he surprised and murdered the garrison, and possessed himself of their effects.

[3] The coffee, found in the different store-houses at Java, is estimated at upwards of 40,000 tons. The quantities of rice, sugar, pepper, and other spices, are also very large. Subalterns' shares of prize-money had sold as high as £40 each; and a captain's was estimated to be worth £750.

[3] A new code of justice has been granted by minister, to the inhabitants of Ceylon, establishing the trial by jury in criminal cases.

[3] Letters from the Cape of Good Hope state, that the Caffres in the interior of the promontory, adjoining the boundary line of the British territory, had lately assembled in considerable bodies, and, attacking the Dutch farmers, committed various depredations and cruelties, destroying the cattle, pillaging and setting fire to the houses of the settlers, and putting to death some property who attempted to defend us, the Span-

[3] In the night took, by assault, the nish general, defended by a French garrison of from 800 to 1000 men.

[5] Letters from Cadix, of July 14, complain of great annoyance and mischief from the continuance of the bombardment by the French. Their shells are loaded with lead, weigh from 90 to 160 pounds, and, by an improvement in the construction of their mortars, are thrown to the extraordinary distance of 4200 Spanish yards: but very few of them burst.

[5] Intelligence from Spain states that an English consul is raising, at his own expense, a corps of 4000 men, to be denominated the Anglo-Catalonian legion.

[6] Letters from Malta, of June 19, say that the plague had raged with great violence both at Smyrna and Constantinople; and, at the latter, it appeared to be penetrating into the interior.—They add, that the Algerine cruisers detain all Spanish vessels, and send their crews into slavery.

[7] The British commissioners, appointed to go out to Spanish America to mediate between the colonies and the mother country, are about to return to England without proceeding to fulfill the objects of their intended mission. The reason is the obstinate refusal of the Cortes to give them the powers which were neces-

sary to success; for they would not consent to include Mexico in the commission, or permit them to go thither at all.

[7] Advices from the Lincero state, that 5000 persons fell victims to the late epidemic disorder in that settlement, among whom, however, there was only one Englishman.

[10] Jerome Bonaparté has been under the necessity of publishing a decree, acknowledging his inability to pay the interest on the public debt of Westphalia. The decree is dated the 10th June, at Warsaw, and directs that the interest in future is to be added to the capital.

[10] Palermo, June 23.—The British Government at last proposed, with the permission of the Sicilian, to raise a loan in Sicily for 60 years certain, or to be renewed for the next with the consent of the lender, at an interest of seven per cent. Repayment to be made in Sicily, Malta, or England, at the option of the lender.

[10] Advices from Canada, of July 5, say that a proclamation, by General Prevost, had imposed an embargo upon all vessels at Quebec, from the 1st July, and another had ordered all American citizens to quit the colonies, by the 7th in Upper Canada, and the 14th of that month in Lower Canada.—The parliament of Lower Canada had passed two acts, one for draughting the militia into the regular force, and the other granting a supply of money.

[12] On the 20th of July, the French crossed the Dwina, without opposition from the Russians, who, at the approach of the invaders, abandoned their works on the river, and retreated.

[13] A new comet was observed at Paris, on the 1st of the present month. It was first perceived from the observatory at Marseilles, on the 20th ult. The comet appears between the feet of the Griffin and the head of the Lyux: it is not perceptible without the aid of glasses.

[14] A considerable part of the suburbs of Riga has been burned, to deprive the French of all shelter in case of their advancing.

[14] Throughout the several provinces of the Russian empire, a levy has been ordered of five men from every 500 of the population: and it is computed that this levy will produce an army of reserve of 500,000 men.

[14] About the end of July, the Russians gained a signal advantage over their French invaders. The re-

guard of prince Bagration's army was attacked, in his retreat toward Polosk, by a numerous body of French cavalry, supported by several pieces of artillery: the French were defeated, with the loss of between five and six thousand men killed, and above a thousand prisoners.

[15] The nobles of Moscow have offered to raise, at their own expense, a hundred thousand men, besides a voluntary contribution of two millions of silver rubles, to be at the emperor's disposal:—and the nobles of Smolensko have offered to raise 20,000 men.

[17] On the 20th of July, the Peninsular allied army, under Lord Wellington, gained a most brilliant victory over the French army commanded by General Marmont.—By a feigned retreat, the British chief had allured them to follow him, till, in an advantageous position at Arapiles, near Salamanca, he halted to await their attack. An engagement ensued; when, after an obstinate conflict of several hours, the French were defeated, with great loss both in killed and prisoners; and the remnant of their army compelled to seek safety in a nocturnal flight. On the following days, the fugitives were pursued by the victors, who continued; each day, to kill and capture great numbers: and it is computed, that, in the battle and the pursuit, Marmont has lost one half of his force, which, previous to the action, consisted of 49,000 men.—Marmont himself was wounded, suffered the amputation of an arm, and is said to have since died of his wounds.

[18] The treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey— which the latter had at first refused to ratify—has since received her ratification.

[19] Advices from Newfoundland, of July 25, say that the cod-fishery has been very unsuccessful this year.—They mention the arrival of twelve American vessels, captured by British cruisers.

[19] The Russians, it is said, make a distinction in the prisoners taken by them—those who are natives of France

are sent under a strong escort towards Siberia, while the Germans are permitted to enter into a particular corps, forming for that purpose.

[19] So great has been the mortality among the horses in the French grand army in Poland, that a requisition for no less than 40,000 has been received in France to supply the losses; and, in order to fulfill the demand of the emperor, it has been found necessary for the commissaries to halloo from all the farmers in the northern department of the empire the best of their draught horses, which are dispatched to the army with the greatest expedition.

[20] *W. L. Locke, July 20.*—A treaty of peace and amity has, within these few days, been signed at this place, between Russia and Spain. The emperor acknowledges the present government acting in the name of King Ferdinand VII.

[20] *Orebro, Aug. 8.*—We have just received the information that General Platoff has obtained fresh advantages over the enemy. Seven Polish regiments of cavalry have been almost totally destroyed. Thirty officers, and upwards of 500 men, were taken in this affair.

[20] The Swedish papers contain an ordinance of the government, directing that the ports of Sweden should, from the 15th instant, be open to merchantmen of all nations, without exception, for importation and exportation of foreign and Swedish produce: but no goods to be imported in foreign vessels; except such as are of the produce and manufacture of their home country, or the dependents thereof.

[21] On the 30th and 31st of July, the Russians, under Count Wilgrinsein, defeated the French under General Oudinot, and compelled them to recross the Duna. The Russians, however, still persevere in their plan of retreat.

[24] The Cossack chief (or Hettman) Platoff has publicly offered his daughter in marriage, with a large portion, to any man of his corps who shall bring in Bonaparté, dead or alive.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*—On the 2d of August, the following bulletin was shown at St. James's—"Soon after the last monthly report, His Majesty had a severe accession of his disorder, which quickly subsided; and His Majesty has since continued as well as before that attack."—No fur-

ther intelligence respecting him has since been made public.

*Price of Bread.*—Quarterly Wheaten Loaf, July 30, twenty pence—August 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th, the same.

[*London, July 22*] At the Hertford assizes, on Monday, a serjeant of local

militia obtained a verdict, with £20 damages, against his colonel and captain, for having been imprisoned under the sentence of a court martial of local militia, for a month, in the county gaol, where he was kept a part of the time in solitary confinement, and fed upon bread and water.

[23] Yesterday, at the Cambridge assises, Daniel Dawson was found guilty of poisoning a horse at Newmarket in 1809, and sentenced to death.

[23] A commission has been sent, to recruit negroes on the African coast, for our black regiments in the West-Indies.

[24] On Wednesday, at Barnes in Surrey, the Count and Countess D'Antraignes were murdered by their own servant, Lorenzo, an Italian. He first fired a pistol at the count, and, having missed his aim, ran up stairs, and, returning with a pistol and dagger, stabbed the count, and then the countess; after which he went up stairs, and shot himself.—He had had no quarrel with his employers; and no motive for his conduct can even be conjectured.

[24] At Dewlish, on the 10th instant, a horse, while fastened by the bridle, was attacked by several swarms of bees. Two or three persons attempting to rescue him, were stung blind: but they at length set him free, and he ran off. The infuriated insects pursued him, till he became entangled, and fell, and in a short time expired.

[25] A few weeks ago, in the parish of Kirkconnel, near Sanguhar, there was found, in a partridge's nest, a young partridge, with two distinct bills, three eyes, one of which was in the centre of the head, four wings, and four legs. It was alive when found, but is since dead.

[27] The Marine Society's quarterly statement declares, that, in the last quarter, the society clothed 196 boys, and 199 landmen volunteers, for the sea service; and, from their first institution, 29,929 boys, and 38,051 men—and that they have now upwards of 138 boys on board their ship ready for service.

[28] Yesterday, at Queen's-square office, three pawnbrokers guilty of having taken in pledge considerable parcels of stolen shoes from a boy apparently under the age of twelve, were fined in the mitigated penalty of 40 shillings for each pair.

[29] *Attempted Suicide.*—A female, not more than nineteen years of age, cut her throat on Monday, in Alsop's-buildings,

New-road, Mary-le-bone, while at breakfast.

[29] *Snakes.*—On Tuesday last, 600 snakes were destroyed at Boltham, near Lincoln. They were nestled in some old manure lying in a field.

[31] On a coroner's inquest, held yesterday in Tatull-fields before Antony Gell, esq.—it being proved that a man, killed in a pitched battle, had been repeatedly requested by his antagonist and others to desist—the jury returned a verdict of "*Justifiable Homicide.*"

[31] *Hackney Coaches.*—The commissioners lately decided, that, in the case of more than four persons in a coach, children, who are not infants in arms, but can sit alone on a seat, are to be considered as adults, and liable to the charge of an additional shilling for each above the stated number. But—See *August* [4].

[31] Yesterday, the Parliament was prorogued, by commission, to the 2d of October.

[*August* 1] *Nuisances.*—At the Surrey assises, on Thursday, a person was found guilty of a nuisance in erecting a soap-manufactory in a situation where it proved a great annoyance to the neighbourhood.—A verdict, with £10 damages, was given against another person, who, though entitled to make a lay-stall in a particular place, had frequently deposited on it a certain kind of filth intolerably offensive to his neighbours.

[3] The London Gazette of Aug. 1 contains an order for a general embargo on all American vessels in our ports, and for the capture of American vessels at sea.

[4] *Hackney Coaches.*—Yesterday the magistrates at Marlborough-street office decided, that, in the case of more than four persons in a coach, children under the age of fourteen are not to be considered as adults, or liable to the charge of an additional shilling.—See *July* [31].

[5] On a trial at the Sussex assises, Aug. 2, it was decided by the judge, that, although work were improperly executed, the party who had given the order was bound to pay for it, and had only the resource of maintaining a cross action.—The jury gave a verdict agreeable to this doctrine.

[5] *Boarding-school Robberies.*—Several depredations have lately been committed in boarding-schools in and near town, by the following stratagem.—An elderly man, of genteel appearance, calls at the house which he intends to make the

scene of his operations, and tells a plausible tale, of his having two granddaughters, whom he is desirous of placing in the establishment; asks the terms; and finally, having settled with the governess a day for introducing the pupils, he departs. In the course of this negotiation, however, he generally contrives so to divert the attention of the lady, as to be able, unperceived, to consign to his pocket some valuable article of plate, a watch, or other trinket. It is said, that in one instance he actually went so far as to introduce a young girl to a school at Plaistow, who absconded the next morning at an early hour, taking with her several watches and other things of value belonging to the young ladies.

[7] Yesterday, a meeting was held at the Mansion-house, to form an auxiliary Bible Society.—It was there stated that the existing Bible Society had already expended considerably upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. In London alone, more than 290,000 Testaments, and 140,000 Bibles, had been distributed; and that Society had given rise to five similar societies on the continent, and had visited the most distant regions of the globe.

[7] *Kidnapped Chimney-sweepers.*—Yesterday, Charles Barker was charged at Union Hall with kidnapping two young boys, and selling them, for seven shillings, to one Rose, a chimney-sweeper at Kingston.

[8] *Increase of Poor-Rates.*—In the year 1755, one half year's expense of the poor of Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, was £23. 4s. In the corresponding half year of 1810, the expense was £600. 5s.

[8] *Children burned*—At Abheydore, lately, four children, left by themselves in a cottage during their mother's absence, were, together with the cottage, burned to ashes, through some unknown accident.

[10] Daniel Dawson, the horse-poisoner, was executed at Cambridge on Saturday last. (*See July 23*)—He made a full confession of his guilt, and also a declaration of his accomplices. Not a single Gentleman is involved in the confession; and Dawson was rather an agent than a principal.—The Jockey Club expended a sum not short of £1500 in bringing him to justice.

[10] At the Warwick assises, Barnabas Watters and his son, who had picked up a bill, valued £11, and converted it to their own use, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment.—The presiding judge observed, that

“it is the duty of every man, when he finds the property of another, to use all diligence to find the owner, and not conceal it (which is actually stealing it), and appropriate it to his own use;—and that the law will always punish with severity offenders of that description.”

[11] The Commissioners of Mallstreath inclosure (Anglesea) have succeeded in excluding the sea from that valuable tract; by which undertaking, not less than 3000 acres of land have been rescued from a state of comparative sterility, and converted into rich corn-fields.

[11] On Monday se'night, at the annual conference of the Methodists at Leeds, three hundred and nine preachers attended.

[11] *Carriers*—At the Shrewsbury assises, a verdict, with £70 damages, (half the sum claimed) was given against Messrs. Eyns and Co carriers, for brandy which had leaked from a cask in their waggon, unregarded by the driver.

[11] On a thief, yesterday examined at Bow-street office, was found a high-tempered centre-bit with two sharp angles, apparently capable of cutting through any thing, and making an aperture large enough to admit a man's arm.

[11] A large fish, of the sun-fish species, about seven feet long, and weighing between six and seven cwt was taken in Mount's Bay last week by some fishermen, who found it basking on the surface of the water.

[11] At the Maidstone assises, Aug. 7, W. Brown was sentenced to death for the murder of a little girl. He had seen her at play, taken her up in his arms, strangled her, and, next day, voluntarily confessed the fact, for which he could allege no motive.—It appeared that he had taken certain dangerous medicines without medical advice, but there was no proof of their having produced mental derangement.

[12] A skeleton was lately dug up at Felix in Ireland, which appeared to be that of a man not less than ten feet high—supposed to be Phehu O'Tool, mentioned by Keating, and buried there 1282 years ago.

[12] *Counterfeit Money.*—By an Act passed at the close of the last session, the makers, venders, and utterers of forged Bank Tokens are liable to 14 years' transportation; the same punishment is inflicted on the makers and venders of what are termed Flash or Fleet notes.

[13] A nocturnal telegraph was yes-



terday exhibited in front of the yard adjoining Lord Glenelg's house, Whitehall.—On each side of the shutters were two large globes or lights, nearly nine inches in circumference, and a red and blue, to be alternately changed in color, according to the signals wanted, and the state of the atmosphere. The lights, which are in the form of a cone, may be seen from a great distance.

[15] A fellow, dressed like an ostler, lately took charge of a gentleman's horse at the entrance of the Griffin inn in the Borough; but, as soon as the owner was out of sight, the pretended ostler mounted the horse, and rode a British lion.

[16] A farm-servant, near Manchester, after having satisfied his appetite with a very hearty dinner, went, after thanks were returned, very deliberately to the beam, and hanged himself.

[17] A fire broke out, about half past seven o'clock yesterday evening, in the rope yard at Woolwich, in a part of the building near the arsenal. Water was, however, speedily obtained, and, by promptly pulling down some of the building, the flames were prevented from spreading. The fire was thus soon extinguished; and little damage was done.

[18] A new Philosophical Society has recently been established in Dublin. Its object is to promote the cultivation of chemistry, mineralogy, and other branches of natural history.—Its attention will be confined to these pursuits.

[19] *Banditti*.—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a powder-baker was fined for having charged 7½ lb. instead of six months, instead of 6 lb. for five months and fourteen days—stood, at Bow street office, Mary Thompson, of Long acre, was convicted on the perjury of £5, with costs, for taking in a pledge from a child under twelve years of age.

[20] *Drugs*.—Yesterday, at Bow street office, a druggist was fined ten shillings, with costs, for riding on the shafts of his hay, by which a dog was extinguished, and a lady hurt.

[21] Accounts from all parts of the kingdom concur in justifying the expectation of a very abundant harvest, though in Essex, especially near Great Dunmow, considerable damage has been done by the late heavy rains. The loss, sustained upon one farm alone, has been estimated at £1000.

[22] In Worcestershire, the blight has made considerable ravages in the hop plantations, so that it is feared they will hardly produce any hops worth notice.

That article has advanced near 100 per cent. since October last.

[18] *Barley harvest* began at Aberdeen a few days ago; and new bear meal was sold in that market on the 6th instant, from a farm in the vicinity.

[20] On Sunday last, was consecrated the new church at Buxton, founded by the late Duke of Devonshire.

[21] *Sunday Tolls*.—At Union Hall, yesterday, on a claim of exemption by a person going to a place of worship out of his own parish, the sitting magistrate, Mr. Evans, decided that the words of the Act of Parliament—"Any vicar, rector, or curate, going to, or returning from, performing duty at his own parish church, or any person or persons going to or returning from their own parish church, or any other place of public worship whatsoever, shall be exempt"—could only comprehend places of worship situate in the parish in which persons resided; and therefore, that any person, going out of his own parish, was liable to the payment of toll.

[22] Yesterday, Thos. Bowler was executed at Newgate for the attempt to murder Mr. Burrows, noticed in our Magazine for June.

[25] *Pilchards* are taken in such plenty, that they have lately been sold at ten for a penny at Truro.

[20] At the Chester assises, Edith Morrey, and John Lomas, received sentence of death for the murder of George Morrey, husband of the female criminal.—She was respited on account of pregnancy.

[27] Disturbances have lately taken place at Leith and Edinburgh, on account of the dearthness of provisions.

[27] Yesterday, a powder-mill blew up on Hounslow Heath; by which accident, a man was killed.

[27] Last Sunday week, at Huddersfield, a respectable man, in easy circumstances, who had for many years been conductor of the Methodist society there, cut his throat, though not mortally.

#### BORN.

[July 23] On the 17th inst. of the Lady of St. John, Clark, a son.

[24] On the 19th, of the lady of Lieut. Gen. Champagne, a daughter, since dead.

[29] Friday, of the lady of Lieut. General Onslow, a son.

[August 5] Monday, at Malshanger, Hants, of the lady of Col. Cunyngham, a son.

[7] Yesterday, of the lady of R. Bernal, esq. Russell-square, a son.

[14] On the 10th, of the lady of Major General the Hon. John Crewe, a son.

[14] On the 10th, of the lady of J. Russell, esq of Islam Hall, Derbyshire, a son.

[15] On the 10th, of the lady of Joshua Walker, esq. Portland-place, a son.

[15] On the 10th, of the lady of Henry Fred. Compton Cavendish, esq. daughter.

[18] On the 6th, of the Marchioness of Downshire, a son and heir.

[21] Wednesday, of Mrs. S. Baker, Grove-place, Mile End, a son.

[21] On the 15th, of the lady of Robert Bayley, esq. Leonard street, Russell-square, a son.

MARRIED.

[July 23] Lately, at Clifton, the Rev. Mr Bradford, to Miss Martha Wilmot.

[24] Yesterday, Lord Walpole, to Miss Mary Fawkenor.

[30] On Thursday, Major W. Markham Combe, of the Royal Marines, to Miss Eliza Barclay.

[August 4] Lately, Robert Wigram, esq M. P. to Miss Selina, youngest sister of Sir T. Pelham Hayes, Bart.

[5] Yesterday, Hatches Trower, esq. of Harley-street, to Miss Slater.

[12] Monday, the Hon. William Waldgrave, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sam. Whitbread, esq.

[19] Saturday, Lieut. Col. Mellish, of Holywell Priory, Nottinghamshire, to Harriet, daughter of the Marchioness dowager of Lansdowne.

[14] Monday, John Bennet Lawes, esq of Rulhampstead, Herts, to Mrs. Knox, of Harpenden.

[15] On the 13th, the Hon. Basil Cochrane, to Mrs. Lowry.

[18] Wednesday, Major Graham, of the Dragoon Guards, to Miss Maria Lambert.

[19] Wednesday, W. Simmonds, esq. of Great Thurlow, to Miss Eliza Manning.

[20] On the 18th, James Palmer Hobbs, esq to Miss Walker, of Hampton-Court palace.

DECEASED.

[July 29] On the 20th, aged 82, the Rev. Richard Keats, rector of Biddeford, Devonshire.

[29] On Monday, aged 77, Mrs. Jane Thirkill, Great James street, Bedford-row.

[29] On the 26th, aged 78, the Rev. Benj. Anderson, Vicar of Penn, Bucks,

[31]. Wednesday, the lady of Captain

W. Williams, of the 86th regiment of foot

[August 3] Wednesday se'night, \*\*\* Alcock, esq father of the present member for the county of Wexford.

[6] Saturday, at Wortham, aged 73, Ambrose de la Roche.

[10] Sunday, the relict of the late Rev. T. H. ... rector of Ingham, Staffordshire

[6] Friday, Robert, eldest son of Lord Robert Fitzroy

[6] July 20, aged 103, Mary, wife of Mr. G. Evans Yerran, of Nottingham. She had been married 70 years; and her husband is now in his 85th year

[8] Lately, at Croydon, Miss Durant, aged 60.

[10] On the 3d, aged 95, Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Stuart, Bart. of Perwickshire.

[11] Saturday, the lady of the Rev. C. R. Pritchett, of the Charterhouse.

[14] July 20, Sir John Parnell, Bart.

[17] Friday, Samuel Robert Gausson, esq of Brookman's Park, Herts.

[18] Aug 7, Mrs. Pearson, of Great Ormond-street, aged 69.

[18] Lately, the celebrated Dick England, well known among the gentlemen of the sporting world. He was near eighty years of age.

[18] Aug. 7, Sir John Shaw Stewart, Bart. aged 73.

[19] Saturday, the relict of the late Geo Ramsay, esq. of Bath.

[19] Aug. 15, the lady of the Rev. Francis Jones, rector of Throckingham, Northamptonshire.

APPENDIX.

*Illumination Outrages*—During the illuminations in honor of Lord Wellington's late victory, the metropolis was a scene of the most disgraceful riots and outrages. Not only were fire-arms discharged, and fire-works profusely scattered, but balls of tar, dipped in turpentine, were thrown among crowds, and into carriages: horses ran off in affright—carriages were overturned—and many deplorable accidents ensued, in broken limbs and fractured skulls. These, however, we forbear to enumerate, as well as the extensive and wasteful havoc in the destruction of windows, and content ourselves with noticing few particulars.—In Bow-street, a gentle young female had her clothes set in a blaze—in the Strand, three females at one time had their clothes on fire, one of whom was burned, through all her

clothes, to the thigh.—In the Strand likewise, a hackney coach, containing two ladies and two gentlemen, was forced open by the mob, who threw in a number of fire-works, which, setting fire to the straw at the bottom of the coach, burned an eye of one of the gentlemen, his coat, and across his breeches: one of the ladies had her pelisse burned; and the other was burned across the breast.—In St. Clement's Church-yard, a female of respectable appearance, hearing a blunderbuss suddenly discharged near her, instantly *dropped down, and expired*—apparently in consequence of the fright caused by the explosion.

*The Cow-Pox.*—The London Vaccine Institution, in their annual report, state, that, from their commencement in 1806, two hundred and twenty-nine thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine persons in the United Kingdom have received the benefit of the vaccine inoculation.—They add, that, in the few cases which have come to their knowledge, of the small pox occurring after vaccination, it has, with very few exceptions, been a mild disease—and that, out of many hundred thousand persons vaccinated (in England and elsewhere) not a single well-authenticated instance has been communicated to them of a fatal small pox after vaccination.—They further observe, that, previous to the discovery of vaccination, the average number of deaths by small pox, within the Bills of Mortality, was 2,000 annually; whereas, in the last year, only 751 persons have died of that disease, although the increase of population within the last ten years has been 133,139. The increase of population throughout Great Britain, in the same period of time, has been 1,609,000; and to these augmentations the practice of vaccination has probably much contributed.

*Diminished Importation of Wine.*—In a petition lately presented to Parliament, the merchants concerned in the trade to Portugal have stated that the average importation into the United Empire, for a series of former years, exceeded annually 50,000 pipes, producing a revenue of upwards of £2,500,000. The import from Oporto, last year, was only 18,536 pipes, which would produce only about £900,000; and the import of this year was expected not to exceed that of last year.

*Remarkable Wealth.*—In a historical work, published at Berlin, by Diets, is

the following inventory of the property of Kustim Pacha, Grand Vizier to Soliman I.—80,000 turbans, 1100 bouquets, ornamented with gold; 500 ornamented with precious stones; sabres 800; gold and silver, in bars or melted, 100 millions: MSS. of the Koran, of the finest writing, 8000, many of which were ornamented with precious stones; 32 jewels valued at many millions; 8 large chests, each containing 100,000 pieces of gold, each piece being of the weight of four ducats; and 20 boxes filled with to-pazes.—Among the kitchen utensils were 40,000 copper kettles.

*Fraudulent Plate.*—It has lately become a practice with some dishonest silversmiths to cheat the public by the following contrivance. They cut out the Hall-mark from bottle-labels or other small articles, and let it into larger ones of baser metal, which are thus obtruded on the unwary purchaser, without having been assayed at Goldsmiths' Hall—These frauds have been carried to a considerable extent; but the deception may be detected by breathing on the plate, round the marks; when the junction will plainly appear.

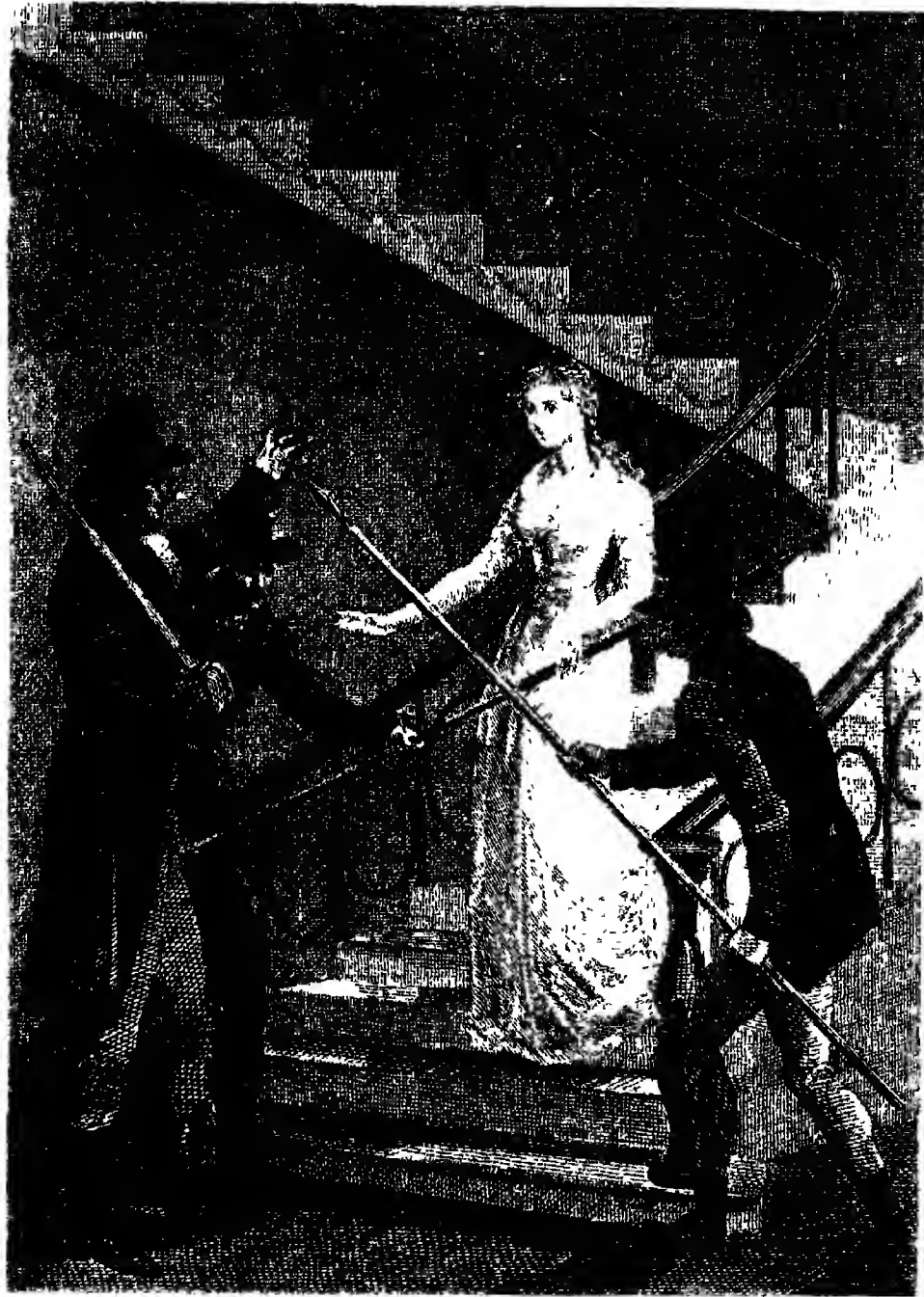
*Economic Substitute for Bread.*—Take two pounds of meat, prepared for a pie; mash a quantity of potatoes, and mix them up with milk to the consistency of batter; pour it over the meat, and send it to the oven without a crust. The potatoe batter forms a crust; and, thus prepared, the meat will go much further than in the usual way; and bread is saved.

*A remarkable Phenomenon* was observed at Marsilles, on the 23d of June.—On a sudden, a rush of water from the sea came into the port, forming a current so rapid, that it drew every thing with it through the Goulet. The sea then retired all at once, leaving the harbour dry, and all the vessels a-ground. Almost at the same instant, the sea returned by leaps and bounds, with extraordinary impetuosity, filling again the harbour, setting afloat the vessels, and inundating the quays. Afterwards every thing returned to its usual state.—The same phenomenon again occurred in the course of the day—the water in the harbour incessantly ebbing and flowing.—It is supposed to have been produced by some distant earthquake; and it is recollected that a similar event happened in the port in 1756, during the earthquake at Lisbon.

(Continued on the back of the Title-page.)



*Lady's Magazine.*—September, 1812.



*Feminine Resolution ?*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR  
Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 9, for September, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. FEMININE RESOLUTION.
2. London fashionable FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a HABIT-SMIRT, FRONT of a Dress, &c.

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floods; when the well completely fills. Lately the eel before mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail; when it was as thick as a person's arm, and coiled round the pail from bottom to top. It was replaced in its former element, where it has existed for 31 years upon the animalcula contained in the water, which latter, however, is allowed to be as pure as any water that can be desired.

*Great Increase of Wheat*—In October last, three pints of wheat were dibbled into a small spot of ground, whereon formerly stood a blacksmith's forge, in the parish of Beckley in Sussex, occupied by T. Bowler, which this year produced six bushels and three gallons. It is common to sow 192 pints, or three bushels, on an acre, which, according to the above ratio, would give 408 bushels, or fifty-one quarters of wheat per acre.

*Anecdote of George II*—Lord Kinsale (Premier Baron of Ireland) possessed the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. The point of etiquette, however, is, to put on the hat, and immediately to take it off. When the young Lord Kinsale was presented at court, upon succeeding to the title, either from pride or ignorance, he continued to keep on his hat, and walked with it in that way round the room for some time. The courtiers stared, and the circle was thrown into some confusion. The king (George II.) perceiving it, went up to Lord Kinsale, and, with great good humour, observed to him, that he certainly had a right to wear his hat in his presence, but that he had forgot there were ladies in the room. Lord Kinsale immediately uncovered.

*Economy in Bread*.—The Rev. Francis Haggitt, Prebendary of Durham, has lately stated, in a letter to the Bishop of Durham, the result of a successful experiment for saving the consumption of flour in making bread. Mr. Haggitt gives the following account of the process:—“I took 5lb. of bran, boiled it, and, with the liquor strained from it, kneaded 56lb. of flour, adding the usual quantity of salt and yeast. When the dough was sufficiently risen, it was weighed, and divided into loaves; the weight, before being put into the oven, being 93lb. 13 oz. or about 8lb. 10 oz. more than the same quantity of flour kneaded in the common way. It was

then baked two hours; and, some time after being drawn, the bread was weighed, and gave 83lb. 8 oz.—loss in baking, 10lb. 5 oz. The same quantity of flour, kneaded with common water, loses about 15lb. 11 oz. in the baking, and produces only 69lb. 8 oz. of bread; gain by my method 14lb.; that is, a clear increase of one fifth of the usual quantity of bread from a given quantity of flour.” He also states, that the bran, after being used in this way, is equally fit for many domestic purposes.

*Fall of d'roliths, or Air-Stones*—In the neighbourhood of Toulouse, on the 10th of last April, in a very dark night, the atmosphere was on a sudden illuminated by a whitish light, sufficient to see to read by, which lasted about 15 seconds, and disappeared gradually. Two minutes and a half afterwards, a considerable detonation was heard, resembling the explosion of a mine, and followed by a commotion so strong, that several persons thought it was an earthquake. Soon after was heard a whistling of bodies passing through the air, like stones thrown from a sling; and several aeroliths fell at different places in the vicinity. The specimens, brought to Toulouse, weighed from six to eight ounces. They have all of them a part of their surface of a blackish color, and, as it were, carbonaceous; in the interior they are grey. The number of these stones seems to have been very considerable: but the darkness of the night, and the alarm of the spectators, probably prevented many of them from being found.

*Slave-Trade*.—The African Society, in their sixth Annual Report, state, that, in the year 1810, between 70 and 80,000 negroes were transported, as slaves, from the coast of Afric to America; and that, though the Portuguese take great share in this nefarious traffic, yet the greater proportion is British or American trade, conducted under the flags of Spain and Portugal.—To the credit of the society he it mentioned, that they have recently, in the public papers, offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of that George Woodbine, alias Jorge Madresilva (noticed in our last volume, page 616) against whom a bill has lately been found for wilful and corrupt perjury, on a trial relating to a ship which he commanded in the slave-trade.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1812.

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FEMININE RESOLUTION;  
*an Irish Anecdote.*

*Communicated by MARTA,  
and accompanied with an illustrative  
Plate.*

In an age when luxury and refinement (as it is termed) appear to have erected a standard, which, with magnetic power, seems to attract individuals of every class, there is something peculiarly gratifying in beholding Youth, Innocence, and Beauty, forming a line of conduct for herself, unbiassed by the force of fashion, and uninfluenced by example.

If, from the force of custom, and the influence of education, females are prevented from embracing a wide field of usefulness—yet, circumscribed as are their powers, they may enjoy the secret satisfaction of becoming no less beneficial in the sphere allotted to them, than that more towering being, man. Nature, taste, and disposition, seem to have assigned different pursuits to the different sexes; and the weaker one, who fulfills all moral and domestic duties, is as much an object to be admired, as an upright minister of state.

It has been said, though without any real foundation of truth for the assertion, that females possess not the power of being essentially useful; and that, if they did, they would, from a natural inertness of character, not be inclined to exert it for the benefit of their fellow creatures.—To refute this charge, and to prove that exertion of character is not peculiarly attached to the male

sex, I here present to the fair reader the description of a female, whose fortitude under danger could only be equaled by her active benevolence. Nor is this a tale of fiction, except so far as concerns the names of the parties, which (for a particular reason) are feigned:—otherwise, the circumstances actually occurred, as they are here related, with very little variation, upon the authority of a Lady who was near the scene at the time, and had an opportunity of ascertaining facts.

Nurtured in the lap of prosperity, and fostered by the undeviating cares of her surviving parent, the amiable subject of this description passed the years of childhood in unruffled peace.—Though Mr. Ossory, her father, was by no means a convert to Mrs. Wollstonecraft's system of education, yet some of her opinions perfectly coincided with his own; and he severely condemned those females who seem to imagine that helplessness must render them interesting.—From the earliest period of childhood, Lætitia Ossory had been taught to become useful to herself; and no domestic was permitted to perform those offices which did not require assistance.—Thus, from being able to supply her own necessities, her ductile mind naturally became desirous of performing them for her friends:—in short, her chief happiness seemed to arise from becoming useful to every being who required consolation or help.—Actual poverty was unknown to any individual, who resided either on or in the vicinity of Mr. Ossory's estate; and the



whole neighbourhood of Arklow resounded with this benevolent man's praise.

Though the spirit of opposition had long been fermenting, and the flame of rebellion threatened to break forth, yet Mr. Ossory, conscious of the rectitude of his actions, dreaded not the approaching storm; and, when the object of his affection expressed her apprehensions upon the subject, he entreated her never to increase misfortune by anticipation. At length, however, the dreaded crisis arrived: the spirit of the exasperated multitude broke forth with the violence of a volcano; and the memorable battle of Arklow took place within a short distance of Mr. Ossory's house\*.

Every man of property readily became a soldier:—Mr. Ossory opposed the insurgents: his horse was killed under him: for a length of time, insensibility was the effect of the fall; and in that condition he was conveyed to his mansion by a faithful domestic, and a peasant who resided upon his estate.—To describe the anguish of Lætitia's feelings when she beheld her beloved father brought home apparently lifeless between two men, is totally impossible.—The moment, however, that she was informed by her faithful domestic that the parent whom she had thought dead, was merely stunned by a fall, her ecstatic joy knew no bounds.—That activity of mind, which had so often exerted itself for those less dear to her, was then called into full display: for, in that hour of alarm and confusion, no medical assistance could be obtained.—Bleeding, therefore, was impracticable: but, as Mr. Ossory had studied medicine, and had always acted as physician to

the peasantry, he fortunately had a supply of leeches, and a chest stored with medicines of every kind.—To the touch of a leech the amiable girl had a very strong antipathy:—but what aversion will not filial affection like hers surmount? She flew to the globe, which contained them, and applied four to her father's temples.

With fond solicitude, she bent over the couch on which he was extended; while the housekeeper, by her command, applied heated bricks to the soles of his feet. Her pious exertions were soon crowned with the success she prayed for; and, the moment the first leech dropped off, Mr. Ossory opened his eyes.

“My father! my beloved father!” exclaimed this pattern of filial affection—“speak, if possible—oh! speak to your child!”—“My beloved girl! my adored Lætitia! it is to your exertions that I owe the preservation of my life!”—“Transporting thought!” exclaimed the delighted Lætitia, throwing her arms round Mr. Ossory's neck—“This is bliss ecstatic! this is a refinement of happiness!”—In less than half an hour, the suspended faculties of Mr. Ossory appeared perfectly restored to their accustomed strength; but, as he complained of great soreness all over his body, in compliance with his daughter's entreaties, he consented to go to bed.

Anxious to know, yet dreading to hear, the result of the battle, Lætitia and the rest of the family found their feelings wound up to an agony of suspense. This distressing sensation however was in a short time terminated, by their perceiving a body of pike-men enter the park.—To conceal this distressing circumstance from Mr. Ossory was impossible; for the terrified countenance of his daughter too plainly

\* In the rebellion of 1797.

exposed the truth.—“They are coming!” he exclaimed—“and this nerveless arm cannot oppose them! My child! my child! let us jointly implore the interposition of an all-powerful God!”

The agonised Lætitia threw herself upon her knees, and, with the true spirit of devotion, implored the great Parent of the universe to protect her father: yet short was the time allowed for her petitions; for she heard a terrific voice call loudly upon the name nearest and dearest to her heart!—Springing from her prostrate position, she ran, or rather seemed to fly, out of the room, unrestrained, for the first time, by the voice of that being, whose word had been her law.—As she descended to the hall, she was opposed by the party who had so loudly demanded to see her father; two of the foremost of whom crossed their pikes before her, evidently to prevent the pass.

Her azure eyes swam in tears: the comb, which had secured her hair, had fallen: her light chestnut tresses descended to her waist; and, with a look in which terror and dignity were blended, she intormed them, that her father was too ill to be seen.

“Young lady! we require refreshment;” said one of the party, whose more dignified appearance pointed him out as their chief—“You have nothing to apprehend from my brave comrades: loveliness like yours may always claim respect.”

“Yes, by Jásus, honey!” exclaimed another of the party: “and the very sound of your sweet voice is like music to my ear.—But nevertheless, my jewel, we are tired and hungry, and must have some of your good things to comfort us.”

Unostentatious hospitality dwelt under Mr. Ossory's roof:—the servants were immediately ordered to spread the board.—Whiskey and wine crowned the entertainment, which these unwelcome visitors swallowed in large potions; and, having assured the inwardly agitated Lætitia, that none of their party would molest her, in less than half an hour they quitted the house.—Previous to their so doing, Lætitia had contrived to slip up a back staircase to her father, under pretence of directing the butler where to find the best liquors, and, throwing herself upon his paternal bosom, assured him they had nothing to fear.

That fortitude, which had sustained her under circumstances the most trying, sunk the moment she was certain her terrifying visitors were gone; and one fainting-fit succeeded another for the space of several hours.—An alarming fever was the consequence of these combined agitations—a fever, which threatened the termination of her valuable existence, and from which she did not entirely recover for several months.

Such was the conduct of this admirable young woman, who, endowed by nature with the most exquisite feeling, exerted, in a moment of danger and distress, a degree of resolution, that would have done honor to the most heroic of the other sex.

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#### SELF-RESPECT;—*an Essay.*

“The reverence of a man's self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.”  
*Bacon.*

SELF-RESPECT, the first earthly principle of virtue, (since religion is of heaven) appears to me to be generally overlooked in the scale of morality; and teachers, who assiduously instruct their pupils in the

respect due to others, will be found totally to have neglected impressing upon their minds that reverence for themselves, which, once established, would best secure their performance of every moral obligation.

Trace to its source that spirit of truth which forbids the utterance of "the thing which is not"—that honesty which respects the property of another, where detection in the self-appropriation of it seems impossible—that magnanimity which prefers death to dishonor, honorable poverty to ill-obtained riches, virtuous obscurity to vicious exaltation—we shall find them rest upon the broad basis of self-respect—that innate principle of rectitude, which God himself has implanted in our hearts. But, if education does not nourish it—if habit does not make it a fixed principle—its influence declines before the temptations we encounter in our progress through this world, till its very existence is lost; and we substitute, in the place of it, an anxious desire to stand well in the opinion of the people by whom we are surrounded. How frail a foundation that is for virtue, let every day's experience tell us! Fashion can throw a veil over Vice, which hides her deformity: a few bold spirits will always be found to lead the way; and the weak many, who have no reverence for themselves to put a bridle upon their vices—the slaves of false pride and false shame—are ever ready to follow in their steps.

Self-respect has sometimes been confounded with conscience; but they are essentially different in their nature, and in their operations. Conscience owes its existence to guilt, and can only be called into action by the commission of crime. Self-respect has a purer origin: and its sacred office is to guard against

the approaches of error, and to preserve the bosom it inhabits from the debasing influence of vice. It was conscience that banished Timoleon, the great and the good, from Corinth, his dear native country, when, in his zeal for her service, he had caused the death of his brother Timophanes, who had lawlessly seized the reins of government, and assumed despotic power. Notwithstanding the applause and approbation of his fellow citizens, and many of the philosophers of the time, who looked upon that sacrifice as a most noble effort of human virtue, yet his conscience, goaded by the incessant reproaches of his mother—who never afterward met him, without reproaching him as a wicked fratricide—drove him from society into solitude, where he long continued a prey to the most agonising reflexions. But it was self-respect that preserved the virtue of Aliverdi, prime-minister and generalissimo of the armies to Shah Abbas the great. When informed of the destruction of much of his valuable property by an Armenian, who, but for the valour of his servants, would have carried off his wife and children into slavery, his first impulse was to assign to the offender (who was now in his power) a punishment proportionate to his offence. But reflexion, in the bosom of a virtuous man, soon stifles revenge; and Aliverdi, whose whole life had been laudable, respected himself: and, growing cool again, he exclaimed, "O God! what have I done? Is it thus I maintain the glory of so many years? Shall a single moment eclipse all my virtue? That stranger has cruelly provoked me: but what impelled him to it? No man commits evil merely for the pleasure of doing it: there is always a motive, which passion or prejudice presents

to us under the mask of equity; and it must needs be some motive of this kind that blinded the Armenian to the dreadful consequences of his attempt. Doubtless, I must have injured the wretch!"—He examined into the affair, found that one of his inferior officers had considerably injured the Armenian, and that he himself had slighted his complaints. He ordered the criminal into his presence; reproved him in suitable terms for the vindictive spirit he had shown in attempting to execute his vengeance on the innocent; and dismissed him to reflect upon his crime in solitude—telling him at the same time, that the punishment which justice required, would be sufficiently tempered by clemency, and that his repentance might shorten the term.

Such was the glorious triumph of self-respect over the suggestions of revenge! Happy is he, who, like Aliverdi, when tempted by passion to the commission of an unworthy deed, can, with the honest pride of conscious worth, look back upon the whole tenor of a well-spent life; and, in the satisfaction he derives from the contemplation of the past, resolve, that neither the present nor the future shall ever disgrace it!

August 10.

MARINA.

MODERN LIFE delineated;  
or the History of  
GERTRUDE and EMMA LLOYD\*

"WHEREFORE this uneasiness, my children?" said Mr. Lloyd to his two daughters. "You are as much dejected by your cousin's departure, as if you were convinced it was a final separation from him. Upon this occasion, I will make every allowance for the acuteness

\* The fair Author of this novel is requested to favor us with her address.

of your feelings; for it is the first sorrow which has marked your path; and God grant you may never experience one more severe! But come, my loves! put on your bonnets; and we will take a walk. It is a lovely evening; and the refreshing breeze of heaven, I am convinced, will calm your agitated spirits."

The young folk were soon equipped, and found, as their father had predicted, that the lightness of the atmosphere, and the cheerful scenery around them, suspended their grief, and gave a glow of animation to their feelings. For it was one of those evenings in June, when

"The fragrant, the refreshing breeze  
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,  
In balmy whispers own, from God  
Their pleasing odors come."

When they arrived at the foot of one of the lofty mountains which shelter the vale of Cluyd, they paused to watch a group of children attempting the martial airs of a volunteer corps in the neighbourhood.

"Do you think, Sir, my cousin has reached Chester?" said Emma, the younger of Mr. Lloyd's daughters, at the moment he was stopping to caress one of the little heroes.

"I think, Emma, he is some miles beyond Chester: but your question, my love, convinces me you are thinking more of your cousin Edward, than you are of the beautiful scenery around us, or the innocent amusements of these little would-be soldiers."

"I certainly was thinking of him, for, the last time we were here, he was of our party: and I well remember he particularly noticed that neat white-washed house, surrounded with the pride of our country, and emphatically wished that he was possessed of seven hundred a year, and that habitation;—for here, he assured me, all his wishes were centred."

“It was the wish of a youthful heart, and, I trust, a virtuous one: but he will now enter a school, to try the utmost strength of his principles; and it is a maxim drawn from experience, that a military life is hostile to the noblest affections of the heart. The irregularities which there prevail, cannot be vindicated even by the most enthusiastic admirers of that popular and useful profession.—There are thousands now existing, who have resigned the most endearing ties in nature, for the vain-glorious ambition of being distinguished as military men: and I fear there are but too many, whose improper conduct is a disgrace to the title of soldier, and whose fame consists in alarming the weak, or in escorting the fair females of this nation to every fashionable place of public resort.”

“Why then, my dear father, did you permit my cousin to enter into the army?”

“For obvious reasons—I solemnly promised his ever to be regretted father, that, if his inclination leaned toward the army, I would assent to it: and, as he seemed inspired with the same spirit of asserting his country’s cause, as my poor brother was, I could not, without violating a sacred promise, object to it. But I hope his career will not terminate in the field of battle; or I shall think there is an awful fatality attending the profession, to all my family.”

“You make me shudder at the bare idea of it,” exclaimed Emma.

“And does Gertrude shudder?” said Mr. Lloyd with infinite emotion.

“No, Sir. It would ill become me to doubt the protecting arm of that divine Being who presides over the field of battle. If it be my cousin’s fate to shed his blood in defence of

all the dearest privileges of human nature, he may as well resign his life nobly, as live abjectly or indolently in the country. Some men live threescore years and ten, without exciting in the breasts of their relatives or associates either respect or love:—they then die, and are immediately forgotten.—Others live a very few years; and every hour of their existence illustrates some virtue worthy of being recorded:—and, when they drop into their narrow asylum, the remembrance of their goodness survives in the breasts of their friends; and the tears of the poor are a more acceptable oblation to the Father of mercies, than a thousand sacrifices.”

“Surely I am not awake,” cried Emma—“How strangely you express your sentiments of my cousin’s absence!”

“Forgive this assumed indifference: and believe me, I as deeply regret Edward’s departure, as you do,” said Gertrude.

“Mr. Lloyd looked anxiously at them, and, for a few moments, appeared lost in thought. He then exclaimed, “I fear, my children, the privation of one blessing will destroy the enjoyment of those which you have the power to obtain.”

“Not so, my dear father,” cried Gertrude: “our regard for my cousin Edward never will make us blind to the blessings we derive from so excellent a parent. We should be unworthy of your affection, and of your unlimited indulgence to all our wishes, if we resigned ourselves to fruitless sorrow, for an event which we have so long expected; but I hope Edward will return to his country again, worthy of the high place he now occupies in our bosoms. I fear only the impetuosity of his temper:—his heart, I am convinced;

is good, if he has but prudence to confine his passions within the bounds of reason."

"Do not injure him by any unjust suspicions," said Emma.— "If ever he is tempted to err, the idea of what his friends will suffer, will check every impulse of passion from endangering his principles and our happiness."

"It is well to encourage hope," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling: "for it tranquillises the mind, and is in fact united to virtue: but I wish our young friend had selected a profession more congenial to my feelings.—The enterprising spirit of youth fancies the gay scenes of a military life a never-failing source of delight: but harassed spirits, and the immorality of fashionable associates, convince them, when it is too late to recede, that the only enjoyments worthy of incessant cultivation, are those which arise from the plenitude of domestic happiness.—The restlessness of Edward's spirit has not escaped my notice. When you, my children, have extolled the charms of your native country, his countenance has expressed indifference or contempt for beauties so insignificant; though, to a calm reflecting mind, there are not any scenes better calculated for heart-soothing enjoyments, or more likely to excite noble affections in the human heart, than the one we now contemplate. And, if we are anxious to extend a social intercourse, our respectability in the neighbourhood is a passport to every one who merits our esteem. But Edward must now pursue his own plans; and I hope, my dear girls, he will be considered by you in no other light than as your cousin. Only let your good sense take the lead of your passions; and you will be convinced that an unbounded indul-

gence of sorrow for his departure is unreasonable and unbecoming."

"But I have heard you say, my dear father, that the predominant passion in a virtuous heart is an unbounded affection for those we are allied to."

"And I do not contradict the assertion, my love: but, when I made that observation, I had cause to reprehend the unjustifiable conduct of a brother to his only sister. During an absence of ten years, adversity had softened and humbled her spirit; and the smiles of prosperity had hardened his heart. He received her in his splendid mansion, with that freezing and cautious indifference, which convinced me that his heart was either weak or vicious. For a few thousands lost through misfortune, or gained by industry and good luck, are but a pitiful plea for a breach of tenderness to the being who was fostered by the same kind parent as ourselves, and who, in our infant years, was our dearest companion and friend. But local attachments, I am sorry to observe, lose the amiable influence they once had over the hearts of mankind; and I fear this change is a forerunner of greater evils. Can we expect an adherence to the laws of our country, if those sacred ones, implanted by the great Creator in our very nature, are so shamefully disregarded?—If your sentiments for your cousin are confined to sisterly affection, I shall not have any cause to lament that he has been educated under my roof; for I admire the virtuous affections of relatives too highly, to impede their progress in my own family. But passion and genuine affection operate very differently upon the human mind: the one arises from indiscretion; and the other has reason and the happiness of friends for its guide."

As Mr. Lloyd finished the sentence, he fixed his eyes upon Emma's blushing countenance, and appeared to read there a confirmation of all his suspicions.

When the young folk retired to their own room, Gertrude said to her sister, "Will you forgive me, Emma, if I ask you what gave rise to my father's suspicions? You seemed afraid of raising your eyes toward his face, as if you were conscious the insinuation was just."

"My father's suspicions were correct; for, this day, every source of joy is flown with my cousin Edward."

"You astonish me more than words can express; and I confess," continued Gertrude, "I am hurt that you have been so secret with me. Was I not worthy of being made acquainted with Edward's partiality for you? or do you think, my dear Emma, I should not have rejoiced in your joys?"

"I had not any thing to acquaint you with; for Edward has not intimated any attachment to me, except what I have discovered in his noble expressive eyes."

"Do not then, Emma, trust to a passion so ambiguous; for the eyes frequently express sentiments which the heart does not sanction; but wait patiently the result of his absence from my father's house. If he is sincerely attached to you, his letters will soon convince you of it: and, if they prove only brotherly attention, I hope your good sense will point out the danger of indulging these sentiments: for it is possible, my dear Emma, to refine upon the passion of love, until every real joy in life deserts our hearts for ever."

"I fear, Gertrude, your kind advice is unavailing: for I am too well assured, that, whether he love me

or hate me, my regard for him never will decrease: it is linked with my very existence."

"At present, I will not attempt to reason with you upon the subject: but let me conjure you to restrain these violent emotions in the presence of our dear father. When you are with me, you may confide your imaginary griefs to my bosom. I would not have my father's feelings wounded for the universe. Remember, Emma, his unparalleled affection for us. The slightest complaints we have endured, have awakened the tenderest emotions of his heart; and in our joys how kindly has he participated! He has always been the first to promote every innocent amusement for our gratification, and has become a child himself, to make our pleasures greater. In the more serious and important moments of life, he has consulted us, and treated us as creatures endowed with equal strength of mind, and equal abilities with himself. Has he not been a parent, friend, and every relative united in one? And is it not to his exertions that we are indebted for our mental light, and to his unbounded tenderness for the comforts of a good home? How few men, at one and thirty, would have resigned the idea of a second marriage, to fill the office of tutor to two helpless girls? For the imbecillity of childhood often is a powerful plea for seeking a wife and mother to take the tiresome task from a father's hands; and, through the injudicious choice of step-mothers, too many daughters are rendered miserable through life. Their education is first neglected; and the imperious conduct of their father's wife induces them to desert their home, and accept the hand of any wild young fellow, who will take them without a portion.—But

these are evils unknown to us.—Let us ask our hearts, what is due to the excellent parent who has rescued us from every earthly misery, and placed us in the midst of comforts, arising from competency and domestic bliss? Our hearts will not give the painful reply, “ingratitude;” but they will urge us to a constant obedience, and love for that parent who has done so much for us.”

“You have completely vanquished me,” said Emma, at the same time throwing her arms around her sister’s neck. “In future, my own selfish sorrows shall be hushed as the silent hour of midnight.”

Emma’s feelings might be compared to one of those transient clouds in summer, which, at a distance, appears dark and awful, but, when it has discharged its contents, immediately evaporates; and leaves only a bright ethereal sky to charm our senses. Her grief for her beloved cousin was as soon dissipated; and, in a delightful vision, she beheld him crowned with the wreath of victory, and at her feet offering the well-earned reward of his toils. This gave to her unsteady mind a gleam of rapturous hope: for, with those who have not reason for their guide, hope and fear alternately prevail in their bosoms. They are strangers to the tranquil emotions which result from judicious reflexions upon the instability of earthly joys, and the consolations which are derived, even from apparent misery; for there is no bliss so great, but there is a counterpoise; neither is there any source of distress appointed by the Creator, but there are some inlets for hope to steal upon the mind, and sooth the hour of sorrow. It is only when our own errors form a phalanx of evils, that we are entirely bereft of this heaven-directed boon.

(To be continued.)

### Solitary MUSINGS

in a COUNTRY CHURCH.

By Mr. WEBB, Author of “Haverhill,” and other Poems.

(Continued from page 240.)

ONE inviting evening in June, while I was indulging my propensity for rambling through the green retreats and flowery avenues of nature, mine ear, that had been listening to the song of the throstle, was struck by the solemn sound of a funeral knell, which diverted my steps toward the sacred dome, to enjoy some solitary musings under its consecrated roof.

“Rous’d by the bell of death, the bird of night [flight;  
From the tall steeple wing’d his circling  
On downy pinions stemm’d the evening breeze, [trees”  
To perch in peace among the village  
Author’s Manuscript Poem.

When I arrived at the hallowed edifice, I was informed that the remains of a

“long-demurring maid,  
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets  
Smil’d, like a knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand,”  
was going to be deposited in a family vault.

Prompted, I trust, by a better motive than curiosity, I descended the steps into the gloomy receptacle, and viewed the silent tenants.—“Here,” I involuntarily exclaimed—“here mute silence reigns—how unlike the noisy haunts of bustling man! Here the voluble tongue, that formed the well-turned period, is struck dumb; and the sparkling eye, that was wont to “tell us what the sun is made of,” has lost its lustre. Here the man of ambition, who sighed for power, and stretched his eager arms, “like seas,” to grasp all around him, is confined to narrow limits. Here the son of mirth is divested of his wreath of rose-buds: he chants no more the song of joy, nor dances to the soft



strains of the lute. Here the hoary disciple of Mammon ceases to visit his golden board, and no longer conns his glittering pieces of yellow ore.

“ Here terminate Ambition’s airy schemes: [more:]

The sun Pleasure here allures no  
Here grov’ling Advice drops her golden dreams;

And life’s fantastic trifles all are o’er.”

A few years since, most of the inhabitants of this darksome cavern were warm with life, and flushed with hope. How restless then! how quiet now! Here lie the mouldering reliques: but where are the immaterial essences, the immortal souls? Are they acting in the capacity of guardian angels, hovering round their surviving relatives? or do they reside in yon bright rolling orbs, engaged in some employment congenial to their natures? No!—rather let me suppose that their fate is irrevocably fixed in bliss or woe.—Could one of these lifeless skeletons be once more favored with the faculty of speech, methinks it would thus address me—“ Contemplative moraliser, who, with thy soliloquy, hast awaked the sleeping Echoes, and broken the silence of the dead, what means this intrusion? Was thy motive merely a useless curiosity? or didst thou come hither, by serious reflexion, to mortify thy vanity, and to mend thy heart? If the latter, welcome to this dreary mansion, where the sun of nature never shines, but where black-browed darkness ever spreads her raven wing.—Here, inquisitive mortal, mayest thou learn a salutary lesson, and see, written in legible characters, the common lot of mortality.—Though now in life’s best prime—though health encircle thy brow with roses—and Death, viewed through Hope’s deceitful mirror, appear at a distance—yet that grand

spoiler may shortly mar thy fairest schemes, and blast thy finest prospects of worldly prosperity. Then, perhaps, instead of reclining thy head in this dark repository, thou mayest have an humble bed of rest delved for thee in yon hallowed mould, where the tall grass that clothes thy tomb, may wave to the breeze of evening, the turf may be watered by the tears of night, and adorned by the flowers of May. Yet, then, oh! then! where will be that eternal principle, that never-dying spark of ethereal fire, that now informs thy breast? May this inquiry call home each vagrant thought; and may they all be fixed on that most important of all subjects—thy latter end.

“ Oh! pause! reflect, repent, resolve, amend!

Life has no length—eternity, no end.”

The first coffin I approached was that of an accomplished young lady, who was torn from the embraces of her sorrowing relatives by a lingering consumption. Some imprudent visitor had slipped aside the lid, and unfolded to my sight a scene truly humiliating! enough to humble the pride of the haughtiest bean, or proudest belle. But I forbear to expatiate—

“ That ghastly skull, so horrible to view, [you:]

Was a fair maid’s—ye belles, as fair as  
Those hollow sockets two bright orbs  
contain’d, [reign’d.]

Where the Loves sported, and in triumph  
Here glow’d the lips: there, white as  
Parian stone,

The teeth, dispos’d in beauteous order,  
shone” Moore.

The next ensign of mortality that attracted my attention, contained the withering remains of a gentleman, called from the active stage of existence, before the sun of life had reached its meridian.—He had but just finished a neat edifice, and consummated one of the most blissful

of human ties, when a fatal disease, the precursor of death, assailed him, and prematurely consigned him to this inhospitable dwelling—Well might Dr. Young affirm, that, as soon as man found the key of life, it oped the gate of death.

But, while proceeding to notice a third object, the arrival of the funeral (as on a former occasion) admonished me to terminate my reflexions; and I ascended from the vault, to join in the solemn service.—At this instant, my Muse led me to exclaim extempore—

“ Now, while this serious scene and solemn place

Impart to all a sanctimonious face,  
Oh! may I never act the formal part:  
But may religious awe pervade my heart!”  
(*To be continued.*)

#### The OLD WOMAN.

(*Continued from page 349*)

#### Nº. 9.—On Female EDUCATION.

IN the wide sphere of human action, and the extensive field of moral duties, education undoubtedly takes the lead.—The stubborn ox is bent to the plough, the untractable steed taught to submit to the curb of the bridle; and shall we not endeavour to curb the wayward propensities of the youthful mind? Shall we suffer those passions, which, if uncontrolled by the dictates of authority, must inevitably overwhelm all the virtues which are implanted in the human breast, to rage with unrestrained violence, to the destruction of present and future happiness? Forbid it rectitude! forbid it propriety! and forbid it, ye parents, who are desirous of promoting your own or your children's happiness!

If it is the duty of a parent to clothe the body of his offspring with raiment, and give it the necessary supply of food, how much more essential is it, that he should afford

such nutriment to the intellectual faculties, as will ultimately prove beneficial! The branches of the pine may be bent, the boughs of the osier entwined, without difficulty; and the youthful mind may be turned with the same degree of ease: but it must be done while the sap is rising, which imparts elasticity, and gives a yielding pliancy to the mind.

“ If the mind be well cultivated, it produces a store of fruit; if neglected, it is over-run with weeds\*.”  
—This observation of the celebrated philosopher is at once founded upon mature reflexion, and fact; and, though few would attempt to controvert the opinion, yet I am sorry to say, it has made but a slight impression upon the generality of my sex.—Superficial acquirements are substituted for essential qualifications: the tinsel of accomplishments supplies the place of sterling wealth—of that worth, which can alone adorn a human being, and insure it future and permanent happiness.

The frivolity of the present age has actually become proverbial: but whence does that frivolity, that eager pursuit after trifles, proceed? I will venture to answer the question, and assert that it arises from flippancy and vacancy of mind.—Mannure and cultivate the ground, and it will produce an abundant harvest:—neglect, or allow it to be over-run with weeds, and the few seeds which are sown (to make use of the beautiful language of Scripture) will be choked with tares, in a very short time.

It is, doubtless, a difficult task to lay down rules for education, as the system must vary, according to the different propensities of the youth-

\* Seneca.

tal mind. Some must be allured, others convinced of the propriety of intellectual improvement; and some must be compelled to exert their energies.—The youthful novice, as soon as she is capable of reflexion, must perceive that there is a right and a wrong path to be pursued; and it is alike the business of the parent and instructress, to endeavour to conduct her into the former road.—This can only be done by convincing the child, or pupil, of the secret satisfaction she will derive from the approbation of her own heart—an approbation, which invariably attends every virtuous action, and carries with it a sweet, an indescribable reward.

This consoling and never-failing attendant upon rectitude of conduct is not confined to the more advanced periods of pupilage; for I will venture to assert, that mere children, if properly instructed, will feel its force, and be influenced by its weight. The first thing to be observed in children, of either sex, is the natural propensity and bias of their minds; for, by detecting that, we may check those vicious inclinations, which, at a more advanced period of life, would become inveterate habits.

Doctor Blair, in his excellent Sermon addressed to young persons, informs them, that the first thing he recommends is piety to their Maker; and adds, that he considers it as “the foundation of good morals, and a disposition peculiarly graceful and becoming in youth.”—“Youth,” observes the doctor, “is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.—Where can any object be

found, so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every-where display? untouched by gratitude, can you behold that profusion of good which his beneficent hand has spread around you?”

But can these sensations be produced in a mind uninstructed in the duties of religion, or untutored in the path of virtue? Can the child, who, in her domestic circle, perceives no proof of adoration to the great Parent of the universe, no action influenced by his divine command—can that child be expected to feel an instinctive propensity either to tread in the path of religion or moral rectitude? Example (to make use of a trite observation) is infinitely more impressive than advice; and the example of those we love, makes a tenfold impression upon the adult, as well as the youthful, mind.

How necessary a part of education then does example become! with what a watchful eye ought the parent or instructress to scrutinise her own conduct! and how cautiously ought they to guard against the very appearance of those improprieties which they condemn in children! for unavailing will be admonition or authority, if an example of those imperfections for which the young are censured, is daily set before their eyes; and if, in the persons of their parents or admonishers, they can trace the very failing for which they have been re-proved.

The next impression to be made upon the minds of children, after having implanted the seeds of veneration and gratitude to their Maker, is that of reverence, affection, and

docility, toward their parents and instructors.

"Dependence and obedience," observes the author whom I have above quoted, "in a peculiar manner belong to youth: modesty is its greatest ornament;" and I will venture to assert that the female who is devoid of its enchanting graces, however great her acquirements, and however shining her abilities, is deficient in what constitutes the sexes greatest charm.

Arrogance and self-sufficiency are undoubtedly imperfections to which the young and uninstructed are peculiarly prone. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitate indiscretion, into the midst of those dangers to which the unwary are continually exposed.—Let me then take this opportunity of cautioning, not only the young in general, but particularly those of my own sex, to learn to doubt the infallibility of their own judgement, and to be guided by the counsel of their more experienced friends.—By this advice, I do not mean to infer that the youthful are implicitly to rely upon the opinion of their parents, friends, or instructors, without making use of that judgement which Providence has bestowed upon them for the wisest purpose; for, in that case, they would become mere machines in the hand of a workman, who would direct them by a proper use of the springs.—Children ought to be taught both to reflect and to reason; and it is a parent's duty to explain to them, why a pursuit may be followed, or why it should be avoided; and, by pointing out the consequences of this or that mode of conduct, its utility or inutility will be indelibly impressed on their minds.

A love of truth, and an abhorrence

of falsehood, may be instilled into the mind at the earliest period of life; and it is a fatal error which some parents are under, who imagine that the distinction is above the capacity of a mere child.—The child, in fact, is the man or woman in miniature; and it is education alone, that can prevent every evil propensity from being displayed: it is that, which curbs the passions of the petulant, and draws forth the timid from an obscuring shade.—Every amiable, every benevolent emotion ought to be encouraged: lovely appears the tear of sympathy in the eye of youth; and it is actually necessary to accustom children to behold scenes of sorrow and misfortune.—The cottage of the sick peasant, for example, will present a view, not only likely to call forth the benevolent affections, but to excite a mixture of sympathy and gratitude in the youthful mind; for, while commiserating the sufferings and distresses incident to an humble station, the child will naturally feel, that, by enjoying the bounties of a gracious Providence, she is infinitely more blest.

"Every good and every perfect gift comes from above," says the inspired writer; yet how apt are we to forget the giver, while in full enjoyment of the gift! But, when we behold our fellow creatures languishing for the want of common necessities, surely we must then forcibly feel the advantages of our own state. This sentiment of gratitude to the beneficent donor of earthly blessings cannot be too strongly impressed upon the ductile mind of youth: it is a sentiment which we all owe: it is an emotion we ought all to cherish, and which to be devoid of, evinces a cold and callous heart.

Rectitude of thought, and pro-

bity of principle, are essential points to be attended to in the system of education. No evasive plans of art, no deceptive subterfuges, ought to be passed over without punishment. An ingenuous disclosure of faults cannot be too highly applauded; and the censure which the unacknowledged fault would have met with, ought to be mitigated; yet, if some degree of blame be not attached to the misconduct, that total impunity will be a tacit encouragement to a repetition of it.

It is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that neither parent nor instructress should ever forfeit a promise made to a child, even though the performance of it should be attended with inconveniences, unperceived when it was made.—A promise ought, in my opinion, to be considered as equally binding with the most sacred contract: it is the seal of confidence between man and man; and, if the impression is suffered to be effaced by circumstances or situation, adieu to honor, rectitude, and faith!

Selfishness, in youth, is a propensity which ought to be reprehended with as much severity as failings which may appear to have a more alarming tendency; for it is not only a propensity which will increase with years; but it will corrupt the disposition, and destroy all the finer feelings of the heart.—Its consequences are more to be dreaded than the most violent ebullitions of passion. Reason may conquer the latter; but the former grows with our growth, and renders the being under its influence not only unamiable, but completely despicable.

How much is it to be lamented that parents and instructors do not sufficiently discriminate between the errors of the head, and the failings of the heart!—I have myself

seen a child severely whipped for breaking a pane of glass in playfulness, and his brother only slightly reprov'd for eating a sixpenny cake without giving the other any part.

By pointing out those principles which ought to be carefully implanted in the youthful bosom, I have proved that I consider what are termed accomplishments, as a secondary concern; and happy would it be for the rising generation, if this opinion were more generally prevalent.—Accomplishments are, doubtless, necessary in certain situations: but, in the wide field of moral duties, they hold a very subordinate station:—like a gilded frame, they embellish a fine picture, without increasing the artist's credit.—An unassuming accomplished female is an ornament to society, and certainly possesses the means of rendering herself agreeable; and I would not have it supposed I mean to infer, that, because she possesses fashionable acquirements, she must consequently be unamiable.—On the contrary, I conceive, that, when good principles are established, and a sense of moral rectitude firmly fixed, she will feel it a duty to devote those acquirements to the gratification of her friends.—How frequently have I been in company with young ladies who have actually had a little fortune spent upon them, yet, if requested to play or sing for the gratification of the society, mortify their parents by a refusal.—Had these young ladies been properly instructed in the duty and gratitude which they owe to the authors of their existence, or been taught the necessity of endeavouring to render themselves pleasing to their friends, they would have felt a secret satisfaction in complying with their parents' wishes, and, in some

degree, compensating for a heavy expense.

The idea has frequently struck me, that it would be a most judicious measure, if female seminaries were formed according to the elevation, or gradation, of the pupils' rank; for, can it be prudent to educate a farmer's or a merchant's daughter upon the same system that would be adopted with a nobleman's? As there is a wide distinction in their sphere of life, so ought there to be a different plan pursued in the mode of their education: but the evil unfortunately extends far beyond the boundaries of the school; and, to sustain those partialities which are formed at an early period, these unfortunate girls must, in dress and appearance, vie with their high-born acquaintance. Usefulness is beneath their consideration: domestic duties would degrade their consequence; and their ill-judging parents too late feel the folly of a fashionable education.

But, alas! the mischief which arises from educating children above their stations, is not confined to the respectable classes of society which I have named; for the tailor's, the shoemaker's, and the little farmer's daughter, all feel the effect of this lamentable mistake.—Instead of these truly pitiable young women assisting their mothers in the family concerns, or rendering themselves useful in their trade, their mornings are spent in practising upon an instrument, and their evenings in visiting their numerous acquaintance.—Can any honest farmer's son, brought up in industrious habits, ever think of making a young woman of this description his wife? He may, it is true, derive pleasure from the jingling tones of the piano; but he will feel that a com-

plete knowledge of domestic economy is essential in a wife.

A few days back, I received a most interesting epistle from an intelligent correspondent in Suffolk, upon this most important subject, containing an anecdote, which I cannot withhold from my readers, conceiving it must add weight to what I have said.

“A wealthy and most respectable farmer in Suffolk placed his daughter at a justly celebrated school, with positive injunctions to the governess that every accomplishment should be taught. In the pride of parental affection, and under the idea of witnessing the great improvement of his daughter, he paid a visit to the mistress of the school, and eagerly inquired whether the young lady learned every thing that could be taught?—Capability, however, unfortunately was wanting; and the judicious governess confined her instructions to her pupil's comprehension; and with candor acknowledged that the poor girl had not a *capacity* to learn all he wished.—“Capacity!” repeated the astonished father: “then, madam, why don't you buy one for her?”

(To be continued.)

The DEBTORS;  
a Narrative founded on Facts.  
By MARIA.

(Continued from page 353.)

THERE is something too strongly binding in early affections and early habits, for the power of the designing easily to break through; or Louisa Pennington had not urged the friend, whose society was so inimical to the plans of her new associates, to accompany her in the premeditated excursion.

Though Mrs. Blissington and Mrs. Lumore might have been

considered as rival queens in the reign of fashion—yet, like two able generals, they agreed to form a coalition in their designs upon our heroine. Each of these ladies had a son; and the two youths, under the tuition of their respective mothers, were to practise the art of insinuation.—That this was their design, Mrs. Montgomery had discovered, previous to their quitting the metropolis; and, alarmed lest the object of her solicitude should become the victim of interested motives, she candidly avowed her sentiments.—That very close association, however, which Mrs. Montgomery had feared might prove an attraction to the affections of her beloved pupil, acted as a repellent; for she had an opportunity of discovering many traits in the disposition of both her admirers, which even her immature judgement could not avoid condemning.

On the second day after the party had reached Cumberland, an express arrived to Louisa's attached friend, informing her that her aged mother was feared to be at the point of death.—By this intelligence, those seeds of affection, which had apparently lain dormant, were roused into action; and Miss Pennington declared her resolution of accompanying her friend to the abode of indisposition.—To this proposition numerous objections were started; and Mrs. Montgomery, who knew her mother's humble habitation could not afford a comfortable residence for a young lady of Miss Pennington's fortune, thought, that, by acquiescing in the affectionate proposal, she should expose herself to the charge of being interested in her views. It was therefore determined, that, after visiting the Lakes, the party should immediately return into Yorkshire, as Mrs. Mont-

gomery's mother did not reside more than thirty miles distant from Miss Pennington's estate.

When Louisa saw the carriage drive from the door, which separated her from the protectress of her childhood, and the friend of her riper years, she felt as if deprived of every earthly blessing; and severely did her heart reproach her for many recent instances of disregard.—No time, however, was allowed for reflexion: the Blissingtons and the Luxmores redoubled their attentions; and, in a few days, that void, which had been left, was completely occupied by variety and pretended affection.

Taught from childhood to admire the varieties of nature, and to adore nature's God, Louisa beheld the beautiful scenery around her with the most gratifying emotion.—Her party appeared to participate in these sensations; and, as every pleasurable emotion is increased by participation, Louisa felt not the loss of her intelligent companion's society; so unremitting were the attentions of her new associates.—The weather, which had been peculiarly inviting, suddenly underwent a total revolution; and the smooth expanse of Derwent, Bassenthwaite, and Bittermere waters, became violently agitated by a continued hurricane. The rain fell in actual torrents—the whole scene of nature appeared changed.—At that moment of *ennui*, two young men of fashion, of Charles Luxmore's acquaintance, arrived in Cumberland, to give animation, and inspire delight.—Cards, which had been in great measure suspended, were now introduced, even in the early part of the day; and Louisa, whose mind was unoccupied, resorted to them with additional glee.—Though she had previously lost large sums to the

some party, yet, without acknowledging it, she had frequently been checked by the remonstrances of her friend: but now, left entirely to her own discretion, she played with impatient avidity, and unpardonable thoughtlessness.

The blended sensations of duty and affection prevented Mrs. Montgomery from returning to her young friend; for her mother's indisposition was of that dangerous, yet tedious nature, that rendered it impossible for her to be left.—From this unfortunate circumstance, the inconsiderate Louisa was thrown upon the world, and surrounded with temptations, without one being to advise her against the numerous allurements to pleasure and dissipation, to which a young woman of large fortune is naturally exposed.

That, in the sketch of the history of an heiress, the subject of love should never have been introduced, may strike some of my readers as an unpardonable omission: but the truth is, that, though Charles Luxmore, and George Blissington, made strong attacks upon Louisa's affections, her heart was completely defended; and, when she could no longer parry off these redoubtable heroes, she capitulated by a promise of eternal friendship.

When the heroine of my narrative had positively rejected the two young gentlemen, she was considered as a fit object for their mothers' interested designs; and, while each lamented the blindness of her perception, each determined to profit by her propensity to the irresistible vice of gaming.

As Mrs. Montgomery's letters had declared the impossibility of leaving her aged mother, the party found little difficulty in persuading Miss Pennington to relinquish the idea of revisiting her paternal domain, and

to spend the remaining part of the summer at those celebrated watering-places, where folly and fashion united reign.

I shall therefore pass over those intervening months which were spent in these excursions, and re-instate my heroine in her residence in Portman-square—merely saying, that the youthful tourist had expended a sum far beyond what prudence or propriety could have allowed.—The winter months passed in one continued round of gaiety. Miss Pennington's parties were the most splendid of any in town: but how the expense was defrayed, or whether poor Hemming's successor observed punctuality with her numerous tradesmen, never once entered into Louisa's thoughts. This young lady's plan had merely been to send her own woman to the steward with an order for two or three hundred pounds, according as her ill success at the card-table made her require the immediate use of that sum.

One evening, however, she had been peculiarly unfortunate, and, returning home at a late, or, rather, early hour, desired her Abigail to inform the steward that she must have five hundred pounds by nine o'clock.—Astonished at the demand, the man declared his inability to comply with it; and at the same time desired the *femme de chambre* to inform her lady, that she was at liberty to inspect his accounts, as he was certain she was not aware of the immense sums she had expended within the last twelve months.

Louisa, who had always been accustomed to have her wishes in pecuniary matters instantly gratified, was actually petrified at the refusal; and, for the first time, conscience whispered, that she had been shamefully wasting her fortune.—It was



in vain that she tried to silence that impressive monitor; for, like a creditor whose patience has been exhausted by broken promises, it resolved to be heard:—sleep totally fled from her eye-lids; and she arose, unrefreshed, at an early hour.—The steward was immediately summoned into her presence. “Jackson,” said she, “I must positively have five hundred pounds; for I am actually miserable at the idea of being in debt, even for a few hours.”

Jackson repeated his inability to comply with her wish, and informed her that there were many tradesmen's debts, which he was unable to discharge, from her having drawn so largely upon him for her own private purse.—“Debts!” exclaimed Louisa—“how is that possible? do not my estates bring me in seven thousand a year?”—“True, madam,” replied Jackson: “but you have lived at the rate of near double that sum.”

The sudden eruption of a volcano could scarcely have given a greater shock to Louisa's feelings. Pale and trembling, she tottered to her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, burst into a violent flood of tears.—The five hundred pounds which had roused the dormant feelings of my heroine, had been lost, the preceding evening, to a relative of Mrs. Luxmore's; and, as she could not support the idea of remaining in debt to a gentleman, she resolved to borrow it from that lady, until her steward could receive remittances from Yorkshire. For this purpose, she ordered her carriage to be brought to the door immediately; and, with sensations which it would be difficult for the power of language to describe, she descended the stairs, with the intention of soliciting Mrs. Lux-

more's aid.—In passing through the hall, her astonishment was excited, by seeing nine or ten persons waiting there; the greater number of whom pressed eagerly forward, and implored an audience.—Foremost in the number was a young female, on whose countenance distress, amounting to agony, was strikingly depicted. “In mercy, madam,” said she, “permit me to speak to you; for I come to plead a suffering father's cause!”

“Speak to me!” repeated Louisa with a mixture of compassion and astonishment in the tone of her voice—“Surely,” continued she, turning to the porter, “you have not refused admission into my presence?”—“I have attended daily for these three weeks, madam, in the hope of seeing Mr. Jackson,” rejoined the young woman—“but have never been able to obtain an interview.”—Louisa darted a look of resentment at her servants; and, turning to her dejected petitioner, said, “Will you do me the favor to walk up stairs?”—A crimson glow of delight beamed upon the pallid countenance of Jessy Jameson (for such was the young woman's name) as, with apparent humility, she accepted the invitation, and followed my heroine into her dressing-room.

“Oh! madam!” exclaimed the hapless girl, as she closed the door of the apartment, “how shall I repay this kindness and condescension? I fear I have been too bold: but the distresses of a beloved father will, I hope, plead my excuse.”

“Tell me, without reserve, in what manner I can serve your father,” rejoined Louisa, taking the amiable Jessy by the hand.—“Oh! if you will only have the goodness, madam, to order your steward to pay his bill, that is all I request of you; and, had he done it a month

sooner, my father would not have been arrested for his rent."

"His bill!" repeated Louisa, in a tone of astonishment.—"Do you mean to say, that I am in your father's debt?"—"Yes, madam," replied Jessy: "he is the person who has furnished you with all your exotics; but he has had several heavy losses lately; and Mr. Jackson was in a great passion with him for asking for payment of his bill. Yet, had it been discharged, madam, he could have paid his landlord every farthing; and might, with the blessing of God, have been now in good health; but the misery of being torn from his family, and inclosed within the damp walls of a prison, has brought on a complication of dangerous diseases."

"Sick, and in prison! and all through my negligence!" ejaculated Louisa, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears.—"I will go instantly to your father, express my sorrow for his sufferings, and remove him to some comfortable habitation."—As she said this, she moved toward the door; when, recollecting that she had not the power of fulfilling her promise, she returned to the bell, rang it with impatience, and desired the steward to come immediately to her.—The servant returned in a few moments, with intelligence that the steward was not at home.—Agitated beyond expression, she eagerly inquired of Jessy, what sum she owed; and, being informed ninety-three guineas, she instantly opened a private drawer, took a morocco case from it, and desired Jessy to follow her.

The persons whom she had seen in the hall, were still waiting; and, concluding that Jessy Jameson had been successful, eagerly crowded round her, requesting the payment of their different accounts.—"My

good friends," said Louisa, endeavouring to feign a composure which was very foreign to her feelings, "it is only from this young person I have discovered that I had one unpaid debt: but have the goodness to call upon me to-morrow morning; and I will examine, and, if possible, discharge all your bills."

A grateful buzz of approbation burst from the lips of Louisa's auditors, as, with hurried steps, she passed on to her carriage, followed by the delighted Jessy, who had previously been desired to accompany her.—The coachman was ordered to drive to her jeweller's.—When the carriage stopped, Louisa descended from it; and, expressing a wish to have a private conference with him, she was shown into a back apartment.

"You will be astonished at the request I am going to make, sir," said Louisa, in evident embarrassment: "but it is necessary that you should know that I have been unpardonably inconsiderate; and that the consequence of it is, that I am in debt.—My steward has, I fear, acted in an unprincipled manner: but that does not diminish the censure attached to myself.—I have a pressing necessity for a hundred and fifty guineas, as a security for which, I will leave you my diamond necklace.—Will you then, sir, oblige me with that sum of money? it is not to be devoted to extravagance, but to the discharge of a long contracted debt."

The agitation of Louisa's manner, the amiable principle by which she was actuated—united to the novelty of the request—acted very forcibly upon the mind of the jeweller; and, closing the casket, he put it into her hand, saying, "I feel a secret satisfaction, madam; in being able to comply with your

wishes; and your word is a sufficient security for the money."—Then opening an iron closet, he presented her with the sum she had requested.

Had Louisa's mind been in a frame to moralise, she would imperceptibly have drawn a comparison between the actions of the jeweller, and some of her fashionable friends, whose interested conduct had frequently shocked her feelings, though their amusing qualities prevented her from being guided by her judgement.—With the liveliest expressions of gratitude, she received the hundred and fifty guineas, and, returning to her humble companion, desired the coachman to drive to the Fleet prison, where the unfortunate Mr. Jameson languished on the bed of sickness.

*(To be continued.)*

—  
*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century,  
(Continued from page 377.)*

AN enchanting spectacle displays itself to his eyes: the most valuable productions of both hemispheres, collected in this island by the bounty of nature and the industry of art, flourish together in perfect harmony: the trees of Europe and those of India, often inimical to each other, here meet in social accord, and blend their varied foliage: the birds of those different climates, perched on the same boughs, live in friendly union, mingle their diversified plumage, and join their notes in concert. No cloud sullies the brilliant azure of the ambient sky: peace and happiness smile around: the eye is lost in long bowers, planted by the hand of nature: the mountain streams are rich with gold, which the inhabitants disdain to gather. Here stand altars consecrated by Virtue herself to the Supreme Being:

here the Batavians taste perfect bliss, and the savages partake of the same felicity—enjoying all the rights and privileges of men.

William is for a while captivated by the charms of this delightful spot; and the soft murmurs of the brooks, with the soothing mildness of the air, seem to banish from his mind a part of his cares: but suddenly his thoughts revert to his scattered fleet, to the Belgic towers, and a nation groaning in chains. Immediately he returns to the shore, and, addressing the chief of the isle—"A fortunate, an unexpected chance," said he, "has conducted us across the stormy seas to this island, which is to us as another home: but do not attempt to prolong our stay among you. Even in this Elysium, I have heard the sighs of the oppressed Batavians: and can I then consent to loiter here in inglorious ease? No! I must depart, though I were constrained to encounter the perils of the raging ocean in a frail skiff. While I speak to you, the moments are rapidly on the wing—no doubt, the Batavian patriots are already engaged in the martial contest."

"I could wish," replied Aldamene, "for a longer period to enjoy the company of such dear, such illustrious guests: but they cannot continue to absent themselves from the glorious career which they were preparing to enter—from which they have been forcibly snatched away—and to which their generous courage impels them to return. And we, notwithstanding the extent of ocean which divides us from the ancient world, compose but one family with the inhabitants of our mother country: there sleep the ashes of our fathers: in clasping you to our bosoms, we have drawn closer the bonds which unite us

with the Batavians: we bear the same name with them; and can we ever consent that they should crouch under the ignominious yoke of slavery? Condescend, however, for this single night, to repose in my abode: can you consent to depart, without honoring our roofs with your presence? and shall we have renewed our pleasing ties only for one short moment, to vanish like the fancied bliss of a æthereal dream? Your friends are busily employed in the execution of your commands, and preparing to unfurl the sails of the largest of our ships. Here also you have found true Batavians: deign, therefore, to confirm our constancy by the sight of the valiant defenders of the Batavian name: grant to us this short delay; and afterward devote the remainder of your life to the service of our unhappy countrymen."

Nassau, his brothers, and the chiefs who accompany him, are won by the friendly importunity of the aged sire to follow him to his dwelling, where they find a feast prepared, and enjoy the fraternal welcome of their host and the other inhabitants of the isle.

The night is passed in conversation, which by turns melts and sublimates the souls of the islanders. The hero relates to them his successes and his disasters—describes the flames of the Inquisition devouring his native country—draws the portraits of Philip and Alva—fixes the attention of his audience on the unshaken courage and heroic death of Brederode, with the captivity of Horn and of Egmont—nor forgets the fate of his son Buren. Then transporting them in idea to Germany, where several of the princes and freestates had embraced the Belgic cause, he describes his victorious passage of the Meuse—the sudden

terror which Alva spread over Belgium—the loss of the battle—the friendly oak which was his sole refuge at that disastrous moment—the Batavian and Gallic bands quickly rallying around him—the assistance which he carried to Coligni—two Batavian provinces giving the signal of liberty, and inviting him to the supreme command—his hasty departure from France—and the tempest, which, at the moment when he was eagerly hastening back to the fields of war, had driven him to their isle.

Attentive to his interesting tale, the islanders, and, above all the rest, Irthur, and young Idahra the mistress of his affections, felt their bosoms alternately agitated by the lively emotions of admiration, grief, fear, hope;—and the tears bedewed their cheeks.

The soul of Aldamene hung upon the lips of William.—“Revered abodes of our fathers!” said he, “how deeply we at this moment regret that we abandoned you, when, under the empire of Charles, we consented to separate ourselves from our native land—impelled, less by the prospect of the rising troubles, than by the apprehension of those which we already anticipated from the government of Philip, even at the time when his father called him from Madrid to exhibit him to the Belgians! Conveyed to Genoa in Doria’s vessel—young as he was, he dared to advise that virtuous sire, whose valour had delivered his country, to erect a strong citadel, as a curb to the liberty of the republic; and this tyrannic counsel was interpreted as prophetic of his own future conduct, when seated on the throne.

“While kings and pontiffs from year to year protracted the sittings of that tumultuous assembly collect-

ed from all parts of the Christian world\*, which was to disarm the belligerent powers, to fix at length our mode of faith and worship, and to reform the vices of the popes—but which produced no other effect than that of multiplying errors, scandals, and wars—at the invitation of happiness, we steered our course to this sequestered isle. Till the moment when it received me on its hospitable shore, my life had passed as a day of continual storms: long tossed by their violence, I at length enjoy the calm of a serene evening, at a distance from those tempests which throw the whole universe into confusion; and, full of confidence in the Supreme Being whose hand guides the thread of our fate, I fear not the night of death, which already approaches, and hovers over my darkening eyes. I stand as it were in the avenue to a happier abode, where Virtue no longer sheds tears, and which is not contaminated by the presence of tyrants. Even in this life they are punished:—though surrounded by a prostrate crowd of fawning courtiers, they are objects of universal horror: even to their own eyes they appear stamped with the mark of reprobation, whenever an intrusive ray of light discovers to them the hideous vices that lurk within their breasts: and can they ever pluck from their bosoms the goading stings of remorse, that inflexible executioner of eternal justice?

“While Philip, surrounded with pomp and pleasures, issues his sanguinary edicts—while he aggravates the weight of his yoke on the necks of mankind—you, who have hitherto scarcely experienced aught but calamity—you, who are tossed by

the storms of fortune, and who, ready to encounter still more terrible tempests, display on your countenances the calm serenity of courage and virtue—are greater than that haughty despot, though he were seated on the throne of the universe.—Warriors! if my age and experience entitle me to add a new stimulus to your generous enthusiasm, let me exhort you to assume the unshaken firmness of the rock, in withstanding a successive series of new disasters. Rapt as it were, beyond myself, I at this moment read the dark page of futurity: yes! my heart bounds with joy at the glorious prospect! I behold the Batavians free: I see the arm of the Almighty conducting that nation, together with you their generous defenders, through the steep and winding paths of misfortune, to the peaceful summit, where, beyond the reach of the tempest, reigns undisturbed felicity.”

He pronounces these last words with such energetic force and dignity, that the warriors fancy they hear the accents of one of those revered sages of ancient times, who appeared illumined with a ray of celestial wisdom, and commissioned to reveal the decrees of heaven. At the same time, the orient sun, gilding the summits of the woods and mountains, displays to their view his beams, and gives the signal of their departure—a departure too hasty for the wishes of their friendly host; and already, enflamed by the prophetic voice of the aged sire, they arise, and, in spite of the charms of his conversation and the attractions of his delightful abode, take their way toward the shore.

At this moment, the untutored Peruvians who inhabit the forests of this isle, arrive in a body, and boldly present themselves to Wil-

\* The council of Trent, which assembled in 1546, and closed its sittings in 1563.

hian, whom their leader thus addresses—“Illustrious chief of a nation for whom Victory reserves her brightest laurels, in us you behold an unfortunate race, escaped from the ruthless barbarity of the Spaniards. In sparing our lives, they no doubt reserved us to be the victims of a new species of cruelty: for there are among them a set of monsters under the shape and appellation of men, who, mutilating the limbs of their captives in order to prevent their flight—and being content, as they say, thus to preserve the half of a slave—condemn them to cultivate, for the benefit of a cruel master, that soil which has been drenched with the blood of our ancestors—that soil, which, in the broad face of day, lies strewed with the blanched bones of its murdered inhabitants.”

“Nor let your mind harbour a suspicion that these are the exaggerated accusations of inveterate enmity: never have the Peruvians been guilty of falsifying the truth.—Too surely were we destined to undergo that atrocious treatment: but we preferred the worst of deaths, and, bursting our chains, converted their broken fragments into irresistible weapons. The centinels who guarded our dungeons fell under our desperate efforts: others crowded in to their assistance: we sacrificed them all: and, our rage proving more serviceable to us on that occasion than our former valour, we burst our way through all opposition, and, by paths unknown to the Spaniards, gained a distant part of the coast, whence, in light canoes, we reached these forests, where we have now too long remained in expectation of death—a death unsweetened by vengeance on our inhuman foe.”

“At length a voice has reached our ears—no doubt, a voice from heaven—which has imparted to us

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the news of your arrival, and, apprising us of your past exploits and your present designs, has excited in our bosoms an eager desire and a flattering hope of being permitted to participate in the glorious enterprise in which you are hasting to engage. Heretofore, while you were combating our enemies in the old world, we were shedding their blood on our native plains: we are your allies: we swear inviolable friendship to the Batavians, implicit respect and submission to the orders of their chief, whom from this moment we consider as ours also. William! we offer you the unbought arm of free-born valour, and wish to accompany you, were it to the extremity of the universe, to avenge our fathers, their tombs, our fields, our forests, our country deluged with blood. In the hour of battle, let us be stationed wherever you think certain death awaits the gallant warrior whose sword shall have strewed numerous Spaniards in the dust. All we require of you, is to furnish us with arms.”

Then displaying a heap of gold, which his labors and those of his countrymen had torn from the bowels of the earth, “This gold,” added he, “the fatal produce of our climate—this gold is said to be in the old world the price of every object of man’s wishes. Let it therefore serve to promote the success of your enterprise, the glory of the Batavians, the vengeance of Peru and Mexico, and the punishment of crimes hitherto unexampled.”

*(To be continued.)*

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

*(Continued from page 362.)*

CHAP. 16.

The heart, that, sorrow doom’d to share,  
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,  
Its sad impressions learns to bear,  
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

3 G

But, when that seal is first impress'd—  
 When the young heart its pain shall  
 try—  
 From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,  
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

*Longhorne.*

It is almost needless to say that the French ladies and Richmond were among the earliest topics of discourse between Mrs. Egerton and her niece. The aunt mentioned, that a letter from Madame D'Almenie, two days before, said he was sufficiently recovered to venture into the open air; and, while they were mutually lamenting those circumstances, which, though unrevealed, had evidently cast a blight over the brightest period of his life, a chaise drove hastily to the door, and, almost before a conjecture was formed as to what visitor it conveyed, the subject of their conversation rushed into the room where they were sitting—attempted to articulate something—but, on perceiving Miss Monson, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sank upon the floor in a fainting-fit.

For some moments, they concluded him dead; and, while thus stretched inanimate before them, his emaciated figure, his bloodless checks, his sunken and now closed eyes, gave no other idea than that of a person who had ceased to exist. In a few minutes, however, some signs of life appeared, and he was conveyed to bed.

His servant could give no other account, than, that, after about ten days' convalescence, and going out into the air, he suddenly became in a state little short of phrensy—sent to the nearest town for a hack chaise and four horses—would not listen to any representations respecting his unfitness to travel, and employed himself in writing till the carriage arrived. He then set out instantly, and kept urging the post-

boys all the way to increase their speed, saying he thought he should not live to reach Woodfield; and, if he did not, a letter must be taken from his pocket, and forwarded.—The man further declared that the journey was so far beyond his master's strength, in the enfeebled state to which he was reduced, he thought, if it had lasted much longer, he could not have survived it; and that the fit, which had alarmed them so much, was merely the natural consequence of such an imprudent exertion.

As the servant finished his account, he presented the letter, which, he said, after undressing his master, he took out of his pocket; for he was sure it was of consequence, and should be looked at, in case it gave directions about any thing, as the poor captain must not now be spoken to, the doctor said; nor indeed, if he was, could he make a reply.

To the infinite surprise of both ladies, the packet was directed to "*Miss Monson.*" Julia had some hesitation about opening it: but her aunt insisted on the propriety of the measure; and, having conquered her scruples, they read as follows—

"Pardon, ever adored Miss Monson, the incoherencies of the most wretched of human beings, who thus presumes to address you: and—suspended, as it were, between two worlds—he need not be suspected of motives, which (as he hopes for salvation) would never, even in the most ungovernable moments of his life, have found a place in his bosom.

"To dwell on the fervency of a passion which can only terminate with his existence, is now unnecessary.—Once, Julia, you repressed its effusions. I knew they were unfit to meet your ear, and sub-

mitted in silence; though, with the enthusiasm of love, I fondly fancied, a heart, devoted like mine, was more worthy your acceptance, than such worldly distinctions, as are the expected tributes to youth and beauty.

“ I need not portray the effects produced by distress of mind. Possibly, indeed, you may have heard that a fever, which succeeded your departure, reduced me to the brink of the grave. Contrary to my wishes and expectations, I have survived the crisis: but judge, how little, in the early period of convalescence, I am fitted to receive intelligence, in comparison with which the stroke of death would have been mild.

“ By my good-natured landlady I am informed that you are on the point of marriage—that every thing is fixed for the celebration of your nuptials. She mentioned it as a piece of news, to amuse an invalid—and, ignorant of the anguish she inflicted, named it with that satisfaction, which a prospect of advantage to the worthy and the good excites in hearts like hers, which can feel a pleasure in the happiness of others.

“ She dwelt upon the great riches, the fine houses, the splendid carriages of Lord Blenmore, till she almost drove me mad: for I know the man; and I exhort you, as you value your own happiness, not to tie yourself to one of the weakest of his sex, in whose imbecile mind the seeds of vice and folly are already thickly sown, and who is as incapable of appreciating, as he is unworthy of enjoying, perfections like yours.

“ Examine your own heart, my beloved Miss Monson! It is framed for more refined felicity, than to lead the fashion, or give the ton to a giddy multitude. In the brilliancy

of wealth, or the glitter of dissipation, would it not vainly seek its counterpart, and sigh for that domestic happiness, then, alas! unattainable? As a friend, I warn you to withdraw from the precipice on which you stand. This, I solemnly swear, is without one selfish view towards my own wishes, or a spark of malice to a man, whom your acceptance only will teach the world to envy.

“ In all probability, before this reaches you, *my* wishes will be forever terminated: and the last my soul is capable of forming, will be for your welfare. Yet—to avoid every scruple on your part to comply with the entreaties of an avowed, a passionate lover—I fly to obtain the sanction of your inestimable relative to these admonitions. Her heart, I well know, ever alive to the soft impulses of humanity, will not refuse to forward them, or listen to the detail I am enabled to give of the frivolity and insignificance of him, to whom your misjudging parents have guided your choice.

“ In a moment of desperation, I once thought of rushing into your presence, and attempting to gain a promise, that you would not thus rashly tifle with the first blessings of existence: but (thank Heaven!) I had still reason enough left to keep me from such a step. I felt that I was not authorised thus to intrude upon your father's house, or even upon *you*—that, by so doing, the purity of my motives might be suspected: and, while listening to the music of your voice, or beholding the fascination of your smile, I feared I might be drawn into pleading for myself, instead of exhorting you, as I do now, for your own sake only, to break those unworthy shackles.

“ Much more would I say: but my head turns giddy: I know not



what I write; and the pen trembles in my hand, while I add, that, though believing myself on the verge of eternity, I must, till received to the bosom of my Redeemer, be yours alone."

The tremulous writing, the uneven lines, too clearly indicated the condition in which poor Richmond had penned this wild epistle. Many a tear, and many a sigh, did it call forth from the sympathizing heart to which it was addressed—a heart, now possessed by a passion as fervent, though more temperate, than that of the unhappy young man; by whose anxiety for her welfare it was dictated.

Deeply indeed did she rejoice that it was only through the error of report, her marriage with the Earl of Blennore could be spoken of, as concluded upon: but, as he had talked publicly of the *generosity* of his proposals, she was not surprised, that the world had taken her acceptance of them as a certain consequence, or that, at forty miles' distance, the matter should be settled for her, in a way diametrically opposite to her own intentions.

She observed that the letter was without a signature: but *that* she imputed only to the writer's inability to continue an exertion too evidently beyond his strength—little suspecting the distress he endured, while conscious of not being legally entitled to any particular name—and, to the woman he adored, ashamed of using one which was surreptitious, or rather adopted from motives of temporary conveniency.

The condition of the invalid visibly improved through the next day: for, even in the midst of suffering and sickness, the sweet consciousness of vicinity to the woman he loved—and the soft hopes, which, even though unsanctioned by proba-

bility, stole over his mind from this circumstance—had a medicinal effect; and the physician pronounced, that, if no fresh fatigue or agitation was encountered, his patient might yet do well.

Julia, fully aware of the critical situation in which she stood, was anxious to evade any conversation with Richmond, and requested that her aunt, if he ever began on the subject which had carried him thither, would assure him of her unceasing gratitude—that she sincerely lamented the effect which an unfounded story had produced; as, so far from her marriage being settled, nothing would have induced her to accept Lord Blennore; but to entreat at the same time that he would control his emotions, and, while possessing her sincerest friendship, confine his own regard within similar bounds.

(*To be continued.*)

#### *The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

(*Continued from page 306*)

*The History of Mrs. D'Anville, inclosed in the preceding Letter.*

"SHOULD any other eye than my own ever glance over the following pages—stop, gentle reader, and indulge, for a moment, this reflexion—that no worldly advantages of birth and fortune, though universally coveted and envied, can secure the possessor from the miseries incident to human nature.

"My prospects were most fair: but, alas! how are they now blasted! My name, before I became the wife of D'Anville, was Seymour—my father, the last male heir of a very ancient family, who had for a long series of years maintained the same rank in life. Their fortune, accumulated through successive generations, was now centred in my father, whose large landed property

lay mostly in Hampshire, where he almost constantly resided—very seldom visiting the metropolis, for the follies and pleasures of which he had a most hearty contempt. He prided himself on being an independent country gentleman, whose family had, time out of mind, supported their principles and independence. He despised titled honors, and called them the badges of court slavery:—he had a still greater dislike to moneyed men, who had grown rich in trade; for he considered their inordinate wealth as acquired at the expense of their fellow subjects.

“ A man with these confined notions could not be an agreeable companion to gentlemen of more liberal principles. My father possessed sound sense: and, had he received the benefit of an enlarged education, and been used to the society of men of learning and refinement, he would in all probability have been an honor to the country he lived in. But his parents’ destructive fondness confined their only son at home, and thought it was knowledge sufficient, to know that he would one day be lord of all around him.

“ Such as I have described him, his manners were too arbitrary and boisterous to allow his company to be courted by men of his own rank and fortune, who had received those educational advantages from which he had been debarred. But there were a certain class of men, who could bow before my father’s pride, laugh at his jokes, and *encore* his wit, for the sake of the good things that were to be enjoyed at his sumptuous table: for my father was generous, hospitable, candid, and sincere—his faults and his virtues were alike open to public inspection.

“ How different is the character

of D’Anville! Dark, mysterious, gloomy and reserved, avaricious and hypocritical, he had the appearance of virtues which he did not possess, while he carefully concealed from his unsuspecting friend the numerous vices that sullied his character. How hard is my fate, to be obliged to cast such a dark shade over the names of those with whom I am so nearly connected! But my father’s memory will, notwithstanding all his faults, be ever fondly cherished by me with reverence and love. D’Anville! I would fain cherish the same sentiments for you: but your unkindness has rent a heart, which tenderness and attention might have made your own.

“ My father married a young heiress, who fell in love with him; for he was handsome and good-natured.—My mother, I have been told, was mild and amiable, and might, had she lived long with him, have softened the roughness of his manners, as he was passionately fond of her. But she lived only to present my father with an infant daughter, when death snatched her from a world which she was formed to adorn. The grief of such a man as her husband, when deprived of a darling object, was, as may be imagined, loud and impetuous: but its very violence made it not of long duration. The love he bore the mother, now centred in the little girl she had left him: he was dotingly fond of his child, and was often heard to vow that he would never give his little Fanny a step-mother.

“ This excessive fondness would, in all probability, have been extremely prejudicial to me, had I not most fortunately been as fondly beloved by a maternal uncle, whose tenderness was more rational than my father’s, and made him, as I advanced

in years, suggest to my parent the necessity that a girl of my rank and expectations should receive a proper education.

“ My father listened long, without being convinced of the propriety of my uncle’s arguments. ‘ What! be deprived of the prattle of his girl, just as she came to the age of being entertaining to him? Impossible!’—but the fear of depriving me of my uncle’s fortune at last extorted from him an unwilling consent to have me for a while separated from him. This one consideration of additional wealth was of far greater consequence, in his opinion, than the culture of my mind; and this, I can truly say, was the only period of my life, in which my large expectations in the least promoted my happiness, as it was my father’s inducement to yield to the importunities of my uncle.—At his desire, I was placed under the care of a lady whom he had known for years—a woman of family, but of decayed fortune, who had been educated in the severe school of adversity.—She was well qualified in every respect for the arduous task of instructing a young female mind.

“ The days I passed under her roof, were days of peace and happiness.—Oh! thou most respected and beloved of women! were it possible for thee to look down on the miseries that now press heavy on the head of thy beloved Fanny, how would thy pure and benignant spirit lament the fate of the hapless being who is toiling through a world of woe, from which thou art happily released! Vain, vain ejaculation! Thou canst not now sooth thy Seymour’s sorrows; nor can she listen to thy mild precepts of resignation and fortitude. The world is now a desert to the heiress of an immense fortune: in a magnificent mansion,

she pines in solitude and distress: she languishes for what millions cannot purchase—health and peace of mind.

“ Three other young ladies, with myself, formed the number of Mrs. Freeman’s pupils. We had the attendance of the first masters in the different branches of female education:—the formation of our minds was more peculiarly her care.

“ The unbounded liberality of my father kept me supplied with a greater plenty of money than my companions. I was generous and open; but my donations were not always prudently bestowed. Mrs. Freeman, sensible of my father’s and uncle’s partial indulgence, and the large command I had of cash, encouraged my charitable propensity, and endeavoured to give me an idea of that refined kind of charity, of which few minds are capable. ‘ It is not merely giving money, my dear Miss Seymour,’ said this excellent woman, ‘ which constitutes true benevolence. I wish my dear girl’s *manner* of giving may create as much pleasure in the receiver, as the gift itself.—Money, injudiciously bestowed, is often productive of evil. The healthy industrious laborer, from a more liberal supply of cash than he has been used to, neglects his labor, grows lazy, careless, and perhaps drunken; and his family suffer all the inconveniences of poverty and distress resulting from the very benevolence which is intended for their relief.—Be careful then of these poor people, Miss Seymour: relieve their necessities; but do not set them above the station in which Providence has placed them.—In your journey through life, my dear young friend, you will find many deserving objects suffering all the horrors of poverty, aggravated by the poignancy of a delicate and

feeling mind, which feels reluctant to make known their misfortunes, and whose misfortunes, when known, it is equally difficult to alleviate. Be it your study, my beloved Fanny, to unite delicacy, feeling, and address, when you meet with such a being as I have described: and you will then experience that pure heart-felt pleasure, which true benevolence, blessed with the power of making others happy, alone can know.'

"Beloved mistress! thy precepts have made an indelible impression on my memory; and I trust I have in some degree profited by thy advice. But of this amiable, this pious woman's care and attention I was deprived at the early age of sixteen. She died, and left many to lament her loss.

"My father now took me home, and, at that early age, gave me the management of his family—placed me at the head of his table; nor was I ever excused from this duty, as he declared that he never relished his dinner, unless I carved for him. In consequence of this, I was introduced to a variety of company, very few of whom I could receive any improvement from. Indeed, the promiscuous company, that visited at my father's, were by no means a proper society for a young and delicate female, known to be heiress of such large possessions. Young as I was, I was disgusted at their boisterous manners and coarse gallantry. The conversation of my uncle indeed was an infinite source of happiness to me; for he was all that was amiable, gentle, and good. But death, ever my implacable enemy—that has now, alas! torn from me all my dear connexions—snatched from me that uncle, whose loss I shall ever deplore.—His death put me in possession of his large fortune, which

he left to me independent of my father.

"The death of my uncle, so soon after that of my beloved governess, affected my spirits so sensibly, that my father, alarmed lest my health should suffer from the depression of my mind, used every effort to alleviate my dejection; and, as the most efficacious method he could think of, he requested the company of a young lady, to whom he knew I was very much attached. Time, and the converse of the friend I loved, imperceptibly restored to me my tranquillity.

"Among the many advantages I derived from my residence with Mrs. Freeman, was the intimate connexion I formed with one of her pupils.—Laura Byron was, in every sense of the word, perfectly amiable. Attached to each other by a similarity of sentiment, our friendship ripened with our years. This attachment was the more perfect, as there was not the smallest degree of rivalry between us. I was not handsome; and—what was most extraordinary—I knew that I was not. The brilliancy of my eyes could not, with the shadow of propriety, be compared with the lustre of the diamond; nor did the lily and the rose conjoin to ornament my cheek. But my Laura was lovely to an eminent degree: nature had been profuse in forming her person charming; nor was her mind unworthy such a beautiful fabric:—in a word, to my partial eyes, she appeared the most accomplished creature I had ever beheld.—In her society I always was happy:—my father sometimes indulged me with permission to visit her; and I frequently had the pleasure of having her with me.

"Miss Byron had an only brother, whose exterior, like hers, was fashioned by the hand of harmony: but

his internal excellencies were far inferior to hers. Osmund Byron was a most elegant young man: but to sense, sensibility, or refinement, he was an utter stranger. Weak and illiterate, yet he was proud and imperious, and insufferably vain of his personal accomplishments. This gentleman, such as I have described him, did me the honor of paying me his addresses. The heiress of Mr. Seymour's extensive lands possessed more attractive beauties, than the sparkling eye, the vermilion lip, or dimpled cheek. Gold—precious, glittering, yellow gold—brought me lovers by hundreds.

“The attentions of this young man were extremely disagreeable to me.—It was evident that Mr. Byron encouraged the addresses of his son:—my Laura was silent:—she loved her brother; but she saw that I was averse to him.—As the brother of one so dear to me, I wished to esteem him; but to love him was impossible.—The common mode of repulse had no effect on Osmund:—he was encased in vanity and self-approbation. “Was it possible that I could view his fine person with indifference? that I could disregard *him*, who was caressed, flattered, and admired by too many of my undistinguishing sex?”—I was obliged to be more explicit in my behaviour: he could no longer mistake me: his pride took the alarm; and, to my inexpressible joy, he once more left me free from restraint.

“Miss Byron had often described to me, in terms of warm commendation, a cousin of hers, whom I never had been so fortunate as to meet with, when on my visits to her. At length, one day, on our return from a ride, Mr. Byron introduced me to his nephew, the representative of the elder branch of his family.

“The exterior of Sir Thomas

Byron had nothing striking in it: but his very first address to me was in a style so far superior to any thing I had ever met with in my secluded way of life, that I believe my surprise was visible in my countenance. Perfectly polite and elegant in his manner, it was easy to perceive that he had received every advantage that could be derived from a finished education, and an habitual association with people of the first fashion. His conversation was agreeable and insinuating; and it cannot be doubted that Miss Byron and I were highly pleased with his company. Studiously attentive to give us pleasure, he hardly ever quitted us. He read to us, walked with us; and his conversation heightened the pleasure of every scene.

“Inexperienced as I was, I could soon perceive a difference in Sir Thomas's behaviour to me and his cousin. To her he was affectionately tender, and treated her as he would a beloved sister: to me he was more reserved, yet more attentive. He would fly to oblige me: he watched every turn of my countenance: his hand trembled, when he touched mine; and there was an expression in his eyes, which plainly told me that the affection he felt for me was different from that which he entertained for his cousin. My vanity was gratified: I thought I could but be happy with such a man as Sir Thomas Byron, and that my father would most certainly be pleased with the connexion. In short, with the sanguine impetuosity of youth, I indulged in the golden dream of imaginary happiness. My reflexions were pleasant: they gave animation to my features; and, for one of my serious turns, I was uncommonly cheerful.

(To be continued.)

*Female* GENEROSITY,  
*and Royal* GRATITUDE.

THAT justly celebrated monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, after the battle of Ivry, dreaded a revolt among his soldiers. This apprehended revolt was not the effect of disloyalty, but from an inability, on the part of the king, to pay his troops. His coffers had been drained—he was fearful of imposing new taxes; and he had no hope of preventing the dreaded misfortune, but in the generosity of individuals.

Alarmed with apprehension, yet convinced of his subjects' affection, the king consulted with a favorite courtier upon the interesting topic, and informed him he knew, from good authority, that the troops which were encamped at Marli would revolt, unless some method could be devised for prompt payment.—The nobleman, after a few moments' reflexion, informed his royal master, that he was intimately acquainted with an opulent merchant's wife, who possessed the power of assisting his majesty, and who, to evince her attachment to his person, would sacrifice her life.

“Let us, my friend, immediately visit that noble-minded woman,” said the monarch; “and, as I should wish to hear her real sentiments of me, I will accompany you in disguise.”—The plan was no sooner suggested, than put in practice. The amiable Madame Le Clerc happened to be alone: the nobleman, as her intimate acquaintance, was instantly admitted; and the king was introduced as an officer.—With that warmth of expression which proceeds from genuine feeling, Madame Le Clerc congratulated both gentlemen upon the success of the king's arms.—“Alas! madam!” replied the nobleman, “I fear we

have little cause for congratulation. The king is unable to pay the troops who have fought so nobly for him; and I have every reason to expect a revolt.”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Madame Le Clerc. “Let not that, however, afflict our gracious sovereign; for he will doubtless find resources to prevent the dreaded evil. He fights in too glorious a cause, to be abandoned; and many of his subjects will follow my example.”—So saying, she quitted the apartment, but returned in a few moments with several bags filled with gold.—“Present these, sir, to the king,” said she, “in my name; and wish him all the success and happiness he so justly deserves.—This is all I can have the satisfaction of offering him at present: but assure him, that my life and fortune are at his disposal.”

“Generous woman!” exclaimed the king—“Henry himself most gratefully acknowledges the extent of the obligation you have conferred; and be assured that the sense of it will be indelibly engraven upon his heart!—The moments, however,” continued the king, “are too precious to be devoted even to expressions of gratitude: we will hasten to the camp, to distribute your bounty among the soldiers; and may Heaven bestow upon you an everlasting reward!”

The delighted monarch returned to his troops, and, with expressions of gratitude for their bravery, distributed Madame Le Clerc's bounty with his own hand; when, with one voice, “*Vive le Roi!*” resounded through the no longer disaffected camp.—From that period, success crowned all the monarch's undertakings; and, when the war happily terminated, the king invited Madame Le Clerc to the palace on a

day when the court was remarkably full.—Taking her affectionately by the hand, he presented her to the nobility, saying, “In this lady, you behold the sincerest of my friends: it is to her generosity I owe the preservation of my kingdom, and the fidelity of my soldiers.” He then briefly related the proof of her munificence, and the effect it had produced upon his disaffected army: “and, without her assistance,” added he, “it would have been impossible for me to have carried on the war.”—He immediately gave orders for the reimbursement of the sums with which she had so generously assisted him, and directed the payment to be accompanied with a patent of nobility.

When Madame Le Clerc heard this public testimony of her sovereign's gratitude, she could not restrain her emotion, and burst into tears.—“Sire!” said she, “could you know the gratification I have experienced, you would not think it necessary to offer me any reward.”—The family of Le Clerc, however, was, from this disinterested act, ennobled; and many different branches of it have since eminently distinguished themselves.

#### NEGRO GRATITUDE.

THE following remarkable instance of gratitude in a West Indian female occurred during the present war, and is related on the authority of a British officer, who was an eye-witness of the transaction.

Part of the fifty-first or fifty-second regiment, which had been some time in the West-Indies, were suddenly ordered to remove from the spot in which they had been stationed, to a different place, and every vessel that could be procured, was engaged to transport them within a limited space of time.—Just as a vessel had put off, a black woman was seen running with great eagerness toward the beach, and, by a variety of gestures, imploring the captain to wait.—Unaffected by her distress, and unmindful of her entreaties, he commanded his men to un-

furl the sails; when an officer on board, affected by the violence of her sorrow, implied the captain to let her be received.—The captain still refused, alleging, as a reason, that the vessel was already too full of passengers. The poor black woman, however, had so far interested the humanity of a waterman, that he rowed her up to the ship, when, falling upon her knees, she informed the commander of it, that her husband was upon the island where the regiment was going. “Oh! massa! if you have one wife in your own country, do you not love, do you not long to see her?” said the attached creature, with hands uplifted, and eyes swimming in tears. “I will be upon de deck—I will take up no room below. Oh! massa! in pity take me to my own dear William.”

The officer, whose sympathy had been excited merely by her gestures, informed the captain that he would readily relinquish his own birth, and made use of every argument in his power to induce the commander of the vessel to comply with the poor woman's request.—Whether humanity, or shame, operated in the applicant's favor, is of little consequence—she was received on board the ship, and restored to the arms of her faithful William, who appeared to feel the force of conjugal affection equally with herself.

Scarcely had the regiment been landed, when officers and soldiers were indiscriminately attacked by the yellow fever; and so fatal was its effect, that not one third of the number survived to return.—The whole atmosphere seemed infected with contagion; and it was with the greatest difficulty that any attendants could be procured. The officer who had displayed so much humanity for the poor black woman, was among the number of those who were pronounced incurable.—The attached creature had accompanied her husband to his master's country residence, which was some miles distant from where the yellow fever raged: but, the moment she heard that her benefactor was suffering under it, she flew to the spot, overwhelmed with grief.—She found him in a room surrounded with the dead and dying; poison was in the very air that he breathed.—With the assistance of the grateful William, who had accompanied her, she carried him, totally senseless, to a retired part of the sea-shore.—The sheets which she had taken with her, she bathed in the ocean, and wrapped them round the body of the invalid:

she then sent her husband to a neighboring gentleman's plantation, requesting two or three quarts of vinegar. As soon as it arrived, she wetted the sheets with it, at the same time bound a napkin, soaked in it, round his throbbing head; then, leaving her patient to the care of William, she went in search of some herbs, whose medicinal virtues she was acquainted with—Of these she made a decoction, of which the invalid was frequently made to drink, and, in the course of four-and-twenty hours, the fever abated, and he was blessed with returning sense.—The spot she had chosen, was under a large plantain tree, the boughs of which served as a canopy: the air from the sea revived him; the decoction sustained him; and, in less than a week, he was able to walk a short way.

The joy of this grateful creature was displayed in a thousand antics, which at once amused and gratified her patient's mind; and, from the moment when she first took him under her care, until he was perfectly recovered, she never quitted him for half an hour, except on the single occasion above mentioned, when she went in quest of the medicinal herbs.

This proof of gratitude in one of those beings, whom the illiberal-minded have asserted to be not endowed with the same susceptibility of feeling as their more enlightened fellow creatures, at once proves the error of the opinion, and does honor to the human heart.

#### MEDLEY.

*Reading, a Passport to Matrimony*—Sir G. Mackenzie, in his "Travels in Iceland," informs us, that, in the ecclesiastical code of that island, "an article is extant, singular perhaps in its nature, but admirable in its design, which gives to the bishop, or even the inferior clergy, the power of preventing any marriage where the female is unable to read. This law, which provides such a powerful pledge for the instruction of the rising generation, is still occasionally acted upon, though, probably, not with so much strictness as in former times."—On this passage, a Reviewer remarks, that "an infliction of similar pains and penalties, on fair delinquents in orthography, would probably appal the ladies in some more favored countries of the world."

*Saint Denis and his Head*.—Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Horace Wal-

pole, relates the following anecdote and *bon-mot*.—"The Cardinal de Polignac, a great talker, and teller of stories, and excessively credulous, was speaking of St. Denis, and relat'd very seriously, that, when his head was cut off, he took it in his hand, and carried it, as all the world know; but all the world did not know, that, having suffered martyrdom upon the hill of Montmartre, he carried his head from Montmartre to St. Denis, which is a distance of two leagues.—'Ah! Monseigneur,' said I to him, 'in such a situation, I should suppose *qu'il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*.'"—

*Saint Denis outdone*.—An Irish gentleman, at Paris—hearing the above-mentioned exploit of St. Denis seriously related to an admiring audience—determined, as the best comment on it, to tell a better story—an extempore fiction of his own. Accordingly, he very gravely observed, that, although St. Denis had certainly performed a wondrous feat, he humbly conceived that St. Patrick had surpassed him: "for," said he, "our saint, having gone over to Scotland to preach the Gospel, was beheaded by the pagan Highlanders; when, behold! he took his head in his mouth, and swam back with it to Ireland"—The whole company unanimously acknowledged the superiority of St. Patrick.

*Fallacy of Appearances*.—The "Critical Review" for last April gives the two following remarkable instances of the danger of trusting to appearances.—"The sudden disappearance of the master of a family gave cause for the strong suspicion of murder; and one of the servants was so disordered in his imagination, probably by the bare apprehension of the suspicion falling on him, that he confessed himself the author of the deed, and not only himself, but implicated some of his own nearest relations as accomplices. This man, we believe, was

\* "The only difficulty, is in the first step"—a common phrase in France, nearly equivalent to our "Well begun is half done," or, "The ice once broken, the rest will follow of course."—Ridiculous, however, as the tale is, the *Budards* [or *Cochneys*] of Paris actually believe it, and even assert, that the numerous stone crosses, along the road from Paris to St. Denis, were erected to mark the identical places where the headless Saint sat down to rest from the fatigue of walking with his burden.

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hanged. Whether his death was attended by that of any other victims to his delusion, we do not remember; but, some years afterwards, the person, supposed to be murdered, returned, and accounted for his absence in some manner which did not at all implicate the unfortunate maniac who had suffered for it."—"Some years ago, a murder was committed somewhere about Islington, for which two men were tried, and the countenance of one of them positively sworn to by a person who was present at the time, and in company with the deceased. The men were convicted and executed; yet an *alibi* might have been clearly proved at the trial. At the time when the murder was committed, these men were actually engaged in a highway robbery somewhere else; but, as the *alibi* could not have been produced without an avowal of the robbery, the law was (rather unaccountably, we must confess) suffered to take its course upon the remaining evidence."

*The Barometer*.—*Bon-mot of Bishop Hough*.—Mr. Wilmot, in his Life of that prelate, relates the following anecdote.—"A young clergyman, curate of a neighbouring parish, taking his leave of him one day, and making many awkward bows, ran against, and threw down on the floor, a favorite barometer of the bishop's. The young man was frightened, and extremely concerned; but the good old prelate, with all the complacency possible, said to him, 'Don't be uneasy, sir. I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years; but I never saw it so low before.'"

*Royal Recipe for a bad Appetite*.—Mr. Britton, in his "Architectural Antiquities," quotes from Farmer the following anecdote of Henry VIII.—"Having disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, he contrived to visit, about dinner-time, the abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the abbot's table. A surloin of beef being set before him, (which, by the bye, he is said at some after-time to have knighted) he played so good a part, that the abbot exclaimed, 'Well fare thy heart! and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds, could I feed so heartily as thou dost: but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken.' The king pledged him, and, having dined

heartily, thanked him for his good cheer, and departed. A few days after, the abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, kept a close prisoner, and fed, for some time, upon bread and water. At length, a surloin of beef was placed before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal, the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the abbot gave with no small pleasure, and, on being released, returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before."

*Incorrigible Depravity*.—Mr. Mann, in his "Present Picture of New South Wales," noticing the inveteracy of bad habits in some of the convicts, gives a remarkable instance of it in the case of one Samuels, who had been convicted of a burglary, and sentenced to be hanged. When he was suspended, the rope happened to break in the middle; and the criminal fell prostrate on the ground. On a second attempt, the cord unrove at the fastening; and, on a third, a new accident occurred, to delay his being launched into eternity. The provost-marshal, affected with the scene, represented the case to the governor, who was pleased to extend mercy to the prisoner: but neither terror nor clemency was sufficient to reclaim him: he persisted in his dishonest career, was removed to a distant part, and finally lost his life in an attempt to escape from the colony.

*Men and Statues contrasted*.—Madame du Deffand, above quoted, on mentioning, in her Correspondence, an interview with the Duke de Praslin, who had been one of the secretaries of state under the old French government, makes the following remark—"Men are not like statues. Statues appear less by being seen at a distance: men, by approximation, are reduced almost to nothing. Oh! what illusions are produced by place!"

*Critical Anecdote*.—The "Antijacobin Review" for last May relates, that, the conductor of a rival publication having applied to a gentleman to write an article on a particular subject for his Review, the person, to whom the application was made, desired to know what book it was intended that he should criticise: to which the reply was, "Never mind that:—do you write the article; and we will find a book to suit it."

## POETRY.

*The POET'S INVOCATION to NECESSITY.*

By J. M. LACEY,

*Author of the "Farm-House, and other Poems."*

NECESSITY, we've long been told,  
Is bright Invention's ancient mother;  
And I am now so short of gold,  
I almost think that I'm her brother.

Allowing this to be the case,  
I may invoke my sister, surely;  
And, as Invention is my niece,  
Between them I shall write most purely.

Oh! then, Necessity! great dame!  
Goddess of more than I can mention!  
Show me the golden road to fame,  
And send, as guide, my niece, Invention.

And, pr'ythee, store her little brain  
With stanza, canzonet, and sonnet:—  
These, on the road, may get us gain,  
And feed us at the inns upon it.

For, sweet Necessity! 'tis fit  
You should be told what I can tell ye;  
Unless some novel thought I hit,  
Nor beef nor pudding fills my belly.

When deign, oh! pow'rful goddess! deign  
To help thy brother on to glory;  
And, if I ever reach that fane—  
Fame's lofty temple, known in story—

I swear, by all the lines I've penn'd,  
By all the ink, and all the paper,  
That I have us'd to little end  
By morning sun, or midnight taper,

That I will then erect a shrine  
Sacred to thee, where ev'ry poet,  
Who feels, like me, that thou'rt divine—  
If he can get so high—may show it.

The Muses' pow'r to thee thus giv'n,  
Thou *nine in one!* thou all-inviting!  
They may fly back from earth to heav'n!—  
For we, alas!—must live by writing!!!

*The PRISONER'S Address to HOPE.*

Oh! Hope! thou sweet eternal spring,  
Where flowers bud, but never blow!  
Where Zephyrs mount on painted wing,  
And fancied streams of pleasure flow!

Thou friend to ev'ry guiltless breast,  
Who still, in peril's trying hour,  
How'er by various ills oppress'd,  
Caust exercise thy soothing pow'r;

To cheer and raise the drooping heart,  
Caust still thy magic spells employ;  
And, bidding present griefs depart,  
Picture sweet scenes of future joy;

Caust to a captive chief of Spain  
Day-dreams of liberty restore—  
Such as, upon my native plain,  
I ouce enjoy'd, nor wish'd for more—

Such as—when Britain's patriot bands  
Have vanquish'd Gallia's hostile crew,  
And Peace has bless'd the smiling lands—  
Iberia's sons again shall view!

Then frowns in vain the dungeon's  
gloom; [pears—  
For there the charmer, Hope, ap-  
Its dark recesses to illumine,  
And point to future, happier years;

To whisper, on some blessed day  
Again shall liberty be mine,  
When I shall feel the sun's warm ray,  
When I shall see all nature shine!

Then seems renew'd each former joy—  
Love, friendship, fortune, all my own!  
Bright scenes of bliss my mind employ;  
And fancy mounts her airy throne!

What, if the baseless fabric fall,  
And yield to real mis'ry's pow'r?—  
The lovely vision to recall,  
Shall cheer the captive's lonely hour.

Oh! then, with me for ever dwell,  
Soul-soothing charmer! still remain  
Within the pris'ner's darksome cell;  
And lighten still his galling chain.

Come! nor the wretches e'er refuse:—  
Though still thy brightest joys de-  
ceive—

Yet paint new scenes in rainbow lines;  
And I will bless thee, and believe!

MARINA.

*Sonnet, written on my MUSIC-BOOK.*

By J. M. L.

Oh! book of harmony, I write on thee;  
For on thy surface fair my paper lies.  
Thy sweet contents have long been dear  
to me;

For music, next to poesy, I prize.

Within, thy pages offer, to the ear—  
Where woe has pour'd her dull dis-  
cordant note, [fear,  
Some soothing air, to lull the throb of  
That seems on Echo's soft'ning wings  
to float:

White ev'ry passion that our nature  
knows  
Its correspondent melody may find,  
From war's loud notes, to love's diviner  
close, [mind!  
To raise, to dignify, to soothe the  
Still, then, oh! book of harmony! to me,  
Thy melodies a solace sweet shall be!

*The early FLOWER.*  
By J. M. L.

AN early flow'r had rear'd its head,  
And flourish'd in its native bed,  
By Sol's indulgent ray:  
But, ah! too early thus it rose:  
Invested soon by winter's snows,  
It sunk to swift decay.  
So ANN was fair as summer's morn:  
She ne'er had felt woe's piercing thorn,  
Or known misfortune's pow'r—  
Till anguish, sorrow, grief, at last,  
Pour'd round her form their bitter  
blast—  
She perish'd like the flow'r!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
in our Magazine for July.*

MIRTH and LOVE—By J. M. L.

SORROW is the bane of man:  
Oft in chains she binds him.  
Mirth can fill with joy his span;  
But she seldom finds him.  
Sorrow sinks his soul in care:  
Who is he do'a't dread her?  
Mirth soon draws him from despair:  
Who then would not wed her?  
Mirth! with thee then let me trace  
Ev'ry peaceful pleasure:  
But let Love still find a place,  
'Midst my bosom's treasure.  
If of Blisses I would tell,  
Mirth may give me many:  
But is Love's diviner spell  
Equall'd yet by any?  
No! 'tis not! Then be their *fate*  
Close conjoin'd together:  
Mirth and Love, in wedded state,  
May defy all weather.  
Mirth, when vowing to obey,  
Made her vow sincerely.  
Souls, thus mingled, cannot stray:—  
Such love long and demly.  
Mirth can never grow profound;  
And, should Love turn preacher,  
Mirth will deem it holy ground,  
Proud of such a teacher.  
Happiness must be their child,  
Gay as Mirth, and smiling;  
And, like Love, with accents mild  
Ev'ry pang beguiling!

*New BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.*

Fane, strain; Song, throng; Theme,  
supreme; Lord, ador'd; Soul, control;  
Sky, cry; Praise, raise; Voice, rejoice.

*The BELVEDERE APOLLO\*.*

\* \* \* Pleased, as our fair Readers must have  
been, with the successful prize poem on that  
admir'd master-piece of art, they cannot be  
displeas'd with the following elegant, though  
unsuccessful, production on the same subject,  
which want of room alone prevented us from  
giving, with the former in our last Number.  
—They will recollect that the beautiful statue  
in question represents the god in the character  
of a hunter, and in the act of watching the  
flight of his arrow, just discharged at the  
serpent Python—From its original station  
at Elis in Peloponnesus (now called Belve-  
dere—whence its designation) it was formerly  
remov'd by the Romans to the Vatican, and  
thence latterly transferred by the French to  
Paris, where it now graces Bonaparte's mag-  
nificent collection.

BENOLÓ, where, form'd by Phidias'  
plastic hands, [stands!  
Bright with each dawning grace, Apollo  
His eyes, irradiate with celestial light,  
Trace the uoeruing arrow's airy flight:  
From his high brow a length of hair un-  
furls, [curls.  
And down his shoulders rolls in wavy  
A gem sustains the undulating vest,  
That seems to flutter o'er his heaving  
breast; [shine:  
Clasp'd on his feet, the wing'd sandals  
The rest unclad reveals the form divine.  
Such fancy paints him, as, with peerless  
mien,  
Light hounds exulting on the level green  
The Bower God, and pants to join again  
The sylvan bands on soft Arcadia's plain,  
Where, in the chase, or o'er tall Cyathus'  
brow, [bounding roe.  
His fate-wing'd shafts transfix the  
A mark'd pre-eminence the godhead  
proves;  
And gazing Dryads languish as he moves.  
Once in fair Greece, secure from dread  
alarms, [arms,  
That rous'd her warlike sons to impious  
Thou saw'st, Apollo! wide o'er Elis'  
plain, [less reign.  
Spread the calm glories of her blood-

\* In the poem on this subject, in our  
last Number, our fair Readers are re-  
quested to correct a typographic error—  
dreadful for deathful—and to read the  
first distich thus—

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?  
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful  
cry?

'Twas thine, to see the Sun of Science  
 rise [skies :  
 From Cecrop's fates and brighten Roman  
 'Twas thine to see the phalanx' close ar-  
 ray  
 Decide the fortune of the doubtful day ;  
 'Thine to lament thy country's waning  
 fates, [hundred states,  
 And view her trembling through her  
 When proud Rome's legions, with re-  
 sistless sway, [of day ;  
 Stretch'd their vast empire to the spring  
 'Thine to behold her patriot heroes slain,  
 And daughters captive cross th' Ionian  
 main !

At length from Elis to the Lation shore  
 The lords of earth thy hallow'd statue  
 bore. [brow,  
 There, from the Vatican's commanding  
 Thou saw'st the crimson'd flag of Con-  
 quest flow, [plain,  
 Till— is a flood, that, sweeping o'er the  
 Spoils the long labors of the anxious  
 swain— [dome,  
 The Goths relentless ras'd each stately  
 Steerly triumphant o'er the wreck of  
 Rome— [tur'd form,  
 Defac'd with barb'rous joy the sculp-  
 And Zenxis' canvas, e'en like Nature  
 warm— [bust,  
 Laid low the Palian porch, the breathing  
 And imag'd Casars hurl'd to native dust.  
 And now, alas ! in stern Napoleon's  
 days, [days :  
 Thou see'st a realm where ev'ry art de-  
 For Genius shrinks from the uncutur'd  
 plain,  
 Where horrid war and desolation reign !

## BERTRAM'S FATHER.

*A Spanish Ballad**(From Mr. RIDD'S "History of Charles the  
 Great, and Orlando")*

SLOWLY through the field of battle \*,  
 Through the field where heroes lie,  
 Goes th' old man : his arms are weary,  
 Turning of the numerous dead.  
 O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen :  
 Bertram still he could not spy :  
 Sev'n times cast they lots, to seek him,  
 Who should with the task comply.  
 Fortune shows in three her malice ;  
 And on four she sets a spell :  
 All the seven on his father,  
 On his luckless father, fell.  
 Now he gives his horse the bridle,  
 And pursues his lonely way :  
 On the road by night he travels,  
 Seeks him on the heath by day.

\* The battle of Rousesvalles.

On a lofty turret watching,  
 He at length a Moor espy'd,  
 And in Arabic address'd him—  
 Thus the aged warrior cry'd—

" Saw you, Moor, a noble captain,  
 One that's clad in armour bright ?  
 Gold I'll give you for his ransom,  
 If a prisoner seen in fight.

" But, if slain, his body give me,  
 In the hallow'd ground to rest :  
 What, without the soul, the body ?  
 Poor the favor I request !"

" Friend, describe the knight you're  
 seeking,

How you fear some ill betides."—

" White the color of his armour :  
 On a soot-steed he rides.

" In the cheek he once was wounded,  
 Where the mark is still display'd ;  
 When a little boy, through anger,  
 By a rav'ning goose-hawk made."

" In yon meadow, cold and lifeless,  
 Lies the knight you wish to greet :  
 In a sand-pit lies his body ;  
 In the water lie his feet."

*Sonnet to NIGHT.**(From "Ballad Romances," &c. by Miss  
 ANNA MARIA PORTER.)*

Now gl'am the clouded host of stars !  
 and low [light  
 The vestal Dian, with her lamp of  
 Half-veild in mists, above the moun-  
 tom's brow [gilds the night.  
 Glides through the shadowy sky, and  
 Here, while the desert moor, the water  
 still, [dim and far,

In deepest gloom are stretch'd, and,  
 The hamlet rests in sleep, what fancies  
 fill [mar !

This lonely heart, and holier musings  
 For haply now, amid yon specious  
 scene, [big youth destroy ;  
 Death's noiseless scythe some bloom-  
 Or Sorrow o'er wan embers weep past  
 joys ; [gnish keen ;  
 Or houseless Hunger raves with an-  
 Or Murder o'er some corpse, with bloody  
 hands, [does stands !  
 Harkning the last dread cry, tremen-

MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON ;  
 or the Battle of SALAMANCA.

BARDS tell us, in the realms below  
 Great chiefs with martial ardor glow ;  
 Since all departed spirits love  
 That which distinguish'd them above :  
 Thus Britain still is Marlborough's care,

As when he breath'd the vital air :  
 For, when through either hostile van  
 The dread career of death began,  
 The hero's shade was seen to glide,  
 Whens Tormes roll'd his blood-stain'd tide;  
 And, when the glorious day was won,  
 These sounds were wafted on the breeze,  
 That made proud Gaul with horror  
 " I live again in Wellington!"

*On Lord WELLINGTON's being honored  
 with the Spanish Order of the  
 GOLDEN FLEECE.*

To Wellington, whose triumphs never  
 cease, [Golden Fleece.  
 Spain gives, with grateful praise, the  
 Of poor John Bull the sad reverse is  
 told: [his gold?  
 For Spain has help'd to fleece him of

*A COQUETTE.*

CLARINDA's lovely face, each hour,  
 Fresh willing captives drew :  
 Each butterfly, that pass'd the flow'r,  
 Would sip it, as he flew.  
 With beauty's smiles she won the cold :  
 Upon the fond she'd frown :  
 With pretty tales she pleas'd the old ;—  
 And thus the girl went down.  
 Clarinda still doth single dwell ;  
 And thus she'll dwell for life ;  
 For who would ever have a girl  
 Who's ev'ry body's wife ?

*The RETORT COURTEOUS.*

A YOUTH, whose face and graceful air  
 Belied his silly mind,  
 Scarce bearded yet, would court the fair,  
 And found Clarinda kind.  
 But soon the fair, astonish'd, found,  
 The thing that caught her eye,  
 When she survey'd it round and round,  
 Was but a butterfly.  
 Indignant at the grudy thing,  
 She left him in a pet ;  
 And he, to vent his rankling spleen,  
 Proclaim'd her a coquette.

*The EYE preserved.*

*Imitation from J. B. ROUSSEAU.*  
 A MEDDLER, running to suppress a riot,  
 Received a blow that laid him quiet ;  
 For at his eye  
 A rogue let fly  
 The heavy thwack that floor'd him.  
 Hé made grimaces,  
 And hideous faces ;  
 When a doctor, rushing from the mob,  
 And very willing to obtain a job,

With gentle stimulants restor'd him.  
 " Ah, doctor!" cried the sufferer, with a  
 sigh,  
 As soon as he could stand—  
 " Ah, doctor! tell me, shall I lose my  
 eye?"— [drugs,  
 " Certainly not," replied the man of  
 With many solemn bows and shrugs:—  
 " I have it in my hand."

*On a grave young Lady, who was seen to  
 laugh in Church.*

YOU ask me, how Chloe, just now in her  
 prime, [of time.  
 Throws off the most cumbersome burden  
 Two points she pursues, and in equal  
 proportion— [devotion ;  
 Much spent in diversion, and some in  
 And she always takes care they shall  
 both be inverted— [verted.  
 At diversion devout, at devotion di-

*On Seeing a FLY settled on the LIP of a  
 young Lady.*

EXTRACT each sweet, thou wicked fly,  
 Which thou about the room may'st spy ;  
 But shun my Anna's lip :  
 For, oh ! the sweets, that flourish there,  
 Are far too fragrant, far too rare,  
 For man himself to sip.  
 Briston. R. P.—TT.

*The CELIBATARIANS.*

WHILE Harry one day was abusing the  
 sex, [to sex,  
 As things that in courtship but studied  
 And in marriage but sought to enthral,  
 " Never mind him," says Kate—" 'tis  
 a family whim :—  
 His father agreed so exactly with him,  
 That he never would marry at all!"

*The new TAX upon LEATHER.*

JOHN Bull us'd Frenchmen to abuse,  
 Because they walk'd in wooden shoes ;  
 But John must now these words recall ;  
 For John will have no shoes at all.

*Le VOL de PROMÉTÉE.*

CE feu divin, qu' aux cieus déroba Pro-  
 méthée,  
 Cette étincelle si vantée,  
 Chacun le sait, ne fut que la raison.  
 Quelquefois elle nous éclaire,  
 Mais trop souvent nous laisse faire  
 Bien des choses hors de saison.  
 " Bien volé ne profite guère."

\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation by any of  
 our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.





*London fashionable full Dress.*

*London Fashionable FULL DRESS.*

A demi-vest of sarsenet, the color of ripe corn, irradiated, from the centre of the waist, with rays of star-points, connected with small broaches of pearl, or silver studs—trimmed round the bottom with broad rich lace; the epaulettes of the vest having short sleeves of the same lace.—The under dress is of white lustring, and the mantle or shawl of purple crape, spotted with large silver spangles; or stars.—These detached draperies are much ad-

mired, as contributing greatly to elegance of form, and furnishing the occasion of graceful positions for the arms.—The necklace is of pearls, and double, with intermediate medallions.—The hair is dressed in irregular curls round the face, with a coronet à la Junon, of plate gold, burnished, and set with silver stars. The back of the hair, except two or three small ringlets, is drawn up into a gold net.—The shoes and gloves are of white kid—and the bracelets to match the necklace.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[London, August 29] Advices from Russia state that a series of actions between the centre and the two wings of the Russian army, and different divisions of the enemy, had taken place, which continued, with little intermission, from the 21st to the 31st of July, inclusive. The result is alleged to be, that the troops of Alexander were every-where victorious, and that the French, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, sustained the loss of 22,000 men. The slaughter was terrible; the Russians giving no quarter.

[22] The new levy of the Russians is going on with extraordinary success; and the sister of the Emperor Alexander has made the offer of raising 80,000 men from her own estates.

[22] *New York, July 6.*—The bill, imposing an additional duty of 100 per cent, on all foreign imported goods, has become a law.

[22] Advices from the Rio de la Plata, of June 7, announce the restoration of tranquillity between the Portuguese and Spanish colonies.

[24] It is asserted by intelligent officers, who were in the battle of Salamanca, gained by Lord Wellington on the *twenty second*\* of July, and who accompanied the allied army to the 31st, that the loss of the French, up to that day, was 22,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

[25] July 29, a French party rendered themselves masters of the fort and convent of Mont Serrat: They blew up the fort, and part of the convent.

\* Not the twentieth, as stated, by oversight, in our last Number.

[31] The immense quantity of combustible matter which has been discharged from the Soufrier Mountain, (says a *St. Vincent's Journal*) is equal to the bulk of the whole island.

[31] Letters, by the Gottenburg mails, state that a conspiracy had been entered into at Petersburg, to dethrone and assassinate the emperor, and to place the crown on the head of the empress mother; but that this nefarious design has been concealed, as much as possible, by the government.

[31] At Dominica, Governor Barnes prematurely dissolved two houses of assembly—the one for a refusal to vote supplies, the other for having declined to meet in October last, during a period of general alarm.

[31] The legislature of Tortola island have voted to Governor Elliott £4000 a year, which is 1000 more than was granted to any of his predecessors.

[September 1] A definitive treaty of alliance has been concluded between this country and Persia by Sir Gore Ouseley. The terms of the treaty are represented as highly favorable to British interests, and well calculated to unite the two countries in the bonds of a lasting and advantageous connexion.

[2] The Swedish diet, at Orebro, closed its sittings on the 18th of August.

[5] August 12, Lord Wellington's army, after having defeated a French force near Madrid, took possession of that city, from which Joseph Bonaparte had precipitately fled toward Toledo, leaving behind him a garrison in the Retiro [the royal garden or park] which



the French had previously fortified. That garrison, consisting of 2506 men, surrendered by capitulation on the 14th; and the allies found in the place one hundred and eighty-nine pieces of brass ordnance, nine hundred barrels of powder, twenty thousand stand of arms, and considerable magazines of clothing, provisions, and ammunition.

[5] *Vienna, Aug. 11.*—To defray the expenses of the necessary armaments, His Majesty has ordered a contribution of a florin per head upon all the population of the German provinces.

[5] *Vienna, Aug. 19.*—They write from Turkey, that Czerny Georges, general in chief, had arrived at Belgrade, and declared to the senate of the Servian nation, that it could no longer rely upon the Russians, who had failed in all the engagements which they had contracted with that unhappy country. He, nevertheless, added, that General Oruk had proposed the continuation of the support of Russia, only on condition of their submitting to that power, delivering up their fortresses, and placing their troops at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander. The propositions were rejected.

[7] July 16, the powder-magazine of the fortress of Lerida blew up; and the French garrison, consisting of 600 men, perished.

[7] To the chief command of the Portuguese army, with which General Beresford was already invested, the Prince Regent of Portugal has lately superadded an authority over every branch of the government immediately connected with the military service.

[7] In Sicily, an army of 20,000 natives is organising under British officers.

[8] Advices from India announce the death of Holkar, long the active and powerful enemy to our Oriental establishment.

[9] August 17, the French army, commanded by Bonaparté in person, attacked the town of Smolensko, in which the Russians had fortified themselves. After a sanguinary conflict of ten hours, the Russians precipitately fled by night, leaving behind them all their artillery, with immense quantities of provisions and ammunition—and having set fire to the town, which burned for thirty-six hours, and would have been entirely consumed, but for the exertions of the French.—The loss of the Russians on this occasion (as stated by the French) was 4700 killed, among whom were five generals—from 7 to 8000 wounded—and

2000 prisoners.—On the 18th, the French gained a new advantage over the Russians at Polotsk—and, on the 19th, another in the battle of Valentina.

[10] The Spanish Constitution was published in Madrid, on the 13th of August.

[10] August 18, the French garrison in Astorga, of 1200 men, surrendered to the allies.

[11] July 27, a serious disturbance took place at Baltimore, in Maryland.—A number of Antifederalists assembled, with apparently hostile intentions, before the house where the "*Federal Republican*" paper was published. A party of four or five and twenty Federalists within fired upon them, killed one man upon the spot, and wounded some others. The Antifederalists were now preparing to batter the house with a field-piece, when they were prevented by the magistracy and a body of troops, to whom the party within surrendered, and were conducted to prison.—The next day, the troops, being ordered out to protect the prison, and preserve the peace, refused to obey.—At night, a mob forced the jail, seized the prisoners, severely beat them, and left some of them for dead. One did lose his life: another was rolled in tar and feathers, and had the feathers set in a blaze round him.—The Federalists are those who incline more to a monarchical than to a popular government, and favor British connexion: the Antifederalists profess republican principles, and are accused by their adversaries of wishing to separate the United States into two or more distinct governments.

[11] Advices from Brazil announce the death of the Prince Don Pedro, on the 4th of June last. He had married the Prince Regent's daughter; and his issue will succeed to the throne of Portugal.

[11] July 11, the American General Hull, with 2000 men, invaded Canada, and took possession of Sandwich, two miles below Detroit, without bloodshed.

[11] July 16, a rencontre took place, near Malden in Canada, between about 300 of the American invaders, and about 200 British regulars and Indians. The Americans are stated to have put their opponents to flight, with the loss of two men wounded.

[11] In the night of Aug. 24, and the morning of the 25th, the besieging French abandoned their positions before Cadiz; and hastily retreated, leaving behind them a very numerous artillery, and a large quantity of stores and powder.

[11] *Lisbon, Aug. 25*—General Beresford has caused the Lieutenant Governor of Almeida to be tried; and he was shot two days ago.

[12] In Spanish America, the number of insurgents is said to have greatly increased, and, in Mexico alone, to amount at present to 70,000 men. Three hundred officers are said to have been sent to them from the United States, to assist and direct their exertions.—The contest is stated to have already cost near 100,000 lives, and to have reduced the annual produce of Mexico from twenty-five to about five millions of dollars.

[12] August 11, the French evacuated Bilbao.

[13] The Sicilian parliament, in their second sitting, July 26, passed fourteen resolutions, totally altering the constitution of the government. Among other salutary regulations, they abolish the feudal law, and the privileges of the barons over their vassals—render ministers responsible to parliament—decree that no Sicilian can be judged or condemned, except by laws to be recognised by parliament—and propose that a modification of the British constitution be recommended in the present session.

[14] The harvest in Sicily has been so abundant, that the price of wheat is reduced to half its former value. The like is the case in all the European ports of the Mediterranean. At Malta it has been lowered from 65 to 32 scudi.

[15] July 25, the American minister, and all other Americans resident in Algiers, quitted the regency, by order of the Dey, who had declared himself not satisfied with a cargo of naval and military stores, sent to him from the United States, pursuant to treaty.—A squadron of nineteen cruisers, of different sizes, had sailed from Algiers on the 13th.

[15] In Westphalia, by an order of Aug. 1st, every person, circulating any other than official intelligence respecting the armies in the North, is liable to imprisonment, until he state his authority.

[16] *Badajoz, Aug. 24*.—Valencia has

surrendered to the expedition from Majorca.

[16] All the guerillas in the neighbourhood of Madrid have placed themselves under the command of Lord Wellington.

[16] *Liverpool, Sept. 14*.—We have heard to-day that the American privateers are taking all the Americans with licences on board, from this country. They are good prizes by a late law of Congress, forbidding trade with Great Britain and her dependencies with licences, on pain of fine and imprisonment.

[18] March 11, a fire in the Mission-House at Serampore, destroyed 2000 reams of paper, and fones of type in fourteen languages besides English.—The damage is estimated at about £12,000.

[18] The Landgrave of Hesse, by an act of July 31, has declared his accession to the Polish confederation.

[18] Above 500 persons are stated to have perished during the night in which the suburbs of Riga were set on fire.—See our last No. Aug. [14].

[21] Aug. 28, at Abo, in Finland, the Emperor Alexander, and Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, had an interview, and a conference of nearly four hours, from which all their attendants were excluded.

[22] Advices from Quebec state that the American general Hull had made four attacks on Fort Malden in Canada, but was, each time, repulsed with loss.—An armistice was agreed on, till the effect of the repeal of the Orders in Council should be known.

[23] Sir Robert Wilson, who was present at the battles of Smolensko and Valcutina, states, that, in the former, the French lost above 12,000 men—the Russians, 6000 and two generals—and, in the latter, each army about 3000.

[24] August 24, the French hastily evacuated Toledo.

[24] Aug. 27, a body of the allies, under Gen. La Cruz and Col. Skerrett, took the city of Seville.

[25] Sept. 9, Lord Wellington, having surprised and routed a French force near Valladolid, took possession of that city.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty*.—The bulletin of September 5 says:—“His Majesty has continued nearly in the same state since the time of the last monthly report.”—Nothing further has transpired, to the present date, September 28.

*Price of Bread*.—Quarterly Wheaten Loaf, September 3, twenty pence—September 10th, 17th, and 24th, the same.

[*London, August 24*] Meetings of proprietors of manors have been held at several places in Kent, and other coun-

ties, declaring, that, on account of the backwardness of the harvest in particular districts, it will be expedient to postpone the first day of shooting from the 1st until the 14th of September.

[25] August 18, popular commotions and outrages took place at Leeds, on account of the dearth of corn.

[26] Yesterday, at Union-Hall, a carman was convicted in the penalty of 40s. and costs, for having forcibly passed through a turnpike-gate, without paying.

[27] On Monday, T. Lomas was executed at Chester for the murder of his master. [See our last No. Aug. 26].—From a conversation between him and his mistress previous to his execution, it appears that she goaded him on to the bloody deed, and held the candle while he committed it.

[28] Eight ships, just arrived at Hull from the whale-fishery at Davis's Straits, have taken ninety-three whales, producing 3127 butts of oil or blubber.

[31] At Folkstone, Aug. 19, after the tide had ebbed for three hours, it suddenly rose three feet, and as suddenly ebbed again; and this was repeated three times in less than a quarter of an hour.—A similar occurrence took place at Portsmouth and Plymouth about the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon.

[31] Ninety thousand stand of arms have been completed at the Tower within the last fortnight; 10,000 of which have been sent to Port Mahon, and 10,000 to Corunna.

[September 1] Several hundred hogsheads of pilchards were taken in Mount's Bay in the early part of the week. A great quantity of hake, pollock, conger, &c. have been taken on the coast this week. Tuesday, one boat at Newlyn had 600 hakes on board, which were sold for 2s. 9d. a burn, of 21 fish. Wednesday, the seans at Mervagissey had inclosed 1000 hogsheads of pilchards.

[1] At Plumey, near Lyme, as a cage of young goldfinches lately stood near an open window, a sparrow-hawk darted so violently against it, that he fell to the floor, and was taken by a person present.

[2] At Wells, on the 6th ult. at a numerous meeting of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Somerset, a county association was instituted for the education of poor children in the principles of the established church; and a liberal subscription was entered into for that purpose.

[3] The Catholic Aggregate Meetings

continue to be held successively throughout the several counties of Ireland, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament. The form of petition, uniformly adopted, is, word for word, the same with the general petition of the Dissenters of England, praying for a repeal of all religious disabilities.

[2] On an examination at Bow-street office yesterday, a boy of thirteen acknowledged, that, from his infancy, he had been trained to house-breaking; by his father, who, on a recent occasion, bored a hole in a cellar-door, through which he put the boy, who then went up stairs, and picked the lock of the hall-door, for his father's admission.

[3] A distribution of books of devotion is immediately to take place in the Royal Navy, in the following proportions, viz. one copy of the New Testament, two Common-Prayer Books, and two Psalters, for a mess of eight men, and one Bible to every two messes.

[3] On Monday, about 9 in the evening, as a gentleman, accompanied by a boy, was sailing in his pleasure-boat near Chelsea Reach, he was suddenly boarded by three armed ruffians, who jumped in from a cutter, and robbed him.

[3] At the Lancaster assises, a verdict was given against the Hundred of Salford, with £7000 damages, for the destruction of a manufactory by the mob a short time since.

[4] At the same assises, Aug. 27, a man, who, having been married in England, and divorced in Scotland, had contracted a second marriage during the life of his former wife, was (under the direction of the judge, Baron Wood) found *Guilty* of bigamy.—But the case is reserved for the consideration of the twelve judges.

[4] The subscription, for the erection of Mr. Pitt's statue in the Senate-house at Cambridge, has exceeded six thousand pounds, of which three have been paid to the statuary, Mr. Nollekens; and the remainder, after the payment of a few incidental expenses, is devoted to the foundation of a scholarship, to be called the Pitt scholarship.

[4] The Baltic fleet, of near 300 sail, (of which 130 are for London) is arrived in safety, and is said to have about 10,000 quarters of wheat on board.

[4] There was a very hot press on Tuesday and yesterday on the Thames; and press-warrants were bucketted yesterday in the city by the Lord Mayor.

[4] The Penny-a-week Association of ladies of Glasgow have remitted ninety pounds to Mr Fuller, of Kettering, to assist the Oriental translation of the Scriptures.

[5] *Aberdeen, Aug 29.*—In the beginning of this week, an immense shoal of herrings appeared on the coast near Peterhead; and, on Tuesday and Wednesday, a vast number of them was taken at that place, not less than from 800 to 1000 barrels for salting, besides large quantities taken by the numerous people who lined the shore, and readily caught more than they could find means of conveying to their houses. In consequence of such an extraordinary supply, fresh herrings were sold at one penny per dozen in the market. Some large fish, which had got among the herrings, were seen carried along on the surface of the water, as if lying on a solid body—Numerous whales, of the species called Finners, followed the shoal. Some of these are represented as of prodigious size, apparently about sixty feet in length.

[5] The epitaph on the famous Daniel Lambert, in Martin's burial ground, at Stamford, states that he measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds—at fourteen pounds to the stone—He died at the age of thirty-nine, June 21, 1809.

[7] Last week, near Norwich, two persons lost their lives by eating a quantity of a poisonous fungus, called toad-skep, which they had mistaken for mushrooms.

[7] Mr. Wm. Howden, of Boston, has invented a machine, by which the produce of an acre of corn is completely thrashed, and the straw raked off, in forty minutes.

[7] Janet Skinner, the fasting woman at Berwick, died in the work-house there on Tuesday se'night. {See our Magazine for last month, page 342}—For some days previous to her death, she was prevailed upon to take some victuals. Her first attempt was in sucking a lemon; and afterwards she took what nourishment was offered to her.

[8] Last Sunday, at West Ham, a Mr. Dodd—enraged at some jocularities which passed, at dinner, between a young man and Mrs. Dodd—plunged his knife into her heart, and caused instant death.

[8] The Luddites are again active in the neighbourhood of Halifax, and successful in seizing arms.

[8] The accounts from every part of the kingdom speak of the luxuriance of the harvest; and in many places it is completely housed—the effect of which has been felt at Shearboe, by a reduction of 4d in the peck loaf, this week; and a similar depression is expected in the beginning of the ensuing week.

[11] A riot took place at Nottingham, on the 7th, in consequence of a baker's having raised his flour two pence a stone. A mob broke his windows, and compelled him to lower the price sixpence. They treated almost every baker and flour-seller in the same manner.—Next day, carts loaded with potatoes were stopped in the streets, and the potatoes sold at reduced prices.—The bread, served out to the soldiers, was found deficient in weight; and many of them were seen active in the mob.

[12] Monday se'night, was laid the foundation-stone of a new school at Castle Bytham in Lincolnshire, for the education of a number of children of that and the neighbouring parishes for ever. It is to be built at the expense of the parishioners, who have also handsomely endowed it. The site of the building, with the addition of a play-ground, is the gift of Lord Gwydir, lord of the manor.

[14] Lately, a man, fishing in the Humber near Hull, having put his hand into the water, was stung under the thumb-nail by some venomous fish. The wound, being for some time disregarded, produced an inflammation in the hand and arm, which, in spite of copious bleeding and other surgical aid, was followed by a rapid mortification and death.

[14] During the last week, 50,000 stand of arms were shipped from the Tower for the Baltic, in great haste.

[14] At several of the provincial fairs, a gang of jockeys have been very successful in disposing of horses, fed with pepper and other stimulating spices, as of superior quality, at near ten times their value. In four instances, the animals died in the course of a few weeks after the sale.

[14] The present price of silver is 6s. 8d. the ounce—of gold, £5. 10s. equal to about £1. 9s. 6d. for the guinea.

[14] The Perthshire Florist and Vegetable Society lately exhibited, over the door of the Society-room, a thistle twelve feet high, thirty feet in circumference at its greatest horizontal expansion, and covered with a profusion of blossom.

[14] Ann Moore, of Tetbury, in Staf-

fordshire, who has lived upwards of five years without food of any kind, is still alive, and in all appearance in as good health as she has been for three years past. She is about 50 years old.

[14] The Princess of Wales, as ranger of Greenwich Park, has given her lodge there, for the use of the Naval Asylum.

[15] A few days since, such a shoal of that most dainty fish, the red mullet, drove from the sea up the river Exe to Topsham, that they were sold at 2s. per dozen, and under. It is now several years since a shoal of the kind came up the Exe. It has been conjectured that they are pursued from the ocean by the porpoises, as a vast body of the latter have been seen playing in Exmouth harbour; and, one morning last week, some of them, of a monstrous size, approached so near the bathing-machines, as to cause no little alarm to the bathers.

[15] A curious tithing-case was yesterday decided at Guildhall.—An inhabitant of St. Gregory's parish had refused to pay the tithes, because the clergyman was unable to articulate the words of the service intelligibly, and therefore, in the recusant's opinion, unqualified for his functions. The sitting alderman, however, (Mr. J. J. Smith) declared that he did not feel himself authorized to decide on the clergyman's qualifications—a question which belonged to another tribunal—but that, as the claim to tithes was founded in law, he was bound to enforce the payment.

[15] Coin becomes every day more scarce. Agents, with great powers of drawing on London bankers, have opened accounts with country bankers, for the purpose of obtaining their notes. With these they buy up guineas and silver; which they may lawfully do; and thus the specie is drained from every part of the kingdom.

[15] *Bull-baiting, and Deodand.*—Aug. 21, at a bull-bait at Oldbury Wake, the persecuted animal gored a man, who died of his wounds on Tuesday last. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," but imposed on the owners of the bull a deodand of £12, the full value of the beast.

[16] On Friday, Mr. Mansbridge, tax-collector of St. George's parish, was, at the suit of the parishioners, committed to Newgate from Marlborough-street office, for a default in his payments, of above £2700.

[16] Some time ago, a pond, the pro-

perty of Matthew Talbot, Esq. of Castle Talbot, was drained; when upwards of 30,000 brace of tench were caught, all produced by a few hundreds, placed there some years back.

[17] *Small-Pox.*—The bills of mortality, for the first six months of the present year, furnish a list of three hundred victims to the small-pox in the Metropolis alone; and one hundred and forty-eight died last month of that disease. All these might have been saved to the community, had their parents allowed them to partake of the vaccine preventive.

[18] September 13, an alarming insurrection of the prisoners of war took place in Dartmoor *dépôt*.—The bake-house, where their bread had been usually baked, having been recently burned down, they were supplied with a daily allowance of a pound and half of biscuit per man, which was afterward reduced to a pound. Enraged at this reduction, the prisoners, about 7500 in number, became ungovernable, broke the enormous bars of the principal gate, and, being unable to make their exit that way, had in contemplation to set fire to the prison, and effect their escape. Soon, however, they were surrounded by troops, and menaced by three pieces of artillery planted at the gate; and thus order was restored.

[18] Yesterday, a boy of fourteen was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a paper of half-pence, value *five shillings*—the precise sum required by law to constitute it a capital offence. But, some of the half-pence being bad, the jury (at the suggestion of Justice Gibbs) found him guilty of stealing *under the value of five shillings*.

[18] Yesterday, at Queen's square office, a person was convicted in the mitigated penalty of 40s. with costs, for having refused to convey part of the baggage of the Guards from Knightsbridge to Kingston, when they were on their march for embarkation.

[16] All the unqualified persons celebrating clandestine marriages in Scotland, are now liable to be banished from the kingdom for life. Two persons, lately found guilty at Jedburgh, have been banished.

[19] Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, Wm Scuddell, for selling counterfeit bank tokens, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to find security for his good behaviour for six months longer.

[19] The Surrey magistrates have refused to renew the licence of Vauxhall, on account of the late masquerades.

[21] Last week, 22 acres of land, belonging to the Ordnance, situate near Fox-lane, Gillingham, were let by public auction at Chatham, subject to the condition of not being turned up, for the annual rent of £14. 5s. an acre.

[23] On Monday se'nnight, the Marquis of Downshire laid the foundation-stone of a new Catholic chapel at Moira. A second stone was raised by the united hands of the Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian clergy present, and laid on the former.

[23] In making the new sewer from Paddington to the Thames, a piece of black oak timber, perfectly sound, was discovered in a bed of marine shells, at the depth of above thirty-five feet.

[23] *Buying Guineas.*—At the Middlesex sessions, yesterday, two persons, for buying guineas at more than their nominal value, were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and afterwards to find security for twelve months.

[26] Last Thursday, an auxiliary Bible society was instituted at Gloucester.

**BORN.**

[August 28] On Tuesday, of the lady of Robert Gordon, esq. Bruton-street, a daughter.

[28] Lately, of the lady of W. Blake, esq. Porland-place, a daughter.

[29] Yesterday, of the lady of G. Smith, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[31] Lately, of Mrs. D. Carruthers, Bloomsbury-square, a daughter.

[September 3] Aug. 28, of Lady Frances Ley, a son.

[7] Friday, of Mrs. J. Morris, Eggesfield-house, Brentford, a son.

[9] Wednesday, of the lady of John Phillips, esq. Calham house, a son and heir.

[12] Thursday, of the lady of Chas. Courtail, esq. Bentlack-street, a daughter.

[14] Friday, of the lady of Major Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, a daughter.

[15] On the 12th, of the Lady of Sir H. Fitzherbert, bart. a daughter.

[17] On the 6th, of the Hon. Mrs. J. Palmer, Skoffington Hall, Leicestershire, a daughter.

[18] Yesterday, of Mrs. T. Langston, Great Ormond-street, a daughter.

**MARRIED.**

[August 29] Lately, John Hamilton, esq. of Pimlico, to Miss John, of Stoke Newington.

[September 2] On Monday, John Scandred Harford, esq. of Blaize Castle, Gloucestershire, to Louisa, daughter of R. Hart Davis, esq. M. P.

[7] Thursday, John Dale, esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss Frances Bode.

[9] Lately, Capt. Downe, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Elizabeth Young.

[9] Yesterday, the Rev. J. Wing, of Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Charlotte Slater.

[11] Tuesday, Sir James Bland Burgess, to Lady Margaret Cordyce.

[11] Saturday, at Douglas, Isle of Man, John Waterhouse, esq. to Miss Jane Lascelles

[11] On the 8th, the Rev. John Manby, vicar of Lancaster, to Miss Elizabeth Hamon.

[16] Yesterday, the Hon. J. Thoruton Leslie Melville, to Harriet, daughter of Sam. Thoruton, esq. M. P.

[16] Yesterday, Philip Courtenay, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Louisa Bell.

[17] On the 5th, at Flower, Northamptonshire, the Rev. A. Morrice, to Miss Emma Darby

[19] On the 14th, T. Leigh, esq. of Crescent-place, New Bridge-street, to Miss Anna Maria Rowson, of Prescott.

**DECEASED.**

[August 26] On Sunday, at York, G. Dawson, esq.

[27] Monday, at Turnham Green, Mrs. Griffiths, aged 79.

[29] Sunday, Sir John Eden, Bart. aged 71.

[29] On the 22d, at Wanstead, Mrs. Paris, aged 74.

[29] On the 22d, Major General Kirkpatrick.

[31] On the 26th, the lady of Captain Henry Garrett, R. N.

[31] On the 15th, Lieut. Col. James Armstrong, Aide de-camp to H. R. H. the Duke of York.

[September 1] Aug. 24, at Northfleet, the Rev. W. Crackett, aged 71.

[2] Aug. 29, at Heavitree, Mrs. Clarissa Sharp.

[2] Monday se'nnight, James Standerwick, esq. of Millbrook, near Aylesford.

[2] Aug. 29, Thos. Burne, esq. Bedford-square, aged 83.

[3] On the 4th, Richard Hale, esq. of Codicote, Herts, aged 91.

[8] Aug. 27, Lord De Blaquiere, aged 79

[9] Sunday, at Greenwich, the relict of Captain Walter, R. N.

[9] Lately, at Chester, within a few days of each other, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce—the former aged 88, the latter, 87—married upwards of 60 years.

[10] Aug. 28, the lady of Sheldon Craddock, esq. of Harthford, Yorkshire.

[10] On the 11th, Major Gen. Robert Bowles.

[11] Aug. 17, at Gateshead, Isabella Sharpe, aged one hundred and fourteen years, as proved by the baptismal register of the parish.

[12] Wednesday, the Countess of Romney.

[17] On the 11th, at Chatham, George Conquest, M. D.

[21] On the 11th, at Beaconsfield, Mrs. Assheton, aged 79.

## APPENDIX.

*A true Prophet.*—Mr. Foy, of Taunton, after repeated robberies committed on his poultry, received, on the 4th of June, an anonymous letter, denouncing, that, when his sheep should be “*fat enough*,” they would be stolen.—Soon after, a fat sheep was stolen; and, on examining the hand-writing of the prophetic epistle, it proved to be that of Robert Williams, master of the boys’ charity school at Taunton, who confessed himself the author, and has been committed to jail.

*A rich Beggar.*—A master of languages, named Dandon, died lately at Berlin, literally through want of the necessaries of life. It appears that he gave instructions to his pupils during the day, and solicited alms at night. Under the floor of his apartment were found concealed 20,000 crowns in specie. He had no other heir than his brother, whom he had refused to see for 37 years because he had sent him a letter without paying the postage.

*Substitute for Indigo.*—A dye is said to have been discovered in France, which will answer all the purposes of indigo, one of the colonial articles, from the use of which they have been precluded by our marine power. It has been exposed to the severest tests, dipping in muriatic acid, &c. the color remaining unchanged.

*Remarkable Myrtle.*—There is now [September 9] growing, at the parsonage-house of Shanklin, near Ryde, a myrtle, of the broad-leaved kind, whose extraordinary dimensions and foliage cover the whole front of the house, which is lofty and spacious. Some of the larger branches were lopped off not long ago, on account of their too exuberant growth; and the wood was applied to many use-

ful purposes: it was found to bear a considerable resemblance to mahogany.

*Swimming-Jacket.*—A person at Paris has invented what he calls a swimming-vest, by the aid of which an individual, who does not know how to swim, may bear himself up, even in the roughest sea, and have his limbs as free as in ordinary garments.

*New Life-Boat.*—Mr. Dodd, the engineer, has invented a life-boat on pneumatic and hydrostatic principles, which will neither sink nor overturn, yet will answer all the ordinary purposes of ships’ boats. It was lately tried at London-bridge, on the ebb tide, during the time of the greatest fall, with her crew on board, and filled with water; when she passed through with the greatest safety, and discharged a considerable portion of the water purposely put into her. These life-boats are described as being made of malleable iron, lead, and tin, twenty feet long, and six feet wide, drawing only ten inches water, with 25 persons, and possessing valves, that, without pumping or personal aid, discharge all the water from them; which valves act occasionally as pneumatic or air valves. They are hydrostatically ballasted with confined water, taken in or put out at pleasure.

*Rankness in Butter prevented.*—The day before churning, scald the cream in a clean iron kettle, over a clear fire, taking care that it do not boil over. As soon as it begins to boil, or is fully scalded, strain it, when the particles of milk which tended to sour and change the butter, are separated, and left behind. Put the vessel, into which it was strained, into a tub of water, in a cellar, till next morning, when it will be ready for churning, and become butter in less than a quarter of the time required in the common method. It will also become hard, with a peculiar additional sweetness, and will not change. The labor in this way is less than in the other, as the butter comes sooner; and much time is saved in working out the butter-milk. By this method, good butter may be made in the hottest weather.

*Longevity of Eels.*—In the year 1781, John Meredith, residing at Lanvace, Brecon, put a small eel into a well in his garden, which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, unless the neighbouring river Usk is swelled by

(Continued on the back of the Title-page.)





*Lady's Magazine*..... October, 1812.



*The Visit to the Fleet Prison.*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR  
Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 10, for October, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. THE VISIT to the FLEET PRISON.
2. LONDON fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. NEW PATTERN for the FROCK of a DRESS.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

*In our next Number, will commence an interesting Novel, entitled "The Adopted Child."*

We are sorry to inform G. W\*\*\*t, of Gosport, that neither of his productions has sufficient merit for publication.

To more than one correspondent, we have to repeat what we have more than once declared before, that we *never* do insert any *Birth, Marriage, or Death*, which is not duly authenticated; and that, although authenticated, the narrowness of our limits unavoidably compels us to omit many such articles, which we would otherwise very willingly insert.

The "*Russian Maid's Farewell*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

The "*Young Lover*," who has sent us a large sheet of prose and rhyme from "*Hatherley*," ought to have paid the postage of his letter, which, unfortunately, contains nothing worthy of publication.

The "*first attempt*" of a "*Youthful votary of the Muse*" is not sufficiently correct; though it promises well; and we doubt not, that, under the censure of a candid, judicious friend, the fair authoress will, ere long, produce poetry well worthy of public notice.

We are sorry that we cannot gratify "*Charles*" by the insertion of his "*Platonic Sonnet*."—What would our fair readers think of such rhinea as *Speak and Greet—Song*, and *Worth*?

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1812.

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*The DEBTORS;*  
*a Narrative founded on Facts.*  
By MARIA.

(Concluded from page 410, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

To describe Louisa's feelings, when she entered the barriers of that dismal abode where sorrow and misfortune dwell, is totally impossible, as all description must fail of its effect.—From the broad stare of curiosity, which her appearance and equipage had excited among the debtors, Miss Pennington shrank with evident embarrassment: and, desiring Jessy to be her conductress, she, with trembling steps, followed her up a long flight of stairs.—The door of the apartment which enclosed the ill-fated Jameson, was thrown open by his daughter; when a scene the most affecting presented itself.

The most prominent object was the hapless father of the unfortunate family, sitting up in a mean pallet bed, and languidly leaning back, while his unhappy wife was endeavouring to persuade him to take a little water-gruel.—A girl, about fourteen, was dividing a few potatoes between her brothers, the one apparently about seven, and the other five years of age; while tears, occasioned by the recollection of past comforts, rapidly coursed each other down her pallid cheeks.—Louisa regarded the group with silent emotion, until Jessy exclaimed, “Oh! my dear father! I have brought you a messenger of peace! This lady is Miss Pennington; and she is come to obtain your release.”

The basin of gruel dropped from the hands of the agitated Mrs. Jameson; and, had not her affectionate daughter's sustaining arms supported her, she would have fallen at her feet. Louisa's smelling-bottle, however, soon revived her; and tears afforded her relief.—The joy of the poor woman's heart chased away the drops of sensibility; and, embracing the hand of Louisa, she called her a guardian angel. “In mercy,” replied the latter, “spare these unmerited eulogiums, which do but add to the poignancy of my feelings—I am the unintentional cause of all your sufferings—To me—to me only, have you a right to ascribe your husband's illness:—but, great God!” continued she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, “thou knowest how deeply, how sincerely I regret it.”

Could the gay and the thoughtless have accompanied Louisa Pennington to the abode of wretchedness and restriction, what an impressive lesson might the scene she witnessed have inculcated! and in what a heinous light would they have beheld that too prevalent practice of contracting debts which they are unable to discharge!

I shall pass over the scene which followed, and merely say, that, as the debt, for which Mr. Jameson had been arrested, amounted only to fifty-eight pounds, he flattered himself that the remaining sum he received from Miss Pennington would support his family until he was able to work.—but Louisa felt that something more than mere

justice was due to this industrious family; and, as it was impossible to recall the past, she determined that the future should compensate for it, and therefore declared her resolution of supporting the whole family, until the being whom she had undesignedly injured, was restored to perfect health.—In consequence of this resolution, a neat lodging was taken by Miss Pennington, and the whole sum which she had received from the jeweller, put into Mr. Jameson's hands, with an assurance that it was a mere earnest of future friendship, and was wholly unconnected with her intended weekly allowance.

It is only for those who have experienced the sudden transitions of existence, to form an idea of the sensations the Jamesons experienced: their lips were unable to express their emotions; and tears supplied the place of language.

So completely occupied had Louisa's mind been by the unexpected event of the morning, that the idea of the debt she had contracted the preceding night, never once occurred, until she had taken leave of the Jamesons, and ordered the coachman to drive to Portman Square.

Recollection not only brought contrition, but almost distraction with it.—Her conscience had been awaked by the scenes she had so recently witnessed; and the reflexion of having squandered away thousands on a vice so disgraceful to a young female, was attended with the deepest and sincerest penitence.—To apply personally to Mrs. Inxmore, she found, was impossible; she therefore determined to write, the moment she arrived in Portman Square; and so deep was her remorse for the imprudence of her conduct, that she secretly resolved never again to touch a card.

“Oh! my beloved father!” said she, throwing herself back in the carriage—“could you know what a despicable creature your daughter is become, it would surely embitter those delights you are now participating, and, even over the celestial radiance of heaven, shed a sable gloom!—When I contrast what I am, with what I might have been—when I consider how I have wasted that fortune which was bestowed upon me for the noblest purposes—I may say, with the prodigal, I have sinned against heaven: but, alas! I have no father to witness the tears of penitence!”

This contrite soliloquy was interrupted by the sudden stoppage of the carriage; and, though Louisa scarcely supposed herself half a mile from the Jamesons, she perceived that she was at her own door—A post-chaise stood near it; and the postillion was in the act of unstrapping a trunk—“Oh! heavens!” she exclaimed—“Company will be insupportable:—I cannot, I will not, see any one!”—Pulling her veil over her face to conceal her agitation, she slowly ascended the steps, and entered the hall.—“Mrs. Montgomery, ma'am, is just arrived in that carriage,” said the porter, in a tone of satisfaction.

Louisa's heart bounded with exultation:—she almost flew up stairs; but, before she could reach the first landing-place, she found herself encircled in her maternal friend's arms.—Joy, the most exquisite, for some moments stopped the power of utterance:—at length she exclaimed, “Oh! my friend! in mercy, I conjure you, never, never leave me again!—Surely,” continued she, “Providence has in kindness sent you at this critical moment.—You know not, you will not credit, the extent of my failings: but my faults shall be all laid open to you:—only

tell me that you will not actually hate your own girl."

"Hate you, my beloved Louisa!" repeated Mrs. Montgomery in the most affectionate accent. "You too well know that is beyond my power. Whatever have been your faults, my fondness will palliate them; but tell me, dearest Louisa, what is it that presses so heavily upon your heart?"

Louisa attempted not to conceal any of her extravagant indiscretions, or the enormous sums she had lost to her pretended friends: but, when Mrs. Montgomery heard that she had lost five hundred pounds to a male relative of Mrs. Luxmore's, she could not avoid exclaiming, "Oh! my Louisa! that, indeed, is shocking!"

Deeply as the feelings of the amiable Mrs. Montgomery were wounded by the confessions of her pupil, yet she was inwardly delighted at her feeling the effect of her vice; and, though chance had afforded her an opportunity of immediately extricating her from the embarrassment which her card debt had occasioned, she determined not to give her the slightest hint of it—She was too well aware of Mrs. Luxmore's real character, to believe that she would comply with Miss Pennington's request: yet, as she wished to prove that lady's friendship was merely professional, she resolved to let her make the application.

A letter was therefore dispatched, painting, in the strongest colors, the misery of Louisa's feelings at being in debt to a gentleman; expressing her suspicions that her steward had acted dishonestly, as he had not been seen since the morning, and concluding by imploring Mrs. Luxmore to become her banker, until she could receive remittances from Yorkshire.

The request of pecuniary assistance was, to the independent mind of Louisa, the most painful task she had ever undertaken: but, as both Mrs. Luxmore and Mrs. Blessington had often unceremoniously asked her assistance, she had no idea but that the former would readily grant her the aid of her purse.—The servant was particularly ordered to wait for an answer.—In less than an hour, he returned. Louisa seized the letter with avidity: but her countenance became pale as ashes, when she felt that it contained no inclosure.—With eager haste she tore it open, and read the following words—

"My sweet rusticated friend, what antediluvian horrors have you conjured into existence, at the mere fashionable convenience of being in debt?—Frank Hartley, I am persuaded, would never forgive me, were I to attempt depriving him of the gratification he experiences.

"Nay, do not pout, my charming sentimentalist:—but, positively, I have the most particular reasons for not offending Frank; and, if you never pay him, he will consider himself the obliged party; and, until perfectly convenient, do not think of it.

"Adieu, my sweet girl! I trust I shall meet you at Lady Dashwood's, where I hope Fortune will be propitious to your wishes—Ever your attached and devoted friend, Charlotte Luxmore."

Grief and disappointment were strikingly depicted upon Louisa's expressive countenance: her eyes swam in tears: her whole frame was agitated; and she actually looked the image of despair.

"Check this violence of sorrow, I conjure you, my beloved Louisa," said Mrs. Montgomery, tenderly taking her hand.—"The refusal is exactly what I expected, though I

confess I am astonished at the effrontery of it.—You have now, my love, a positive proof of the instability of fashionable friendship, and, I may add, fashionable sentiments. I wonder not that the latter should wound the delicacy of your feelings; but I trust it will be a useful lesson of experience.—By good fortune, or, I might surely say, by the ordination of Providence, I have the power of enabling you to discharge Mr. Hartley's debt; for your old friend, Mr. Darlington, intrusted me with seven hundred pounds to put into the bank; and I am persuaded he will feel gratified by your using it in whatever manner you please.\*

By this intelligence, a weight of care seemed to be removed from Louisa's bosom:—the money was inclosed and instantly sent:—the next consideration was, what was to be done with the different tradespeople, whose bills she had almost engaged to pay on the following morning.

No intelligence had been heard of the steward; and, as his escritoire was locked, there was no possibility of examining his accounts. Mrs. Montgomery therefore advised her young friend to pay part of each bill with the remaining money in her possession, whether the steward did or did not return.

If Miss Pennington had been astonished by what she considered as the largeness of poor Jameson's demand upon her, how was that sentiment increased, when she gave audience to those persons she had promised to see on the following morning, and discovered that she had unintentionally been the cause of distressing many industrious people, who had repeatedly applied for the payment of their accounts!—Shocked and contrite at the imprudence of

her conduct, and equally disgusted with fashionable amusements and fashionable friends, Louisa resolved to dispose of her town residence; the moment she had discovered the exact amount of her debts.

That Jackson had acted the part of the unjust steward, was evident from his absconding: but Louisa determined not to make the slightest attempt to find him out. "If I discover him," said she "I must punish the fraudulency of his conduct, when my own conscience whispers that my inattention has been the cause—Had I examined into my affairs, had I inspected my expenditure, he could not materially have plundered my property; and my tradespeople would have been regularly paid. It is fit, therefore, that I should suffer for my imprudence—not to give it a harsher name."

With heart-felt gratification, Mrs. Montgomery heard these sentiments uttered by the being whom she had cherished with maternal fondness, and whose failings had inspired a greater energy of action than she had reason to expect.—Having disposed of her house and furniture to a gentleman just arrived from India, the heroine of my narrative prepared for her return to her native seat, but not without having made frequent visits to Mr. Jameson, whose health was perfectly restored in a few weeks.—Having inquired into his character, and found it excellent, she proposed his residing near her country seat, and taking upon himself the management of her garden and plantations; a proposal, which he accepted with evident delight; and, as Mrs. Montgomery advised her young friend not to take any of her London servants into Yorkshire, Jessy was hired in the capacity of lady's maid.

The greater number of my readers will doubtless feel astonished, that the subject of love has not been mentioned in these memoirs, and be inclined to accuse the heroine of my story of great insensibility of heart.—But the truth is, Louisa had formed her opinion of manly excellence from a standard which had been presented to her observation many years before she visited the metropolis; and she had determined never to resign her liberty but to some being who bore a strong resemblance to it.—The frivolous or dissipated characters, with whom she associated in London, appeared to her like a distinct race of creatures; and she received that homage which was paid either to her personal attractions or fortune, with total indifference.

Upon her return into Yorkshire, where she was greeted with those unsophisticated expressions of satisfaction which flow from an uncorrupted heart, she again beheld this ornament to society, adorned with every elegant accomplishment, and possessing transcendent worth.

Henry Darlington had long felt the power of Louisa's attractions; but, from refined delicacy of feeling, had never attempted to break down that barrier which fortune had placed between them. But, when he beheld her expressive countenance beam with joy at their first interview after her return from London, and felt the gentle pressure of her hand, his resolution of concealing the real state of his heart suddenly vanished; and, in an unguarded moment, he avowed his sentiments.

Louisa's mind was too dignified to sport with the feelings of any human being; and, above those little arts which are considered as allowable to the sex, she candidly acknowledged the preference which

her heart had cherished; and her judgement applauded.

"If you can condescend," said she, "to take under your protection a being incapable of guiding herself, I may in time recover my own good opinion, which, alas! I have lost by my folly and inconsideration."—She then, without the slightest palliation or reserve, related every act of imprudence of which she had been guilty while in London—described the contrition of her heart, when she first visited poor Jameson, and the agony of her mind at finding she was unable to discharge the debt she had contracted at cards;—"and now, Henry," she continued, "if your affection is not extinguished by this long catalogue of imperfections, I will place myself under your protection; and, by the future, endeavour to efface the impression of the past."

The delighted Henry clasped the hand which was extended towards him, and poured forth those warm expressions of affection and gratitude which such ingenuousness naturally inspired.—A licence was soon procured; and, with the utmost privacy, the father of this excellent young man united the happy pair.

Had Louisa's mind been cast in a common mould, or had not the principles of a virtuous education been deeply impressed upon it, it would have been, not only infected, but completely poisoned, by the force of example. May her failings act as a warning to the inconsiderate; and, if they err like her, may they as sincerely repent!

*Modern Life delineated.*

(Continued from page 399.)

SEVERAL days elapsed, before the welcome tidings came of Edward's arrival in London.—The moment Emma saw the post-boy walk



ing up the lane, she ran with eager curiosity to learn if there was a letter with the London post-mark on it; and, the moment she received it, she hastily returned to her father, exclaiming, "I am certain this comes from Edward. Oh! do, Sir, open it; and inform us if my cousin is well."

Mr Lloyd smiled at her impatience, and, turning to Gertrude, desired she would read it; "for I fear," said he, "Emma will think me too tedious, if she waits while I search for my spectacles."

Gertrude opened the letter, and, with trembling emotion, read—

"My dearest uncle"—

She then paused a moment, to recover herself, and, with a distinct voice, read as follows—

"I have not leisure to give a minute detail of my journey hither. I am convinced, indeed, that my best friends will prefer a minute account of my fellow travelers to a tedious description of bad roads and indifferent accommodation at country inns.

"One of my companions was a venerable Quaker, whose mild physiognomy was a counterpart of Sterne's monk, though his garments, and his manners, were not indicative of the monk's poverty.—In every expression which escaped his lips, there was an independence of heart, mind, and purse; but they were so happily blended together, that it was impossible to offer any incense to him, but the silent and respectful approbation of our own hearts.—When he quitted us at Coventry, he pressed my hand with the utmost cordiality. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'thou and I shall never meet again: but I hope thou wilt not forget either my maxims, or my advice. When thy sword is lifted up to terminate the existence of thy

fellow creatures, do not pursue thy hostile intentions further than necessity obliges thee; and, when the battle is over, if thou canst relieve the pangs of a dying enemy, replace thy sword in its scabbard; and let god-like pity supply the place of revenge in thy bosom. Now fare thee well! and remember an old man's advice.'

"I warmly assured him, I never should forget him—'I shall not forget him,' exclaimed a young fellow, who had not favored us with twenty words in ten hours.—I looked earnestly at him—for this short sentence had the power of electricity over my frame.—But his taciturnity returned; and, though I was interested by his countenance, I felt too proud to trouble him with any intrusive or unmeaning questions.—We therefore continued silent, brooding over our own situations in life.—Perhaps I shall acknowledge my weakness, when I add, that bitter regrets at leaving solid comforts for imaginary honors, were the most prevalent in my bosom.—I was glad when the stranger interrupted the painful reverie, by exclaiming, 'We are now at Highgate.'—'I am glad of it,' I replied; 'for it is a tedious journey.'

"The stranger smiled, and looked as though he would have said, 'You have more reason to complain of your companion, than to find fault with the journey.'—I was surprised that he remained silent; for his countenance expressed those "kind courtesies," which excite esteem, and strew over the journey of life ever-blooming flowers. For this world, without social intercourse, may be compared to a blank sheet of paper;—our eyes are pained with looking upon its uninteresting whiteness; but there is not a sentence either capable of increasing our virtuous

energies, or awakening emotions of cheerfulness within our bosoms.

“ We arrived in London at an early hour on Thursday morning. The thick mist, which hung over the city, and the wretched creatures passing in a state of intoxication, gave me a most disgusting idea of this populous and celebrated place.—The first objects of my attention and of my pity were two helpless females clothed in the thinnest garments, which were clinging to them with wet and dirt. They were entreating a watchman to allow them a refuge from the storm in his box for a few minutes: but he repulsed them with the most unfeeling cruelty. The mail at that moment fortunately stopped; and I had an opportunity of relieving part of their wants; for I found, though the brute was inaccessible to the pleadings of female distress, he was not inaccessible to bribery.—It is a source of surprise to a reflecting mind, that a few shillings can touch the human heart, while the pleading eye of a miserable deserted female is unavailing. Is humanity then a mere empty sound? At the moment I observed the two females driven from the watch-box door, I concluded it was a term foolishly misapplied, to express our pre-eminence above the brutes that finally perish.

“ On Thursday afternoon, I called to pay my respects to Colonel Downson, and was agreeably surprised to find my silent travelling companion with him: for there is something in that young man's noble countenance and intelligent eyes, which has charmed me more than words can express; and, though I was piqued at his unaccountable reserve, I yet enjoy the flattering presentiment, that, before we return to England, we shall become inseparable friends. Colonel Downson

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introduced him to me as Captain Manville, an officer whom he highly esteemed. We looked as though we had never seen each other before: but, the moment I quitted the house, he followed me, and, as I was turning out of Bedford-square, joined me. ‘ Pardon the extreme rudeness of my manner,’ he exclaimed. ‘ The truth is, I have always made it an invariable rule never to form any acquaintance in a public coach; for we are too apt to be deceived by the specious appearance of strangers. But I hope you will now accept the hand of Frederic Manville, as a pledge of his future good intentions.’

“ I assured him I should derive pleasure from his acquaintance. ‘ I deserve this coolness,’ said he: ‘ but, as we are to be companions during a long campaign, you will then have an opportunity of forming a judgement of my real character; and something whispers me we shall become united friends.’

“ You have discovered, Sir, that I am not an impostor,’ I replied; ‘ and I fancy I am indebted to the knowledge you have obtained upon this head, for your present kind intentions towards me.’

“ I rejoice from my soul,’ said he, ‘ that it is in my power to vindicate my conduct, and secure your esteem. From our common friend Doctor Wilson, I learned that you were to be my companion in the coach; and from him I likewise learned, that you are to be my companion during our next struggle with our enemies. It therefore was a foolish vanity which kept me silent; for I had a desire to surprise you at Colonel Downson's; and I assure you, solely with this intention, I have taken our worthy commander with my company three tedious hours. I dare say he will

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me forty times at the devil, or in Egypt, for thither I fancy we are bound; and there, I trust, we shall not forget the words of the venerable Quaker.—As I before observed, my silence was not intended as a personal insult: for I have always considered the travellers I have met with in a stage coach, as people I ought to be civil to: but I wished neither to learn their affairs, nor lay myself open to their prying curiosity.

“Exclusive of curiosity,” said I, “there are a thousand subjects to engross the attention, and interest the feelings, of individuals who have met by chance in a stage coach: and we act upon a very selfish principle, if we decline those pleasing attentions which rub off the rust of life, and excite in the breasts of others a favorable opinion of our dispositions. I think, indeed, it is as requisite to endeavour to please casual strangers, as to exert our abilities to charm those with whom we are in habits of social intercourse: for our friends judge from minute actions, but strangers from general politeness; and we may, through our inattention to the common rules of kindness and civility, leave a painful impression upon the mind of a stranger, which can never be erased.”

“I allow your sentiments are just,” said Captain Manville; “and, in future, neither vanity, nor any selfish principle, shall deter me from attending to the courtesies of human life.”

“We embark to-morrow for foreign service; and, as the place of our destination is unknown to us, it is impossible to point out the means of receiving intelligence from the friends I so dearly love. But change of climate, or the darkest scenes of woe, shall never wrest them from my heart; and the ex-

alted principles, which you, my best friend, have implanted there, will prove a faithful echo; when the brazen voice of war rouses our spirits to deeds of martial enterprise. Though the glowing sentiment pervades my bosom, of returning to my native land crowned with the victorious wreath, yet I am well aware that I am not invincible to an enemy’s powerful arm: and, if it be my fate to yield up my breath in the field of battle, I shall only lament that my eyes cannot close upon the objects I so fondly love: for their presence would rob death of all its gloomy terrors.

“Adieu, my invaluable friend! I leave this tumultuous city without a sigh; for ten thousand times more interesting to my feelings are the beloved mountains which shelter the happy mansion of my uncle.—Excuse this weakness, my dear Sir:—though, in the cause of glory, I feel I have a manly spirit, yet the remembrance of the home I have left, suffuses my eyes with weak and womanly tears. I find, when it is too late to recede, that I have sacrificed every worthy passion for the dazzling meteor, glory: but, as my ardent spirit has led me to the important trial, I will not disgrace the profession in which my father gloried, but, like him, either bravely conquer, or nobly die.”

“My brother’s spirit breathes through every line of Edward’s letter,” said Mr. Lloyd: “and I am now fully assured, that the invincible power of virtue will shield his heart from every vicious passion.”

“How delighted I am,” said Gertrude, “with his kind consideration for the unhappy females! What misery was theirs—exposed to the severity of the weather, and the unfeeling rebuffs of a surly watchman!”—“But how much are these

passions to be deplored," added Mr. Lloyd, "which degrade mankind, and lead so many lovely females from the path of virtue to the miseries attending a life of infamy! If the seducer, my child, could follow the unhappy victim through her midnight rambles, what horrors would invade his heart, when he beheld her shivering amidst the bitter blasts of winter—exposed to the insults of the most unfeeling and abandoned nocturnal revellers—or in the wretched hovel of a publican, eagerly swallowing the nauseous draught, to drown the most bitter reflexions—and then crawling to her miserable chamber, there to lose in sleep a few hours of her wretched existence!"

"But I have heard you say, my dear father, that the miseries of most of the unhappy females in London originate in their own improper passions; and that a heart truly virtuous will resist every temptation which may endanger its happiness here, and in the other world."

"It is the force of pernicious example that corrupts the morals of the weaker part of your sex; and the present system of female education leads thousands to infamy.—If they were permitted to continue in the humble station allotted to them by an all-wise Providence, they might be an honor to society; and their hearts would prove pure and unsullied as our mountain snow. But the misguided zeal or ambition of weak illiterate parents is the fatal cause of the success of a seducer. They instil into their children's minds improper ideas of worldly grandeur; and, instead of checking the growth of ambitious ideas, their false indulgence increases their progress. Even those who have not the least pretensions to any thing above the most humble sphere

in life, are sent to a boarding-school, to acquire the 'accomplishments' suitable only for those who move in the highest circles; and, when they return home, they despise the ignorance of their parents; and the occupations, which contribute to their support, they consider as too mean and degrading for themselves to attend to.—If they are bereft of this support by the death of their parents, they cannot reconcile their minds to honest but humble employments; and the consequence is, that their idleness and vacuity of mind opens a wide door for their destruction.—But there are others, who, by stratagems and deceitful protestations of regard, are ensnared, and become entangled in a passion which destroys their peace of mind; and when, by penitence and filial affection, they would endeavour to atone for their errors, the incensed parent drives them as outcasts from their native home; and this unfeeling rigor exposes them to every evil which can embitter a deviation from virtue."

"How thankful do I feel," said Gertrude, "that Emma and I are strangers to these dreadful evils! While we are blessed with your protecting care, we have not any thing to apprehend, either from our own weakness, or the vice of others."

"And, if I were taken from you, my love, I hope the firmness of your principles would preserve you from any deviation: for virtue is but a name, if it requires the incessant watching of a parent's eye; and my precepts are no more than a tale of other times, if you do not treasure them up in your hearts.—There is one thing, my love, which I must observe that prudence is one of the most essential virtues in human life:—I mean, that prudence, which directs the choice of associates, inti-

mates, and friends. The gay and the volatile consider this important virtue as a rigid and gloomy preventive of all refined enjoyments; they therefore explode it, as an enemy to social pleasure: but it is the superficial refinement of fashion that gives a sanction to universal intercourse with the dissipated, the affected, and the irreligious.—A reflecting and uncorrupted mind will not blindly concur with the opinions of the world, if those opinions be not subordinate to virtue: and, in the choice of friends, it will attend more to the moral character, than to the ideal value stamped upon it by the breath of fashion.—I hope, Gertrude, you never will have splendid apartments to fill with idle visitors, or gaming tables to adorn with automatons. Even in the retired walks of life, it is of the highest importance, to attend to the characters of those with whom you form an acquaintance: and, as I have remarked, prudence is the first point to observe; for, when we have established an intimacy with any individuals, we cannot with propriety avoid an intercourse with them. In high life, it is possible to receive people at your own table as your esteemed friends; and, if you meet with them the following day at another person's house, you may remember them by an affected move of the head, or a 'How do you do?' but at the same time you may decline all knowledge of them, if a greater person at that moment engrosses your attention. These unnatural manners would be exposed to ridicule and contempt with the simple individuals in whose intercourse the language of the heart, and that of the lips, are in unison, and whose kindness is not the offspring of caprice, but the legitimate production of a regular unbiassed judgment, and a sincere upright heart.—

Believe me, my children, I rest secure in your virtues, if the bounteous giver of all good continues to you the fair grace of modesty, and firmness of character. These are the loveliest companions of youth: they defy the vicissitudes of fortune, and sustain the spirits amidst the chilling blasts of disappointment."

"Disappointment!" said Emma—"That word contains a catalogue of misery. I often wish it were erased from our language."

"And, if it were erased, my child, you would find a substitute for the expression: for imaginary evils spread their promiscuous branches over every path. They likewise sour the temper, and threaten destruction to every enjoyment in life. But why do you object to this word? or what disappointments have you to complain of?"

"I am displeased with my cousin Edward, Sir—and mortified, that he has not mentioned either my sister or me in his letter."

"Undoubtedly, this is a serious source of disappointment!" said Mr. Lloyd, smiling. "But I hope, my love, it will teach you discretion: for you must not expect the sentiments of others to accord exactly with your own: neither must you depend upon any individual for your own happiness; for immoderate expectation conveys an idea of selfishness, and is, in fact, its own tormenter. Experience will convince you, that every person in this world has his own plans to pursue, and has neither time nor inclination to regard the enthusiastic attentions which the weak and the indolent require. I think Edward has remembered his friends in the most amiable and endearing manner. The conclusion of his letter contains a strong proof of his brotherly love: and, though he does not expressly mention your name, his language indicates the in-

terest he takes in your happiness. Professions of regard flow with fluency from the pen: but, unless the real feelings of the heart accord with the language of the writer, I consider the beauty or fervor of the expressions as a disgusting proof of abilities to please, without sincerity to ennoble the expressions."

"Do you know, Sir," said Gertrude, "any thing of Captain Manville's family?"

I know, my love, that his father is a respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bangor: and Doctor Wilson says he is one of the most useful members of society in this county. His time is chiefly devoted to the improvement of the barren wastes which are spread over our land; and the growing plenty, which gladdens the heart of the husbandman, gives to his bosom the purest delight; for, by his incessant care, rich crops of corn are dispersed over once desolate mountains. Propitious heaven seems to smile upon his exertions: for, where there was scarcely herbage for a few miserable sheep, there now is ample employment and provision for the laboring poor. In domestic life, he is universally beloved:—his house is the seat of Welch hospitality; and the purse of its master never is closed against the humble solicitations of indigence or distressed merit. To close his character with Doctor Wilson's words, he is an amiable example of conjugal and paternal excellence: he is a judicious and kind neighbour; and, as a virtuous citizen of the world, he is unrivalled. I therefore rejoice that Edward has formed an acquaintance with the son of so respectable a man; and we must now wait patiently the result of his first effort to grasp that empty phantom, called by the hackneyed name of *glory*.—

Emma objects to the word *disappointment*: but I object more warmly to this. The hope of gaining it deprived me, in youth, of a worthy parent—and, in manhood, of a virtuous, affectionate brother. Whenever I read a paper containing an account of any splendid victory obtained over our enemies, I shrink with dismay at the recollection of what I suffered, when I perused, in the list of the wounded and slain, the name of my brother. But the agony of my mind was faint indeed, compared with that of his lovely wife. The mournful sound of death gave convulsive throes to her bosom; and a very few days terminated her existence."

(To be continued.)

### Solitary MUSINGS

in a COUNTRY CHURCH.

By Mr. WEBB, Author of  
"Haverhill," and other Poems.

(Continued from page 491.)

PASSING through a country churchyard, and seeing the doors of the sacred edifice standing open, I felt disposed to enjoy the solemn pleasure of musing in solitary silence amid the ruins of mortality. As I entered the consecrated dome, struck with the solemnity of the scenery around, I was led to exclaim, "Oh! for the piety of a Hervey, for the genius of a Young, that I may range with pious awe these hallowed aisles, indulge in serious meditation, and learn

"That heav'n-taught lesson, that celestial art;

To gather blessings in these scenes of death." Mrs. Steel.

The first memento that caught my eye, was a long flat stone, which informed me that a useful and ornamental member of society, a professor of the healing art, reposed beneath. He was a man of extensive learning, of great critical acu-

men, and well versed in the science of medicine: but, when disease assailed his frame, and death approached his couch, how unavailing were his scientific attainments and experimental acquirements! Is it a sport of imagination? or did the grim phantom, while he delivered the awful summons, and poised his unerring dart, thus address the devoted victim? "Thou son of *Æsculapius*! where are now thy potent drugs, thy celebrated recipes, the sovereign antidotes with which thy puny arm has often attempted to arrest my fatal shaft? Where are all thy boasted prescriptions, thy far-famed nostrums, thy universal remedies, aided by which thou didst feebly essay to rob me of my destined prize, and disappoint the expecting tomb of its rightful tenant? —Physician! heal thyself!"

It appears that the former part of the life of this medical gentleman was embittered by a family dispute. An only brother, who wore the garb of sanctity, and was furnished with the credentials of a preacher of the Gospel of peace, instead of holding out the olive-branch of reconciliation, lighted the torch of dissension, and fanned the flame of discord. But now, in this dark land, where all things are forgotten,

Hush'd are their noisy feuds. Pacific  
 Death [angry breath.  
 Silence'd their brawls, and still'd their  
 In his, calm realms, domestic clamours  
 cease; [peace.  
 And not a whisper wounds the ear of  
 How vain to cherish hatred in the breast!  
 That rankling fiend will rob the mind of  
 rest; [stroy,  
 Will each sweet bud of happiness de-  
 And dash with bitter ev'ry draught of  
 joy. *Author's manuscript Poem.*

As I pursued my instructive research, a similar memorial invited my examination, which covered the remains of a reputable tradesman, who, by a fall from his horse, as he

was returning home from a journey, was precipitated from the anxious scenes of life, into the world of spirits.—The stroke was instantaneous: a loving wife was in a moment deprived of an affectionate husband, —and a race of rosy prattlers, of a tender father, What an awful transition, from the hurry of business, the cares and comforts of the nuptial state, to a region where vicissitude is unknown! Perhaps, at that momentous period, he was anticipating the happy hour that would restore him to the bosom of his family, to the fond endearments of his faithful mate, and the engaging caresses of his children. Such a tale of woe is calculated to call forth some of the best feelings of human nature, to suffuse with tears the proud eye that scorns to weep, and to fill with soft emotions the heart that seldom palpitates. O'er this tomb the sculptor's art might have placed a group of weeping cherubs; and chiseled angels might have sighed, or seemed to sigh, in marble. Alas! how frail the tenure by which we hold our vital breath! Numerous casualties stand ready to push us off the stage of existence, and consign us to the "house appointed for all living."

"Fell demons sit on ev'ry passing cloud,  
 And shoot across the scene ten thousand  
 arrows  
 Headed with death." *Dr. Watts.*

Within a few yards, under a small marble, sleeps in a clay-cold bed, till waked by the trump of God, the mortal part of a respectable farmer, whose mild temper and amiable demeanour endeared him to the contracted circle of his friends; and the heart of the cottager was often dilated with joy, as he partook of his bounty. Of his benevolence softened the terrors of winter's icy period, and the child

of want, and victim of disease, invoked the best of blessings upon their generous benefactor's head. What an infinitely superior character this, to that of the ambitious hero, whose career is marked by death and desolation—whose trophies are tinged with gore, and drenched with the tears of frantic widows and plaintive orphans!—What, though his unnoticed name never decorated the proud page of history, nor was wafted to distant lands by Fame's loud clasion? Yet, if he was a sincere Christian—and I have reason to think he was—at life's last scene, what mild glories beamed around his brow! compared to which, as Cowper says,  
 "The laurels, that a Cæsar reaps, are weeds."

After I had quitted this tomb, I retired from the sacred roof, forsook the cheerless domains of the dead, for the busy haunts of the living, and sought the happy spot where social friends,

"And dear relations, mingle into bliss."  
 (To be continued.)

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*  
 (Continued from page 416.)

CHAP. 17.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move:  
 I bow before thine altar, I owe!  
 I feel thy soft, resistless flame  
 Glide swift through all my vital frame;  
 For, while I gaze, my bosom glows:  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows:  
 Hope, tear, and joy, alternate roll;  
 And floods of transport whelm my soul!  
 My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing murmurs to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic ties;  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

*Smollet.*

JULIA was unfeignedly solicitous to return home immediately; but Mrs. Egerton so strenuously insisted this should not be done precipitately, that the better judgement of her niece was forced to compre-

mise, by writing to Sir William, that a gentleman, who arrived at Woodfield two days before, had been taken so dangerously ill, that his removal was impossible; and that, at such a period, as she was aware, any addition of family in her aunt's limited establishment must be particularly inconvenient, she requested the carriage might be sent for her, as soon as circumstances would permit.

"Enough, and indeed too much," exclaimed Mrs. Egerton, as she read this request.—" 'Tis indeed hard, that your happiness should be sacrificed at the shrine of cold systematic rules. You would return, to be upbraided with caprice, in addition the other reproaches of your unteaching mother. Poor Richmond will suffer the bitterest anguish, whenever you depart: and, were you to do it more suddenly, so as to give him room to suppose it the effect of resentment for his interference, or for disclosing his attachment, I would not answer for his life or his reason."

"His own good sense," resumed Julia, "will immediately convince him of the impropriety of our remaining together after what has passed. I should indeed grieve, that he took my departure in any other light; and, if its postponement can alleviate one pang to him who occasions it, I shall indeed be thankful that it is delayed."

Julia so well knew the romantic bias of Mrs. Egerton; that, above every other person, she dreaded the cherished secret of her heart being betrayed to her; for she was aware, that, instead of assisting her to stem the force of an ill-placed attachment, her arguments would all tend to weaken the barriers that opposed its indulgence.

While thus sensible of her dau-



ger, Miss Monson received with sincere concern a reply from her father, enjoining, in the strongest terms, her continuance with Mrs. Egerton, as the youngest of the children was attacked by the scarlet fever; and he added—

“The convenience of your aunt’s household she will not, I am sure, suffer to stand in competition with the safety of my Julia, or the peace of my mind, already too severely agonised by the danger of my youngest darling; though, from the widow of our late worthy curate having taken charge of the nursery, and the rest of its dear little tenants being dispersed, my apprehensions are now somewhat abated.—Yet move not from where you are, I charge you, my beloved girl! By coming here, you would increase, instead of diminishing, my anxiety: and, in the retirement of Woodfield, I feel more assured of your safety, than I should be, were you at present in any other place, where, by seeing a greater variety of people, you might be more exposed to the contagion of a disease which I have already had such reason to dread.”

In this idea of a preferable security at Woodfield, Julia could not help thinking there was more timidity respecting illness, than could have been expected from a man of her father’s cool dispassionate judgment. But she had yet to learn, that, of all passions, parental anxiety is the strongest, the most susceptible of alarm, and the most ready to magnify an apprehended evil.

Miss Monson, however, had no alternative but submission—and thus, to avoid a possible, remained in a certain, danger. Richmond was now able occasionally to join their society: and what female heart, fraught with all the milder virtues of compassion

and benevolence, could resist those silent yet pathetic appeals, made to it by the woe-worn countenance and emaciated figure of a man who had acknowledged her as the arbitress of his destiny?

In vain were all her prudent resolutions to avoid his society:—a thousand unexpected chances seemed to throw them perpetually together; for, from the first hour of his being able to quit his apartment, he watched, with the most indefatigable assiduity, to seize, or even frame, pretences to taste the only indulgence which his fate allowed him to hope for.

It has already been shown that he was not a man in the habit of exercising much self-denial; and, in the single instance of not pursuing, in Julia’s presence, the subject nearest to his heart, he evinced a greater degree of forbearance, than he had ever before practised. He felt her society conducive to his recovery, in the sweet tranquillity it diffused over his mind; and he therefore yielded to all the sophistry of love, to justify an enjoyment, which, he knew, could not be of much longer duration. With him, the present moment was every thing: for, while returning health convinced him of the impropriety of prolonging his visit at Woodfield, notwithstanding Mrs. Egerton’s kind assurances to the contrary, he already, whenever he was alone, meditated, with a species of distress which almost drove him to desperation, upon the misery of his future prospects. On nothing, however, could he decide: his last hundred was entered upon; and he hourly grew more sensible, that the fatal day, however it might be deferred, could not much longer be avoided.

While in this fluctuating and unhappy state, it struck him, that,

through a nobleman—then in Germany on a diplomatic mission, which was soon expected to terminate—he might attain some situation, in which his abilities might prove advantageous to himself, and even serviceable to his country.

That nobleman, Lord Dellington, he had known, at the time when he was the undoubted heir of Lord Saint-Villiers—the intended husband of Lady Rosford—the leader of every frolic—and the careless possessor of such advantages as he had never till now fully appreciated. At that happy period, his lordship, though then a very young man, had a public employment in Ireland, which carried him thither; and he was the only relation by his mother's side whom Frederic had ever known. By the advantages of entail, he possessed the estates which had originally belonged to her family; and, from these accidental circumstances of connexion, the two young men were a good deal together; and, though of different dispositions, there was a parity of style and situation which united them.

From this gentleman, Richmond supposed, that, if his condition were properly disclosed, he would receive assistance: for, though he had once spurned at the idea of asking favors, his thoughts had undergone a total revolution. He knew that Lord Dellington had the highest value for the good opinion of the world, and feared not his hazarding it, by refusing to assist a relative, whose case, he believed, should he ever think proper to reveal it, would call forth that sympathy and assistance which, if sought for at a proper time, might long ere now have placed him in a station that would have entitled him to the only object of his hopes—the lovely Julia.

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Bitter indeed were his regrets for the time he had wasted, and the connexions he had neglected: his haughty disdain; his youthful impatience, now brought their own punishment. Still, however, it might not be too late to retrieve these advantages; and he had scarcely come over the project, when, with the sanguine temper that ever hurried him forward, he anticipated the honors, the fortune, he might offer to Miss Monson. His whole soul dilated at the prospect; and he seemed to tread on air, as he entered the room where she was sitting.

Her attitude was that of reflexion: One hand, supporting her head, displayed the most beautiful arm in the world; and the other held a letter, which she seemed attentively perusing. She did not perceive his entrance:—he stood gazing at her, till a starting tear, which at length fell upon the paper, seemed to strike to his heart, and he implored her to say what occasioned her emotion.

Thus taken by surprise, the prudence of Julia for a moment deserted her; and, in a tone which at once betrayed her feelings, she exclaimed, “I am summoned from Woodfield directly:—my mother comes for me this afternoon.”

“My God!” returned Richmond, with an air which showed how deeply his feelings were affected—“I stay not an hour after you:”—and then, with an energy almost impossible to resist, he forced from her an avowal of that regard, which, not a minute before, she imagined that no power on earth could have induced her to reveal.

Recollection, however, soon damped the bliss which such a confession brought with it: and those innate sentiments of horror, now called forth:

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by the occasion, led Frederic on to say, "I am not what I seem, but the victim of a father's crimes: yet I will not, till fortune smile on my endeavours to deserve you, explain my situation. Know only, that my birth, in the estimation of the world, however subsequently it may have been obscured, was superior to your own; and the attachment I have owned discredits not that delicacy of sentiment, which would ever prevent your making an unworthy choice. I can lay my hand on my heart, and say with truth, that my misfortunes have been greater than my errors: but, from the instant when you deign to take an interest in my fate, they shall both be eclipsed by my efforts to render myself worthy of you. Believe me, my Julia, to deserve you shall be the master spring of all my actions: and, one day perhaps, you may proudly present me to the world, as a creature restored by your affection from an unsettled, unprofitable existence. Soothed by such animating hopes, no exertion shall be left unessayed, and no perseverance wanting, to render me what I ought to be, before your approbation is avowed. Till such time," continued he, proudly, "I seek not to fetter you with engagements. Bless me once more, my ever adored Miss Monson, with a confession of your love; and be assured, though it binds me irrevocably — you are free."

He then again addressed her, with that sort of soothing discourse, which soon obtained a confirmation of the avowal he sought — Nay, at that moment, so unlimited was his ascendancy, that he might probably have secured a promise of her hand: — but, with his love, his remembrance began; his own happiness became secondary to the connection of Julia's; and he felt

that at present *hers* could not be promoted by any connexion between them.

When Mrs. Egerton joined them, Frederic, who was perfectly aware of the romantic enthusiasm of her disposition, informed her of all that had passed; received her warmest applauses, and secured, in her, an inalienable friend and zealous advocate.

"Yet one request, my dear madam," added he, "I have waited your presence to urge. — May I not, thus circumstanced, implore Miss Monson's correspondence? May I not keep alive an interest in her heart, by communicating the improvement in my prospects; and may I not, as some little consolation under a dreary separation, ask to hear from one who constitutes my only hope?"

A few moments' reflexion, while relieved from the urgency of his address, had shown to Julia that her concessions had already exceeded the bounds of prudence; and she replied with firmness, "No, Mr. Richmond! I will not carry on a clandestine correspondence: I already feel that I have gone too far; and, till the time arrive when you think proper to make your pretensions known to my family, all intercourse between you and me must cease. Were it possible, I should wish even this last conference to be forgotten; but, as it has passed, rest assured of my earnest good wishes, my warmest gratitude — and, need I add, my anxious hopes for those ameliorations in your prospects which you so deservedly expect."

At this moment, the sound of carriage wheels announced Lady Monson's arrival; and, seizing her hand, he exclaimed, "Julia! I cannot see you depart! Dearest,

loveliest of human beings! farewell!—May your happiness, however you receive it, be pure as your deserts, and complete as my fondest hopes would have it! May Heaven, in its choicest mode, reward your virtues!"—So saying, he quitted the room; and, almost before Julia could regain her accustomed serenity, her mother, handed in by Sir Bettsworth Harrop, entered it.

(To be continued.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.

(Continued from page 413.)

DELIGHTED to hear from the mouths of these islanders the energetic accents of manly courage, William and his train clasp the hands of these generous sons of freedom, and are proud to bestow on them the appellation of allies and friends. At the sight of these victims to the sanguinary oppression under which a whole hemisphere is made to groan, they glow with increased ardor to meet the Spaniards in the field, and avenge the blood of murdered millions on those savage destroyers of the human race.

Meanwhile a stately vessel majestically approaches the shore. William admires its size and construction, and suspects that such a present must no doubt proceed from some power more than human. Nor is he mistaken. Irthur, impatient to fly to the defence of his native land, had, with the assistance of his young fellow-citizens who were determined to accompany him, constructed that ship in a secret recess, between the jutting rocks: but Ocanor in person presided over the work; 'tis Ocanor who sends, 'tis Ocanor who conducts it. Never was such a vessel seen to sail from any port: in contemplating its size and beauty, the

beholder might well suppose it to be the car itself on which the sovereign of the deep rides o'er the subject waves: the towering mast aspires to the clouds: the prow displays a frowning lion, whose flaming breath disperses the tomy billows, while his shaggy breast forces a passage through the yielding main.

William was rushing toward the ship, when he suddenly descried Irthur advancing at the head of a numerous body of the islanders, all clad in armour. "Those valiant strangers," said the youth, "are the allies of the Batavians: but we are their brethren, and ready to fly with you to the assistance of our mother country."

Irthur was nevertheless affected by an inward grief, which he silently labored to subdue.—William cast on him a look of approbation and delight—"Enter," said he, "on board this vessel which your labors have constructed, and which affords pregnant proof of the sentiments you have now expressed. Accompanied by these dauntless Americans, by the son of Aldamene whose virtues have blessed this isle with more than human happiness, and by these generous Batavians who are ready to assist their brethren in the support of liberty, with whose charms they are acquainted,—I return thanks to the tempest which drove me on your shores."

Meantime Aldamene approaches. "My son!" said he, embracing Irthur, "when I contemplate these warriors, when I behold that ship which is soon to traverse the ocean, I can hardly forbear yielding to the transport which animates my soul, and going to participate in your glory and your perils. . . . But, at the mention of that impise, I see grief darken the countenances of those whom I here call my chil-

dren—who call me their sire—and to whom it is necessary I should for some little time longer afford consolation and support. I have already run my mortal race: do you, my son, combat in my stead: yourself first formed the wish; and, at this moment, your father, in his own name and that of the inhabitants of this isle, confirms it by his command. Depart in that vessel, which you constructed before the arrival of these heroes, in whose steps you wished to tread. Animated by their presence, guided by their skill, go, visit those regions where I first breathed the vital air, on the banks of the Amstel, which I shall never more behold—where, yet in early youth, I invoked the goddess Liberty—where oft my glowing imagination pictured to me an obscure village rising, under the smiles of her favor, into an extensive city, and opening its port to the universe. Go, prove to our fellow-citizens, that distance vanishes before the man whose bosom glows with genuine love of his country. Hesitate not, Irthur: to your country you owe the greatest of sacrifices. At a distance from the tender and virtuous Idalyra, whom the hand of Hymen shall one day restore to your arms, let your valour be displayed with equal energy, as if I stood by your side, and encouraged you by my exhortations: you this day hear my voice perhaps for the last time:—pay due honor to my ashes.

“Nevertheless, if the almighty disposer of events, who at this moment deprives me of the only support of my declining age, should prolong my existence till the day when you should return to close my eyes with your victorious hand—to announce to me the emancipation of my country—to receive from me, as

the most pleasing reward of your exploits, that virgin to whom I shall in your absence be as a father—O my son! I should be exempted from tasting the bitterness of death:—the excess of my joy would rend the feeble thread of my life.”

Clasped in the embraces of the aged sire, Irthur imprinted filial kisses on his hoary locks. “O my father!” said he, “your voice shall ever resound in my ears, your image ever be present to my eyes: I will be the ornament of your old age.—Ye celestial powers! grant me to deposit in his hands my victorious sword, and to press him once more to my bosom, at this moment so cruelly torn!—To you, my friends who remain behind, I confide the precious deposit. There is another, dear likewise to my heart. . . . that also I intrust to your care.”

He had not yet ceased, when Idalyra, conducted by her companion nymphs, approaches the strand, pale and almost inanimate. Her tears fall in warm streams on her snowy bosom, and on the flowery wreath which she bears in her trembling hand.

“Irthur!” says she, “I cannot blame your departure: your own valour, and the valour of these heroes, irresistibly hurries you away: but why deceive your fond Idalyra? why may not your promised bride be allowed to accompany you? You think me weak and timid?—Ah! you are little acquainted with either love or patriotism, if you do not yet know what sublime courage they are capable of inspiring. Animated, equally with you, by the sight of these warriors, I feel the additional influence of love—that love, which you, ungrateful man, despise. This hand, which has lately called these flowers to trace our names in fragrant wreaths, would have dared to

gird on your sword; and, a partner in your dangers, I would have braved death by your side, . . . . Ye waves! receive these names, united in luckless hoir: wafted on the surface of the deep, may they long accompany the ship which bears away my faithless lover, and reproach him with his infidelity, when my voice can no more reach his ears!"

She said, and, casting the garlands into the sea, uttered a doleful shriek—tottered and fell motionless on the sand.

The warrior, unable to tear himself from the spot, stands riveted by her side. "Fendler Idalyra!" said he, "accompany your future bridegroom: my fate shall be yours."

Like a rainbow feebly tinted in a pale cloud, joy smiles on the countenance of Idalyra. She casts her eyes on Arthur; and, from the arms of Aldamene who conducts her to those of his son, she springs with her lover into the ship, amid the loud acclamations of the warrior train and the inhabitants of the island, all equally affected by the interesting scene.

Aldamene, his cheek bedewed with tears, presents his son and his daughter to William, who promises to be as a father to them, and assures the hoary sire that he will long with grateful pleasure recollect his virtues, his conversation, and the fraternal hospitality which himself and his followers had experienced in the Batavian isle. He attempts to console the venerable senior: but, tenderly affected by their separation, he recollects at this moment that he is himself a parent—a still more hapless parent than Aldamene. He embraces him in eloquent silence: he embarks with his whole train: the vessel furrows the waves; and the shore, bedewed with affectio-

nate tears, resounds with mournful cries and ardent prayers.

Meanwhile the warriors, whom the tempest had separated from their chief and their companions, were overwhelmed with sorrow. Day after day elapsed; and their ships, as if destitute of pilot and rudder, wandered at random o'er the deep. Douza, Sauroi, Boisor, Barneveldt, the intrepid Lumey—with the Batavians who are under their command, and whose courage no disasters can shake—unable any longer to endure a state of inaction, again steer their course toward their country's shores.

"I hope," said Lumey, "that the vessel which the rage of the storm has torn from us, will speedily rejoin our fleet: but, if our chief, or so many of our gallant associates, lie buried in the waves, their shades hover round our heads, and anxiously watch our motions. Let us pursue to ultimate success the arduous enterprise which we had commenced in conjunction with them: or, if we also are destined to perish in the attempt, let us, more fortunate than they, display our courage in defence of our country, before we follow them to the regions of death. Shall we waste our precious moments—tear asunder with our hand the veil of secrecy which covers our designs—and chill the zeal of those who eagerly look out for us, as their expected deliverers? While the raging winds bellowed in our sails, Nassau with undaunted spirit said to me—'Should we be separated by the tempest, do you, as soon as the angry sea is appeased, haste to gain possession of Vorm.'—Scarcely had he conveyed to me these words, when his vessel disappeared.—Let us obey his directions; and, immediately on our emersion from the perils of the storm, at the very moment when

our enemies shall think our fleet engulfed in the bosom of the deep—let the acquisition of that important fortress afford to the Batavian a sure pledge of his liberty. Let me have the honor of conducting this enterprise: let our chief, on his arrival, find his orders already executed, and pass from the dangers of the tempestuous ocean to that safe port acquired by our valour.”

*(To be continued.)*

### *The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

*(Continued from page 420.)*

*Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.*

“THUS passed the happiest days of my life, till an envious cloud intervened, to darken my bright prospects.—Methought my Laura grew sad: the bloom, which graced her fair cheek, had lost its vermeil hue: sighs burst from her over-charged bosom: she often shunned me, and would spend many hours in solitude.

“ Shocked at this alteration, as I loved her tenderly, I conjured her to tell me the cause of her uneasiness. I was apprehensive for her health: but she assured me that she was perfectly well both in health and spirits, and begged of me, with affectionate earnestness in her manner, if I loved her, not to think that she was unhappy, or ever to mention the subject to her again. I perceived with sorrow that I had lost her confidence: but, as I was fearful, that, if I importuned her with questions, I might alienate her affections entirely from me, I forbore to say any thing more to her, and seemed not to observe her; though I watched every turn of her altered features with anxious attention, in hopes to discover the cause of her secret uneasiness:

“ In this manner we passed some time; and Miss Byron, notwithstanding her endeavours, grew more

unhappy. Her health visibly declined. I was miserable to see her consumed by a grief which preyed on her spirits, and which she so industriously strove to conceal. After revolving over in my own mind what could possibly occasion her melancholy, the thought struck me, that she had lately seemed particularly to avoid her cousin; and, on his paying me any tender attention, the color would go and come in her cheek; and she appeared very restless and uneasy.—I now observed that she would often look at me with significant earnestness, and that a tear would stand trembling in her eye.

“ From these circumstances, I began to think that my friend entertained a warm partiality to her cousin, but that the visible preference which he gave me, made her wish to confine her sentiments to her own bosom. I was soon after confirmed in my opinion. Miss Byron had promised to return with me to Seymour Hall; and, as the time approached, I mentioned it to her, saying, I hoped that the change of scene would prove beneficial both to her health and spirits: but she surprised me, by peremptorily refusing to accompany me.

“ I was excessively hurt at her manner, and could not help lamenting the estrangement of her affections from me. This seemed to move her. She burst into tears; and, throwing her arms round my neck, she exclaimed; ‘Fanny Seymour! my beloved Fanny Seymour! pity and forgive me! You are as dear to me as ever: but I am not worthy of your friendship. I am lost to myself—lost to every thing around me. Go then, my dear Fanny! I ask but a little time to recover myself:—when I can restore to you your friend, your once

happy Laura, I will fly to you with joy.'

'I earnestly importuned her to banish this distressing reserve, to let me participate in her sorrow; adding, that I should be miserable while she continued so unhappy, and that I could not leave her till I saw her better. But my entreaties had no effect: she would not hear of my prolonging my stay with her; and, to show that she was determined, she told me, that, well as she loved me, she thought she should recover sooner in my absence.—'Leave me then, my dear friend,' continued she. 'Enjoy the happiness that awaits you. You will, you must, be happy,' added she, sighing: 'and, when I can see you as I ought, I will share your happiness with you.'—She then turned her blushing face from me, and quitted the room.

'I now no longer had a doubt that she loved her cousin.—Unhappy attachment! It was the source of all my misery! But for that, my days might have glided on in serene tranquillity and content. The esteem, the calm affection, which I felt for Sir Thomas Byron, would, I am convinced, have made me perfectly happy.—Ah! why did my heart feel more exquisite emotions? Ah! why. . . . But whether am I wandering?—Forgive me, much-lamented shade of my Laura! I mean not to reflect on thy memory. Were the sad transactions of my life to pass over again, I would act just as I did then.

'Convinced, as I said before, that Miss Byron was strongly attached to her cousin, I sat, ruminating a considerable time, how I should proceed. Upon a minute investigation of my own feelings, I found, that, though I highly es-

teemed Byron, I could more easily give him up than my friend could, and that I should receive much greater pleasure in seeing her united to the man she so tenderly loved, than if I gave Sir Thomas my hand, and saw my dearest friend fall a sacrifice to the delicate refinements of a passion, which I had not yet experienced.

'Determined, with regard to myself, how to act, there appeared innumerable doubts and difficulties in my way, before I could bring this affair to the conclusion I wished. Sir Thomas Byron was not avowedly my lover. I could perceive that he wished to secure an interest in my heart, before he declared his intentions; and I now wished that he would be more explicit, as I was determined to put an end to his expectations with respect to me, and endeavour, in the most delicate manner that I could, to turn his regards toward my friend.

'The day before I quitted Mr. Byron's, Sir Thomas asked my leave to conduct me to Seymour Hall. The pleasure with which I granted his request, gave him infinite satisfaction; and I now hoped that I should soon have it in my power to execute my favorite scheme.—I took leave of Miss Byron with the less reluctance, as I flattered myself that I should be the means of procuring her the happiness she sighed for.

'During the first part of my journey, my companion was visibly embarrassed, and I felt myself in a very awkward situation. After some time, recovering his usual animation, Sir Thomas, in very expressive terms, declared himself my very sincere admirer; and begged, that, if he was not disagreeable to me, I would permit him to make proposals to my father.—As this



was a declaration I had long expected, and as my heart was not interested on its own account, I was calm and collected, and listened to my lover's professions with a composure, which, I believe, surprised him. But that surprise was considerably increased, when, after having returned him thanks for the honor he intended me, I candidly told him that I could not listen to his addresses, as I did not think myself worthy of him, not feeling that return of affection which I thought his merits deserved.

"I might have gone on for an age," Byron seemed not to have it in his power to interrupt me. He was extremely agitated: his countenance was alternately pale and red: he pressed my hand in his, which trembled violently. "Miss Seymour!" he exclaimed—"dearest Miss Seymour! how cruelly you have distressed me! But I fear it is my vanity that has deceived me. I dared to flatter myself that I was not indifferent to you: for you are too ingenuous, too noble-minded, to trifle with a heart that is fondly attached to you, and which will scorn to persecute you with a passion that is disagreeable to you."

"I begged of him patiently to listen to me. 'My behaviour to you, Sir Thomas, from the moment I first thought you particular in your attentions to me, was such as my own judgement could not have justified; had I not one palliating circumstance to offer in my own vindication: I thought my heart as partial to you, as you appeared to be to me. But this was all delusion. I have seen the effect of love in the breast of another, which has convinced me that I never felt it in my own.' There is a lady, Sir, beautiful in her person, and possessed of a thousand accomplishments, who

feels all that refined and delicate love for you, so necessary to make a man of your sensibility happy. How often, Sir Thomas, have you been eloquent on this subject! and how frequently have I heard you declare that you would not marry an empress, if her heart did not accompany her hand!"

"Still, my charming friend," replied Byron, "these are my sentiments: and, dear as you are to me, and fondly as I once indulged the idea of your being mine—yet, if you cannot give me your inestimable heart, I must be contented with your friendship. You will, my beloved Fanny, I flatter myself, accept Byron as your friend."

"Indeed I will, Sir Thomas. I shall ever esteem you as my dearest and most valuable friend; and, if I can but see you united to the lady I think every way worthy of you, the first wish of my heart will be gratified."

"Cease, my dearest Miss Seymour! Are you not unmerciful? At a moment when my heart is bleeding with its disappointment, you talk to me of another love! Is the heart that I have offered to you, to be disposed of at pleasure?—Surely, my fair friend, has too much susceptibility, to think this possible. The lady—whoever she is—that has so highly honored me, is entitled to my gratitude, to my esteem: but the man who has once loved Miss Seymour, cannot easily reconcile his mind to any other woman.—Believe me, madam—I can now have no hopes from flattery, even were I capable of it."

"You will force me then, Sir Thomas, to be more explicit? Disagreeable as it is, I must discover the dearest secret of the friend I love, and that friend, too, a most delicate and refined woman. I sat-

fer myself, Sir Thomas, that, when I name the lady, you cannot be insensible to the merits of your cousin, the lovely Laura Byron.

“ Sir Thomas started, and, hastily interrupting me, ‘ Good God! is it possible?—my cousin? my dearest Laura!—It cannot be, Miss Seymour: my cousin was sensible of my attachment to you,—I love her tenderly: but it is with a brother’s fondness—I know her virtues, and think that her good opinion would do honor to the first man in the kingdom.—You are deceived, my amiable Fanny: Laura can think of me in no other light, than as a valued relative.’

“ I am not—indeed I am not mistaken, Sir. In any case where you were not yourself concerned, you would have been more clear-sighted. Yet have I often seen you gaze on her faded cheek with tender anxiety; and heard you express your apprehensions concerning her health, while the conscious sufferer has shrunk from your penetrating eye.—My father, my Laura, and you, divide my tenderest regards; and there is hardly any thing I would not do to promote the happiness of either. You, Sir, have it in your power to be exquisitely happy; let not then an over-nice refinement on either side entail misery on two persons who are formed for each other. Miss Byron has great delicacy; and I much fear she would never forgive me, if she knew I had discovered her secret, and ungenerously, as she would think, disclosed it to you. But you will think this matter over: we shall have frequent opportunities to resume the subject, while you are at the Hall.

“ If you wish me, madam, cried Byron, ‘ to forget you, and turn my thoughts to another, would it not

be madness to stay where you are, to hear your voice, and to have your praises continually vibrating in my ears, from the objects whom your bounty has relieved from misery? This conversation, my sweet friend, has destroyed my dream of happiness: it has awakened me to a sense of what frail, imperfect, dissatisfied beings we are.’

“ We now came within sight of Seymour Hall; and a thousand fond ideas crowded on my mind, as I approached the place of my nativity.—My father received me, as usual, with rapturous expressions of fondness, politely welcomed Sir Thomas, and thanked him for having conducted his daughter in safety to his arms.—Byron returned his compliments with the grace peculiar to him, but not with his usual vivacity. My father was in high good humour all the evening, and did his utmost to draw his guest into conversation: but Sir Thomas, in spite of all his endeavours, was absent and dejected the whole evening; and we retired early to our respective apartments.

“ In the evening of the following day, Byron begged I would favor him with a short conversation in the garden.—I readily complied with his request.—I perceived that he was melancholy, and strove to enliven him by every attention in my power.

“ I am sensible of your kindness, madam, said he: ‘ but you have planted a thorn in my bosom, which it will require some time to extract. The first necessary step towards conforming myself to your wishes will be to absent myself from you. I will go, then, to my own house, and endeavor to forget the too amiable Miss Seymour. But how can I possibly alter my vows to my cousin—those vows

which I have so recently offered to her most beloved friend? Will she condescend to smile on a rejected man? for I will not deceive her: Laura shall know that you have refused me. Nor will I offer her my hand, till I am sure that my heart will do justice to her merits. I must quit you to-morrow, my ever amiable Fanny! and will you—oh! will you sometimes think of a man who will ever set the highest value on your friendship?

“I told him that his present purpose gave me the highest satisfaction, and that my heart exulted in the thought of seeing him and my dearest friend happy; that they would be continually in my thoughts, and that, when I could congratulate my Laura as Lady Byron, the first of my wishes would be accomplished. After discoursing some time on this subject, we joined my father; and, the next morning, Byron took his leave.

“I heard frequently from Miss Byron; and, in all her letters, she assured me that she was perfectly well: but we, neither of us, ever mentioned the name of her cousin.

“Some considerable time thus passed on, when I began to wish to hear from Byron; for he had promised to write to me, when he had any thing to relate which he thought would be agreeable to me. My impatience at length grew to such a height, that I had nearly determined to write to Sir Thomas: but at last I received the long expected packet, the contents of which were as follow—

(To be continued.)

The Old Woman.

(Continued from page 465.)

No. 10.—On FEMALE CELIBACY.

THAT those misfortunes which we bring upon ourselves, deserve

censure, rather than commiseration, is a truth which the most liberal-minded will readily allow. Yet that social sympathy, which the God of mercy has kindly implanted in the bosom of the benevolent, involuntarily inspires compassion for the unfortunate, of every description.

With these sentiments implanted in our disposition by that great Being, who, in the day of retribution, will make no distinction between the prince and the beggar—is it not very extraordinary that a certain class of individuals should, without discrimination, be exposed to censure? and though their whole conduct displays a mixture of philanthropy and benevolence, yet, from prejudice and opinion, they are treated with contempt.

The class of individuals I allude to, are unmarried ladies, or, as they are more generally denominated, old maids—a class, which, from the few instances we see of conjugal felicity, I am astonished that we do not find infinitely more numerous—For all the miseries of life, except those of the married state, we are cheered by the hope of diminution; but, alas! there, the anchor of that sustaining goddess, instead of being formed of adamant materials, either breaks like glass, or assumes a texture light as gossamer?—Hymeneal infelicity becomes the more insupportable, from those gay visions of unfading happiness which the youthful imagination had formed; and the more severely do we feel the disappointment of our prospects, from their having been drawn by that flattering planet, Hope.

But I find myself digressing from the subject which called forth these remarks; I will therefore recall the wanderings of imagination, and allow my readers to peruse the epistle which produced them.

“ To Mrs. Oldham.

“ Madam,

“ Had you not, in your first essay, invited the correspondence of those who consider themselves aggrieved, or require counsel, I should have thought it necessary to preface this epistle with an apology: but, as you have kindly convinced your numerous readers that no such form is necessary, I shall unceremoniously describe the evil, of which I have so much reason to complain.

“ Permit me then to inform you, madam, that, at the age of nineteen, I made my *début* on the theatre of fashion, in the character of a rich heiress.—Without vanity, I may tell you, that my admirers were numerous: but, as I could not divest my mind of the idea of their being attracted by my wealth, I considered all their fine speeches as mere compliments, and received their attentions with raillery, or indifference.

“ Fortune enabled me frequently to change situation; and, in the midst of plenty, I sighed for something, which fortune was unable to give: I sighed for a congeniality of soul and sentiment; and at length, madam, I had the happiness of finding it—not accompanied with wealth—not adorned with title—but in the person of Lord B\*\*\*’s tutor—a young man, whose elevation of soul was displayed in the most trifling action, and whose elegance of manners I will venture to pronounce unequalled.—Lord B\*\*\*, at the time of my introduction to his all-accomplished tutor, was one of the most troublesome of my admirers; and this circumstance, united to the disparity of our fortunes, prevented the amiable Charles Devereux from disclosing his passion.—Though he evidently avoided my society; yet the motive by

which he was influenced could not escape my observation; for, in spite of his endeavours, when we accidentally encountered, his every look and action evinced the ardency of his affection.—Charmed by the delicacy of his conduct, and grateful to Heaven for having placed such a treasure within my reach, I candidly avowed to a female relative of Mr. Devereux the favorable impression he had inspired me with.—An *éclaircissement* was the consequence of this confidential conversation; and I—Oh! madam! I considered myself supremely blest.

“ On the day preceding that which was appointed for our nuptials, my beloved Devereux was seized with a shivering fit—awful presage of the event which too soon followed, and blasted all my hopes of earthly happiness!—I shall not, madam, trespass upon your time by describing the acuteness of my sufferings; but merely say, that, had not the duty of resignation to the will of Providence been strongly impressed upon my mind during childhood, I think my health must have fallen a sacrifice to the severity of my loss.—But, when I reflected upon the many blessings which I still possessed, and beheld myself surrounded by so many of my fellow creatures who were languishing under sickness, or pining under want, I considered, that, at the great day of retribution, I must give an account of my stewardship; and felt persuaded, that the talents, so benevolently bestowed upon me, ought not to be lost.—I therefore visited the sick, relieved the unfortunate, and clothed the naked; and, by thus occupying my mind, I imperceptibly found its dejection diminish, and soon began to enjoy a mixture of tranquillity and peace.

“ The consciousness, madam, of

fulfilling those moral duties, which our divine teacher has so forcibly enjoined, gave animation to my spirits, and inspired a general belief that I should readily enter into the marriage-state. This opinion excited hope in the breasts of many, who condemned what they termed the misapplication of my riches, and who kindly wished to aid me in the disposal of them.—All the softer and more refined feelings, however, were entombed with my beloved Devereux :—not for a diadem could I have even thought of giving away my hand to another ; and, as my resolution became known, and time diminished my personal attractions, I had the happiness of finding myself unsolicited.

“ Yet I scarcely had time to congratulate myself upon no longer being an object worthy of pointed civilities, when the actual reverse of common politeness occurred ; and, in the few parties which I frequented, no more attention was paid me, than would have been paid to the animal to which I have often heard myself compared.—When I enter a drawing-room, if any of the party happen to be strangers, I invariably observe a certain number of young people crowd round them ; and, in a whisper loud enough to reach my ear, I have frequently heard them ask the question, ‘ Pray, ma’am, were you ever in company with that delectable young lady, who, I scarcely need tell you, is an old maid ? ’—On this interesting piece of intelligence, I have invariably heard some illiberal observation, such as, ‘ Oh ! the horrid creature ! but I protest the lines of celibacy are indented upon her face ! ’ Another declared, that, if he were prime minister, he would impose a heavy tax upon the whole tribe ; while a third kindly suggested that there

ought to be a public institution for our reception ; as he considered the class to which I belonged, to be as dangerous to society, as it would be to admit a person infected by the plague.

“ Contemptible, madam, as I consider those who have made these and similar observations, yet there is something so extremely offensive in rudeness and incivility, that I cannot help feeling a mortifying sensation blended with contempt ; and, as you have kindly taken upon yourself to instruct the unenlightened, I wish you would devote an essay to our grievances.

“ That marriage is a sacred institution, madam, is certain : but, as there is no positive injunction to enter into that holy state, I have never been able to conceive a reason why celibacy should be either censured or defamed.—That many unmarried ladies waste their affection upon the animal creation, and, by that misplaced partiality, render themselves ridiculous, is a truth, which I do not attempt to controvert : but where shall we find the human being entirely free from error ?—It is possible that these very women, who are condemned for their attachment to the four-footed race of creatures, may have been cruelly deceived by the biped kind ; and, with affections warm, and hearts formed for attachment, they have directed them into a course, where they were not likely to be deceived.

“ Is it not therefore, madam, the greatest proof of illiberality, to cast an odium upon a class of beings, merely because they have not entered into the marriage state ? particularly, if they endeavour to fulfill all the moral duties with as much exactitude as the most exemplary of wives ?

“ In the hope that you will have the goodness to point out the injustice of that censure which is indiscriminately cast upon the sisterhood, I am, madam, your obedient humble servant,  
ELIZA D\*\*\*.”

The illiberality of attaching contempt to any class of individuals, merely from a few of the number rendering themselves ridiculous, is one of those incomprehensible modes of acting, which appear to set reason and propriety equally at defiance. From Miss D\*\*\*’s description of her situation, her affections were as much widowed, as if the marriage-ceremony had been performed; and surely she is to be admired for that constancy of attachment, which continues to display an undiminished regard.

An old maid, (if I may be permitted to give her the general appellation) whose frivolous mind is merely intent upon tea-table news, is undoubtedly a useless member of society, and, instead of exciting respect, may naturally expect to produce the reverse.—But allow me to ask the candid and liberal-minded, whether this description of character is necessarily confined to the single state? is it to be supposed that the female, who delights in the retail of small-talk, would have been withheld from her communications merely by being a wife?—Human nature, I will venture to assert, must have displayed its leading feature, either in the married or the unmarried state: and, though I allow, that the wife, who is tenderly attached to the partner whom she has selected, may in some degree subdue her propensities, through a desire to please; still, the husband is not always the companion of his help-mate; and a rattling female will find many opportunities of indulging her propensity, or gratifying

her spleen, without exposing herself to the animadversion of a husband, which would check the ebullitions of fluency, as they rise,

I will venture to hope that this picture of human frailty is by no means common, and that it is applicable to a very small portion of my sex; but, as it is the duty of a moralist to point out imperfection, I flatter myself I shall be pardoned.

In a work peculiarly calculated for the perusal of females, it is unnecessary to draw any parallel between the vices and follies of the other sex, and those of my own: but, did I conceive it connected with the object which gave rise to these essays, I should certainly find an extensive field for my pen.

The object of this particular paper has been to convince my readers that celibacy is as honorable as the married state; and that there are many wives less useful in their station, than a benevolent old maid.

(To be continued.)

True GREATNESS of MIND.

THE dignified continence of Scipio, in the command he obtained over his passions, has afforded a subject to the artist, the dramatist, and the historian; and he doubtless appeared more illustrious when he resigned his fair captive to her lover, than as the conqueror of Syphax and Asdrubal.—In the former act, we trace true elevation of sentiment, combined with disinterested generosity; in the latter, the heroic general ready to sacrifice his life for his country’s benefit.—The nobleness of the action justly merited those eulogiums which have been paid to the memory of that dignified young man; and, unless all sense of virtue become annihilated, the name of Scipio will never be mentioned but with admiration.

Instances of this true magnanimity cannot be too forcibly imprinted upon the minds of youth; and, from being rare, they will be likely to make the deeper impression, as what is extraordinary strikes with additional force.—In the account of the Portuguese wars, I remember reading an instance of true greatness, very similar to that of Scipio; and, as it may prove both entertaining and instructive to some of the readers of the *Lady's Magazine*, I will relate it, as nearly as I can, in the author's words.

A commander of the Portuguese forces, of the name of De Susa, made captive a beautiful young Indian from the island of Ceylon; and, charmed with the loveliness of her person, made what are termed honorable proposals. The proposals she received with visible emotion; and it was evident that some silent sorrow pressed heavily upon her heart. At length the cause of her inquietude was discovered; for the beautiful Indian was separated from the object of her affections.—The moment her lover was made acquainted with his misfortune, he flew to the lovely captive, and pressed her to his heart.—“As I could not shield you from captivity,” said he, bursting into a flood of sorrow, “I am come, my beloved, to share your fate!”—De Susa, who beheld the affecting interview, remained some moments transfixed by the sight; then, joining their hands, he said, “Those who wear the chains of love, should not be shackled by the chains of slavery:—go, and be happy; for you both are free.” M\*\*\*\*

*The LOQUACIOUS VISITOR,  
a real Character.*

“Oh God! Sir! here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my lady's Tongue,” said Mordant, hastily

rising from his seat.—“What is the matter, brother?” asked Maria—“Lydia has just come up to the door,” was his reply, as he attempted to escape by another way. But Lydia was already in the room; and her, “How do you do, Mr. Mordant?” arrested his progress.—It was in vain, that, during her visit, which lasted two hours, he made repeated attempts to depart. Lydia was of the number of those obliging ladies, who not only favor their friends with all they know, and all they think, but with all they do not know, and all they conjecture—an incessant talker—one of those pests of society, whom when we meet with in mixed companies (as it is the fate of us all sometimes to do) we think ourselves sufficiently unfortunate: but woe to those whose evil destiny condemns them to a residence in the same house! To them, indeed, is allowed no season of rest! “From morn till night th' eternal 'larum rings!” and what that is, those who have experienced it, alone can tell.

A long yawn from Mordant, immediately following the departure of Miss Lydia, announced to his sister how tedious had been the conversation of her visitor. Maria smiled—“Patience is so excellent a virtue, my dear Edward,” said she, “that perhaps I ought to rejoice at the lesson you have just received; but I confess I pitied you. Lydia was even more than usually talkative to-day.”—“No,” replied Mordant: “she is uniformly tiresome and disgusting.”—“Disgusting! oh! now, brother, you are too severe! Lydia has many very good qualities.”—“Perhaps so; but they lie too deeply hidden for my research, and, indeed, might not repay the trouble of seeking, when discovered; for they are merely such as thousands of

her sex display unconsciously in their whole conduct."—"Lydia has read a great deal," said Maria seriously.—Mordant smiled.—"And books, too," added his sister, "of a description the most improving to the mind."—"I am charitable enough to wish she had profited more by them," said he.—"I do not profess either to love or admire Lydia," answered Maria: "but I think you are too severe in your censures. She has much in her that is praiseworthy; and I regret that she suffers one unlucky propensity to throw a cloud over excellent abilities and great merit."—"We have imperceptibly become very serious," said Mordant, taking the hand of his sister; "and, since we are upon the subject, allow me, my dear Maria, to tell you my opinion of Miss Lydia, and, in her, of all great talkers; among whom, I thank God, I do not number my sister! The actuating principle in all of them is self-love. You start! but rely upon it, however different may be the shades of character, arising from constitution, education, or the accidental circumstance of being born in a particular station, the loquacious propensity, indulged, like Lydia's, to the perpetual annoyance of her friends, is, in them all, an emanation from the same common source. From what other motive than self-love, could she incessantly monopolise all conversation—make herself the sole subject of it—and continually torment every one with her ideas, where her opinion is never asked? And, above all, how could she otherwise invariably take greater delight in hearing herself expatiate upon trifling and ridiculous topics, than in listening to the animated discussions and improving conversation of the most learned men, or the finest strains of harmony

that the united efforts of taste and science can produce? Surrounded by friends, whose minds and talents entitle them to the respect and admiration of all who enjoy the happiness of their acquaintance, Lydia alone is ignorant of the advantages offered to her acceptance; and, instead of aiming to extend her ideas and acquire useful information, she is miserable, when compelled by any accident to remain silent for a few minutes. Neither the private remonstrances, nor the more public reproofs which she so frequently provokes from her family, are powerful enough to overcome the contemptible indulgence of a paltiy self-love, or teach her a little of that modesty which would suggest to her, that she might sometimes benefit more by attending to others, than she will ever improve them by the most liberal display of her own powers. Lydia says she is fond of reading: but did you ever see her keep in her hand the most interesting work, either of science or imagination, when an opportunity offered of gratifying her favorite propensity? Never! I will answer for it.—I need not take much pains to convince you—whose blushes I have so often remarked, when Lydia has been the narratress of some extraordinary event—that a delicate observance of truth is not one of the virtues of a great talker."—"And yet," interrupted Maria, "though I acknowledge your opinion to be not without foundation, I hope she is not quite so bad as you seem to think her; and perhaps we may see her improve. I am told she is going to be married."—"Married!" exclaimed Mordant—"Oh! the unfortunate man who weds her! For which of the seven deadly sins, is he to be tormented with an earthly purgatory? An extravagant wife may bring her



husband to a prison, and an unfaithful one, to Doctors' Commons : but Lydia would lodge him in St. Luke's hospital.—Sweet dame Fortune! let me invoke thee, that, whenever I take unto me a wife for my comfort, she may be contented with a reasonable share in the conversation—may allow me to speak in my turn—and have the modesty to suppose that others can amuse and instruct as well as herself! Let me burn under the equator, or freeze beneath a polar sky—bow down to the monsters of Egyptian worship—or, with the simple aborigines of America, offer sacrifice to the tiger and the serpent! but never, never let me sacrifice my peace and my happiness to a woman whose tongue is not under the dominion of her reason!—I will tell you a story, Maria. An old shopkeeper, who, tired of the cares of business, and sighing for the sweets of rural retirement, quitted the smoke of the city for the dust of Mile-end Road—and the fatigue of selling tape and buttons behind a counter, for the still more insupportable toil of having his time as unoccupied as his mind—this man, I say, driven by a natural impulse, fled from his own irksome vacuity, to the neighbouring public-house, and had but one answer to make to all the inquiries of his friends, as to how he spent his time—'At the Cat and Bagpipes.' Thither he walked for an appetite before breakfast: thither he returned after breakfast, to read the paper: there he smoked his pipe after dinner; and there he played a rubber at sixpenny whist in the evening. 'So it is with Lydia: morning, noon, and night, she flies to the dear pleasure of hearing herself talk, as the honest citizen repaired to the Cat and Bagpipes.'

MARINA.

#### A RUSSIAN ARCHBISHOP.

(From Dr. Clarke's Travels.)

A CURIOUS contrast to the splendor in which we had hitherto beheld Plato, archbishop of Moscow, was offered, during a visit we made to him at the Convent of Nicoll na Ferrera, a seminary for young priests, near the city. I had long wished for an opportunity of conversing with this remarkable man. He was preceptor to the Emperor Paul; and is known to the world by his correspondence with Monsieur Duten. Upon our arrival at the convent, we were told he was then walking in a small garden, the care of which constituted his principal pleasure; and the employment characterised the simplicity and innocence of his life. As we entered the garden, we found him seated on a turf bank, beneath the windows of the refectory, attended by a bishop, an old man his vicar, the abbé of the monastery, and some others of the monks. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when they told me it was Plato; for, though I had often seen him in his archiepiscopal vestments, his rural dress had made such an alteration, that I did not know him. He was habited in a striped silk bed-gown, with a night-cap like the silk nets which hang down the back, as commonly seen on the heads of Italian postillions; and a pair of woollen stockings, with feet of coarse linen, fastened on with twine in an uncouth manner. He was without shoes, but a pair of yellow slippers lay at some distance. By his side, on the bank, was placed his broad-brimmed hat, such as is worn by the shepherdesses of the Alps; and in the hat-band, to complete the resemblance, was stuck a bunch of withered flowers. His white beard, and that mildness and animation of countenance which

distinguished him, gave to his features a most pleasing expression. He desired to know who we were; and being answered, Englishmen, "What!" said he; "all English? I wonder what your countrymen can find sufficiently interesting in Russia, to bring you so far from home; and in such times as these." But having made this observation in French, he looked cautiously around him, and began to ask the monks, severally, whether they understood French. Finding them perfectly ignorant of that language, he bade me sit by him; while, the rest forming a circle, he entertained us with a conversation, in which there was science, wit, and freedom, sufficient to astonish any traveller, in such a country, and at such a period. Memory has scarcely retained even that part of it which concerned the manners of his countrymen.

"Well," said he, "you thought me perhaps a curiosity; and you had me as naturally disposed for observation as you could wish," pointing to his woollen stockings and his strange dress—"an old man bending with years and infirmities." I replied, that I had the honor to see him in his greatest splendor, on the night of the ceremony of the Resurrection, in the cathedral of the Kremlin. "And what did you think of that ceremony?" said he. I answered, that "I considered it as one of the most solemn I had ever witnessed, not excepting even that of the Benediction at Rome;"—"and interesting" added his Grace. "Very much so," said I: at which he burst into a fit of laughter, holding his sides, and saying, I "had lost a night's rest to attend the ceremony of a religion I did not profess, and called it interesting."

We accompanied him round his garden, admiring the beauty of the situation, and the serenity of the climate. "But do you," said he, "prefer our climate to yours?" I told him, that I had found the Russian climate severe, but the cold weather in winter not attended by so much humidity as in England; that the atmosphere was clear and dry. "Oh yes," said he, "very dry indeed! and it has, in consequence, dried up all our fruit-trees."

Afterwards, he inquired where we were going; and being told to Kuban Tartary, and to Constantinople—"God preserve me!" he exclaimed, "what a journey! but nothing is difficult to Englishmen; they traverse all the regions

of the earth. My brother," continued he, "was a traveller, and educated in your country, at Oxford; but I have never been anywhere, except at Petersburg and Moscow. I should have been delighted in travelling, if I had enjoyed the opportunity; for books of travels are my favorite reading. I have lately read," and the significant smile by which the words were accompanied could not be misunderstood, "the Voyage of Lord Macartney."—He laughed, however, at the result of his brother's education. "The English," said he, "taught him to declaim, in their way: he used to preach his fine flourishing sermons to us Russians; very fine sermons! but they were all translated from the English. Some of your divines write beautifully; but with incurable freedom. It was once discussed in an English sermon, whether a people had power to dethrone their king."—"Your Grace may say more," said I; "we had once a prelate, who, preaching before his sovereign, felt himself at liberty to discuss his conduct to his face."—"I wish," said he, "we had such a fellow here!"—but, aware of the interpretation which might be put upon his words, and perhaps not daring to end with them, he added, after a pause, "we would send him, to enjoy the full liberty of preaching in the free air of Siberia." He was much amused at a reply he once received from an English clergyman, of the factory at Petersburg, when asked if he intended to marry. "If I am fortunate enough to become a bishop, I shall marry some rich citizen's daughter, and live at my ease\*."

He complained much of Dutens, for having published his correspondence, without his permission. He acknowledged having therein endeavoured to prove that the Pope was Antichrist; of which he was fully convinced: but that he much feared the resentment of the court of Rome. We told him, we thought his fears might now subside, as that court was no longer formidable to any one. "Oh!" said he, "you do not know its intrigues and artifices; it is like the ancient Romans; patient in concealing malice; prompt to execute it, when opportunity offers; and always obtaining its point in the end." He then spoke of Voltaire, and his correspondence with the late empress Catharine. "There

\* The priests in the Greek church are allowed to marry; but not the bishops.

was nothing," said he, "of which she was so vain, as of that correspondence. I never saw her so gay, and in such high spirits, as when she had to tell me of having received a letter from Voltaire."

#### MEDLEY.

*The Wedding-Night.*—Monsieur de Monthion, in his account of the French Ministers of Finance, lately published in London, relates the following curious anecdote of Monsieur de Calonne.—“On his first marriage, he kept his wedding-day at the house of one of his relations. In the evening M. de Calonne had sat down to a party at play. When it became time to retire, many intimations were given him, but without effect. At last he was directly told that it was time to depart. He begged to be indulged with a short delay; which was no sooner past, than he repeated the same request over and over again. At last the mother of the bride insisted on his going home; when he begged her to step into his coach with her daughter, and he would instantly follow her. But he forgot his promise; and at last the family were actually obliged to force him out of the room into the carriage, where he found his bride dissolved in tears at this early exhibition of neglect.”

*Dyed Beards.*—Mr. Morier, in his “Journey through Persia,” &c. gives the following curious account of the Persian practice and method of tinging the beard black. The operation, he says, “is always performed in the hot bath; where the hair being well saturated, takes the color better. A thick paste of *Khenna* is first made, which is largely plastered over the beard, and which, after remaining an hour, is all completely washed off, and leaves the hair of a very strong orange-color, bordering upon that of brick-dust. After this, as thick a paste is made of the leaf of the indigo (which previously has been pounded to a fine powder), and of this also a deep layer is put upon the beard; but this second process, to be taken well, requires two full hours. During this operation, the patient lies quietly flat upon his back; whilst the dye (more particularly the indigo, which is a great astringent) contracts the features of his face in a very mournful manner, and causes all the lower part of the visage to smart and burn. When the indigo is at last washed off, the beard is of a very dark bottle-green, and becomes a jet black

only when it has met the air for twenty-four hours.”—He adds, that they also dye their hands and feet by a similar process.

*Henry VIII and the Monks.*—Mr. Britton, in his “Architectural Antiquities,” relates, that Sir Henry Colt, one of Henry’s courtiers, determined to make some sport for his master, at the expense of the monks of Waltham, who were pretty generally suspected of being on too good terms with the fair recluses in the neighbouring nunnery at Cheshunt. Having learned that some of the former were on a nocturnal expedition to Cheshunt, “he contrived to place a buck-stall in the narrowest part of the marsh through which the monks were to pass, leaving it to be managed by his confederates. The monks, hearing a noise of voices, and not choosing to be discovered, put out their lights, and in their haste ran into the net which had been spread for them. The next morning, Sir Henry, not a little delighted with his success, presented them to the king, who, laughing heartily at the joke, said, “I have often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison.”

*Curious Night Accommodation.*—The Rev. John Gottfried Haensel, Missionary from the United Brethren, gives us, in his “Letters on the Nicobar Islands,” the following account of the curious manner in which he occasionally passed the night on those distant shores.—“In my frequent excursions along the sea-coast, it sometimes happened that I was heightened, and could not, with convenience, return to our dwelling; but I was never at a loss for a bed. The greater part of the beach consists of a remarkably fine white sand, which, above high-water-mark, is perfectly clean and dry. Into this I dug with ease a hole large enough to contain my body, forming a mound as a pillow for my head; I then lay down, and by collecting the sand over me, buried myself in it up to the neck. My faithful dog always lay across my body, ready to give the alarm, in case of disturbance from any quarter. However, I was under no apprehension from wild animals. Crocodiles and kaymans never haunt the open coast, but keep in creeks and lagoons; and there are no ravenous beasts on the island. The only annoyance I suffered was from the nocturnal perambulations of an immense variety of crabs of all sizes, the grating noise of whose armour would sometimes keep me awake. But they were well watched by my dog; and

if any one ventured to approach, he was sure to be suddenly seized, and thrown to a more respectful distance; or if a crab of more tremendous appearance deterred the dog from exposing his nose to its claws, he would bark and frighten it away; by which, however, I was often more seriously alarmed than the occasion required. Many a comfortable night's rest have I had in these sepulchral dormitories, when the nights were clear and dry."

*Capture of Serpents.*—The same writer, in another part of his Letters, says—"Far from being afraid of serpents, I went out purposely to discover their haunts, in the jungle or among the rocks, defending my legs with a pair of strong boots; and if I could prevent their slipping off into their holes, and irritate them so as to make them attempt to strike me, my work was done: for a serpent, thus situated, will coil himself up, and instantaneously darting forward his head, strike and bite whatever comes in his way. I then presented my hat, which the animal violently seized with his fangs; when, instantly snatching it away, I seldom failed to extract them by the sudden jerk; for, being curved, they cannot be readily withdrawn, and sitting but loosely in the gums, are easily disengaged. Being thus rendered in a great degree harmless, I pinned their heads down, and tied them up. Great care, however, is required not to suffer yourself to be lacerated by their teeth, or in any other way, while preparing their heads, and refixing the fangs; for if a wound is thus inflicted, even long after their death, the consequences are dreadful, and often fatal; of which I might relate many singular instances, which came immediately under my observation."

*Lapland Church Discipline.*—In Linnaeus's "Tour in Iceland," lately published in English by Dr. Smith, we noticed the following remarkable instance of obsequious submission to the priesthood—"The poor Laplanders find the church festivals, or days of public thanksgiving, in the spring of the year, very burdensome and oppressive, as they are in general obliged to pass the river at the hazard of their lives. The water, at that season, is neither sufficiently frozen to bear them, nor open enough to be navigated; so they are under the necessity of wading frequently up to their arms, and are half dead with cold and fatigue by the time they get to church. They must either undergo this hardship, or be fined

ten silver dollars, and do penance for three Sundays."

*Frugality of Scotch Laborers.*—The late Professor Walker, of Edinburgh, in his "Essays on Natural History," &c. speaking of the Scottish laborer, says—"When allowance is made for the days in which he is debarred from work, by the state of the weather or other accidents, his income cannot be reckoned to exceed £13 a year. Yet, upon this, he has often to support a wife, with two, three, or four children; and, when sober and industrious, supports them in a decent manner. The wife, generally, by her carefulness and industry, adds something. Yet, whenever the income and expense of a laborer's family come to be compared, as they have often been, and committed to paper, the expense, to a degree of surprise, always turns out higher than the income. Yet they live without running into debt, and thrive, and the children are brought up in a creditable way. This is much to the praise of the poor laborers in Scotland; and no reason can be given for it, but that there subsists among them a degree of frugality and parsimony, which escapes the knowledge and observation of people in higher life."—"A married ploughman, with all his perquisites, has generally to the amount of 1s. every working day, or about £16 a year."

*Bishop Hough, and his Steward.*—Mr. Wilmot, from whom we quoted, in our last Number, an anecdote of Bishop Hough, informs us that the good prelate "always kept £1000 in the house for unexpected occurrences; perhaps, to pay funeral expenses or legacies." One day the collectors of one of the noble societies in this country came to apply for his contribution: the bishop told his steward to give them £500. The steward made signs to his master, intimating that he did not know where to get so large a sum. He replied, "You are right, Harrison: I have not given enough; give the gentlemen £1000; you will find it in such a place;" with which the old steward, though unwillingly, was forced to comply. To the credit of the steward's honesty, Mr. Wilmot relates that he was informed "by an aged female still living, that she was present when the steward attended the bishop's executor, Mr. John Byrche, and showed him a partition in the cellar, which being removed, discovered a thousand guineas, totally unknown to every body but the steward."

## POETRY.

ADDRESS to the PUBLIC,  
at the Opening of the new THEATRE,  
DRURY LANE,

Saturday, October 10, 1812\*.

Written by LORD BYRON,  
and spoken by Mr. ELLISTON.

In our dread night, our city saw—and  
sigh'd— [pride,  
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of  
In one short hour beheld the blazing  
fane, [reign.  
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to  
Ye, who beheld—oh sight admir'd and  
mourn'd! [adorn'd!—  
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it  
Through clouds of fire, the massy frag-  
ments riven, [heaven,  
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from  
Saw the long column of revolving flames  
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled  
Flames,  
While thousands, throng'd around the  
burning dome, [then home;  
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for  
As glar'd the volum'd blaze, and ghastly  
shone [own;  
The skies, with lightnings awful as their  
Tilt black'ning ashes and the lonely wall  
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd  
her fall;  
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,  
Rear'd, where once rose the mightiest in  
our isle,  
Know the same favor which the former  
knew, [and you?  
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him  
Yes—it shall be—The magic of that  
name [flame;  
Defies the scythe of Time, the torch of  
On the same spot still consecrates the  
scene, [been.—  
And bids the Drama be where she hath  
This fabric's birth attests the potent  
spell— [well!  
Indulge our honest pride, and say, How  
As soars this fane to emulate the last,  
Oh! might we draw our omens from the  
past,  
Some hour, propitious to our prayers,  
may boast. [lost.  
Names such as hallow still the dome we  
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art  
Overwhelm'd the greatest, storm'd the  
sternest heart:

\* The Committee of Drury-lane Thea-  
tre, to invite competition, had offered  
twenty guineas for the best-written Ad-  
dress.

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurel grew: }  
Here your last tears retiring Roscius }  
drew, [adieu. }  
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last }  
But still for living wit the wreaths may }  
bloom,  
That only waste their odors o'er the tomb.  
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you  
refuse  
One tribute to revive his slumb'ring Muse.  
With garlands deck your own Menander's  
head!  
Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead!  
Dear are the days which made our an-  
nals bright, [write,  
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceas'd to  
Heirs to their labors, like all high-born  
heirs,  
Vain of our ancestry as they of theirs.  
While thus Remembrance borrows Ban-  
quo's glass, [pass,  
To claim the sceptred shadows as they  
And we the mirror hold, where unag'd  
shine  
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,  
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you  
condemn,  
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!  
Friends of the stage—to whom both  
Play's and Plays  
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,  
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct  
The boundless pow'r to cherish or reject,  
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,  
And made us blush that you forfore to  
blame,  
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend  
To soothe the sickly taste it dar'd not  
mend,  
All past reproach may present scenes re-  
fute, [mute!—  
And censure, wisely laid, be justly  
Oh! since your Fiat stamps the Drama's  
laws, [plause,  
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd ap-  
peal—  
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's  
pow'rs, [ours!—  
And reason's voice be echo'd back by  
This greeting o'er—the ancient rule  
obey'd,  
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,  
Receive our welcome too—whose ev'ry  
tone [win your own.  
Springs from our hearts, and fain would  
The curtain rises—May our stage unfold  
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!  
Britain our judges, Nature for our guide,  
Still may we please: long—long may you  
preside.

Lines by Miss SQUIRE,

on reading J. M. L.'s *Stanzas* addressed to her in our Magazine for April

[\* \* \* We assure the ingenious Authoress, that the copy of this poem, sent for insertion in May last, never reached us.]

HAIL, sacred poesy! by Heav'n design'd  
To wake each generous feeling of the  
mind!

While Mammon's sons, the plodding,  
worldly wise, [ful eyes;

Turn from thy gl'wing page with scorn—  
While they, whose souls no soft emotions  
know,

For sordid gain each joy refus'd forego—  
Mine be the lay, which, flowing from the  
heart, [part;

Can to the woe-fraught soul a charm im-  
Teach the young mind in virtue's cause  
to glow;

Or melt with pity at well pictur'd woe;  
To daring deeds the ancient warrior  
move,

And force, awhile, dull apathy to prove }  
The sweets of friendship, and the  
pains of love: }

Mine be the lay, to soft eyed Pity dear,  
Which wakes, for human woes, the sigh  
sincere.

Let bards who love to wound, bid sa-  
tire's sting [wring;

The eering wretch with keener anguish  
I would not—though to gain eternal  
fame— [might reclaim.

With scorn provoke, when candor  
No! let me rather live unsought, un-  
known, [are flown,

Till fancy's dreams and nature's joys  
Than strive, by means unkind, the ways  
to gain, [others' pain.

And purchase short-liv'd bliss with  
Taught, early taught, to bend at Vir-  
tue's shrine, [divine,

Keep her nice rules, and love her form  
I learn'd from Charity, preceptress mild,  
To weep the woes of frailty's abject child;

To shun the wretch, whose more than  
serpent tongue [stung;

O'er Beauty's robe its baneful venom  
To soothe the mind by guilt and shame  
oppress'd, [breast—

And ope to softer thoughts the gnomy  
Daughter of heav'n! still may thy voice  
benign [refine!

My judgement influence, and my heart  
Still may the candid few, who love to  
praise, [lay;

Trace thy kind spirit in my humble  
And may those lays, uncheck'd by rules  
of art, [the heart.

Touch the fine chords, that vibrate on

What, though the learned proud too  
off contention [not then.

The fairest blossoms, if they cho-  
Say, must thy buds, O native Genius, ,  
Because obnoxious to the cynic's eye?

No! Hope's warm sun shall bid their  
charms expand, [er's hand—

And Taste preserve them from the spoil—  
So Flora's child, frail nursing of the  
storm, [form;

Hides in some devious wild its pensile  
There blooms unheeded, or, at best, dis-  
plays

Its varied beauties to the vulgar gaze,  
Till Taste, discerning, in its petals fair,  
Tints that might well repay a master's  
care,

Bears from its native throne the desert's  
queen, [scene!  
To bloom and charm amid the cultur'd

Lines,

written on the FIRST of SEPTEMBER, 1812.  
By Mr. WEBB.

HARK! 'tis the sportsman's gun, whose  
thund'ring sound [the vale:

Shakes the moist air, and echoes through  
The day, the annual day, at length has  
dawn'd, [to bleed.

That dooms the harmless plumy tribe  
What have you done, ye feather'd inno-  
cents, [and groves,

That you must quit your favorite glens  
Your flow'ry vales, cool shades, and  
crystal streams, [day?

And cease to drink the golden beam of  
Alas! you tender up no forfeit life:  
No crime of yours impels the fatal  
stroke: [man

But man must have amusement! cruel  
Must perpetrate the sanguinary deed,  
To speed the tardy hour!

Again the tube explodes! The timid  
hare [falls,

Has felt the bolt of fate, and prone he  
And the last life-beam trembles on his  
eye. [haunts,

No more will he frequent his wonted  
Or play his gambols by the green-wood's  
side;

No tender mate, or playful little ones,  
Will hail him more to surze-envir'd  
home! [scenes of death.

The feeling Muse loves not these  
She o'er creation casts a glance humane,  
Clasps in warm fold the unsect and the  
brute, [of life.

And feels for all that breathes the breath  
But, petty tyrant, know, thy reign is  
short! [frides:

On his pale horse an awful sportsman

His barbed arrows never miss their aim,  
 And soon will pierce thy heart.—Indulge  
 the thought, [sings:  
 And weigh the truths that gentle Cowper  
 “ Full many a crime, deem'd innocent  
 on earth, [doubt,  
 Is register'd in heav'n; and these, no  
 Have each their record, with a curse  
 annex'd. [heart:  
 Man may dismiss compassion from his  
 But God will never.—When he charg'd  
 the Jew [rise,  
 T'assist his foe's down-fallen beast to  
 And when the bush-exploring boy that  
 seis'd  
 The young, to let the parent bird go free,  
 Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner  
 works  
 Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,  
 All, in the universal Father's love?”

*The SPIRITS of the DEAD;  
 or Visionary HAPPINESS.*

TELL me, ye who roam in air,  
 Spirits pure and unconfin'd,  
 Take you now the guardian care  
 Of the dear ones left behind?  
 Watches now the parent kind  
 O'er the helpless off-spring's way,  
 Teaching, if they bliss would find,  
 Ne'er from Virtue's path to stray?

Does the lover's ardent eye  
 Still his heart's warm feelings prove,  
 Even from the stary sky  
 Watching o'er his earthly love?  
 Leaves he now the realms of light,  
 Borne upon the viewless air,  
 Breaking through the glooms of night,  
 Thus to cheer the weeping fair?

“ Thou, whom absence could not change,  
 Whose true heart, unsw'd to falter,  
 Never knew the wish to range  
 From thy faith, and Love's bright  
 altar—  
 Whom not even death could move—  
 Dry thy tears, and cease thy sorrow!  
 Faithful votary of love!  
 Soon shall rise a brighter morrow.  
 “ Thou shalt bid the world adieu;  
 Own no more its sad dominion;  
 Range with me the heavens blue,  
 Mounted on thy seraph pinion!”—  
 Softly sweet as southern breezes,  
 Steal the accents on her ear:  
 Eagerly the hope she seizes,  
 Soon to join the youth so dear!

Oh! if thus the soul can hover  
 O'er the scenes of earthly pain,  
 Dearer is the death-cold lover,  
 Than life's ever-changing train!

What, though in his eye's bright glances  
 Once 'twas bliss to read his heart?  
 Yet the happy hour advances,  
 When they meet—no more to part!  
 Still, when—day's gay beams declining—  
 Ev'ning throws her shadows dim,  
 On some mossy bank reclining,  
 Sweet it is to think of him!  
 Object of her soul's devotion!—  
 Still, to passion's dictates true,  
 She recalls each soft emotion,  
 Which her raptur'd bosom knew!

Fancy sheds her spells around her!  
 Sighs the breeze? she thinks he speaks  
 Mis'ry's dart no more shall wound her:  
 Far from earth the joys she seeks.  
 Should the rustling leaves alarm her,  
 Soon she chases ev'ry fear;  
 Thinks 'tis he who once could charm her—  
 He, than all the world more dear!

Let not then affection perish;  
 But, till life's last scene is o'er,  
 Still his dear remembrance cherish,  
 And his virtues still adore!  
 Onward, then, ye minutes flying,  
 Lead her steps to rest and peace—  
 Sweet shall seem the pangs of dying,  
 Death shall bid each sorrow cease!

MARINA.

HOPE.

By Mr. WEBB,

Author of “*Haverhill*,” and other Poems.

“ WHAT are the hopes of man?” Lo-  
 thario cry'd: [dy'd,  
 “ Ere this, I hop'd Avaro would have  
 That fortune would dispense her glit-  
 t'ring show'rs, [flow'rs.”  
 And paint my steril path with golden  
 “ What are the hopes of woman?”  
 Sylvia said—  
 Sylvia, whom Fate ordains to die a maid.  
 “ I fondly thought that some accom-  
 plish'd swain  
 Would lead me to yon hymeneal fane;  
 Ah! futile hope! I still at distance wait:  
 No friend invites me to the nuptial  
 state.”  
 “ What are the poet's hopes, and  
 dazzling views?”  
 Exclaims the hungry vot'ry of the Muse:  
 “ Hur'd by the siren Hope, my humble  
 name, [of Fame;  
 I fondly deem'd, would gild the rolls  
 And that a gen'rous public, on my head,  
 Would place the laurel wreath, and  
 give me bread.”— [boy,  
 All are the dupes of Hope! the giddy  
 With heart elate, expects the coming joy:

Fond youth, with health empurpled,  
spirits gay, [future day.  
Believes bright bliss will crown some  
From rising manhood, to the vale of age,  
Hope cheats her victims, till he quits  
the stage.

Thou sang the Muse, while in a fitful  
mood, [mis'd good  
Through disappointment of some pro-  
Forgive me, Hope, that thus; in evil hour,  
My wayward song traduc'd thy soothing  
pow'r.

Sweet nymph! the loveliest of the fairy  
train, [strain!  
That with mild beauty grace the poet's  
With all the raptures genius could in-  
spire, [the lyre;

To sing thy praise, a Campbell swept  
Thy genuine worth, which Cowper  
sweetly sang, [tive Young.  
Was hymn'd by tanelul Pope, and plain-  
Cheer'd by thy smiles, the martyr of dis-  
ease [breath.

Expects fair health upon a vernal  
Thy influence bland can banish fell de-  
spair, [fair.

And tell the wretch, to-morrow may be  
Heart-cheering Hope! from thee what  
blessings flow! [below.

Thou art the good man's paradise  
Inspir'd by thee, the Christian soars sub-  
lime, [by time.

And scorns to bound his blissful views  
Thy lenient charm can soothe his paining  
breath, [death.

And with mild radiance gild the scene of  
*Haverhill.*

*The Soldier's Wife's*

INVOCATION to PEACE.

By J. M. LACEY.

O GENTLE pow'r! attend a wife's sad  
pray'r—

A soldier's wife, o'ercome with ev'ry care;  
Whose long-lov'd lord to other lands is  
fled, [head;

Where War uprears his crimson-crested  
Where horror fills each agonising breath,  
And morn but breaks to fight men on to  
death!

Where the bright day-beam sees the  
beauteous bow'rs, [flow'rs,

The lovely vales, so late bedeck'd with  
The corn-clad steep, where Ceres wav'd  
her store, [gore!

All black with rain, red with human  
And, 'stead of wavy boughs in gayest  
green,

The flashing bayonets fill all the scene.  
Oh! tis not woman's to unfold the  
vale,

When wasteful battle fills the echoing  
vale.

She cannot paint the deathful hour of  
doom, [tomb.

That huris its thousands to the yawning  
She cannot tell—she dares not trust her  
breast [fess'd:

With all the woes that then appear con-  
But oft she feels a pang she cannot paint,  
That bids her shudd'ring soul in anguish  
faint;

For fancy, ever busy fancy, shows  
The husband of her heart in life's last  
throes;

Pictures him death struck on the field of  
blood; [blood;

No friendly hand to check life's ebbing  
No wife to catch his last convulsive  
breath,

And consecrate the bitter hour of death!  
But thou, sweet Peace! if, from the  
happy blest, [world's bright guest,

Thou would'st descend, and be the  
Could'st heal the wounds of war, and  
give again [with pain;

Joy to those bosoms bursting now with  
Could'st stop Ambition's phrensy-fraught  
desires; [sices;

And give back children to their aged  
Restore the husband to his wretched wife,  
And all with pleasure all her future life:  
While to the world thy dear return would  
bring

A gen'ral joy, an unexpected spring!  
Plenty would come with thee: the poor  
man's eye [more the sigh

Would beam with pleasure: then no  
Would from his big heart burst, as chil-  
dren wept, [crept!

When want and famine round his cottage  
Commerce would flourish, when no more  
was hurl'd [world!

War's flaming brand around a mourning  
That world, at peace!—What rapture in  
the thought! [brought,

The very words delight! and, with them  
A host of angel virtues crowd around;  
Truth at their head, by Love with myrtle  
crown'd!—

Return thee, Peace! oh! hear a woman's  
pray'r! [anxious care!

Bless the wide earth, and soothe her  
Give to these arms the dear-one of my  
heart, [part!

No more to seek the field—no more to

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed  
in our Magazine for August.*

WELLINGTON and GLORY.

COARSE is the soldiers' hard and scanty  
five; [and glory;  
And toils are his in fields of war



But wreaths of laurel bright 'tis his to  
*share*: [story!  
 He lives renown'd in Fame's immortal  
 Fur where's the heart so cowardly and  
*cold*, [of beauty,  
 Or where's the lip of love, the breast  
 That hails not Wellington the great and  
*bold*? [duty.  
 And thus to hail him is a nation's  
 'Tis his to hurl the death-directed *shaft*:  
 'Tis his to guide the warrior on to  
 battle, [draught,  
 Where many a bosom draws life's latest  
 'Midst gory heaps, 'midst ruin's wildest  
 rattle!

But to be only brave, to feel the glow  
 That valour feels, when wild the fight  
 he's seeking, [stave,  
 Were vain indeed:—caution oft bids he  
 While deep discretion shuns the bat-  
 tle's reeking.

This praise is thine, O Wellington!—  
 Thy *skill* [low'redefending:  
 Taught thee to pause, while Lisbon's  
 But, when to fight you late, your won-  
 drous *will* [tempests bending.  
 Hurl'd armies down, like reeds to  
 Such is the theme the brave man ought  
 to *hear*: [midst its pleasure,  
 Such is our nation's theme!—but,  
 Sorrow infuses, for numbers kind and  
*dear*, [ther's treasure.  
 The father's hope, the widow'd mo-  
 These hearts must mourn; nor should  
 we deem it *strange*, [of glory.  
 Did their sad curse attend the march  
 It must be theirs with anguish'd sigh  
 to *range*, [fierce story.  
 And with aversion turn from war's

Such are the feelings glory calls in  
*play*: [bier,  
 We sigh with sorrow o'er the warrior's  
 While Britain's welfare bids our hearts  
 be *gay*, [tear.  
 And mingle joy's fair smile with pity's  
 September 7. J. M. L.

New BOUTS-RIMES proposed.  
 Beauty, duty; Glowing, flowing; Ten-  
 der, surrender; Chilling, willing; Glory,  
 story; Over, rover; Blessing, confess-  
 ing; Ever, never.

Character of the POET COWPER.  
 From the Poem of "The Tunes."  
 COWPER, with noble candor, touch'd  
 the strings.  
 Approving Virtue listens while he sings;  
 That mild philanthropy, those thoughts  
 refresh'd, [the mind,  
 Which grac'd his deathless verse, adorn'd,

Religion, source of ev'ry pure desire,  
 Glow'd in his heart; and wisdom's holy fire  
 There found its altar: faith's immortal  
 flame, [name  
 And gentle soothing charity, whose  
 Archangels in melodious concert sang,  
 And hope, in native beauty ever young,  
 Inspir'd his Muse; and nature's breath-  
 ing sweets, [retreats;  
 Her woodbine arbores, and her green  
 Were themes he lov'd; and pity's gen-  
 tle charm  
 He sweetly sung. A wanton act of harm  
 His soul abhor'd; the wild and tim'rous  
 hare  
 Fle'd to his roof, and found a refuge there.  
 Yet oft to harsher themes his lyre he  
 string'd, [tongue.  
 And deep remonstrance dwelt upon his  
 O'er thoughtless guilt he dropp'd the  
 prophet's tears,  
 And rous'd a slumbering nation into fears;  
 He prov'd a steady friend to all mankind;  
 And Virtue fix'd her temple in his mind.

To absent CAROLINE.

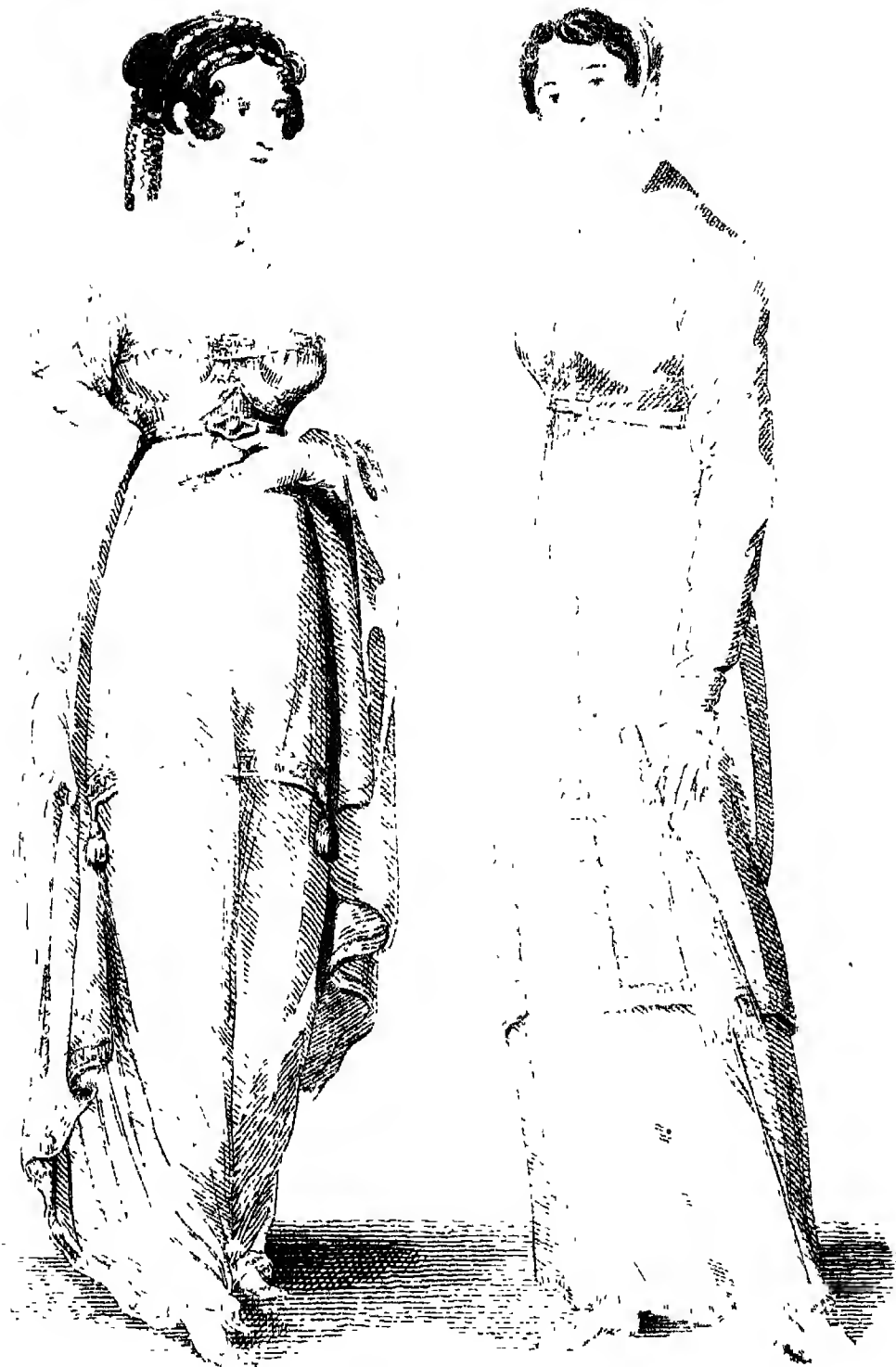
STILL shall the softly-pleasing smile,  
 That beam'd upon thy last adieu,  
 Still shall the thought of thee beguile,  
 Till time our intercourse renew.  
 Still shall each word, each touch of thine,  
 Each heartfelt joy thy looks impart,  
 With gentlest influence combine,  
 "To soften, not subdue, the heart."  
 Then let the anxious wish, the sigh,  
 The vain repining spirit, cease:  
 Let Fancy's airy visions die,  
 And Reason mildly whisper peace.

On JOSEPH BONAPARTE'S Expulsion  
 THE new King of old Spain  
 Sees the end of his reign,  
 And, all claim to the kingdom revoking,  
 Cries, "Alas! poor King Jo!  
 You're taught gravely to know,  
 That Spain is no country for Jo-king."

L'EMBAUMEMENT économique.

« SERAIT-il bien vrai, mes amis,  
 Que, quand mes jours seront finis,  
 Votre dessein est qu'on m'embaume ?  
 Disait à ses enfans, près de lui réuni,  
 Un brave mourant, d'Harpagon second  
 tome. [bon m'embaumer !  
 « Dans des parfums trop chers, à quoi  
 Faut-il se ruiner pour garder un fantôme ?  
 Si vous voulez pourtant, moi mort, me  
 contempler, [nature  
 Croyez en votre part, et ne laissez  
 Mes enfans, s'ils ont un cœur.  
 A Translation or Imitation by any of  
 our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.

4



*London fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses*

London fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.

*Morning or Walking Dress.*—A plain or corded muslin dress, made high in the neck, and flounced—the flounce set on rather full.—The waist not quite so long as of late.—Three-quarter pelisse, of pale yellow twilled sarsnet, edged with a rich fancy trimming of the same color, and fastened round the waist with a band and gold buckle.—A fancy hat, of the same stuff as the pelisse, with a gold or rich silk tassel suspended from the back of the hat—a handsome feather to correspond, drooping over the front, and rather inclining toward the side.—A white parasol.—Boots and gloves of the same color as the pelisse.

*Evening Dress.*—A Grecian head-dress, with several rows of large

pearls continued round the hair.—Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of pearls somewhat smaller than those on the head.—A white satin or sarsnet body, made very low in the neck, and richly trimmed with silver trimming or white lace—and a short double sleeve of white satin or sarsnet, fastened on the shoulder with a rich silk fancy button, and trimmed—the under sleeve made close to the arm, and of pink sarsnet.—A band of the same trimming, worn round the waist, and fastened in front with a rich stone or pearl ornament.—Tutu and apron of pale pink sarsnet, with a trimming of silver or white lace to correspond with the body.—A pale blue scarf—white kid gloves—white satin slippers, with pearl ornaments on a plaiting of ribbon—and a white fan, edged with silver.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[London, September 21] Advices from St. Domingo state that Christophe, defeated by Petion, and abandoned by his staff-officers who deserted to his rival, had fled to the mountains with a handful of men.—Letters from Jamaica add that Pittier, at the head of 12,000 men, obtained quiet possession of Cape Francois, with all Christophe's treasure, amounting to several millions of dollars, collected by the most iniquitous extortions.

[28] The French threw, or attempted to throw, into Cadiz, from the 15th March, 1810, to the 29th August, 1812, 1398 bombs, 1672 grenades, and 12,461 twenty-four-pound balls; and the Spaniards, during the same time, from the Castle of Puntalesalone, threw upon the enemy's line, 261 of the first, 12,950 of the second, and 22,049 of the third.

[29] By the treaty of peace, lately concluded between Russia and Turkey, all the territory between the river Pruth and the Black Sea, 1000 wersts in extent, and comprehending a part of Moldavia and Bessarabia, is added to the Russian empire, with many, and numerous other cities and towns of importance.

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[30] July 17, the American garrison in Fort Michilimackinac, consisting of 61 individuals, surrendered to a British force from Canada, without any attempt at resistance.

[30] September 3, General Ballasteros attacked and defeated a French corps of 10,000 men, and made himself master of the city of Antequera.

[October 2] Letters from Malta, of August 4, state, that Ragusa, the mouths of the Cattaro, and the whole of the neighbouring coast, are in a state of insurrection; and that the natives had applied to our troops in Lissa for arms and ammunition.

[3] A letter from Captain J. Thompson, to his brother in Liverpool, dated Verdun, August 12, says: "In this *dépot*, we have every indulgence possible to prisoners; and every man of good conduct, without distinction, is granted any favor he asks within the limits of the district; nor does any prisoner now suffer for the misconduct of another."

[5] September 7, a great battle took place between the French and Russian grand armies, at Borodino, on the 13th.

Moskwa, about two leagues from Majaisk, and twenty-five from Moscow.—The Russian host, commanded by Prince Kutusoff, was about 120 or 130,000 men; and the French, under the command of Bonaparté in person, were equal in number.—The conflict lasted from about 6 in the morning, till night; during which time, according to the words of the 18th French bulletin, “a thousand pieces of artillery scattered death in every direction,” and the French “fired sixty thousand cannon-shot.”—The slaughter, of course, was prodigious.—Some accounts state the total loss of the Russians, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, at forty thousand: others say that the French lost that number in the battle.—The French retreated; and the Russians remained masters of the field: but, two days after the battle, they found it expedient to retire toward Moscow, whither they were followed by the French.

[6] Letters from Nevis, of August 29, mention that the American privateers are burning and plundering every thing, and observe that a list of 63 ships captured had been received from St. Bartholomew.

[6] The New York Gazette, of Aug. 25, mentions a counter-revolution in Venezuela.—Shortly after the great earthquake, the clergy (it is said) declared it to be a divine punishment on the people for their rebellion, and found many credulous believers. These having entered into a correspondence with the government of Porto Rico, and with General Montverde, commander of the royal troops at Coro, the latter invaded the province, and took possession of Valencia.—The command of the patriot army was given to General Miranda, who (through treachery, as is supposed) retreated before the invaders, though his army was double their number: and, upon their taking Porto Cavallo by surprise on the 6th of July, he shortly after made a secret capitulation, and repaired to Lagaira (July 30), with the intention of embarking for Caracœa: but the commandant arrested him, as a betrayer of his trust, and confined him in a dungeon.—A bulletin, issued by our own government, adds, that the city of Caracœa capitulated to the royalists on the 28th of July.—that Lagaira surrendered at discretion on the 31st.—and that Miranda was still kept closely imprisoned.

[6] A treaty of peace, between Great Britain and Sweden, was signed at Ore-

bro, July 18—ratified by the Prince Regent, Aug. 4, and by the Swedish monarch, Aug. 17.

[6] *Corunna*, Sept. 24.—By letters from Madrid, it appears that the holy tribunal of the Inquisition has been re-established!

[7] August 16, the American general Hull, the invader of Canada, having previously suffered some losses in unsuccessful skirmishes, and being now shut up in Fort Détroit by a British force under Major General Brock, consisting of about 730 white men and about 600 Indians, surrendered with his whole army, of about 2,500 men, as prisoners of war.

[9] Aug. 19, the British frigate, *Guerriere*, mounting 49 guns, was captured by the American frigate, *Constitution*, mounting 55.—In the conflict, which lasted near two hours, the *Guerriere* had 15 men killed, and 63 wounded—the *Constitution*, 7 killed, and 7 wounded.—The *Guerriere* was so much damaged, that the captors, after having taken out all the crew, set fire to her, and blew her up.

[9] Prince Kutusoff, having reached Moscow with his army after the battle of Borodino, [See October 5] but being unable to find a tenable position near that city, retired about twenty miles beyond it, and left it open to the French, who entered it on the 14th of September.—Two days after their entry, three or four hundred persons set fire to the city—“in five hundred different places,” says the 20th French bulletin. They acted according to instructions previously received from the governor, Rostopschin, who had taken the precaution of carrying off all the firemen, and taking away or destroying the fire-engines.—Five sixths of the houses being built of wood, the conflagration was rapid and prodigious: it continued four days, during which time three fourths of the city were burned, including nearly a thousand palaces, and sixteen hundred churches, together with immense magazines, and thirty thousand sick or wounded Russians, who had been left destitute and helpless in the hospitals.—The flames, however, spared the Kremlin—an extensive inclosure surrounded with antique massy walls, nearly in the centre of the city, containing the old imperial palace, the cathedral, several parish churches and convents, the arsenal, colleges, and public offices. In that inclosure Bonaparté has established

his head quarters; and, notwithstanding the destruction of stores by the conflagration, the French have found, in Moscow and its vicinity, ammunition sufficient, says the bulletin, "for two campaigns."

[12] Advices from the Mediterranean state that the Dey of Algiers intends to undertake a spirited war with the American republic. To fulfill this design, he is provided with six frigates of 44 guns; and he and his vassals are equipping a swarm of smaller vessels, which are to be engaged in depredations on the floating property of this new enemy. Orders have been given in London for stores to equip the Algerine navy, to the amount of upwards of £40,000.

[12] During the high price of grain at Bordeaux, the father of a family, reduced to the lowest poverty, and famished with hunger, concealed the death of his nephew, a youth of twelve years, and, with his wife and four children, subsisted nearly a week on the body.

[12] At Rennes, in France, a conscript lately chopped off his left hand, to evade the service. He was condemned to 14 years' imprisonment; and his father, who had lost four children in Bonaparté's campaigns, was condemned to pay 300 livres for being privy to his son's offence.

[13] Sept. 28, a criminal, at the place of execution in Paris, stabbed the priest in the throat who was administering spiritual comfort to him the executioner, who was preparing to tie his hands, he pierced through the heart; and forced his assistant to leap off the scaffold, by which he broke both his legs. He afterwards nearly severed his head from his body.

[13] An Armenian diamond-merchant, named Bohljat, was, on the 2d July, attacked, near Mannheim, by four robbers, who, after stripping him of a bag containing several diamonds, cut his throat, and threw the body into the Rhine. The water being shallow, some fishermen discovered Bohljat, and carried him in a state of insensibility into the city, where a surgeon sewed up his wound. On his convalescence, he made deposition of the robbery before a magistrate, and described one of the persons who had used him so barbarously, to be hare-lipped. The magistrate departed, and shortly after returned in company with M. Folsche, an eminent jeweller, whom Bohljat recognised to be one of the rob-

bers. Bohljat had letters of recommendation to Folsche, who, apprised of his being on the road, thus waylaid and attempted to assassinate his intended guest.—The diamonds (valued at £18,000 sterling) were found in Folsche's house, and restored to the owner.

[14] A treaty has lately been concluded between the Sicilian court and Lord Bentinck, providing that a body of Sicilian troops, not fewer than 7,000, shall be placed under his Lordship's command, and that England shall secure Sicily to the royal Family.

[14] *Quebec, Sept. 1.*—A number of petty American privateers have recently distressed the coasts and fisheries of this province very seriously.

[15] The French Conservative Senate have, by a decree of September 1, ordered a levy of one hundred and twenty thousand men of the conscription for the year 1813, to be taken from among the men born in the year 1793.

[19] The yellow fever rages at Carthage, and daily carries off from six to ten persons.

[19] *Berlin, Sept. 25*—The Turks have begun to act against the Austrians; and there has been a conflict between them.

[19] *Gibraltar, Oct. 2*—"An Algerine squadron has passed the Gut, to the westward, and is molesting the trade"—the American trade, we presume.

[21] At Giessen, in the circle of the Upper Rhine, after continued sultry weather, twelve acres of ground suddenly sank about five feet on the 18th of August, and continued gradually sinking, until, on the 4th of September, the chasm was fifteen feet deep. On the 12th, water began to appear, which, by the 19th, completely filled the vacuum.

[23] About the end of June, a conspiracy of the European Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, to murder all the Creoles and effect a counter-revolution, was detected by means of a faithful Negro. Most of the leaders were seized, and twenty-eight of them executed.

[26] About the beginning of March, the settlement of Macassar was surrendered by the French commandant to a British force under Capt. Phillips of the Madras army. A treaty of peace and alliance was soon after, concluded with the rajah of Boni, the most powerful prince in that country, and quiet possession obtained of the small forts, &c. formerly occupied by the Dutch.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*—The last bulletin (of October 3) says, "His Majesty has suffered no fresh accession of his disorder since the last monthly report, and has continued nearly in a uniform state."—At present (October 20) he is said to continue in nearly the same state as for the last three months, free from any violent recurrence of paroxysms, and enjoying uniform bodily health.

*Price of Bread.*—Quatern wheat loaf, October 1, twenty pence, farthing—Oct. 8, nineteen pence, farthing—Oct. 15, eighteen pence, halfpenny—Oct. 22, the same.

[London, September 29] On Monday last, was laid the first stone of a Lancasterian school at Wakefield.

[29] Yesterday, a boy was examined at Guildhall, on a charge of stealing money from behind a shop counter, by means of a wand tipped with bird-lime.

[29] *Building Speculations.*—In the parish of St. Pancras alone, at the present moment, there are not less than 1500 houses unoccupied. Many of the gigantic schemes of building in that quarter have consequently been abandoned.

[30] Yesterday, in the Court of Requests, the proprietor of a stage coach was ordered to pay (together with all the other party's expenses) the value of a brace of partridges sent from the country by his coach, but fraudulently changed by his porter for other birds in a putrid state.—The magistrate observed that the plaintiff might have instituted a criminal action.

[30] Yesterday, Parliament was dissolved; and the 24th of November appointed for the meeting of the new Parliament.

[October 1] Yesterday, at Union Hall, a drayman was fined 40s. with costs, for riding on his horse, while driving.

[2] Tuesday evening, the French officers who had broken their parole, and were confined on board the Brunswick, at Chatham, cut a hole through, and ten of them made their escape: but they have all since been retaken, except one who was drowned.

[3] September 26, the Catholic electors of Newry passed a resolution not to vote for any parliamentary candidate who will not pledge himself to support religious freedom.

[3] October 1, a fire-ball exploded over Stepney fields, at the height of about 20 yards from the ground, with a report which is described as equal to that of an 18-pounder double-shotted, and an appearance similar to that of a bursting bomb, shooting out streams of fire in every direction.

[4] The Old Bailey sessions closed on Monday last: when twenty-six individuals were sentenced to death—forty-seven to transportation—forty-three to imprisonment for different periods—and fourteen to be whipped.—Forty-two were discharged by proclamation.

[6] *Balloon.*—October 1, Mr. Sadler ascended with his balloon from the vicinity of Dublin, with the intention of crossing the Irish Channel. In 35 minutes, he had sight of the mountains of Wales, and, in three hours, a distinct view of the Skerry light-house, with the hope of speedily reaching Liverpool. But, the wind shifting, he was blown off to sea, and lost sight of land. Night now approaching, and some vessels appearing in sight, which showed a disposition to assist him, he lowered the balloon into the water, whence, after having been for some time in imminent danger of drowning, he was, with very great difficulty, rescued by one of the vessels, which conveyed him safe to Liverpool.

[6] *Puerile Swindling.*—Yesterday, a boy, only twelve years old, was committed for trial from Marlborough-street office, on a charge of uttering forged letters, or orders for goods, and thereby defrauding tradespeople.

[7] *Herring-Fishery.*—The shoal of herrings, as reported by the Manks fishermen, this season, occupied a space of not less than 15 miles. The sea appeared literally alive with them.

[7] From the general failure of the crops, not a single pocket of new hops was produced at the late Worcester fair; a circumstance which has not occurred since 1805.

[7] A tree, belonging to G. Lawson, Esq. of Haughton, near Darlington, bore, this year, 2000 peaches.

[7] Last week, at Ayr, a young girl, a pauper, totally blind, eloped with a gallant of the same age, who is both blind and lame!

[7] Last Friday, in a competitive exhibition of powers by two of the water-

companies, the water was made to rise from a fire-plug to the height of the parapet wall of the highest house in Berkeley-square.

[9] *Youthful Suicide*—On Tuesday, in the neighbourhood of Baker-street, Mary-le-bonne New Road, a girl, not above the age of eighteen, attempting to commit suicide, lacerated her throat in a shocking manner with a blunt pen-knife.

[9] *Vauxhall Gardens*—On Wednesday, at the quarter-sessions at Kingston, application was made for a renewal of the licence for these gardens, which was unanimously granted by the court.—The Duke of Norfolk (who was on the bench) then made the following motion, "That the magistrates, assembled at this quarter sessions, do express their regret that the *Victuallers' Licence* has been refused by the magistrates of the Borough." [See, in our last Number, September 19.] But the motion was negatived by 18 to 13, on the ground of its being improper for one set of magistrates to censure the acts of another; and the proprietor of the gardens was advised to apply to the Court of King's Bench for a *Mandamus*, ordering the victuallers' licence to be granted.

[11] The Spanish government has sent, as a present to the Prince Regent, two of the new-fashioned mortars abandoned by the French in raising the siege of Cadiz. They are said to weigh twenty tons, and throw a shell of a hundred weight to the distance of three miles.

[12] *The Princess of Wales*.—It is confidently asserted, that, on Sunday, September 27, Her Royal Highness went to Augusta Lodge at Windsor, and thence wrote to Lady De Clifford, requesting that she would accompany the Princess Charlotte to the Lodge. The answer was a positive refusal, as the Regent had given orders not to allow any meeting at Windsor between the Princess and her daughter. Her R. H. then wrote to the Queen, who sent her Vice-Chamberlain to inform her that it was not in her power to grant her Royal Highness's request. The Princess again addressed the Queen, to request an audience, which being granted, the Queen repeated verbally, that it was not in her power to release the Lady De Clifford from the order she had received.—A report, of her R. H. having dined at the Castle on this occasion, has been contradicted by an assertion that the Queen did not offer her any refreshment whatever.

[12] *The Regent's Canal*.—On Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, under Primrose-Hill, the first spade was put into the ground of the intended line of this canal, by Sir Thomas Bernard, bart.—From the Regent's Park, a branch of the canal is to extend to certain places on the eastern side of the park, close to the New Road, for the site of three new markets, for meat, vegetables, and hay.

[12] *Drury-Lane Theatre*.—On Saturday evening, the new theatre opened with the tragedy of "*Hippolyte*," followed by the farce of "*High Life*."—For the Address spoken on the occasion, see our poetic department, page 472.—The produce of the first night's receipts is said to have amounted to £859.

[13] Yesterday, at Union Hall, a licensed publican was fined in the mitigated penalty of five (in lieu of twenty) pounds, with costs, for having sold *spirits* at a fair, without having a licence for that specific purpose; though licensed victuallers are allowed to retail *beer* in bottles at fairs, without a special licence.—The magistrates, however, advised him, and another publican who stood in the same predicament, to appeal against the convictions.

[14] Yesterday morning, a fire in Leadenhall street destroyed several houses.

[14] Yesterday, the Prince Regent in Council ordered letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against "the ships, goods, and citizens" of the United States of America.

[14] *Over-weight*.—A farmer of toll having weighed a waggon-load of dung at a turnpike-gate, and exacted £9 7s. 6d. for over-weight, an information was lodged against him at Marlborough-street office, where the magistrates yesterday decided, that, although an existing law exempts dung from being weighed—yet, as there was, in the present case, a basket on the waggon besides the dung, the toll collector was justifiable in weighing the load, and insisting on payment of the penalty.

[15] *Gun-Powder*.—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a quantity of gun-powder, valued at £800, was adjudged to be forfeited to three police-officers, who had seized it in an open barge, that had been moored alongside other vessels at a wharf on the Thames—contrary to an act of parliament; which (besides other salutary precautions) directs, that vessels, conveying powder up or down the river, shall be decked vessels, and shall not, while the



powder is on board, be moored at a wharf, or alongside any other vessel, but kept out in the stream—on pain of forfeiture of the powder to the persons seizing it.

[15] *Nuisances.*—Mr. Soane, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, had erected, within the iron railing of his area, a building which projects beyond the fronts of the adjoining houses. Against this, as a common nuisance, the district surveyor lately laid an information at Bow-street office. The magistrates have decided, that, as it does not encroach on the foot-way, or create any inconvenience to passengers, it is not a common nuisance; and that the proprietors of houses may lawfully build as far as the railings in front of their areas.

[16] The convoy from Gottenburg, of about 200 valuable ships, is safe arrived.

[17] The harvest is finished in several of the Scottish counties, and has proved uncommonly abundant. The price of provisions is, of course, rapidly falling.

[17] On Monday se'night, a fire broke out in Cannon-street, Houndsditch; and—there being no water for the engines for three quarters of an hour—it made such rapid progress, as to destroy eleven houses in a few hours.

[17] On Sunday last, a serious alarm took place on board the *Ganges* prison-ship, at Plymouth, wherein 750 French prisoners were confined.—One of them had actually set fire to the ship, and burned a great hole in her, before it was discovered. The incendiary was soon detected, confessed his guilt, and declared that it was his intention to destroy himself and his companions, who were tired of confinement.

[17] *Rogues in Grain.*—At the Surrey sessions, yesterday, G. Mitchell, wharfinger, and John Smart, his servant, were indicted for receiving two pecks of oats and a peck of clover chaff from a carter, they knowing the same to be the property of his employers. Smart was sentenced to six months' imprisonment: Mitchell, not having been seen in the transaction, was acquitted.

[18] On last Wednesday and Thursday nights, Drury-Lane theatre was a scene of tumult and confusion, amounting even to absolute riot, occasioned by Dr. Busby's appealing to the audience against the decision of the committee, in preferring Lord Byron's Address, to one which he himself had sent in, and which he now wished to have recited by

his son. At length, on the second night, young Mr. Busby obtained permission to deliver the Address on the stage. He attempted it, but could not be heard, on account of the noise in all quarters of the house. The Doctor has since published the piece in the newspapers; and, to afford our fair readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, we shall insert it in our next Number.

[19] At the late nomination of candidates for the parliamentary representation of the county of York, on Mr. Lascelles being nominated, his friends immediately commenced a subscription, to defray the expenses of his election; and, in a few hours, it amounted to above fifty thousand pounds, of which a noble Lord anonymously subscribed thirty thousand, under the signature of "*A Friend*."—It afterward happened, however, that Mr. Lascelles was elected almost without opposition.

[19] Within the last few days, 20,000 additional stand of arms have been shipped from the Tower for the Spanish Peninsula.

[19] Baron Nicolai is just arrived in London, as minister from Russia, and is the bearer of the project of a commercial treaty, extremely favorable to British manufactures.

[21] Oct. 18, at Martin in Cleveland, three men, having incautiously descended, one after the other, into a deep well, were suffocated. A fourth was drawn up quite black in the face, and apparently dead, but soon recovered.—*No person should venture down a well of any depth, before he tries whether a candle will burn down to the water or not. If a candle will burn, a man may go down with safety:—if not, it is certain death.*

[21] *Illegitimate Child.*—Mary Luke, of Breage parish in Cornwall, is now, and has been nearly three years confined, for refusing to name the father of her illegitimate child.

[22] Yesterday, a high tide in the Thames inundated Westminster-Hall and the whole vicinity. It is said, that, in the Hall itself, a waterman was employed with his wherry—the water being four feet deep.

[24] Lately a lieutenant of a ship in the Downs, commanding in the captain's absence, ordered a serjeant of marines to walk the deck with a musket, as a private man. The serjeant refusing, unless tried and broke by a court-martial, the lieutenant ran down for his dirk, and returning on deck, stabbed the serjeant, and killed him on the spot.

[27] An American privateer has made her appearance in the British Channel.

BORN.

[September 26] Yesterday, of the lady of James Walsh, esq. Parliament street, a daughter.

[28] On the 24th of the lady of Josiah Hemshall, esq. Waxlow Hall, Middlesex, a daughter.

[October 3] Thursday, of the Duchess of Newcastle, a daughter.

[5] September 30, of the lady of Capt. Codd, Kensington, a son, her *fifteenth*.

[6] Sept 29, of the Lady of Sir Windsor Hunloke, bart a son and heir.

[11] On the 7th, of Mrs. Rowsell, Cheapside, her *fourteenth* child.

[13] Sunday, of the lady of W. Martin Foster, esq. Gower-street, a daughter.

[14] Yesterday, of Mrs. Grant, Pentonville, a son.

[15] On the 13th, of the Hon. Mrs. Buchanan, Richmond, Surrey, a son.

[20] On the 17th, of the lady of P. Hadow, esq. Colney-House, a daughter.

[21] Saturday, of the lady of Capt. Grubb, of the R. Bucks Militia, a son and heir.

[21] Lately, of the lady of Geo. Waddell, esq. Cobham-Place, Bagshot, a son.

MARRIED.

[September 27] Tuesday, Henry Pitches Boyer, esq. to Lady Amelia Sophia Spencer.

[27] Lately, Mr. Smith, of Balby, near Doncaster, to Mrs. Morley—*his sixth, her partner*.

[October 1] Tuesday se'nnight, Robert Lundie, esq. of Hull, to Miss Mary Farr.

[1] Saturday, William Ahba, esq. to Mrs. Scott, of Upper Berkeley-street.

[3] Tuesday, John Bush, esq. of Bradford, Wilts, to Miss Sarah Alderton.

[9] Yesterday, Mr. Wathen Phipps, Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, to the Lady Baroness Howe.

[8] Monday, the Rev. James Croft, to Miss Charlotte Manners Sutton, daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[8] Lately, William Stephens, esq. of Oxford, to Mrs. Brydges, of Wootton-Court, Kent.

[10] Sept. 28, The Hon. and Rev. Alfred Harris, to Miss Maria Markham, daughter of the Dean of York.

[15] Monday, at Richmond, Surrey, G. L. Clarke, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Mary Peirse, of Thimbleby Lodge, Yorkshire.

[16] Yesterday, Major Scott Waring, of Peterborough House, to Mrs. Esten.

[19] Tuesday, Dr. Bodley, of Brighton, to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton.

*Marriage extraordinary!*—Lately, at Blackburn, Henry Osbaldston, *aged ninety five*, to Rachel Pemberton, spinster, *aged seventy one!*

DECEASED.

[September 23] Yesterday, Sir Thomas Dingley Hatton, bart.

[24] Monday, Lady Annet's.

[28] On the 24th, Lady Harriett Jane Hay, sister to the Earl of Erroll.

[29] Saturday, Mrs. Arabella Beard, of Fenchurch-street, *aged 71*.

[29] On the 22d, the lady of Lieut. gen Fuller.

[October 1] Monday se'nnight, *aged 82*, Mrs. Milnes, mother to the Vicountess Galloway.

[2] Sept. 29, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, Jacob Mills, esq. in his *80th year*.

[6] Saturday, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Baring, bart.

[7] Sunday, in his *74th year*—the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, rector of St. Martin in the Fields.

[7] On the 5th, Mrs. Ingram, of Wolford, Warwickshire, *aged 75*.

[7] Saturday, at Froyle, the relict of the late Rev. G. Watkins.

[9] On the 7th, at Harroldsham in Kent, the Rev. James Robinson Hayward, *aged 74*.

[9] Wednesday, Lieut. gen. Donald Macdonald.

[13] Tuesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, Grosvenor-square, in her *65th year*.

[14] Saturday se'nnight, the Earl of Kinnare.

[14] On the 11th, Robert Hemon, esq. Upper Charlotte st. Fitzroy-square.

[18] Sunday, at Alford, Mrs. F. Gatehouse, in her *101st year*—She eat two *new teeth* about two years since.

[20] Saturday, at Preston-House, Middlesex, James Fraser, esq. in his *10th year*.

[20] Saturday, James Lind, M. D. in his *75th year*.

[21] Monday, Sir Cullinor Smith, bart. in his *81st year*.

APPENDIX.

*Bible Society*—The British and Foreign Bible Society—in addition to their annual grant of £2000 for translating and printing the Scriptures in all the languages of the East—have voted £2000 worth of paper, to replace that which was consumed by the fire in the Mission-House at Serampore. [See our *Mag. for September*, p. 431.]

*Remarkable Chase*.—Some time ago,

Mr. Boniface, of Ford, near Arundel, lost a greyhound, and made strict inquiry after him, but to no purpose, until at length, during the late harvest, some reapers found him lying among the standing corn, with a hare by his side—both dead, and in a state of putrefaction. It is naturally supposed that the hound had been in pursuit of the hare, and the race so equally sustained by the two animals, that they ran till nature was totally exhausted, and both dropped dead together.

*The Dog and Fiddle.*—The owner of a water-spaniel, at Manchester, having lately thrown a stone into a pond, and ordered his dog to dive after it, the animal immediately obeyed, and, after some time, brought up a green bag containing an excellent violin.—A person present desired that another stone might be thrown in, adding, “Who knows but he may next bring up the fiddler?”

*Vauxhall Bridge.*—This long-delayed bridge is at last contracted for, and begun. Col. Baynton, in conjunction with Mr. Grillier, has undertaken to complete it, under due securities, for the sum of seventy five thousand pounds. One pier is already laid; and the manner of doing it is equally novel and ingenious, and, if successful, will form a model for all future bridges. It is to be entirely finished in two years. All the upper parts of the bridge are to be of cast iron.

*Changes in Nature.*—Various chasms and collections of water have recently been discovered among the Breconshire hills in the neighbourhood of Crickhowell, which were never before observed, and which some attribute to a subterraneous convulsion.

*Merman and Triton.*—An account has appeared in the papers, of a Merman, said to have been seen near Exmouth on the 12th of last August. A remarkably minute description of the creature is given, mentioning, among other particulars, that the back part of the body was covered with feathers of a pale pink color.—That account is accompanied with the notice of a Triton, said to have been seen by some French fishermen, in a creek on the coast of Morbihan, on the 21st of July.

*Modern Cæsars.*—During the disturbances in Ireland in the year 1798, Mr. Beresford commanded a corps of volunteers entirely composed of revenue officers, of whose discipline he was very proud,

boasting one day of the excellence of his regiment, a wag observed, that he did not doubt it, as they were, to a man, all *Cæsars* [*Seisers*].

*Expensive Elections.*—The “Morning Chronicle,” of October 1, states that the expenses of the great Westminster contest amounted to £80,000—Sir Francis Burdett’s, for Westminster, £80,000—Mr. Wilberforce’s, for York, £58,000; and the two other candidates, each about double that sum, or, together, £230,000—making the total expenditure of the three candidates for York near three hundred thousand pounds.

*Deterioration of Malt Liquors.*—From Combrune’s Treatise on Brewing, it appears, that, in the year 1761, the quantity of liquor, produced from a quarter of malt, was—of ale, from 1 barrel, 2 firkins, to 1 b. 3 f.—of porter, from 2 b. 1 f. to 2 b. 8 f.—of small beer, from 4 b. 1 f. to 5 b. 1 f.—whereas, at the present day, a quarter of malt is made to yield, of ale, 2 b. 2 f.—of porter, 3 b. 2 f.—of small beer, 8 b. 1 f.—whence it is evident that the porter and small beer are now only about half as strong and nutritive as they were half a century ago, although the porter was then sold at 3½d. a quart.

*Sick Head-Ach.*—To remove an attack of this complaint, a correspondent in a late monthly publication recommends to the patient to take “a table-spoonful of magnesia, and half a tea-spoonful of ginger, mixed with a lump of sugar, in a tumbler three parts full of water, with the chill off; to sit, for a quarter of an hour, with his feet in water agreeably warm; and to apply a napkin wrung out of cold water to his temples or forehead, which ever he feels the most affected.”—Here, however, be it permitted to us to observe, that a gentleman of our acquaintance, having taken somewhat less than a tea-spoonful of ginger in a glass of Soda water, felt an instantaneous shock, as if struck on the forehead by the hand of a giant—that he reeled and staggered, ready to fall—and, during four or five days, was incessantly affected with a most grievous head-ach and stupor.—On another occasion, he experienced precisely the same effects from the addition of a small quantity of loaf sugar to the Soda water.—In both cases, the liquor foamed prodigiously: and the foam was as thick and solid as yeast from strong beer, after having stood a day or two.—We pledge ourselves for the accuracy of this statement.



Lady's Magazine - November 1812



The unwelcome Tidings

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 11, for November, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The UNWELCOME TIDINGS.
2. Fashionable MORNING DRESS
3. New PATTERN for a FRILL and RUFF.

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## NOTICES.

*In our next Number, we shall present to our fair Readers a correct and elegant PORTRAIT of Mrs. SIDMONS, together with a Plate of the Fashions, and a new Pattern, as usual: and, in our Supplement—which will be published, with the December Magazine, on the first of January—we intend (instead of ONE, as customary hitherto) to give TWO interesting Plates, descriptive of events related in the accompanying pages.*

The *ho-ring* correspondent from *Welchpool*, who has sent us two *unpaid* packets, might employ his time to better purpose than that of giving fruitless trouble to the post-office clerks and carriers.—As to ourselves, such communications cause us neither pecuniary loss, nor, one moment's uneasiness.

Our *Horsham* correspondent, "*Clavicus*," who has also favored us with an *unpaid* packet, hardly needs to be told that his lines are wholly unworthy of publication. Though we should have no objection to seeing him *set the Thames on fire*, we cannot suffer him to set the *Lady's Magazine* in a blaze, by converting the *river Hydaspes* into a *volcano*, in his translation (or, rather, *travestie*) of *Horace, lib. i. od. 22.*

We are sorry that we cannot gratify our *Salisbury* correspondent, "*J. K.*," by the insertion of his "*Flight of Prometheus.*"—We will observe, *en passant*, that, in the French epigram in our Magazine for September, the word "*Vol*" means *theft*, not *flight*.

The "*Laugh*" of a *Birmingham* poet is too incorrect for publication.

The continuation of Mr. *Lacey's* "*Invocations*" shall appear in our next Number.

*Miss Squire's* poetic contributions shall appear at the same time.

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE**

FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

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*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(Continued from page 458, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)*

THESE words inflamed the souls of the listening warriors, who with one voice exclaimed—"Lumey! be the soul of Nassau thy guide! we are ready to follow thee to that conquest."

On the north of Zealand, where the sea is dotted with numerous isles—where the Meuse and the Rhine, terminating their course, pour their tributary streams into the briny wave—rises the island of Vorn, which protects the land from the assaults of the ocean, and which Alva had strengthened with a formidable fortress. Toward that fortress they steer their vessels.—At the sound of the foaming waves ploughed up by their advancing prows, the watchful sentinels, mindful of the orders of Alva, lend an attentive ear, and stretch their eye over the watery plains. Immediately they rouse their chiefs and their associates: the whole train are quickly in arms, and in an instant the ramparts are lined with valiant defenders, whose burnished armour reflects the bright radiance of the stars.

Lumey now perceives that success is to be the reward, not of surprisal, but of courage: he bids his brazen thunders to roar, and is answered by the thunders of the ramparts. At this signal of war, the peaceful atmosphere is disturbed.—The trees, already adorned by the hand of spring, quiver in every branch, and strew the ground with

their falling blossoms:—the young nestlings of the feathered race, whose new-formed throats as yet imperfectly imitate their parents' melodious song, awake in affright, and crouch for protection under the wing of their trembling dam: but the citizens, who now despaired of seeing their saviours arrive, start from their sleep in transports of joy.

Not less impetuous than the flying globes vomited by the brazen mouths of war, Lumey rushes toward the fort: undaunted he proceeds close under the walls: the ladders are erected: he mounts with Swieten, Trelong, and the most valiant of his followers, and, combating at every step, gains the summit of the rampart. Imprinting their steps on their native soil, they feel their martial ardor increased: they deal tremendous blows around: victory declares in their favor, and the Spaniards are already seised with terror and consternation.

Meanwhile Nassau, conducting his new auxiliaries to the assistance of the Batavians, was pursuing his course across the ocean. The yielding man opened an easy passage for his ship; and the winds, as if without the aid of the waves, wafted him on their rapid wing: but their rapidity is still unequal to his impatient desires. At length he hears the loud voice of the battle, and descries the Batavian fleet. In an instant the space which separates him from the fort seems to vanish: his ship already touches the strand; and he appears at the foot of the ramparts.—Douza, Bousot,



Genlis, Barneveldt, and their gallant train, do not suspend their martial toils to contemplate him : but, transported with joy, they redouble their efforts to insure a complete victory.

As the waves of a torrent fly before the rude breath of Boreas in the midst of a forest which totters beneath their fury, when, more formidable than they, Boreas tears up the lofty pines, pursues the waves, scatters them on every side, and annihilates them with his exterminating blast—thus the flying Spaniards spread terror and confusion through the ranks of their associates, into whose arms they fly for shelter—thus Lumey pursues their steps, and involves their entire host in one promiscuous defeat. The gates are thrown open : the pendent bridges are let down ; and William, his old cohorts, and his new allies, rush in with shouts of victory.

From the isle of Vorn, the flame that fires the bosoms of these patriot warriors rapidly spreads through the adjoining provinces of Holland and Zealand, which at the same instant burst their chains. From that moment, thou embryo city slowly rising on the banks of the Amstel, Liberty marks thee out as the seat of future greatness, though, in thy present humble condition, thou art unconscious of the glorious destiny which awaits thee.

In Brussels, meanwhile, Alva had made preparations for his departure. Drawn by numerous steeds, his car awaited him.—“ My oaths are fulfilled,” said he to his son Frederic and the surrounding crowd of favorites : “ and I now repair to Philip’s court, there to enjoy my glory, and receive the reward of my labors. Let the jealous courtiers murmur around the throne—I have accomplished what other chiefs had vainly attempted ; and I triumph at

once over William and Granvelle! The Belgian and the Batavian, those heretofore so terrible opponents, have been subdued by my arm ; and their liberty is now no more. Even late itself, as if subject to my will, has seconded my undertakings. William, and his Batavian followers, who had before escaped from my sword, and appeared still formidable after their defeat, have found an untimely grave in the abysses of the sea. Let the fabled history of the giant lying in chains under the foundations of *Ætna* be henceforth considered as the true picture of the condition to which I have reduced this nation :—she may struggle to rise, may utter unavailing murmurs, and breathe fire and smoke : but she must sink again under the weight which crushes her down. Lewis ! Adolphus ! your daring swords have fallen from your hands : and thou, Lumey ! who, animated with frantic rage, swarest to avenge the imprisonment of Egmont and Horn—wilt thou now, from the regions of the dead, return to fulfill thy oath ?

“ Thou, Frederic—and ye who participate my triumph—I leave you peaceable masters in these provinces, now reduced to complete subjection :—be it your care to watch over my work—over those prisoners whom I intrust to your charge. If the people murmur—if they express their sympathy for those chiefs, whom they honor with idolatrous veneration—let them hear you pronounce my name—let that name reign in my absence !”

He said, and, coldly embracing his son, descends from the palace to mount his chariot, when sudden the indignant voice of Tyranny is heard to murmur from the clouds, and a warrior arrives, breathless, covered with sweat and dust, and

furiously goading the flanks of a fleet courser, whose sounding steps shake the ground. He springs to the earth; when immediately his wearied steed falls down, and expires.

Rushing into the presence of Alva, "Whither flec'st thou?" he exclaims—"thou, who art the only support of Philip's throne.—In William's absence, Luney and other of his lieutenants have conquered the isle of Vorn. William himself has again made his appearance, and is now in possession of the citadel. In his train are Lewis and Adolphus, animated with irresistible fury. The sea, the winds, the darkness, their own daring rashness, have seconded their designs. With a fleet at their command, they are now more formidable than when they brought an army from the forests of Germany. Holland and Zealand are already free; the citadel was incapable of withstanding the violence of the torrent, which threatens soon to inundate all our provinces."

Like the trembling wretch at whose feet the lightning strikes the ground, Alva turns pale. "I will go," he hastily replied, "and crush the audacious rebels. The sea shall not be more favorable to them than has been the land: on that element will I encounter them, if they dare to await my attack: and William and his ships shall either fall into my power, or, fired by my thunder, be swallowed up in the deep. Thou, Frederic! instantly depart: with the flower of our troops, hasten to the combat. Valiant Bossut! assembled under thy orders, let the fleet urge its rapid course, and cover all the neighbouring seas."

The fame of the conquest of Vorn resounded beyond the rocky shores of Albion—beyond the banks of

Meuse and Rhine. The Belgic provinces are astonished, are filled with tumultuous rapture: but as, at the return of spring, when the furrows begin to open to the genial rays of the sun, retreating Boreas looks back with a frown on the plains he had abandoned, and with his freezing blast pours death into the entrails of the earth—so Alva displays his terrific countenance. Brussels saw his eyes sparkle with wrath, and bowed her head in silent awe.

*(To be continued.)*

*Modern LIFE delineated.*

*(Continued from page 449.)*

THE newspapers had been disregarded by the young people previous to their cousin's departure: but they were now anxiously sought after, and eagerly perused. No account of a secret expedition, or of any engagement with the enemy, satisfied their curiosity, or relieved their anxiety. In their father's presence, they avoided expressing the least uneasiness upon Edward's account: but, the moment they retired to their chamber, Emma freely indulged her fatal forebodings, and Gertrude most affectionately labored to appease them.—In general, her efforts were not unavailing; for there was a mild persuasion in her deportment and voice, blended with good sense and tenderness, too irresistible to fail of its effect upon one who had not resolution to think for herself, or fortitude to bear a temporary separation from the object of her warm affections.

One evening, as they were returning with their father from a visit in the neighbourhood, they fancied they heard the cheerful sound of the village bells, and a distinct noise of rejoicing in the valley.—As they

descended the mountain, the loud huzzas of the villagers proclaimed some unexpected news. Fortunately they met a woman and her child, who had just quitted the noisy group; and from her they learned that the French had been defeated, and that war would soon be over. "God grant it!" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd with energy: "for a few years of smiling peace will restore to us the blessings we have so many years despised: and, in a few days, I hope we shall learn the fate of your cousin Edward."

Emma burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"My dear sister!" said Gertrude with the utmost emotion, "do not thus give way to your feelings. You are unmindful of that Providence who sustains the life even of the birds who are fluttering around us. How many of these escape the destructive hand of man! and may we not hope that Edward has escaped the hands of his enemies? Believe me, it is ungrateful to form imaginary evils."

"I am surprised, Emma," said Mr. Lloyd with a degree of sternness in his countenance quite unusual with him, "that you behave in so childish and improper a manner. Don't you think your sister is equally anxious? Yet she has the prudence to consult the happiness of her friends by confining the uneasiness she feels to her own bosom." — Mr. Lloyd was prevented from proceeding; for, at this moment, a group of villagers assembled around them, bearing upon a pole the figure of a man made up of rags.

"Who is this you have thus exalted?" said Mr. Lloyd to them.

"Only Bonypart," they all with one voice exclaimed: "we are going to make a bonfire of him; and we hope your honor will give

us something to drink destruction to him."

"I never throw away my money for the destruction of mankind: but, if you are willing to drink the health of our good king, and prosperity to our country, follow me home; and I will give you both meat and drink. But you must bring your wives and children with you, to partake of the repast. It is unmanly, in the hour of rejoicing, to think of revenge."

"I believe your honor is right," they all exclaimed: "so, long live the king! and no more of Bonypart."

"But, your honor," said one of the villagers, "I thought we ought always to rejoice when we had vanquished our enemies."

"As you observe," replied Mr. Lloyd, "we certainly ought to rejoice at the success of our friends and countrymen: but we ought to rejoice with moderation; and our gratitude should be expressed for their preservation, and not for the death of thousands who have never injured us."

"We know your honor's no Dissenter, or we should think you were a rank *Jacobyne*: but, thank God, you are a churchman, and a good churchman; and so you would hate French principles in British hearts."

"Even if I were not a churchman," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling, "I should oppose them with all my might: and I am persuaded there are thousands, of other religions, who would do the same. As for dissenters, believe me, neighbours,

have hearts as noble and as loyal as our own. I formerly was acquainted with one of that sect, whose virtues and justice would have done honor to a crown."

"Perhaps, sir, you might think so, and yet be deceived by ap-

pearances. Why, I have heard say that those Dissenters will not pray upon a fast-day!"

"You have been misinformed: for they pray with fervor, that our countrymen may be shielded by the arm of Omnipotence in the awful day of battle."

"But they do not pray that all our enemies may be *slirpated* from the earth."

"Heaven forbid that any Christian minister should pray for an event so horrible! for mercy is always a more acceptable offering to God, than revenge.—If you had offended one of your neighbours, would you not think him extremely wicked, if he were constantly uttering curses against you?"

"Why, to be sure, I should, sir: but our enemies and our neighbours are very different things."

"And yet, William, they were all created by the same wise and good parent; and, you may depend upon it, he did not give us life to destroy each other. It is only the bad passions of mankind which sanction deeds so opposite to human nature. It is therefore more consistent with our Protestant religion to pray that peace may be spread over every nation in the world, and that it may be the means of uniting them as brothers, than to pray that thousands may be destroyed, to avenge the insults offered to us by a few individuals: and, though the ruler of the French nation is a disgrace to humanity, we must be prejudiced and wicked indeed, to declare that every Frenchman is equally vile."

After the villagers had regaled themselves with good ale and cold beef, as night was now fast approaching, they gave three cheers to Mr. Lloyd and his family, and then quietly retired to their own

homes. As soon as they were departed, Gertrude said to her father, "I never knew, sir, that you had been acquainted with any Dissenters from the established church: and I assure you, my dear father, my curiosity is excited to learn who the gentleman was, that you mentioned to-night."

"He was, Gertrude,

"A man—take him for all in all—I ne'er shall look upon his like again!" "The study of his life was to be useful to his fellow creatures; and his liberal heart embraced every nation in the world, as his brethren. He considered them as heirs to one great mansion.—Those who were without the law, he hoped, had hearts, and good works to accomplish their future happiness:—but those who had the enlightened spirit of the Gospel to direct their path, he considered as more forcibly called upon to pay obedience, reverence, and love, to the great Creator.—His language in the pulpit was sublime, pure, and heavenly, beyond your conception. The mellow tones of his voice interested every hearer, and, where he pointed out the duties incumbent upon mankind, the heart was ready to exclaim, 'Here is a teacher worthy of our attention and love!' But in private life his virtues shone the most conspicuously. He married, unfortunately, a companion of his sister—one of those ticking women, whose capacity extends no further than the fashion of a new bonnet or the happiest mode of preserving strawberries &c. &c. But he treated her with as much tenderness and respect, as though her mind had been congenial with his own. His unbounded care of his children's morals and education was a constant source of amusement and happiness to him. In public, he was their constant companion and

friend, and at home their father and tutor. To the poor of every religion, he was an adviser, a patron, and a friend. But, with all his virtues, few had more enemies to contend with. Calumny converted his noblest actions into hypocrisy; and his best advice from the pulpit was ridiculed as mere cant. If he had been of our church, I am convinced his fame would have been immortalised, and his virtues would have proved the theme of every tongue.—Believe me, Gertrude, it is the proof of a narrow mind to ask what the religion of any individual is, before you will venture to applaud his merit. Never confine your praise to one mode of faith, or your esteem to any particular nation: for, as there are good and bad of every religion, equally so are there virtuous and vicious people in every country: and we cannot say that *we* are either exempt from bad passions, or fulfill the commands contained in the Scriptures with perfect uprightness of heart. We have not therefore any substantial reason for taking upon ourselves the office of judges against our countrymen, or those of any other nation; and, if we search into our own hearts, we shall find ample cause for lenity to all the world."

"How few, sir, are of your opinion!" said Gertrude. "You must recollect the conversation which passed, a few weeks since, at Mr. Williams's, when Colonel Perton and Doctor Wilson declared that every Dissenter was struggling for liberty; and the fiery enthusiasm of republicanism would eventually succeed, if the most rigorous methods were not pursued to crush their daring spirits."

"I do remember it, Gertrude: and it is not the first time that I have heard men of acknowledged

talents, and with minds, upon every other subject, far above narrow prejudices, express sentiments as diametrically opposite to every law of justice and humanity. In every civilised nation, it is both proper and requisite to have a regular form of religion established. But if, from sincere mental conviction, a few individuals conscientiously believe that the mode of faith which they have adopted is more acceptable to the great Omnipotent than the established one, it is extremely unjustifiable to mark them out as enemies to their king and country: for the light of reason would be a useless boon to mankind, if they did not follow the dictates of that reason in endeavouring to secure their happiness hereafter. The ignorant and the superstitious I cannot censure upon this head; for their mistaken zeal, and their abhorrence of people who dissent from them, arise from the weakness of their understanding, not from the malice of their hearts: but, when men of education indulge sentiments so inequitable, I cannot withhold my indignation.—I often wish that religious and political discussions were avoided in mixed parties; for, in general, they interrupt the sweets of social conversation; and, when they are carried to excess, politeness degenerates into rudeness, and friendship into enmity. And such is the prevalent fashion of the present day, that a man who would devote his life in defence of his country, would be looked upon with a jealous eye, if he presumed to avow his regard for any Dissenters from the established church. But these selfish principles, I trust, will gradually wear away: and, as there is a probability of the principles of every man in the kingdom being called to exertion, I trust, that, in

the important hour of danger, one spirit of loyalty will breathe through the whole mass of society — Though I am an enemy to war, I confess I should be the foremost to protect this land from the insulting power of an invader. and I hope there is not an individual who enjoys the pure air of liberty, and the rich blessings of domestic peace in this country, but would freely unite in repelling those who would bring misery and irretrievable ruin into this happy isle. It is, therefore, the part, not only of humanity, but of policy, to avoid irritating the feelings of any of our countrymen; since we do not know to whose protecting arm we may be indebted for our own preservation."

The following morning, when the young people joined their father in the breakfast-room, after his usual benediction, he informed them that he had pleasant news of Edward to communicate; and, taking up the newspaper, read a very warm eulogium on his conduct and bravery in the recent engagement with the French in Egypt.

Emma's joy exceeded the bounds of reason. She clasped her father round his neck, kissed the paper he was reading, and then threw herself into a chair, to weep.—Gertrude, in the mean time, fixed her eyes anxiously upon her father's countenance, and, in trembling accents, asked if Edward was well.

"Perfectly so, my love: and, in two months, I hope we shall see him once more among us.—I have received a few lines from him, stating his safety; but his modesty has deterred him from repeating his own exploits. He merely says that he hopes he shall not return unworthy of our affection."

"I thank you, my dear father, for

this pleasing intelligence: it is all I was anxious to learn."

"But I have more news to communicate. Your worthy god-mother is going to Barmoth for five weeks, and begs I will permit you to accompany her. She assures me it will be a pleasant excursion. Her daughters go with her; and Mr. Parry's family from Moor Park meet them there."

"I wish, sir, you would allow me to decline the invitation, and permit my sister Emma to occupy my place: I know she will be delighted with the party."

"If it is agreeable to Emma, I am perfectly satisfied. I think, indeed, Emma will derive infinite pleasure and improvement in so amiable a society; for Mrs. Pope is both an accomplished and a good woman; and her daughters are universally esteemed for their pleasing manners, and admired for the beauty and elegance of their persons."

Emma was so transported with the joys which hope placed in her view, that she was rendered quite incapable of arranging her own affairs. Gertrude therefore kindly gave her assistance, fixed upon the most becoming dresses for her, and assisted the maid in packing up her clothes.

*(To be continued.)*

—  
*The ADOPTED CHILD;*  
*a Novel.*

*By two Sisters.*

SIR William Manby was one of those favored beings who pass through life without experiencing any of its miseries. The heir of an affluent fortune, the husband of an amiable wife, the father of a fine family, no corroding sensations interrupted his domestic felicity; and those feelings which nature bestow-

ed on him, were of that negative kind, in which the heart had no share.

He was a living machine, whose secret spring the touch of parental authority could direct at pleasure. Guided by a hand so judicious, no wonder that the docile mind of Sir William yielded to its force. The death of his father left him without a guide; but the recollection of his precepts served him as a model, by which to regulate his future conduct. The tenor of his whole life was consistent and uniform: in short, he proved an admirable copy of an excellent original.—In the choice of a wife, his inclinations had not been consulted; but he felt no repugnance to the match. Miss Burnaby's father was the approved friend of his parents; and this idea was sufficient to fix his affections.—Twelve years had now elapsed since their union; and he declared himself perfectly happy.

Mr. Burnaby was rector of the parish in which Sir William lived.—Lady Manby, and another daughter, who was married to a Scotch gentleman of good fortune, were his only surviving children. Sir William's second son chiefly resided with the venerable rector, who carefully instilled into the mind of his grandchild every sentiment which could dignify human nature. The avidity with which this amiable youth imbibed every idea of moral perfection, afforded to his delighted grandfather the most grateful satisfaction: he requested to have the sole care of his education; and Sir William readily acquiesced.

Mr. Burnaby's house was situated in the most pleasant part of Buckinghamshire; and its vicinity to a considerable market-town rendered it both convenient and agreeable.—His society was courted by the most

respectable families in the neighbourhood, to all of whom his unaffected piety, and exemplary manners, particularly recommended him.

Among the many worthy families who resided near the village, none were more endeared to Mr. Burnaby, than the inhabitants of Sedley-House.—Mr. and Mrs. Montague, after many bitter reverses of fortune, at length, by the death of Mr. Montague's brother (a rich nabob) became the possessors of an ample fortune. Pleased with the Gothic appearance of Sedley-House, they had purchased it, and had, at this period, resided there many years.—The solemn gloom which pervaded this seat of antiquity, corresponded with the taste of its dejected owners:—the sable shade of the shrubberies, whose thick foliage excluded the rays of the sun—the Gothic windows, and the high-raised walls—all contributed to sooth the melancholy by which they were characterised.

They hailed this abode, as a retreat from a world in which they had known little else than sorrow; and they entered it, with a firm persuasion, that here they should experience as much happiness as their numerous disappointments left them the power to enjoy.

Though dead to the world, they were alive to the call of humanity:—just, charitable, and humane, they alternately fed and clothed the poor and the aged; and, in order to stimulate a spirit of industry, they annexed to labor an honorable reward.—“Indolence,” Mr. Montague would emphatically say, “is the nurse of vice; and, whether fostered in the breast of a peasant or a prince, is equally subversive of every moral and generous principle.”

Mr. Montague's nephew had mar-

ried Mr. Burnaby's eldest daughter ; and this union had more firmly cemented their friendship.—Every summer, it was Mr and Mrs. Montague's custom to visit their nephew and niece in Scotland ; and, as the journey was long and tedious, they generally went in May, and returned in September.

Mr. Burnaby had given an invitation to his grand-daughter Caroline to spend some time with her brother William. When the return of Mr. and Mrs. Montague was announced, he hastened to welcome their arrival—~~at~~ once prompted by paternal solicitude, and his anxiety for the welfare of his worthy friends ; while his wish of introducing his little charge, proved an additional motive.

The sight of the rector was at all times highly agreeable : it was now particularly so ; and he saw, with a transport which he could not conceal, that the features of Mrs. Montague were unusually animated. He indulged the philanthropy of his heart in silent ejaculations to Heaven at this unhopèd-for discovery, and thus expressed the joy he felt—“ Ah ! my dear madam ! shall these aged eyes close with the pleasing idea that my exhortations have not been ineffectual, and that peace and resignation will once more revisit your bosom ?” But a deep sigh, from Mr. Montague, recalled his imagination to those dear objects he came to inquire after.—Mrs. Montague answered his affectionate inquiries with the happy news of his daughter's welfare.—He then introduced his little favorite, who was received with peculiar marks of delight.—He arose to depart, and was accompanied to the gate by Mrs. Montague, whose smiles at parting were so forcibly impressed on his imagination, that he retired to his

study, where the family were assembled to prayers, more than ever persuaded (notwithstanding Mr. Montague's sighs) that some happy circumstance must have arisen, to occasion such a visible alteration.

Mr. Burnaby's feelings would not suffer him to sleep : he arose at an early hour ; and, after offering at the throne of mercy his accustomed adoration, he slowly proceeded toward Sedley-House.—He entered the parlour with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and, taking up a book, patiently waited a summons to breakfast. He was no sooner seated, than the appearance of a beautiful girl, apparently about twelve years old, drew off his attention—Her confusion at seeing a stranger was increased by his addressing her : but the mildness which accompanied his queries, failed not of its effect ; she was going to reply, when Mr. and Mrs. Montague entered the room. Breakfast was immediately ordered ; and, during the repast, not a word escaped, which could authorise Mr. Burnaby to make the intended inquiry—He was silently contemplating the expressive countenance of the fair object before him, when she retired from the table ; and, upon Mrs. Montague's whispering to her, suddenly quitted the room.

She was no sooner gone, than the venerable rector, on a surmise and had that she was some distance off with purified the old topic, by a universal eye the opportunity of the windows a them of rearing a temple and illuminated future excellence in the.—As I took a generous protection round the spacious said the worthy rector that no sumptuous whose rising merits decorated the your benevolent cornered the pillars. tion which I have, returned from the impress, that you with all “ his bloom- sequence to sit thick upon him,” had



bid adieu to the echoes of renown, and the clamors of popular applause, and had experienced a sweet quietus:—no celebrated statesman, who had buoyed up his sinking country—no poet, who had “wak’d to ecstasy the living lyre,” reposed below. No—as I have seen in some country churches—were fragments of rusty armour and tattered military trophies there displayed.—Here may I be allowed to enter my humble protest against the prevalent custom of exhibiting the blood-stained ensigns of war in the temple of the God of peace.—From a Christian fane, dedicated solely to religion, where the glad tidings of salvation are published, these mementoes of bloodshed, havoc, and desolation, ought to be banished, that, with feelings unhurt and attention undiverted, the humble suppliant may worship his Maker “in spirit and in truth.”

Down the north aisle—no tablet tells the spot—arc laid the ruins of a fabric, once occupied by a singular character. Fortune smiled on his birth, and Learning led him through her classic bowers. His genius—a brilliant of the first water—was polished by the hand of Science. Conscious of his literary worth, *Alma Mater* rewarded his scientific exertions with a diploma. But, alas! when his fond relatives expected that he would have shone a conspicuous luminary in the sphere of physic, and the world hoped to reap the benefits of his physical researches—allured by intemperance, he became a confirmed devotee to Bacchus, and drowned his shining talents in the juice of the grape, till Poverty, that meagre spectre, drove him to seek refuge in a sordid hut; and disease, the never-failing concomitant of ebriety, at length, invited Death to call him away from his

obscure abode of rags and wretchedness.—’Tis a humiliating consideration for human nature, and as true as it is humiliating, that no creature, but man, is ever the subject of intoxication.

“Yes! man, vile man—whose nobler kind [beast—

Should scorn to act beneath the  
Drowns all the glories of his mind,  
And kills his soul, to please his taste.

“Does he deserve th’ immortal name  
Of man, who sinks so far below?

Will God, the maker of his frame,  
Endure to see him spoil it so?

“Can he e’er think of heav’n and grace,  
Or happy immortality?

Can his vile ghost expect a place  
Among the shining souls on high?

“The meanest seat is too refin’d  
To entertain a drunkard there.

Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,  
Repent, or perish in despair.”

*Watts’s Reliquie Juveniles.*

Reflecting on this unhappy victim of intemperate habit, I was led to exclaim—“How often has the feeling heart been called to sigh over the aberrations of genius! Who can read of the improvidence of Savage, the prodigality of Boyse, the intemperance of Burns, the proud impatience of Chatterton, and the disgusting irregularities of Dermody, without lamenting their imprudence, regretting the prostitution of their talents, and dropping the tear of sympathy over their premature fate?”

As I finished this short soliloquy, mine eye was attracted by a flat marble, whose inscription was obliterated by the frequent tread of those who attended divine service—Beneath it, lies a pious lady, who, though exposed to all the snares that beset the path of prosperity, and to the allurements that wait in the train of affluence, passed a blameless, useful, exemplary life; and, the whole round of moral and religious duties being fulfilled, she

sunk to rest, as calmly as yon resplendent luminary is now descending to the ocean wave. Before her death, she requested her minister to improve the solemn occasion, by preaching a funeral sermon from Solomon's Song, 2, 3—"I sat under his shadow with great delight; and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Though low in dust her mouldering frame is laid—though Oblivion strives to draw his ebon mantle over her memory—yet the fame of the just shall never, never die. When this broad earth, and its variegated scenery, shall be dissolved, and when yon bright sky, with all its rolling wonders, shall be involved in one universal ruin—then her happy glorified spirit

"Will smile serene amid a found'ring world"

This amiable lady was a character well worthy the imitation of every fair reader.

"Daughters of Eve, come trace these heavenly lines: [ample shines]  
 Feet with what pow'r the bright ex-  
 She was what *you* should be—Young  
 'virgins' come, [tomb]  
 Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her  
 Gay Silks and diamonds are a vulgar  
 road. [made]  
 Her radiant virtues should create the  
 Matrons! frequent her grave, with  
 thoughts refine'd. [mind]  
 Gaze, and transcribe the beauties of her  
 And let her life in you." [Watts]

Yes, ye fair readers of the *Lady's Magazine*! this venerable female worthy is a proper exemplar for you to copy from. While the lily and the rose are sweetly blended on your cheeks, and health and vivacity give a lustre to your eyes, and smiles to your countenances, reflect that personal attractions are transient, short-lived as the flower, uncertain as an April sunbeam. Sickness may soon divest you of that carnation blush, and spread a livid paleness in its

place. Those flaxen ringlets and auburn tresses, where the Loves and Graces sport, must turn to grey!—Time, as the poet sings, on your heads will snow, and death will drop his sable curtain, and close the eventful scene of mortal existence.

Since outward charms are evanescent, may it be your earnest endeavour to attain the beauties of the mind. Mental accomplishments will defy the withering hand of Age, and the cold touch of Death.

"Believe the Muse; the wintry blast of late  
 kills not the buds of virtue: no! they  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter  
 sons;  
 Through endless ages." Thomson.

(To be continued.)

#### The OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from page 465.)

#### NO. 11.—HAPPINESS independent of RANK and FORTUNE.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith."

THAT happiness depends neither upon the unstable possession of riches, nor upon the dignities which are attached to an exalted station, is one of those common-place observations, which the generality of mankind are ready to allow. Yet, in spite of this universal co-incidence of sentiment, with what avidity is wealth sought after! with what unceasing labor attained! and to acquire distinction and honors, a still more anxious, a still more fatiguing exertion for the mind!—After days and years spent in mental and bodily exertion, we will suppose for a moment, that those long-wished-for objects are obtained: in imagination, we will behold the emblazoned coronet giving distinction to the rolling equipage: by the embodying power of fancy, we will take a view of the newly-erected

mansion, where a Pilkington or a Wyatt displays the chaste elegance of taste: we will behold sterile lands converted into smiling landscapes, where Flora might have taken up her residence, or where Pomona might have delighted to reign.—By the magic hand of Mr. Brown, we view rivers taught to run in dry places: by the strong-nerved arm of laborious industry, we see mountains elevated on smooth plains, gently sloping down to the meandering streamlet, which, in serpentine directions, winds round the extensive domain.—The delighted eye gazes with astonishment at the enchanting prospect, which, by the striking contrast between its former and its present state, appears like the work of sorcery; and we unthinkingly exclaim, “The possessor of this Elysium must surely be the happiest of the happy!”

We ascend the wide-extended steps of the attractive edifice—at once struck with the individual elegance of the Ionic pillars, and the aggregate beauty of the colonnade.—The folding doors are at that moment thrown open—and the combination of art, taste, and elegance, presented to the astonished sight! Architecture and sculpture here vie with each other: the goddesses Minerva and Diana appear actually endowed with life; while a lute in Apollo’s hand, actuated by a secret spring touched by one of the attendants, breathes forth strains of the most harmonious kind.—The materials, as well as the workmanship, are calculated to inspire admiration; as the marble has all been procured from Paros’s\* celebrated isle, and the flooring is composed of the same rare and costly commodity.—The interior apartments all display an

\* Paros, an island in the Archipelago, famous for beautiful white marble.

equal degree of elegance, magnificence, and taste—gilded mirrors, extending from the floor to the ceiling, and paintings by all the first masters in the Italian states.

“The possessor of these treasures,” we again involuntarily exclaim, “*must* be happy!”—Short-sighted mortals that we are; to suppose that internal happiness depends upon external delights! and, ere we quit this abode of grandeur and magnificence, we pay its wretched master the tribute of a sigh.—We are informed by one of his domestics, that, since the erection of the superb habitation, he has been seized with a disease, not only excruciating, but apprehended to be incurable; that his days are passed in unremitting torture, and his tedious nights without the enjoyment of sleep;—that his only son, the first object of his tenderness and affection, for whom he incessantly labored to acquire that wealth and dignity, which, with so much sollicitude, he has obtained, was killed by a fall from his horse on the anniversary of his natal day; and, to render the fatal stroke more afflictive, on the very day on which he became of age;—that his daughter, his only surviving progeny, had formed an attachment to a man whose principles her father despised; and who, in all political concerns, had invariably evinced contempt for, and opposition to, the wishes of the being, to whom by marriage he was so nearly allied.

After a description like this—and, alas! it is drawn without exaggeration—who would envy the lord of the princely abode the possession of his extensive park, his meandering rivers, or his gardens abounding with fruit and flowers? A body tortured by disease, and a mind suffering under the severest of human affliction.

tions, not only blunt, but destroy the power of enjoyment; and; to complete the misfortunes of this newly-created nobleman, his wife was totally destitute of conjugal attachment.

Instead of envying the lot of this ill-fated man of consequence, we may surely exclaim, "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is," than all the pageantry which attends greatness, but is incapable of bestowing real happiness.—I have been led to make these reflexions, by a scene of domestic enjoyment which I recently witnessed, and which forms a most striking contrast to the picture I have been sketching.

Tempted by the loveliness of the day, and the account I had read of the antiquity of Dandelon, I was induced to accompany a few friends in a walk to that place; and, having seen every thing that was worthy of observation, we seated ourselves in one of the alcoves, and ordered tea.—Having partaken of this social meal, and found ourselves refreshed by it, I proposed returning to Margate, as the sun was setting in all its glory, and, to the delighted eye, had the appearance of being entombed in the expansive element.—We had not proceeded above half a mile, when the azure clouds collected, and, by their casual combinations, presented a variety of fantastic forms; the wind suddenly arose, and the canopy of heaven indicated a rapidly approaching storm.—In vain we quickened our pace: the dreaded evil overtook us:—fortunately, however, we were not far distant from shelter: a cottage near a mill was within a few yards distance; and we hastened towards it, for the purpose of soliciting admission.—The willing latch instantly yielded to the finger's gentle pressure, and opened to us a scene of devout thankfulness to the great Parent of the universe:—the

master of the humble dwelling was in the act of giving praise to the Almighty for the wholesome, but simple diet which was smoking upon the board. He had his broad-brimmed hat in one hand: the other was piously elevated; and his eyes were raised to heaven, with the liveliest expression of gratitude.—Not a muscle of his benignant countenance was moved by our abrupt entrance; but, the moment he had concluded his ejaculation, he turned about, and presented one of the finest pictures of declining nature, that my eyes had ever been fixed upon.

"Walk in, ladies! walk in, I entreat you," said the old man in a most inviting tone. "Peggy," added he, turning to a young woman, "set the ladies some chairs, my love."—We apologised for our intrusion at so unseasonable a period. "Why, ladies," said the old man in a jocose accent, "you could not have come at a better time; and, if you will be pleased to partake of the blessings God Almighty has bountifully bestowed upon us, you are heartily welcome; and I beg you will be seated."—Their supper consisted of broiled dried whittings, with a smoking dish of boiled potatoes\*, to which Peggy was adding a little dripping, and mashing the mixture in a large wooden bowl.—The family group consisted of the venerable being I have been describing—his son, a young man apparently about seven and twenty years of age—with his pretty wife Peggy, and two rosy-faced little boys.—The old man picked out one of the largest whittings for his daughter-in-law, saying, "My dear child, while you are mashing those potatoes, the fish will be cold; and, God knows, you are so

\* For the best mode of cooking potatoes, see page 519 of our present Number.

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willing to take care of others, that nobody ought to forget you."—"I am sure we can, none of us, do too much for you, father," replied Peggy, putting spoonfuls of the mashed potatoes upon his plate. "God grant I may not live to require too much kindness from you, Peggy! God grant I may never be a burden to you!"—"I tell you what, father," said the young man, who, till now, had preserved a total silence, "if you go on talking so, I sha'n't be able to eat another mouthful! Burden, indeed! *who* supported my wife and children for a matter of six months, when I broke my leg? and, for the matter of that, whose house do we now live in? and who is it that helps to give my children their daily bread?"

"Tut, tut, Will!" exclaimed the venerable owner of the humble dwelling: "it was through the blessing of God Almighty, that I was enabled to save a little matter, that supported you when you had the misfortune to break your leg:—to *Him* give the praise: to *Him* give the glory; for we are poor miserable creatures, and have no help of ourselves."

"Every good gift, my friend, is doubtless derived from the Father of mercies," I observed, addressing myself to the old man: "but your son and daughter appear both aware that it falls not to the lot of every one to be blessed with so good a father as yourself."

"Those who are not good fathers, madam, do not deserve to be blessed with children," replied the old man: "but both myself and my dear wife (who is now, I hope, in heaven) always studied the happiness of our children; and, though I say it, who should not say it, I do not think there is a more united family in the whole Isle of Thanet."

"From the specimen I have

seen, my respected friend, I perfectly agree in this opinion," I rejoined: "and I assure you I have derived more secret satisfaction from the scene of domestic happiness I have witnessed this evening, than from all the gaieties of Margate."

"And you have had *that*, madam, without paying for it," said my respectable new acquaintance; "and *that*, as a body may say, is an uncommon thing at Margate: yet, to be sure, one can't blame any body for making hay while the sun shines."

As the storm had by this time ceased, and the wind abated, we took leave of this amiable and attached family—confirmed in the opinion that fortune is not essential to the happiness of individuals; but that it is only to be derived from the unanimity of near connexions, and a pious resignation to the dispensations of the Almighty.

The secret satisfaction I enjoyed from the scene I had so recently witnessed, was rendered doubly impressive by my accidentally meeting an old acquaintance, who had been spending a few weeks with a newly-created baronet, at no very great distance.—The elegance of the mansion, the beauty of the pleasure-grounds which surrounded it, and the luxury of the entertainment, could not prevent my friend from feeling an indescribable gratification at finding herself in a comparatively humble lodging.—Domestic happiness had never entered the magnificent dwelling:—there, gloomy Grandeur sat erected upon her ebon throne: all was form, parade, and ostentation; and the adorning smiles of cheerfulness and conciliation were alike unknown!—That endearing intercourse, which ought to subsist between parent and children, was converted into the ceremonials of a

court: and all the exquisite sensibilities of affection were swallowed up in the formality of etiquette.

How enviable, by comparison, appeared the condition of the cottager, loving and beloved by his amiable family! Solomon's remark forcibly occurred to my imagination; and the dinner of herbs would have been preferred to a stalled ox, or a turtle feast.

(To be continued)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 455.)

CHAP. 18.

..... What! gone without a word?  
 Ay, so true love should do: it cannot  
 speak; [to grace it.  
 For truth hath better deeds than words  
 Cease to lament for what thou canst  
 not help; [lament'st.  
 And study help from that which thou  
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
 Shakspeare

LADY Monson advanced with a most ungracious air. "So, ladies! how do you do?" said she, in a tone of derision. "From your countenances, I fear I am but an unwelcome intruder; for Miss Monson seems to receive me with tears, rather than smiles."

Her ladyship then proceeded to introduce her companion, and hardly deigned to attend to Mrs. Egerton, while she said, "Separation between those who love each other, my lady, may naturally excite regret; and I cannot but see, in the eagerness with which you reclaim your daughter, the strongest proof of the high value you set on her society."

"As to that..." returned Lady Monson, and there stopped, not knowing what further to say; but, changing the subject, resumed thus—"I fancy, regrets are very general to-day; for we met a fine, flashy gentleman in the vestibule, who seemed so overwhelmed with them, that he could not see his way, and

almost threw me down. However, once for all, I cannot but say, I wish that he, as well as other people, would mind their own affairs, and not busy themselves with the concerns of my family."

The gentle mildness of Mrs. Egerton scarcely knew how to take so ungracious a reproof; and poor Julia, shocked to the soul at such behaviour, abruptly quitted the room. Sir Bettesworth also, unwilling to witness such a scene of unpleasant altercation as seemed approaching, made his retreat; and her ladyship's career was stopped in a few minutes, by one of her servants coming in to inform her that something was wrong about the carriage, and that she could not possibly proceed before the next morning, when it would be completely repaired.

This intelligence did not by any means restore her ladyship's good humour: but, as she was under the necessity of remaining all night where she was, she could not in decency vent the peevishness she felt; and therefore relapsed into a disdainful silence.

Mrs. Egerton seemed glad of any reprieve to prolong Julia's stay, and sought out poor Richmond, who was pacing the terrace, with hurried steps and violent emotion.

"Is she gone?" he exclaimed, the moment he beheld Mrs. Egerton: but, after an instant's consideration, he added, "To me, it makes little difference. I will not quit Woodfield, while Julia remains: but I shall stay, unseen, unknown, to auy but yourself. How, after what has passed, can I bear the insignificance of common conversation? or how submit to that distant behaviour, which I am yet constrained to practise toward the beloved of my soul?"

"And will you, therefore," said

Mrs. Egerton "skulk in obscurity, and pusillanimously avoid a family whom you mean hereafter to ask for the brightest jewel they possess?—No! let not this be said—nor that I entertain a guest whom I shrink from presenting to this un-courteous sister."

"There was a something in this observation, which convinced Frederic that his inclinations must be given up in this instance; and he therefore returned with Mrs. Egerton to the drawing-room, where he was of course introduced to Lady Monson and Sir Bettesworth, as "Mr. Richmond."

The former scarcely condescended to rise from her seat; but the latter immediately recollected, and addressed him in French, as Monsieur D'Armontel—inquiring at the same time how long he had been in England.

"Richmond is the name I now bear," replied Frederic, with an embarrassment, which, though painful, was nevertheless dignified. "I have been in England, some time: but our mutual recognition, I believe, must be through the eyes, rather than the ears; and I am happy likewise to congratulate *you* on a change of appellation, since I had the honor of meeting you in Paris."

There was a bitter retort in this speech, which, however justly provoked, Sir Bettesworth could not relish. When he was abroad some years before, his circumstances were so low, and his attempts to amend them so desperate—besides many discovered subterfuges at those places of public resort, where Frederic had met him—that even French politeness was provoked to give him a nick-name; and he was generally designated as "Pearson, the English sharper." Soon after that period, the acquisition of an

estate, to which a change of name was annexed, brought him back to England as Mr. Harrop, no longer Pearson; and, by succession to a baronetage upon an uncle's death a year ago, he was now Sir Bettesworth; and, till thus reminded of the past, he had forgotten that he was ever known as Pearson the sharper.

Without betraying a disgraceful period of his life, he could not take up Frederic's words as he felt them; and therefore, affecting to apply the allusion to his change of name and rank, said, "Thank you, my dear friend! I am happy also to congratulate *you* on the same subject; and I hope you have had as much solid reason to enbalm the memory of an old cousin, as I had."

Mrs. Egerton looked shocked at this unfeeling speech; and Frederic, who felt sore upon discussing the subject of his name, though no blame attached to his assuming it, said, "Had we not as well drop such references?"

Though the baronet knew this was to his advantage, and accordingly ceased the conversation, he was mortified to find himself in the power of one who could relate many circumstances to his discredit; and the conviction of a power to do so lighted up a rancorous enmity in his bosom against poor Richmond, which he afterward vented in vilifying and degrading him upon every occasion.

Mrs. Egerton's judgement had been sadly erroneous in her anxiety to introduce her guest: but she thought that the conversation and manners, which had proved all-powerful with herself and Miss Monson, must likewise prepossess the other parts of the family. The situation, however, in which Frederic felt himself that evening, gave an

embarrassment to his manner, which could not fail to strike the most casual observer. Even in his happiest hours, he had more attention than adulation; and, though the powers of the former will eventually make their way, the aid of the latter is always necessary to impress a vain and feeble mind, like that of Lady Monson.

In short, the hours passed most heavily to all parties; and, early in the morning, Mrs. Egerton was at her niece's bedside, to show the following letter, which Richmond had written immediately upon retiring to his apartment.

"Not for worlds, my dear madam, would I pass another hour similar to those of this evening.

"To be looked down upon with haughty contempt, I never can brook—conscious, as I am, that I do not deserve it. Whatever have been my errors, they regarded myself alone; and no human being is entitled to upbraid me. Not one relative of Miss Monson shall ever have cause so to do: and hence, lest my petulance should conquer my prudence, and produce some tart reply to any of her ladyship's sarcastic remarks, I have thus early withdrawn myself.—Alas! my dear madam! 'tis but a prelude to my retreat from your hospitable roof.—In this distressful state of irritation, my resolution enables me to go, and the firmness, which your kind soothings could never have bestowed, I now derive from an opposite source.

"I will not hazard another interview with my idolised Julia, till the period arrive when I can demand it with honor to us both. Absent or present, she is the sole possessor of my thoughts.

"To your goodness I know I may intrust the task of accounting

to her for my abrupt departure; and on your lenity I rely for pardoning the violation of forms, in thus absconding, without a personal acknowledgement of those unrequitable obligations I am under to you. In my heart alone they are fully registered; and, till it cease to beat, a sense of your goodness will be indelibly impressed. 'I was a stranger, and you took me in—poor and in misery, and you sheltered me;' but, above all, 'tis through you that I have arrived at a perfect knowledge of those excellencies which have wrought an entire change in my soul.

"You, whose feelings are alive to every finer sensation, may easily conceive the agonies of mine at this instant. If they excite your commiseration, refuse me not the consolation of a line from you, directed to me at Grenier's Hotel, Jermyn Street.

"Once more let me repeat those wishes that are now the prominent feature of my mind. May the Almighty bless and protect you, as well as her, who will be ever uppermost in the heart of your most gratefully obliged, and devoted servant. . . ."

Mrs. Egerton said, she found, upon inquiry, that their poor friend had never gone to bed, but, as soon as the house appeared quiet, had walked off, followed by his servant.

#### CHAP. 19.

"For her, has liberal nature join'd  
Her richest treasures to the stores of  
And added, to the firmest mind, *Lart,*  
A soft and sympathising heart,

"A gentle and persuasive look,  
A voice, that might with music vie,  
An air, that every gazer took,  
A matchless eloquence of eye."

*Barlad.*

THE prudence and philosophy of Julia could not always surmount



her feelings, though they controlled her actions. Those only, who, like her, have been entangled by an unsanctioned attachment, can comprehend and pity her affliction. She was obliged, under pretence of a bad head-ache, to decline appearing at breakfast: but, on receiving a very ungracious message from her mother, that she must either be ready to proceed on their journey by eleven o'clock, or have a physician called in, she preferred the former—certain that medicine could do nothing “for a mind diseased,” and that, by a timely exertion of fortitude, she should be enabled to struggle against an indisposition, which could only be augmented by indulgence.—She was perfectly convinced that Lady Monson would not, from any consideration for her feelings, leave her behind at Woodneld; and to detain the party would only force disagreeable visitors upon her aunt, as well as add to the reproaches which would ultimately fall upon herself.

Accordingly, with all the self-command she possessed, she made herself ready against the appointed hour; and her resolution was in some measure rewarded by the unavoidable occupation which insensibly diverted her mind from dwelling too intently upon painful retrospections.

Lady Monson received her daughter with a cloudy brow; and, as soon as Sir Bettesworth Harrop had finished his compliments of the morning, she said, “Head-ache is often but another word for heart-ache; and, when seen through, generally vanishes at the name of a physician, without the aid of his prescriptions.”

In a few minutes, the carriage was announced; and her ladyship's first exclamation, upon entering it,

was, “Thank heaven, we're off! Take a good look, Julia, at all the old stunted thorns, or any thing else that suits your fancy; for you will not see them again in a hurry; I promise you.”

In a little time, she resumed, in a still sharper tone, “Pray, Miss Monson, do you know *who* that person is, whom your wise aunt has thought proper to keep at her house so long, and make such a fuss with, as her relatives will have reason to be heartily ashamed of?”

“A Mr. Richmond, whom we met with at Stillerness, and who has been detained by illness, as I wrote to my father,” replied Julia, in a faltering voice, on finding that her answer would not be dispensed with.

“Or a Mr. any thing else,” returned Lady Monson: “for my maid informs me that the servants told her his linen has at least half a dozen different marks upon it—V's and S's, and many more; and I fancy you don't suppose it to have been stolen. Sir Bettesworth himself has known him to bear a different name at Paris, where he assures me he was quite despised; and you saw, last night, how he shuffled, and avoided saying any thing of himself, to one who knew him of old. However, to cut the matter short, I tell you, he had no business there; and, had not his impudence equalled your aunt's folly, he durst not have shown his face at her house. He is neither more nor less than some swindling adventurer—consequently, no proper acquaintance for Sir William Monson's family: and I desire never to see or hear of him again.”

Julia's voice would no longer aid her in a reply: and the presence of Sir Bettesworth Harrop was a check upon those attempts with

which she might afterwards have tried to mollify her mother. He had, however, the good breeding to change the conversation; and, contriving wholly to fix Lady Monson's attention, her daughter was left at liberty to collect her thoughts, and regain that steadiness of demeanour, which conscious innocence alone can bestow.

It still, however, is necessary to account for the voluntary appearance of Lady Monson at Woodfield—a place, which she so seldom and reluctantly visited.

In our last mention of the family at Manningdale-Hall, a terrible disease had attacked its youngest hope; and hardly was the poor little sufferer pronounced out of danger, when its father received a letter from a person to whom he was indebted about seventeen hundred pounds, to pay him the money upon the usual notice.

To raise this sum, in Sir William's situation, was a perplexing matter; and, while he brooded over it, he determined that different retrenchments, which he had occasionally projected, should no longer be delayed. His lady, however, who imagined they lived as frugally as possible, said she did not see that they had any thing they could do without, or that their expenses could be more economically arranged, unless he changed his practice of drinking Madeira, to the use of 'humble Port;' and really that was such a trifle, it would be a mere drop of water in the ocean. Miss Monson, indeed, might very well give up her orphan-school and her little green-house, and buy fewer books: or, if she had thought proper to follow the advice that was given her, she might have commanded such a trifling sum as was now wanted; and, into the bar-

gain, the family would thus have had one incumbrance the less."

"An incumbrance!" repeated Sir William—"Great God! how you talk! My Julia shall never be importuned by me."

Her Ladyship now saw that she had made such a faux pas in the outset, as would prevent her husband from entering into her schemes of bringing on the alliance with Lord Blennore; for, with all the pertinacity of folly, the more she had thought upon it, the more anxious she had become for its completion; and perhaps her wishes were strengthened by the little probability there appeared of their gratification.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 502.)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Ancille's History.

Sir T. Byron's Letter.

"I now address the most amiable, the most valuable of women, as my friend, and only as my friend, if my heart does not deceive me—having turned all its softer emotions to my fair cousin.—Yes, Miss Seymour, I am the avowed lover of your charming friend. When I quitted Seymour-Hall, my mind was painfully agitated on account of the cruel disappointment I had so recently experienced; and for some time I thought it would require more resolution than I was master of, to transfer the regard I felt for one charming woman, to another, though I was sensible that this other was equally amiable. Every thing around me looked dreary and sad, and seemed to mourn the disappointment of its master.—I am very fond of this place: it was the seat of my ancestors; and it wants nothing to make it a paradise in my eyes; but the company of an amiable and

endearing companion.—I am of a domestic and social disposition; and, having turned, with disgust, from the sickening follies and pernicious pleasures of the gay world, I naturally fixed my thoughts on matrimony, the only state of life in which a man of sentiment and delicacy can be truly happy. For a wife, I would have preferred Miss Seymour to any of her sex: but she refused me, from motives, which, though they may have checked my love, have increased my esteem: and, even if I had not previously had a hint of Miss Byron's partiality in my favor, she would undoubtedly have been the next woman in my estimation.—My home grew solitary: I found I could not be happy as I was; and, after some time, I thought, if I could prevail on my cousin to accept my hand, the face of nature would again appear cheerful to me. With these sentiments I went to my uncle's; and the first object, which struck my sight as I entered the house, was my cousin; but, heavens! how altered! how reduced! I was inexpressibly shocked at her languid, emaciated appearance. I flew to her, caught her in my arms, and lamented over her fallen form, with all the tenderness which my heart at that moment felt for her.—The surprise of my sudden appearance, and the unexpected manner in which I addressed her, totally overpowered her; and she sank, cold, and to all appearance lifeless, in my arms. I stood some time stupefied with horror; for I really thought, from her pallid appearance, that she had breathed her last.—I cursed my own precipitancy, in obtruding myself so unexpectedly upon her: I bathed her cold face with my tears, and called her, by a thousand fond and tender names.—Words cannot express my

joy on seeing her at length open her eyes. I expressed myself in such rapturous terms on her recovery, that she turned her eyes wildly towards me, and exclaimed in a hollow tone of voice, 'Sir Thomas! I am not Fanny Seymour'—and endeavoured to disengage herself from my arms.—I had been hurried into a too sudden declaration of my sentiments, which, I found, alarmed her: but, as she was too much hurried and discomposed to enter into an explanation, I endeavoured to sooth and calm her ruffled spirits, and prevailed on her to retire early to her apartment. I then asked my uncle's permission to pay my addresses to his daughter, which he very readily granted me. The next morning, I had a long conversation with Miss Byron, in which I related to her all that had passed between her amiable friend and me, and told her that my future hopes of happiness now centred in her good opinion of me.—Though I cautiously avoided the most distant hint of my entertaining an idea of her partiality in my favor, yet she was violently agitated; and, turning toward me her face suffused with blushes, 'Sir Thomas!' she cried—'either you are false to the most deserving woman in the world, or that too generous friend has discovered the cause of my anxiety, and determined to sacrifice her own happiness to procure mine. Concealment is now no longer in my power:—no, Byron! dear Byron! I will no longer try to hide, even from you, that you are dear, very dear to me:—but I cannot—indeed, I cannot, receive your vows. You never can cease to love Miss Seymour: she alone deserves you; and I should be unworthy of the friendship of either of you, were I to accept your hand: Return then, sir, to my amiable

Fanny, and tell her that I love and revere her for her noble behaviour; but that she must consent to be Lady Byron.—I perceived that this fair and gentle maid possesses very refined sentiments, but that she is actuated by false heroism. I have endeavoured to reason her out of her present determination, but in vain. I told her very seriously but this morning, that, if she continued so inexorable, she would irretrievably ruin my peace, and (I thought) not recover her own. I did not expect from Miss Seymour a ready acquiescence to my wishes: something, I knew, was due to female delicacy; but indeed I did not expect that she would be so inflexible. I did not offer her my heart, until, upon mature consideration, I was convinced that it was wholly hers. Laura knows me too well, to doubt my honor.—I am vexed, madam—vexed to the soul! She freely and generously owns that she loves me, and in the same breath declares she never will be mine. If this charming girl dies, Miss Seymour—my soul sickens at the thought—I shall be miserable; for you know not how dear she is to me. Her languor, her delicate scruples, (though I suffer by them) attach me strongly to her. I believe she writes to you by my messenger. Exert your influence over her, my charming friend. Let me not be made miserable by the two women on earth most dear to me.—You can be eloquent, my sweet pleader! oh! how eloquent you have been! Exert yourself, then, and endeavour to prevail on my Laura to listen to reason; and you will eternally oblige your devoted friend, T. BYRON.

“Miss Byron’s opposition was no more than I expected:—her letter was full of the fine-spun sentiments of an enthusiast in love.—In my an-

swer, I endeavoured to convince her, that, bright as her sentiments might shine in theory, she would find they would prove delusive in practice. She loved Byron: she did not scruple to own it: he now loved her: and, though it might be a little mortifying to know that he had once preferred another, yet, as a reasonable woman, she must look on his regard for me as one of those little captivious strokes of fortune, for which we could not account. I added, that she had every reason to look forward to happiness: her lover’s honor and integrity were unquestionable: her own accomplishments could not fail of securing him entirely hers, if she did not spoil all by her too scrupulous delicacy. I concluded with the expression of my hope that I should soon be called on to attend her nuptials, as I could not, till that time, call myself her truly happy friend.

“I had not a doubt that Laura’s *penchant* for her cousin would in a little time get the better of her scruples, and that, like many of her sex, she only wanted a little persuasion, to yield to the soft pleadings of love. At the end of a month, I had the pleasure of seeing my gentle friend at the Hall, attended by Sir Thomas Byron. I could perceive the happy and accepted lover, portrayed in the features of Byron—and, in the face of his fair cousin, restrained joy, and bashful modesty.

“Miss Byron flew to me, flung her arms round my neck, and, in broken accents, expressed her joy at seeing me, and talked me her dear and generous friend.—Nor was Sir Thomas silent.—‘My dear Miss Seymour,’ he exclaimed, ‘how much I am indebted to you! but words are too feeble to express my feelings. My cousin, my lovely cousin, has yielded to your argu-

ments: she will be mine; and my unabated love, and unwearied endeavours to make my amiable and adored Laura happy, shall speak my gratitude to you.'

"After the first raptures of our meeting had a little subsided, we entered into sober conversation; when I understood that all my friend's delicate embarrassments were vanished, and that an early day was absolutely fixed on, to make that very deserving pair happy in each other. And the object of their visit to me was, to request that I would be with my Laura at the most important period of her life.

"My father readily complied with the wishes of my friends: but, happy as I was at the felicity of those so dear to me, I yet parted with my parent with more anxiety than I had ever experienced before; for he was, unhappily, more attached to his dissolute companions than ever. When with him, I sometimes had sufficient influence over him, to restrain him from those frequent midnight debauches, so ruinous to his health: I therefore dreaded the effects of my absence: I hinted to him my fears, and, with tears in my eyes, besought him, if he loved me, to take care of his health. He seemed sensible of my attention to him: he kissed me, and bade me be happy. Alas! my father! we never after met in peace.

"In the society of those I loved, the depression of my spirits soon gave way to more cheerful ideas.—Old Mr. Byron was all joy and vivacity, on his daughter's approaching happy prospects. Even Osmund was uncommonly polite and agreeable: and never were a set of people happier than we were. Sir Thomas Byron's behaviour was all that the nicest delicacy could wish: esteem, love, and gratitude, were

visible in his behaviour to his Laura: to me, he was easy, respectful, and friendly.

"The clergyman, who was to tie the indissoluble knot, was (I understood) rector of the parish in which Sir Thomas resided, and was his most intimate friend. The day before the ceremony was to be performed, he came to Mr. Byron's. Sir Thomas flew to receive him, with all the eagerness of warm and generous friendship. When we arose at his entrance, Byron took Laura and me by the hand, saying, 'Let me introduce to my Mortimer the dear and gentle mistress of my heart, and her and my most valued friend, the amiable Miss Seymour. You will find them worthy of your friendship; and,' continued he with the most lively animation of voice and feature, 'while I thus can press the most beloved of women to my heart, and am blessed with the society of two such dear and esteemed friends, is there, can there be a happier being than your Byron?'

"Charming Miss Byron!' replied Mortimer, addressing my friend—'though a stranger to your person, I am not unacquainted with your merit. Sincerely do I congratulate my friend on the felicity that awaits him:—and you, amiable Miss Seymour! how happy am I in being introduced to a lady so deservedly beloved by all who know her! Will you receive into the number of those, whom you honor with your friendship, the grateful Mortimer?'

"I blushed, and (I believe) made but a very awkward reply to his compliments.—It was with difficulty that I raised up my eyes to take a view of this gentleman's person; for his large expressive eyes made mine sink beneath his penetrating glance; and it was some time before

I could recover myself sufficiently to examine his person attentively.

“He was neither tall nor short, neither corpulent nor slender, neither handsome nor ugly: yet, some how or other, I thought his black coat hung easier on him, than I had ever observed any other clergyman’s to do. His complexion had rather a sickly hue; and his features, were certainly not cast in the mould of beauty: but the *contour* of his face was striking; and his eyes—I cannot possibly describe them—they had that piercing languor in them, which, though it makes an indelible impression, yet cannot be defined.

“The next morning, the emaptured Byron received his Laura from the hands of her father; and Mortimer performed the service with peculiar elegance and energy.—My friend received our congratulations with modest joy, and bashful timidity.—‘Let me,’ cried I, flinging my arms about her neck—‘let me, who was the first of your friends that wished to see this day, be the first to hail you Lady Byron. Thrice happy may you be, my ever-beloved Laura! may all your days be cheerful and serene as this your bridal one!’

“The new-married pair, with Mortimer and me, immediately set off for Byron-Place. Mr Byron and his son were to follow in a few days.

(To be continued.)

*State of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY in IRELAND.*

MR. Newenham, in his interesting “View of the Circumstances of Ireland,” presents us with the following statement of the condition of the Roman Catholic clergy there, as communicated to him by one of their own body.

The Roman Catholic church of

Ireland is composed of four archbishops and twenty-two bishops. The archbishops take their titles, as in the established church, from Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam.

Every bishop has a vicar-general of his own appointment, who holds his office only “*durante beneplacito*,” and whose jurisdiction ceases on the death of the prelate.

On the death of a bishop, the clergy of the diocese assemble, and fix their choice on one of their own body, or sometimes on a stranger, and petition the Pope, or (in technical language) *postulate*, that he may be appointed to the vacant see.

The bishops also of the province consult each other, and unite in presenting to the Pope two or three men of merit, one of whom is usually appointed; for the recommendation of the prelates has always more weight in Rome than the postulation of the inferior clergy.

The emoluments of the bishop arise from three sources; his parish, which is usually the best in the diocese, the licences, and the cathedralicum.

The licence is a dispensation granted by the bishop in the publication of banns, for which a sum, never less than a crown, and, according to the abilities of the parties, amounting at times to half a guinea, or a guinea, is paid. And as it very seldom happens that the parties are inclined to have the banns published, the generality are married by licence, which adds very considerably to the episcopal revenue.

The cathedralicum is a yearly sum, generally from two to ten guineas, given by each parish-priest to the bishop, in proportion to the value of his parish, for the purpose of supporting the episcopal dignity. There is no law to enforce this tri-

\* During pleasure.

bute, nor any obligation of paying it; yet it is a very ancient practice, and is never omitted.

Parish-priests are appointed solely by the bishop; and, if collated, or having three years' peaceable possession, they cannot be dispossessed: otherwise they may be removed at pleasure. A collation is a written appointment, signed by the bishop, by which he confers a parish on a clergyman, and confides it indefinitely to his care.

Coadjutors or curates are appointed also, by the bishop, and are removable at will.

The parish-priest is supported by voluntary contributions, if that can be called voluntary which is established by ancient custom and general prevalence. His income springs from various sources. From Easter and Christmas dues. These consist in a certain sum paid by the head of every family to the parish-priest for his support, and in consideration of his trouble in catechising, instructing, and hearing the confessions of his family. The sum is greater or smaller in proportion to the circumstances of the parishioner. In the country parishes, it is in general a shilling at Easter, and a shilling at Christmas: some give half a crown, some a crown, and some few a guinea a year,

**Weddings.**—The sum to be paid at these is different in different dioceses. In the diocese of Cork, by an order of the bishop, no clergyman is warranted in demanding more from the parties than half a guinea; yet the usual sum universally given by the bridegroom is a guinea; in addition to which, a collection is frequently made among the friends of the parties who have been invited, for the benefit of the parish-priest.

The parochial fee for each chris-

tening is two shillings, or half a crown; besides which, the sponsors usually give something more. Some trifle is generally given for visiting the sick; a shilling usually in the country.

In some parts of the country, custom has established, that a certain quantity of hay and oats is sent by the more opulent parishioners to the clergyman; that his turf should be cut, his corn reaped, his meadow mowed, &c. gratis; and I have been credibly informed, that, in some parts of Ireland, bordering on the sea-coast, a certain quantity of fish is given to the priest, in lieu of parochial dues.

The retribution for each mass is in this diocese\* two shillings; it is more or less elsewhere. But, if mass should be said at the house of a parishioner at his own request, he usually gives the clergyman a crown.

The general stipend of the curate is the third part of the general receipts of the parish. But, in some instances, such as where the parish-priest is old, infirm, or unacquainted with Irish, and consequently incapable of lessening in any great degree the labor of the curate, the latter frequently receives half the parochial emoluments.

Stations are meetings at some commodious house, appointed by the priest, for the convenience of such people as live at a distance from the chapel, where he hears their confessions, gives them communion, catechises the children, &c.; and it is at these half-yearly meetings that he receives his Easter and Christmas dues.

A custom, originating, I suppose, either in the poverty of the priest, and his consequent inability to provide for himself, or in the hospita-

\* The diocese of Cork.

lity of the Irish character, has from time immemorial existed, that a dinner is prepared for the priest at every house where he appoints a station, to which the householder's friends and neighbours are also invited. The bad effects of this custom are so glaring, that I have, in my parish, though not without considerable difficulty, abolished it, and should indeed most cordially wish that the abolition were universal: for, besides that drunkenness is the general consequence of such convivial meetings, the cost is very serious to the entertainer; as there is no inconsiderable degree of proud emulation among the people in this particular.

The influence which the clergy formerly possessed over their flock, and which was for a long series of years proverbial, was considerably diminished by the relaxation of the popery laws: it thenceforward continued gradually to decline, and received at length the *coup de grace* by the White Boy disturbances in 1780. At that period, not only all former influence was lost, but even that confidence in their clergy, without which all their exertions must prove abortive, ceased in a great measure to exist among the people. Nor was it till the rebellion, and its consequent irritations and antipathies, opened their eyes, that this confidence began again to revive. The people then perceived that their priests were, in common with themselves, objects of persecution to one party, and of disregard and detision to the other; and that, though some of them had been unfortunately implicated, and some few deeply engaged, in the rebellion, all were accused or suspected, and all condemned by party enthusiasm to one general, comprehensive, indiscriminate execration. They now,

indeed, gratefully acknowledge, that to the admonitions of the clergy they are in a great degree indebted for having escaped the many miseries endured in the disturbed and rebellious parts of the kingdom, and are, I believe, at this moment, more amenable than for twenty years back. The influence of the clergy is, however, still inconsiderable, indeed, if compared to what it was half a century ago. To the precarious and unsatisfactory nature of their subsistence it may, I think, be attributed, that comparatively few men of genteel connexions, or early education, belong to the body: for, as parents naturally look forward, in the establishment of their children, to their comfort and affluence, it is not to be supposed that a man of opulence or respectability will educate his son for a state of life which presents nothing to his view but drudgery and dependence; and, therefore, it is highly probable, that, until some more desirable mode of provision shall be struck out for the Roman Catholic clergy, they will continue in general to spring from the inferior orders of society. Yet I do not hesitate to declare, that, making every due allowance for the birth, deficiency of early education, want of knowledge of the world, and the many other substantial disadvantages, with which the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have to contend, their morality, and good conduct in general, is such, that, however the derision and contempt of the world may attach to them, I have ever felt a conscious pride in belonging to the body.

Notices of the ISLE of MAN.

FROM Mr. Woods's "Account of the past and present State of the Isle of Man," we have selected the following particulars.



The climate of the Isle of Man is rather milder in winter than that of the neighbouring shores; frost and snow being of very short continuance. The heat of summer, on the other hand, is not so great: the harvests are consequently late: the grain does not arrive at its full size; and the straw for fodder is less valuable. Frosts seldom make their appearance before Christmas, and latterly have been so slight as little to impede vegetation. Gales of wind and falls of rain are frequent, and of long duration. In the spring of the year, they render the seeding difficult and less complete, and are very prejudicial to the tender shoots of corn. The land is chiefly divided into small farms, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres each. A spirit of improvement is more general than it used to be; and much common land has lately been inclosed. Taking the tithes in kind, a customary method, is a great impediment to agriculture, and much disliked. Were the tithe commuted for a settled sum of money, the good effects of such a practice would soon be visible. . . . . Farms are sometimes let for a guinea, or even 25s.: those at a distance, from 12s. to 20s.; uplands 5s. and upwards; but rents every where are evidently rising. The measure of the English statute acre is universal. . . .

Houses of the best sort, both in town and country, are built of hewn stone: those of an inferior kind, and even very good ones, of stone unhewn. Some of the latter kind, in Douglas, let as high as £40 per annum. Sash-lines and weights, even to sash windows, are rarely to be seen, the people still continuing the barbarous method of supporting the sash at one invariable height by an iron catch. The farm-houses

and offices of this island are generally small, irregular, and ill constructed. Some modern ones are upon a better plan; and some few estates are well supplied with offices and barns. A common custom, and one every way bad, is to have the barn over the cow-house. Open stables are still too much in use. The farm-houses, and, indeed, most of the cottages, are built of unhewn stone: the former with a mortar, the latter with a mud, cement; the former with a roof of slate, the latter with one of straw. The meager cottages are constructed of sods of earth, and resemble those of North Wales, consisting usually of two rooms on the ground, sometimes with, sometimes without, a solitary window. . . . .

Sheep are fed chiefly on the uplands. The ancient stock is very small and hardy, much like the south-down of England, and endures the severest weather. When fat, their usual weight is from five to eight pounds per quarter. Their meat is excellent. This is still the breed upon the uplands and mountains; but in the low lands a larger sort has been introduced. Two pounds and a half is the average weight of the fleeces of the small sheep, and six or seven pounds of the large ones. It is not of the finest or longest staple. . . . .

Sheep, in this country, are subject to a peculiar and fatal disease, called by the natives *Ouw*, supposed to be owing to the eating of the *hydrocotyle vulgaris*, marsh pennywort. Its leaf is said to corrode the liver; and, on opening a sheep that has died of the disease, to be found attached thereto, transformed into an animal, having apparent life and motion, but retaining its primitive vegetable shape. . . . .

The country is sufficiently popu-

ious for the extent of cultivated ground; but, the herring-fishery engaging the attention of so many men and small farmers during the summer or autumnal months, is a great check to agriculture, and renders labor scarce. Another bad effect of it is, that it teaches habits of so much irregularity and idleness, that the people employed in it never become good laborers, and are, generally speaking, a very lazy and drunken class. The custom is greatly felt by those who have much corn to reap or grass to cut: the getting in of the harvest is very tedious for want of sufficient hands; and it is often much injured by the weather. I have known hay cut for many weeks before the farmer could get it carried, and sometimes not stacked before the end of September. The women, unaccustomed to the irregular lives of the men, partake not of their indolent disposition. Four fifths of the farming business fall to their share. They are reckoned very expert in reaping and in digging potatoes, and perform not amiss many other parts of husbandry. A mower cuts in a day about three quarters of an acre of grass; and five female reapers, with one to bind, cut an acre of corn. The practice is to cut the corn as close to the ground as possible. . . . .

The price of labor is continually increasing. Men get, during the harvest, one shilling per day, and women, ten pence, besides provisions; and the quantity of work effected is very inferior to that of the opposite shores. A ploughman expects from eight to ten guineas a year, and a boy three. Some of the experienced Scotch laborers have been procured at double-wages, and found a great acquisition to the farmers. The laboring class of people live upon butter-milk, potatoes, barley-cakes, stir-about, and her-

rings. The barley-meal is kneaded with a very little water, and rolled to the thickness of one sixth of an inch. It is then baked upon a plate of iron over a peat fire, and usually has a stronger flavour of smoke than of barley. Oatmeal is occasionally, but not very often, substituted. Leavened bread is little known, and little liked. Stir-about, well known in Ireland, is composed of oatmeal and water boiled: this is their common breakfast: herrings are a frequent part of their dinner, salted, not dried: and their last meal is either stir-about, or potatoes and milk. A laborer usually has a piece of potatoe-ground, and sometimes a cow. . . . .

Markets for provisions are ordered to be held at each of the four towns; but only at Douglas are they regular. Fairs for the sale of horses, cattle, and wearing apparel, the manufacture of the island, and for the hiring of servants, are numerous; and about six are very well attended. There is no market or fair for grain, and those likely to want any generally make a contract with the farmers as soon as the harvest is got in. . . . .

Till the Act of revestment in 1765, and the subsequent regulations, the chief business of the place was smuggling. The annual returns of this trade exceeded £350,000, and, by some, were estimated so high as half a million; while the value of seizures was not more than £10,000; so that the profits to those engaged in it were probably enormous. The Duke of Athol, having a small duty upon imports, rather encouraged than set his face against it.

The place formed completely the harbour and the store-house of smugglers, whence they shipped their goods, as occasion offered, to England, Ireland, or Scotland, to the great detriment of the British

revenue. Many persons being, by its failure, thrown out of employment, emigrated to America: some went to sea: some engaged themselves in the fisheries; and others turned their attention to the cultivation of the ground. To exchange an irregular and idle life for one of constant activity and industry is no easy achievement: the waste lands and short crops evince how much remains to be done.

The population of the island is stated to have been above fourteen thousand souls in the year 1726—above nineteen thousand in 1757—and above twenty-seven thousand in 1792—an increase, which Mr. Woods attributes to the improved state of agriculture, and the more extensive culture of the potatoe.

Of a singular commercial regulation which prevailed here to the middle or end of the seventeenth century, he quotes the following account from King's Description of the Isle of Man, published in 1656.—“There are four merchants, which are ever chosen by the country. . . . and sworn by the deemsters [judges] to deal truly, and most for the country's profit. . . . . When any ship of salt, wines, pitch, iron, or other commodities good for the use of the country, comes into the island, the governor, having first consulted with the merchant stranger about the rates and prices of the commodities, sends then for these four merchants of the country; to appear before him and the merchant stranger, and drives a bargain, if he can, betwixt them. If he cannot agree with them, he commands the four merchants to spend another day with the merchant stranger, and deal with him, if they can: and whatever bargain is made by the said four merchants, the country is to stand to it, and take the commodities of

the merchant stranger, and pay for them according to the rates agreed upon; which most commonly is, that the country are to bring in their commodities, of wool, hides, tallow, and such like, and, for the same, have their equal commodities of salt, wine, iron, pitch, &c. so brought in, and compounded for, as aforesaid. And, if the commodities, brought in by the country, will not extend to the value of the stranger's commodities, then the four merchants are to assess the rest of the commodities upon the country, every one his equal proportion; for which they are to pay ready money, as the four merchants had agreed for them. So, by this means the merchant stranger is much encouraged to bring in necessary things for the island; and the people have, by the faithfulness of the four merchants, the full benefit of the commodity brought in, which otherwise some private man of the country might and would have taken for his own profit.”

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*Barbary Pirates, and Sicilian Quarantine.*

ONE of the letters, subjoined to Mr. Vaughan's “View of the present State of Sicily,” exhibits the following picture of the maritime condition of that island, and of the preposterous perversion of the quarantine laws.

The exposed, or rather unguarded, state of all the southern coast of Sicily is really dreadful; for perhaps you are not aware that they are as much exposed to the ravages of the pirates from Barbary, and the horrors of slavery, as they were in former days from the attacks of those barbarians. . . . .

An event of some interest presented itself to-day, not less so from the scene it exhibited, than in af-

fording an explanation of the state of this coast, and the oppression of the quarantine laws, (complain'd of by all) when ill understood or badly administered—though good, perhaps, in their original intention. At day-light a large ship and two small xebecs appeared in the offing, standing toward the island, but very far distant: and at last we lost sight of them. In the middle of the day they appeared somewhat nearer, one of the smallest standing toward us, and the great ship to sea. As the former approached, the crew seem'd exerting themselves to the utmost possible stretch, with eight oars on a side. I took up my station at the window of the captain of this little port\*, which command'd the harbour, and who, by the help of his glass, immediately concluded it something extraordinary. By evening, the lesser vessel had anchored in the Mole, and prov'd to be a *speculare*, (a large class of row-boat for passengers and goods, us'd throughout the Mediterranean) and I press'd the captain of the port, who was as anxious as myself, to walk down to make inquiries, but no—that would have been out of the routine and the dignity of office. A report was to come to tell him, that the boat had come in, and demand'd pratique: and, in a moment, my friend became a different animal. The neckcloth adjust'd, the cock'd hat put on, the cane in the hand, and the umbrella behind, carried by an orderly, we proceed'd to the examination. As we descend'd the steps to where the vessel was moor'd, (a few yards from the shore) she seem'd crowded with people, upon whose countenances were impress'd the most evident traces of consternation and terror; while those who had been rowing were pale as death from fatigue, and covered with perspiration, that stream'd down their bodies. The captain of the port took his station in front, his cane at his nose, and his scribe on his left.—Would

\* Whose duty it is to examine all ships, and give pratique—i. e. leave to land, from being found healthy.

Hogarth had seen him! And, "Well, Mr Captain! and what have we here?"—"O! Sir, we have had a terrible morning."—"Stop, what is your name?"—"Carlo Benvenuto."—"The vessel's name?"—"Bella Teresa."—"From where?"—"Malta."—"To where?"—"Cagliari in Sardinia."—"Write it down—Go on."—"We have had a dreadful day, and, thanks to the goodness of God, a miraculous escape. We sail'd a month ago, with goods and passengers from Sardinia, our country, for Malta. We had sold off our cargo, and re-loaded at Malta, upon our return to our homes, in company with another like ourselves, whose captain, my nephew, is here upon the spot."—"Stop. His name? The vessel's name? From where? To where? Write it down.—Go on."—"The day before yesterday, that great Algerine, that you see in the offing, came into the harbour where we lay at anchor. Yesterday evening we got under weigh, very little dreaming of any misfortune. To-day, as day broke, we had just clear'd this island a mile from the shore, when all of a sudden, the pirate was upon us, and fired a shot through my vessel; we took to our oars, every man we could muster, but all was in vain; the Algerine gain'd upon us, and my nephew was compell'd to quit his *speculare*, and in his little boat, with all hands, and his passengers, to stand for my vessel, which had sheer'd furthest off. The other was boarded, and captured immediately."—"What time was this?"—"An hour after day-light."—"What guns had the pirate? And how many hands? And what was her name?—Write down—He don't know."—"We now had the means to row sixteen oars, and, by dint of God's mercy, and constantly rowing from day-light till now, we are safe here at last; our people half dead; the flesh worn from their hands; and not another thread upon earth but what they have on their backs. All they had in the world is now taken from them: and this gentleman, a merchant of Cagliari."—"Stop. What's his name? Where from? Where to?—Go on."—"A merchant from Cagliari, long settled at Malta, returning to his family, with his all in hard cash, has lost every farthing."—The captain, putting on his spectacles, and reading aloud, with a nasal monotony: "Carlo Benvenuto, of the Bella Teresa, from Malta to Cagliari, chased by a pi-

rate, who captured her consort, an hour after day-light; do'n't know her name; nor how many guns; nor how many men—What do you want here?"—"O! Signor, we want permission to land, to refresh our poor bodies, to get provisions and water, being double our complement; and take the opportunity of some other vessel, to go under her convoy." "My child' (*figlio mio*) you can't come on shore. You know very well, that, by the laws of quarantine, you are now in quarantine, from having had intercourse with a pirate, or any thing from Barbary!"—"But, thanks be to God, Signor, we were never within a mile of her: it would have been sad if we had; we should have been slaves for our lives; and, having had no communication, we hope we may land."—"Why, did you not tell me she had lowered her boat, and boarded your consort?"—"But all hands had escaped long before they got on board."—"My child, that is a communication. There is no way of constituting it, but a communication; and, by the laws of quarantine, you must perform quarantine. But, in consideration of your situation, you may go out of this harbour wherever you please"—"Santa Maria! your excellency, we shall be all starved at sea, or taken by the pirate, who is still off the land."—"My child, we must never argue upon matters of business—We must all do our duty. You must not come on shore, having communicated with an Algerine. You must go out of the harbour, and that to-morrow morning; but you may take in some bread and water, without touching any thing, or person, on shore; and then go your way, and St. Antonio protect you!"—"Mamma Santissima! We have neither clothing nor necessaries, crowded as we are."—"You must sail in the morning; and this officer will see that you do not touch the shore. My Captain, good bye." At day light these unfortunates rowed out of the harbour; and I shall never forget the wretched appearance of the half-naked crowd. Yet this captain was by no means an ill-natured man. The laws of quarantine are so rigid and contradictory, he really considered this within the letter of his duty. In the mean time I mixed with the crowd to watch the Algerine, who seemed standing our way; and great was my astonishment to hear the people declare "it was much more than probable she might land in the neighbourhood, and

take what she could." In such a wretched state is the whole of that coast, in respect to such matters, that I was confidently informed, by the most respectable men in the place, "that, if she attempted to land, they would all run away, and leave her to take even the guns of the little castle; for what could they do with half a company of invalids (a guard for the galley-slaves) ill paid and appointed, against a band of desperadoes? Two hundred people had been carried from the coast in the course of the year, who were then slaves in Barbary!" And, while we were speaking, a gun was fired from the castle, as a signal of alarm to call in the fishermen; who forthwith rowed in. And yet, with all this, a tax is paid to the government, by a bull from the Pope (which is the dispensation to eat meat, &c. during lent, and which every body pays) of £70,000 a year, for no other purpose than (as expressed in the *bolla* itself) "to furnish a set of cruisers, to guard this coast from the pirates." But not a vessel is there. Upon inquiry as to this fact, I found it perfectly true, and well known throughout Sicily.

#### Great Events promotive of GENIUS and LITERATURE.

(From Mr. Murray's "Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations," &c.)

THE occurrence of great public events, besides prompting to the cultivation of literature, is peculiarly efficacious in giving a proper direction to its efforts. To their absence I am disposed to attribute that corruption of learning, which has been supposed to be the natural consequence of its continuing to be cultivated beyond a certain period. Literature, it will be found, is thus corrupted, when its votaries are ignorant of, or inattentive to, the objects of real life; when the philosopher employs his mind on questions that are of no importance to the happiness of mankind; when the poet ceases to occupy himself with human interests and human passions; and when both seek only to gratify vanity, by the display of misplaced ingenuity. To this wrong bias the writer will always be liable, when there is passing on the scene of life nothing great or varied, to turn his views in that direction. Whenever a man seeks to shine by writing on a subject in which he takes no interest, his taste is inevitably corrupted.

An exemplification of this remark seems to have been afforded by Alexandria, after the period of its subjection to the Roman empire. Even then, from its situation, its commerce, the number of its inhabitants, and the splendid patronage of literature in the time of the Ptolemies, it continued, even after its subjection to Rome, to flourish long as a seat of learning. But there is, perhaps, no situation less productive of interesting events, than the remote provincial town of a despotic empire. In the capital, the residence of the monarch, and the scene perhaps of frequent revolutions, a considerable degree of bustle is always kept up. But here there were no objects of real importance to occupy the thinking mind, it was left to feed entirely on its own reveries; and Alexandria became the centre of all kind of dreaming and useless speculation. Hence, though her writers be numerous, few or none have risen to the rank of classics. Longinus, so far as I recollect, is almost the only exception; who, though sprung from the Alexandrian school, yet being raised by his subsequent fortunes to a familiarity with great events and illustrious characters, shook off the pedantry of his origin, and has displayed, in his interesting writings, all the correctness and purity of a happier age.

Precisely the same perversion took place in the infant state of the literature of modern Europe; when it could not have arisen from any natural effect of continued cultivation. But it seems sufficiently accounted for by the observations just made. Learning, during the middle ages, was entirely in the hands of monks; they alone possessed the leisure and tranquillity requisite for its cultivation. But these were men secluded, by their very profession, from the living scene; for whom it was a religious duty to shut their eyes on every thing relating to the business of this world. Even had they been otherwise disposed, their narrow and confined mode of life would have left them little opportunity of indulging their inclination. Ignorant both of nature and of man, they could form no just conceptions, even on those important subjects to which they had devoted themselves. Nothing remained but a few barren and uninteresting ideas to ring continual changes upon, and to torture into a thousand different shapes, without the least profit either to themselves or others.

The cloud was never dispersed, till the diffusion of wealth and intercourse made letters be generally cultivated by men of the world. This character belongs in a peculiar degree to Bacon, the great philosophical reformer, and the first to expose the futility of monkish studies. Even then it dispersed only by degrees; and the literature of modern Europe continued during several ages to smell of the cloister.

In consequence of the wide diffusion of literature through all classes of society, it is now exempted, in a great measure, from these political vicissitudes. Having struck its roots deeper, it no longer requires the same fostering care, nor the same combination of favorable circumstances, to make it flourish. The great number of persons, of all ranks, by whom it is cultivated, place its patronage on a surer and more permanent basis. From the same causes, its direction is likely to be more sound and useful. Having, for its object, the gratification, not of a few recluse individuals, but of mankind in general, it must recommend itself by being natural, and adapted to general use.

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#### MEDLEY

*of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

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*Cookery of Potatoes*—We have been now so long acquainted with the good qualities of this invaluable root, that it will perhaps excite some surprise, if we should assert that the inhabitants of the southern parts of England are in general still ignorant of the best method of cooking it. Indeed, the influence which different methods of cooking have upon this vegetable, is scarcely credible to those who have not made the experiment. The following extract from a report of the Board of Agriculture, on the boiling of potatoes, so as to render them fit to be eaten as bread, is of considerable importance.—“There is nothing, that would tend more to promote the consumption of potatoes, than to have the proper mode of preparing them as food generally known. In London this is little attended to; whereas, in Lancashire and Ireland, the boiling of potatoes is brought to great perfection—The potatoes should be, as much as possible, of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately. They must be washed clean, and, without prying, put into a pot with cold water,

not sufficient to cover them, as they will themselves produce a considerable quantity of fluid before they boil; they do not admit of being put into a vessel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to throw in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till the potatoes are boiled to the heart; which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to their size: they will otherwise crack, and burst to pieces on the outside, while the inside will be nearly in a crude state. During the boiling, throwing in a little salt occasionally is found a great improvement; and it is certain that the slower they are cooked, the better. When boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture, by replacing the vessel in which the potatoes were boiled, once more over the fire: this makes them remarkably dry and mealy."—In addition to the preceding remarks, we would observe that steamed potatoes—if the steaming be carefully managed, without suffering them to remain in the steam till cracked—are, in general, far superior to those that are boiled. The potatoes need not be put into the steamer until the water beneath has begun to boil; and it is to be kept incessantly boiling all the time they are on.—With respect to the addition of salt in the boiling, we have learned from a good Irish cook, that, in Ireland, it is chiefly, if not exclusively, to new tender potatoes, that the salt is added.—To many of our fair readers, the following fact will, no doubt, appear worthy of attention. An Irish gentleman, with whom the writer of these lines is intimately acquainted, was, for several years, unable to eat a potatoe in London, though fond of them in his own country. His disgust he attributed to the supposed badness of the English potatoes; while, in reality, it was caused by the badness of the cookery: for, having since engaged an Irish cook, who manages the potatoes after her own country fashion, he now never eats even a single morsel of bread with either butcher's meat, fish, or fowl, at his own table—but uniformly prefers the potatoe, as a much more agreeable accompaniment—even joined with other vegetables.

*Lapland Beds*—Linnaeus, in his Tour in Lapland, says, "The bountiful provision of nature is evinced in providing mankind with bed and bedding even in

this savage wilderness. The great hair-moss (*polytrichum commune*), called by the Laplanders *romsi*, grows copiously in their damp forests, and is used for this purpose. They choose the starchy-headed plants, out of the tufts of which they cut a surface as large as they please for a bed or bolster, separating it from the earth beneath; and although the shoots are scarcely branched, they are nevertheless so entangled at the roots, as not to be separable from each other. This mossy cushion is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and if a similar portion of it be made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be more warm and comfortable. I have often made use of it with admiration; and if any writer had published a description of this simple contrivance, which necessity has taught the Laplanders, I should almost imagine that our counterpanes were but an imitation of it. They fold this bed together, tying it up into a roll that may be grasped by a man's arm, which, if necessary, they carry with them to the place where they mean to sleep the night following. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture."

*The natural Food of Man*.—In the same work, the following observations occur.—"I cannot help making a few incidental remarks on the opinion, that man is proved, by his teeth, to be formed to eat all kinds of food. Those who advance this opinion, say, his front or cutting teeth are like those of animals that eat fruits, or nuts, as the hare, rabbit, squirrel, &c.; his canine, or eye-teeth, like those of beasts of prey, as the cat; and his grinders like those of animals that live upon herbage, as the cow, horse, &c. But this reasoning is not altogether satisfactory to me. If, in the first place, we examine the human fore teeth, we shall find them quite different from those of nut cracking animals of the squirrel or hare tribe, which are more prominent, and rather spreading than erect at the angle, whereas ours are perpendicular, with their summits close and level. Hence the fore teeth of such animals are very long: witness those of the beaver. Some carnivorous animals have similar fore teeth to ours: but have we any such canine teeth as theirs? They do not exceed ours in number, but they are much more important. The being furnished with grinders, as such, will not, on the other hand, class us with herbi-

vorous animals, although bulls and cows have them: for the dog and cat, and all other carnivorous ones, have grinders likewise. I have not yet met with any herbivorous animal, with a simple stomach, which is not subject to eructation. nor is the mouse tribe any exception.—But, to decide concerning our own species—If we contemplate the characters of our teeth, hands, fingers, and toes, it is impossible not to perceive how very nearly we are related to baboons and monkeys, the wild men of the woods. Inasmuch, therefore, as these are found to be carnivorous, the question is decided with respect to ourselves.”

*Curious Customs.*—Mr Murray, in his “Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations,” notices the following remarkable customs.—“In the Canaries, when a lord came of age, or married, several of his people precipitated themselves from a high rock, in celebration of those happy events. Every reader must have heard of the Scheik or Old Man of the Mountain, so famous in the time of the Crusades. It was upon this devotion of his people, upon the alacrity with which, at his command, they faced inevitable destruction, that he founded the system of assassination which rendered him so formidable. It is related, that one day, standing with an European ambassador on the brink of a precipice, he, with the mere view of displaying his absolute power, called to him a boy, who, at his command, instantly threw himself down, and was dashed to pieces.”—“It was customary with the Floridans to make their first-born a sacrifice to their king; and in the presence of an assembled multitude, the inhuman ceremony was performed, amid shouts and savage rejoicings. Among the Ansicans, with whom human flesh is considered as the most delicious food, the nobles are said often to present themselves and families, for the purpose of being served up as a dish at the table of their master.”—“Among other nations, we find customs less fatal indeed, but no less expressive of unbounded veneration. In Otaheite, on

the death of the sovereign, the whole people take new names; as if, by this mighty change, they had all been converted into different beings. When he has entered any house, it is from that time sacred to him; no other person must set foot within it. Captain Cooke having landed at a village in the Sandwich Islands, found all the inhabitants lying prostrate at the doors of their houses; and on inquiring the reason, learned that it was in honor of a certain great man who had recently arrived there. The same navigator having invited the king of the Friendly Islands into his cabin, the monarch’s attendants instantly took the alarm, and remonstrated against a measure which would enable any one to walk *above* his majesty.”

*Cure for Tooth-Ache*—It is asserted, that a small quantity of the tincture of Jamaica dogwood, introduced into the hollow of a decayed tooth, affords instantaneous relief; and, in most cases, effects a permanent cure.

*Fashionable Economy*—The following laughable, but not less correct, description of a certain species of mistaken economy, is copied from Miss Hawkins’s novel of “The Countess and Gertrude.”—The scene is laid at a dress maker’s, where Lady Mary, noticing to Gertrude the solicitude of some persons to appear in a variety of dress, adds, “There is nothing some people will not do, for the credit of possessing many changes.”—“It is very true, indeed, my lady,” said the person waiting on her. “we are now obliged to make dresses that will *turn*; we trim the seams; and ladies like them vastly. And here I have got such a job! here is a dress that a lady has sent me to *modernise*, as she calls it. It is a white sarsnet, so dirty, that, I am sure, not one of our young women would wear it; and it is to be trimmed with pink: it will cost as much as a new dress. And here is this beautiful worked muslin of a lady’s; I am to get it spangled all over for her; it will come to, I don’t know what, and tear to pieces when it is done: but it is to look like a new dress.”

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## POETRY.

### ADDRESS to an INFANT.

LOVELY infant! cherub mild!  
Launch’d upon the world’s rude wild,  
Shall I, fill’d with tender fears,

Hail thee to my scene with tears,  
Musing on the ills that wait  
Thy journey through this vale of fate?  
Didst thou know the various woes,



Which the cup of life compose,  
Thou would'st close each ruby lip,  
And refuse to take one sip.  
Wisely Heav'n, with kind decree,  
Hides the book of fate from thee—  
Whether pleasure's sunny ray  
Shall illumine thy future day,  
Or mishap, with aspect sour,  
Gloom with care the passing hour.

Should the Pow'r that rules above  
Call thee to the realms of love,  
Then, without a hope or fear,  
Thou may'st close thy brief career,  
And, convey'd by cherubs, rise  
To fair scenes in yon bright skies.  
But, should Heav'n prolong thy span  
To the last drear stage of man,  
If, allur'd by Wisdom's voice,  
Thou hast made her ways thy choice,  
Bliss superior will be given,  
And a brighter crown in heaven.

*Haverhill.*

JOHN WEBB.

#### HOPE.

By Mr. CHARLES JAMES WEBB, a Youth  
about the Age of sixteen, and Son of  
Mr. John Webb, of Haverhill.

HOPE is the fairest gift that Heav'n  
Bestows on wretched man.  
She painted gay the future scene,  
When first his race began.

In Eden's groves, where baleful sin  
Deform'd the human mind—  
Tho' each mild virtue wing'd its flight—  
Fair Hope was left behind.

To the loon pair, when banish'd thence,  
Hope a sweet solace prov'd;  
And urg'd along their wand'ring steps,  
As, sad and slow, they mov'd.

While journeying through life's chequer'd  
Hope lends her cheering pow'rs, [vale,  
And decks the dark futurity  
With ever-blooming flow'rs.

The tar, who visits distant lands,  
And ploughs the ocean o'er,  
Aided by her creative eye,  
Discerns his native shore.

The pilgrim, too—while smiling Hope  
Illumes his anxious eyes—  
Sees, far beyond the dreary waste,  
Proud Mecca's tow'rs arise.

Hope's genial pow'rs can calm the storms  
Of subannary woe;  
Her kind auspicious charm can make  
A paradise below.

Should the bright sun forsake the globe  
With all his cheering light,

Nature and all her works would lie  
In universal night:

And, should bright Hope forsake the soul  
With all her smiling train,  
Darkness must wrap the troubled mind,  
And wild disorder reign.

#### CONFESSIOŃ ;

*a Song, by MARINA.*

OH! Frederic! ask me no more  
To tell you the tale of my love;  
'Tis enough that you know I adore;  
That, each hour, my affection I prove,  
Why wish from my lips to be told [eye,  
What you read in each glance of my  
What my blushes each moment unfold,  
What is whisper'd in every sigh?  
Not a faltering word that I speak,  
Not a smile, that, to happiness true,  
With its brilliance irradiates my cheek,  
But owes its existence to you!

Then ask me no more to explain  
What I ne'er will endeavour to tell;  
Though concealment is equally vain,  
Since already you know it too well.

*The RUSSIAN MAID'S Farewell to her  
LOVER —By MARINA.*

Go, Ivan! go! the trumpets sound!  
A soldier should in arms be found—  
And, didst thou longer here delay,  
I fear me I should bid thee stay.

Then, while the patriot feeling warms  
My glowing breast, oh! haste to arms!  
For Europe's scourge, and freedom's foe,  
Would lay our ancient Moscow low!

Yet stay! one moment let me view  
Those sparkling eyes of heav'nly blue—  
Once more, to thy fond bosom press'd,  
Feel ev'ry sorrow hush'd to rest!

Ah me!—when next we meet—if e'er  
Such bliss on earth shall be our share—  
What dreadful change my eyes may trace  
In that dear form, and faultless face!

Ungrateful maid! and shall I mourn,  
If thou to me with scars return?—  
Heav'n grant I be not doom'd to weep  
My Ivan sunk in endless sleep!

I fear thou wilt on danger run,  
Yet dare not bid thee danger shun,  
Or, heedless of the future shame,  
Submit to bear a coward's name.

Assert thy injur'd country's right:  
Yet—if, amid the doubtful fight,  
A safer course there seems to be—  
Oh! think, *Phodora* lives in thee!

Again! again! that dreadful sound!  
No longer must thou here be found!  
A thousand fears my bosom swell—  
All number'd in that word—Farewell!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
in our Magazine for September.*

HYMN, by J. M. L.

FATHER of light! beneath this lowly fane,  
We dare address thee in a pensive song.  
Contrition fills the unoffending strain,  
Warm from the hearts of thy devoted  
throng:

May thy approval sanctify the theme,  
Omniscient Being! Omnipresent Lord!  
Teach us to know thy glories, great Su-  
preme! [be ador'd.  
Teach us, how love like thine should

Cheer, with thy sweet communion, ev'ry  
soul: [ing sky:  
Clear ev'ry conscience, like the morn-  
spiced o'er our hearts thy bountiful  
control,  
And hear thy people's universal cry.

So shall our hymns be fill'd with heart-felt  
praise: [ev'ry voice:  
The song of peace shall swell from  
The crowded town and lonely vale shall  
raise, [rejoice!  
Alike, the theme that bids our hearts

*New BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.*

Cot, lot; Sheep, steep, Ox, flocks, Yoke,  
suk. Hours, towers; Glade, loud, Crook,  
brook; Ray, stay.

*The THEFT of PROMETHEUS.*

[\*.\* See the French Epigram in our Maga-  
zine for September.]

To animate his man of clay,  
Prometheus robb'd the skies.  
"What wonder, then," the grave ones  
say,

"So few are truly wise?  
Who lives by theft—e'en fools remark—  
Must often stumble in the dark."

JOANNA SQUIRF.

*Dr. BUSBY'S ADDRESS,*

*which occasioned the Disturbances at Drury-  
Lane Theatre, noticed in our last  
Number, page 482.*

WHEN engraving objects men pursue,  
What are the prodigies they cannot do?  
A magic edifice you here survey,  
Shot from the ruins of the other day!  
As Harlequin had smote the slumb'rous  
heap,  
And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap.

Yet at the speed you'd never be amaz'd,  
Knew you the zeal with which the pile  
was rais'd; [prest,  
Nor ever here your smiles would be re-  
knew you the real flame that fires our  
breast; [ling sounds,  
Flame! fire and flame! sad heart-appal-  
Dread metaphors, that ope our healing  
wounds—

A sleeping pang awake—and—But away  
With all reflexions that would cloud the  
day,

That this triumphant, brilliant pro-  
spect brings; [wings; }  
Where Hope, reviving, re-expands her }  
Where generous joy exults—where du- }  
teous ardor springs. }

Oft on these boards we've prov'd—No  
—not these boards— [fords.  
Th' exalting sanction your applause af-  
Warm with the fond remembrance, ev'ry  
nerve

We'll strain, the future honor to deserve;  
Give the great work our earnest, stren-  
uous hand, [demand)

And (since new temptments new brooms  
Rich novelty explore; all merit prize,  
And court the living talents, as they rise;  
Th' illustrious dead revere—yet hope to  
show, [glow.

That modern hards with ancient genius  
Sense we'll consult, e'en in our face and  
fun, [run;

And, without steeds, our patent stage shall  
Self-actuated whirl—nor you deny, [fly;  
While you're transport'd, that you gaily  
Like Milton's chariot, that it lives—it  
feels—

And races from the spirit in the wheels.  
If mighty things with small we may  
compare, [qu'ring ear,

This spirit drives Britannia's con-  
Burns in her ranks—and kindles ev'ry  
tar. }

Nelson display'd its pow'r upon the  
man,

And Wellington exhibits it in Spain;  
Another Marlborough, points to Blear-  
heim's story,

And with its lustre blends his kindred  
glory.

In arms and science long our isle hath  
shone, [—rear'd a throne

And Shakspeare—wond'rous Shakspeare  
For British Poesy—whose pow'rs inspire  
The British pencil and the British lyre.

Her we invoke!—her Sister Arts im-  
plore; [yourselves adore.

Their smiles beseech, whose charms  
These if we win, the Graces too we gain—  
Their dear, belov'd, inseparable train;

Three, who their witching airs from Cupid stole, [of the soul;  
 And three acknowledg'd sovereigns of  
 Harmonious throng! with nature }  
 blending art! }  
 Divine Sestetto ' warbling to the heart: }  
 For Poesy shall here sustain the upper }  
 part. }

Thus lifted, gloriously we'll sweep  
 along,  
 Shine in our music, scenery, and song;  
 Shine in our farce, masque, opera, and  
 play, [day.  
 And prove Old Drury has not had her  
 Nay—more—so stretch the wing, the  
 world shall cry,  
 Old Drury never, never soar'd so high.  
 "But hold," you'll say, "this self-com-  
 placent boast; [hoist."—  
 Easy to reckon thus without your  
 True, true—that lowers at once our  
 mounting pride;  
 'Tis yours alone our merit to decide;  
 'Tis ours to look to you—you hold the  
 prize, [rise.  
 That bids our great, our best ambition  
 A double blessing your rewards impart,  
 Each good provide, and elevate the heart.  
 Our twofold feeling owns its twofold  
 cause:  
 Your bounty's comfort—rapture your ap-  
 plause; [live,  
 When in your fostering beam you bid us  
 You give the means of life, and gild the  
 means you give.

WOMAN.

(From "A Season at Harrogate.")

Oh woman! dear woman! without you,  
 all nature [this water;  
 Would be, to my mind, like a draught of  
 And may he, whose cold heart and dull  
 head would disprove \*  
 The magic of beauty, the solace of love,  
 And seek from rude man your soft claims  
 to disserve, [for ever!  
 Be condemn'd without mercy to drink it  
 Ye are stars of the night! ye are gems  
 of the morn! [the thorn!  
 Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines  
 And rayless that night is—that morning  
 unblest— [in the breast:  
 Where no beam in your eye lights up bliss  
 And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep  
 in the heart, [smart.  
 Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the  
 'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to  
 bend—  
 In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;  
 And prosperity's hour, be it ever con-  
 fess'd,

From woman receives both refinement  
 and zest;  
 And—ador'd by the bays, or entwreath'd  
 with the willow— [pillow.  
 Her smile is our need, and her bosom our

The INFANT'S GRAVE.

From "Poems" by Miss CAMPBELL—  
 the same young lady, whom our fair readers  
 will recollect us to have noticed in our Maga-  
 zine for April, as having (under the age of  
 seventeen) published those Poems, to relieve  
 the distresses of a numerous family.

O'ER the low grave, where infant beauty  
 rests, [tear;  
 Soft! let me pause, and drop the silent  
 The new-laid turf lies lightly on her  
 breast, [pear.  
 And guardian angels round her urn ap-  
 Unhappy, she who gave thee birth  
 And fondly on thy beauties smil'd,  
 Resigns thee to thy parent earth,  
 And takes the last look of her child.  
 And smie thou wast the sweetest flower,  
 That deck'd thy sorrowing father's  
 bowers.

Dark and unlovely to thy infant view,  
 Appar'd this life; for scarce the gift  
 was giv'n, [adieu,  
 Ere with a smile thou bad'st the world  
 And wing'd again thy spotless soul to  
 heaven:  
 But once I press'd thee to my breast,  
 And fondly clasp'd thee in my arms;  
 But once thy ruby lips I kiss'd,  
 And gaz'd upon thy opening charms:  
 Yet that one look did gain my heart,  
 And from thee I was loth to part.

Heart-struck with sorrow, o'er thy little  
 urn, [ing eye;  
 See thy sad mother bend with stream-  
 But, ah! 'tis vain, 'tis impious thus to  
 mourn,  
 Her child, a cherub in the starry sky!  
 When past is ev'ry wintry storm,  
 And summer flowers begin to bloom,  
 A simple fragrant wreath I'll form,  
 And hang it on thy infant tomb:  
 While tears of soft regret bedew  
 The turf that hides thee from our view.

Out of SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Joe  
 with a sigh, [ing.—  
 As her voice of a tempest gave warn-  
 "Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid  
 in reply; [morning."  
 "For she finish'd the brandy this





*London fashion plate. Working Dress.*

LONDON FASHIONS.

*Morning Dress*—a robe of light-brown spotted muslin, or China crape, with long sleeves, very full, and tied at the wrist:—the bosom high, and trimmed with lace—made like the plain frock— a sash of figured ribbon, to correspond— the bottom of the robe trimmed with figured ribbon, or let-in needle-work.—A mantle of crimson velvet, formed loosely round the neck—fastened on the shoulder with a Spanish button—falling in front to a point ending in a tassel—a broad trimming of swansdown fur—lining, of white sarcenet.—The hat of the same: the edge bound with swansdown—an ostrich feather falling negligently on one side.—Ankle boots of the color of the mantle, laced behind—Gloves of yellow or grey kid.—Hair divided in the middle—brought low at the sides, in small curls—with a comb set with colored gems.

*General Observations for December*— Walking dresses, the satin spencers of grey, brown, or orange, trimmed with buttons *a la militaire*—made high in the neck—with Spanish cape, and full sleeves.

The satin pelisse of light blue, grey, or orange, falling loose round the neck, trimmed with swansdown—fastened with small clasps—A belt of figured ribbon of the same color.

The velvet pelisse, of crimson or purple, trimmed with vandyked swansdown round the neck, and down the middle—with a band round the waist, of velvet the same, and a gold clasp, ornamented with the Grecian split honeysuckle.

The Spanish velvet cloak, and mantles of various shapes, bound with figured ribbon of the same color, or swansdown fur.

The hat and bonnets.—The imperial cap of velvet—the color the same as the mantle or pelisse—bound with swansdown—an ostrich feather on one side—the cap of spotted, grey, or brown fur, ornamented with a silver bandeau—Bonnets of colored velvet, plaited over the crown and front—the helmet shape, to tie with figured ribbon of the same color—Ankle boots of colored velvet or kid, to lace behind—Gloves of buff or grey.

*Evening Dress*—a boddice, formed close to the bosom—of orange, green, or light-brown, figured satin, with full long sleeves, or short bishops, with the Spanish slash—trimmed with thin swansdown round the bosom and sleeves—a sash of broad figured ribbon, to correspond—A white crape or thin muslin petticoat, trimmed at bottom with lace.—On the bosom, a tucker of white net, bordered with scalloped lace—over which, a necklace of pearls.

The hair in the Grecian taste—the front parted—falling in small curls, with a small comb on one side, set with colored gems, to imitate flowers.—Small turban caps of colored crape, plaited on the top, with a lacog of pearls and flowers in the front—Ear-rings of pearl or garnet—Necklace of pearls, or triple chain of gold.—Brooch of colored gems.—Slipper of crimson or blue velvet or satin—Gloves of white kid

Fans of carved ivory, ornamented with silvered crape.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[London, October 27] The Austrian Prince of Labour Taxis expended, last month, £46,000 in celebrating the marriage of his daughter. The ceremony was performed in Vienna, and the festivities were kept up near three weeks. On certain days the guests took the diversion of hunting, for which purpose about 50 of the largest wolves that could be procured were purchased at an expense of £80 each.

[27] At the close of September, the Russian garrison, besieged in Riga by a strong Prussian force covering a great extent of country, sallied forth to attack their besiegers in various directions.

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Several severe conflicts ensued: but the Russians were ultimately defeated with considerable loss, and driven back into the town.

[27] Dresden, Oct. 17.—According to the latest intelligence from Poland, a new levy of 40,000 men is raising in that country.

[28] According to letters from Sweden, the pecuniary necessities of Denmark are so great, that the treasury has issued notes under the value of an English farthing, on which is inscribed, that counterfeiting them will incur the penalty of death.

[29] In the Russian official details of

the battle of Borodino, the loss on both sides, in killed and wounded, is computed at 100,000 men. [See our last No. p. 477.]

[29] A newly discovered island, in the latitude of about 54 south, named Macquarie Island, in compliment to the governor of the British possessions of Australasia, has opened an additional fruitful field to adventurers in the seal-fishery; and the enterprise of those individuals who prosecuted the fishing at Macquarie island, has been abundantly rewarded—Upwards of 80,000 seals have been caught there in a few months.

[30] A letter from Barbadoes, of September 20, says:—"This island never saw so disastrous a year as the present. The volcanic powder, which fell on us on the 1st of May, is supposed, in conjunction with the long drought, to have generated swarms of worms, which have spread devastation over the face of the island. We import from the Dutch settlements in South America plantains in small craft, on which the garrison is chiefly fed."

[31] A letter, from a medical gentleman at Canton, states that vaccination has made considerable progress among the Chinese, who highly esteem it, and have already abundance of native practitioners to administer it.

[November 2] A great quantity of condemned English merchandise, which had been seized in attempting to be smuggled, taken in prizes, or found on board vessels that had been driven on the French coast, was publicly burned on the 14th, 15th, and 17th Sept. at Dunkirk. Among the goods, were 176,911 pieces of nankeens and muslins, and 6279 silk shawls, handkerchiefs, &c.

[2] In the night of Octob. 11, twenty-two English vessels were driven on shore near the isle of Rugen. Six of the number escaped, eight were set on fire by the crews, and eight fell into the hands of the enemy.

[3] Advices from St Domingo, of the 1st of August, state, that, in the part of the island under the tyranny of Christophe, all the whites (by which are to be understood the French only) were massacred. Christophe, on his return to the Cape, after his unsuccessful expedition against Port-au-Prince, is said to have murdered all his prisoners.

[4] In every part of France, the severity of the conscription, which requires

the surrender of boys from the academies, at 14 years old, has excited much serious discontent; and one family at Bordeaux has unsuccessfully offered a sum equal to £800 sterling, to obtain a substitute for a boy devoted to the conscription.

[5] Petersburg, Oct. 6.—An imperial ukase has been issued, by which all British property, that had been sequestered in Russia, is restored to the claimants.

[6] The Russian circumnavigator Captain Krusenstern, in the relation of his voyage round the world (recently published in Russ and German), gives a faithful account of the failure of the principal object of his expedition, which was to establish commercial relations between the kingdom of Japan and Russia. "The Emperor of Japan," he says, "caused it to be notified to the commissioners whom I carried, that his subjects traded only with the Dutch and Chinese: as to the Russians, he begged them to return to their own country; and, if they valued their lives, never to come back."

[9] Cadix, Oct. 22.—In a late sitting of the Cortes, among other measures in favor of the Spanish American colonies, it was voted, that the Indians should be exempted from the personal service they gave the clergy, or any other public functionary whatever; obliging them, however, to satisfy the parochial rights the same as the other classes;—that the public charges, such as the building churches, making roads, &c. should be equally borne by all the inhabitants indiscriminately;—that divisions of land should be made to the Indians;—and that, in all the territories of America, some of the dignities should necessarily remain with the Indians.

[10] On the 23d of October, an attempt was made at Paris to overturn the government. Three ex-generals, named Mallet, Guidal, and Lahoric—having circulated a report of Bonaparte's death, and, by a forged proclamation in the name of the Regency, seduced a body of the Paris dragoons to join and obey them—seized and imprisoned the Minister and Prefect of police, and mortally wounded the Commandant of Paris. In attempting to seize the chief of the *Etat-major* of Paris, Mallet was himself arrested: troops were speedily called in; the principal conspirators, with their accomplices, were apprehended, and brought to trial before a military commission; and four-

teen were condemned to death. Twelve of them were executed on the 29th, and the other two resented.

[11] Septemb. 24, a French military commission, at Moscow, condemned ten Russians to death, for having, in obedience to the command of their lawful governors, set fire to the city. These were accordingly executed: and sixteen others, against whom there was not sufficient proof for conviction, were, by the same tribunal, condemned to imprisonment, "to prevent the mischief which they might do."

[11] *Constantinople*, Sept. 25.—By an order given with the utmost secrecy, and coming, as it appears, personally from the Grand Seignor, without the co-operation of the Divan, the Grand Vizier, Ahmed Pacha, has been dismissed, and all his property confiscated.

[12] The Russians have gained several advantages over the French in different quarters. Among other successes—in the 15th of October, in the vicinity of Moscow, the Russian advanced guard, under Marshal Kutusoff, defeated that of the French, consisting of 45,000 men, under Gen. Murat.—On the following day, Bonaparté quitted Moscow, leaving a garrison in the Kremlin, which surrendered to the Russian general Wozingerode, without opposition, on the 22d.—In another quarter, Count Wittgenstein, after a series of successful conflicts with a French force under Gen. St. Cyr, and having driven him to take shelter in Polotzk, took the place by storm on the 20th of October, with very considerable loss to the enemy in killed and wounded, besides above 2,000 prisoners.

[12] Mr. Lambert, the American, who, in 1811, took possession of the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the Southern Ocean, has recently applied to the governor of the Cape of Good Hope, for the patronage and assistance of the British Government and East India Company. His agent at the Cape has declared that he would endeavour to afford refreshments to whatever vessels might pass in that tract of sea; and that, whenever the sanction of the British Government should be known, the necessary assistance being given him, he would most solemnly declare himself allied to that Government; and, by permission, display the British flag on the island, reserving however always to himself the governorship, provided an equivalent could not be agreed upon.—Lord Caledon granted to

his agent a small vessel, to carry from the Cape five industrious families, who had requested leave to emigrate thither; also a few black cattle, sheep, goats, &c.

[13] In May last, at Bombay, a Brahmin was found guilty of having, in conjunction with several accomplices, robbed and murdered a wealthy Hindoo. It appeared that this sacrilegious hypocrite had visited the deceased on his death-bed, and questioned him, for the sake of ascertaining the amount of the plunder, and discovering whether his associates had made a fair division of it.

[13] *Unfortunate Aeronauts*.—At Bologna, Sept. 21, Messrs Zambecchi and Denogre having ascended with a balloon, in their descent it became entangled in the branches of a tree, and caught fire. Leaping out, the former was killed on the spot: the other escaped with some broken limbs.—At Mannheim, lately, M. Bittorf descending from on high with great velocity, the inflammable contents of his balloon took fire: and, the machine striking on the roof of a house, he was thrown to the ground, and died next day of the wounds received in his fall.

[14] A few months since, a surgeon was sent by Sir John Craddock from the Cape of Good Hope, on a vaccinating tour into the interior, which he extended to the distance of near 400 miles, and, in ten weeks, vaccinated upwards of eight thousand persons.

[16] *Madrid*, Oct. 19.—A French party, lately intending to storm the castle of Chuchilla, collected all the neighbouring peasantry, and drove them on before them to the assault, in which the peasants suffered considerably.

[17] Oct. 25, at the approach of the Russian Gen. Wittgenstein, the French garrison in Witepsk evacuated the place with such precipitation, as even to leave their military chest behind.

[17] Letters from Malta mention, that the plague has committed such ravages at Constantinople, that, in one day, 1200 persons fell victims to it.

[19] October 20, Lord Wellington raised the siege of the castle of Burgos, which he had, for some time, unsuccessfully prosecuted, with considerable loss of men in his attempts to take the fort by storm. He retired toward the Douro, with his whole force, of 23,000 men, followed by 49,000 French. Several skirmishes ensued, in which the allies suffered some losses.—On the 7th of November, they were at Rueda, near Tordesillas,



without having yet had any general engagement.

[19] Novem. 1, a body of French troops entered Madrid, which had previously been evacuated by the British troops, under Gen. Hill, after having demolished the fortifications in the Retiro, and destroyed all the guns, stores, &c. which they could not carry off.

[20] By a late ordinance, no public billiard table can be kept in Paris or its vicinity, without a licence from the Prefect of the Police.

[21] The French left several thousand sick in Moscow, in a most wretched state.

[22] At Cannanore, in the East Indies, about the middle of February, an earth-

quake and violent wind damaged almost every house in the town—many having the walls rent, and some being unroofed.

[23] The Spanish general Ballasteros, for having disobeyed Lord Wellington's orders, and suffered the French army under Marshal Soult to escape from a most perilous situation, has been dismissed from his command.

[24] *Modern Heroism*.—The rewards of valour have lately been conferred in France on a young woman, who, to save her twin brother from serving under the conscription, had personated him, and distinguished her courage during six years' service, in which she was twice wounded.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty*.—The Bulletin of November 8 says—"His Majesty has very lately had an accession of his disorder, which has since subsided."—Nothing further is publicly known at present—*Novemb* 27.

*Price of Bread*.—Quarter Wheaten Loaf, *October* 20, eighteen pence, three cuttings—*November* 5, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*Nov.* 12, 19, and 26, the same.

[*London, October* 21] At Durham, lately, a gun, having water poured in over a well-wadded charge of powder, burst in the firing, and severely wounded the holder.

[21] On the 12th, at Edinburgh, was laid the foundation-stone of a Lancasterian school for a thousand children.

[21] *Starving Pauper*.—Yesterday, at Guildhall, a female pauper, in a state of starvation, and refused relief by the overseers of her own parish (St. Laurence Jewry), was directed, as an indisputable preliminary, to procure a pass from another parish, in which she had slept the preceding night. The magistrate, however, (Sir M. Bloxham) afforded her relief from his own pocket.

[22] Oct. 18 and 19, a tremendous hurricane prevailed, which did considerable damage to the shipping in different parts along our coasts. At Folkestone, six houses were washed down by the tide.

[23] *Explosion*.—On the 6th, seven persons were severely scorched by a sudden explosion of inflammable air in a coal-pit at Shirey-row, Durham; and, on the 10th, in another pit, two or three hundred yards distant from the former, a similar explosion instantaneously killed

twenty-three persons, and wounded and scorched several others.

[24] *Of the small pox*, the Bills of Mortality alone report one hundred and eleven persons to have died within the last fortnight; whence it is calculated that the absolute number of those who died of that disorder in the metropolis, within the fourteen days, is very near three hundred.

[25] Oct 26, the Leeds mail for London was clandestinely robbed between Kettering and Digham Ferries. Sixteen bags were stolen, containing property to a considerable amount, of which, however, only a small proportion was payable to the bearer.

[26] *Longevity*.—There is now living in the parish of Tipperator, near Perth, John Bay, aged 107 years, in very good health.

[27] *Dress-makers*.—Yesterday, at Queen's-square office, a dress-maker was convicted in the penalty of £5 8s. 6d. for having in her possession some yards of prohibited French cambric, the property of a customer—which, in addition, was forfeited.

[28] *Flower-pot*.—On Tuesday evening, in a high wind, a flower-pot, blown down from a window in Kent-street, fractured a woman's skull, beyond all hope of cure.

[29] Tuesday night, a lamp lighter, on Blackfriars Bridge, was blown from his ladder into the Thames, and drowned. His body was found on the 10th of November, at Bankside, standing in the mud, with one arm stretched upward,

as if he had been endeavouring to cling to a bridge, to save his life.

[29] *Combination*.—On a late prosecution, before the magistrates, of the county of Roxburgh, against some journeyman shoemakers, for a combination to regulate wages, it appeared that money was subscribed and collected for the members who refused to work below the wages fixed by the society, and for the support of their families—that they were connected with similar societies, at a distance, both in England and Scotland—That, when any of the journeymen belonging to such societies left their place of residence on being refused the wages they demanded, they were furnished with tickets, entitling them to support from the societies in the towns they went to, so long as they remained out of work, and, in the case of prosecutions being brought against them for their conduct as members of such societies, relief was to be afforded them from other societies with whom they were connected, to enable them to pay the fines and expenses incurred.

[30] *Murder*.—Lieut. Ganage, who killed the serjeant of marines on board the Griffin, at Deal, [See our last No. p. 482] has, by a court martial, been found guilty of "Willful Murder." [See No. 25.]

[31] *Nuisances*.—Oct 29, at the Middlesex sessions, the case of Mr. Soane (See our last No. page 482) being brought, by appeal, before the court, consisting of about forty magistrates—the chairman declared, that, to hinder several of his colleagues, it was a case of considerable doubt and difficulty; wherefore he recommended an application to the Court of King's Bench for a *Mandamus*, requiring them to hear and determine, if they had power in this appeal. [See No. 19.]

[32] Last night, Drury Lane Theatre was a scene of uproar, occasioned by the obstinate pertinacity of a lady in keeping her hat displayed over the front of her box—about the audience insisted that no such exhibitions of despotism in the front of the boxes should be allowed—She was, after a contest of nearly a quarter of an hour, compelled to submit.

[November 2] On Saturday, at Union-Hall, a baker was fined £18. 5s for deficiency in the weight of bread, at 5s. per ounce; and the bread was forfeited.

[3] *Lost Notes*.—Court of Common Pleas, Novemb. 2.—A country manufacturer, having lost a bill of exchange payable at the bank of Martin and Co. in London, and written to them to stop payment,

they returned an answer, promising to take due care. Subsequently, they discounted the bill, before it was due.—A verdict was now given against them for the amount of the bill, with leave, however, to move for a new trial, on a reserved point.

[5] A gentleman of Portsea has submitted to Government a shell, which, at the distance of three miles, will explode 20 lbs. of combustible matter of three inch diameter, and upwards of 1000 musket and pistol balls: these will be scattered on the horizon within a circle whose diameter is 1000 yards. The weight of the shell will be upwards of 2½ cwt.

[6] Sir H. Vane Tempest's game-keeper lately shot a hare with a single ball, at 157 yards' distance.

[7] On Saturday, was laid the corner stone of the Highgate archway.—This arch, which will form the principal entrance to the metropolis from the northern roads, is to be 36 feet high, and 18 feet wide, surmounted by a bridge traversing the valley, over which the Hornsey road is to pass.

[8] *River Pirates*.—Yesterday, at the Old Bailey, Joseph Simmons Winter, Benjamin Allen, and William Taylor, were found guilty of stealing, from on board a hoy on the Thames, in July last, (as noticed in our No. for that month) a quantity of silk and ostrich feathers—John Fry, of being an accessory to the theft—and Robert Cooper, of receiving the stolen goods.—Winter was himself captain of another hoy—and Cooper, a publican, who declared in court that he "brought ten thousand pounds a year" in his house in Ratchell Highway, and "seven thousand a year" in another house in Fecadilly.—The trial—which displayed a complex scheme of deep-laid, extensive, and persevering roguery, almost beyond all former precedent—lasted three days in court, viz. on Friday, above 12 hours—Saturday, near 11—Monday, above 12, besides two additional hours spent by the jury in considering of their verdict.—The jury were not permitted to separate, from the commencement of the trial at ten o'clock on Friday morning, till past twelve on Monday night—an uninterrupted confinement of above eighty-six hours!—Of the criminals, Winter and Allen were (on the 7th) sentenced to be hanged, and Cooper, to fourteen years' transportation. Taylor, being ill, could not be brought down for judgement.

[9] Yesterday, at the Middlesex ses-

sions, Thomas Jones was sentenced to seven years' transportation for an attempt to extort money from a gentleman by means of a false and disgraceful accusation.

[5] *Children burned.*—Two children, aged nine and eleven, were, in their parents' absence, lately burned to death, in a cabin at Murrisk, in the county of Mayo.

[5] *Suicide Robber.*—Saturday, near Wandsworth, a footpad, who had just robbed a passenger, being pursued, and hopeless of escape, shot himself dead with his own pistol.

[6] *Reliques.*—At Stoke Ash, were lately discovered, about ten feet below the surface of the earth, some animal remains, of extraordinary magnitude. On exposure to the sun and air, they all crumbled away, except six pieces, which appear to be two grinders, and four of the cutting teeth, of an elephant. One of the grinders weighs 6 lb. the other 4½.

[6] *Private Still.*—In consequence of a private still being found in a house on the Wandsworth road, with a quantity of wash in fermentation, a penalty of £30, with costs, was yesterday awarded, at Union Hall, against a man found at dinner on the premises, who, however, disclaimed all knowledge of the still, and said he was there only for the purpose of painting the house.

[7] *Old Bailey.*—Yesterday the sessions ended; when thirteen persons were sentenced to death—six to transportation for life—nine, for fourteen years—twenty-seven, for seven years—two to be publicly whipped—and forty-three to be imprisoned for different periods. Twenty-nine were discharged by proclamation; and fourteen judgements were respited.

[9] *Marine Monster.*—On Tuesday, was brought in to Brighton beach a fish of the shark species, measuring twenty-seven feet, three inches, from the nose to the extremity of the tail, and about fifteen feet in its greatest circumference. The mouth is about three feet and a half wide, and has nine rows of small curved teeth, both in the upper and the lower jaw. —It is a female; and, on opening one of the *mammæ*, the operator's hand was covered with milk. Its liver—consisting of two lobes, above eleven feet long, and each sixteen inches thick—was supposed to weigh above two tons, and is found, upon trial, to yield about eight parts in ten of pure oil, of very excellent quality. —This monster, after having broken

several large and strong ropes, was with difficulty entangled in *fifteen* nets, many of which it irreparably damaged.—The captors sold it by auction for £70.

[9] *The Young Roscius.*—The terms upon which Mr. Betty has been engaged at Covent Garden theatre, are £50 each night for twelve performances before Christmas, and at the same rate for twelve nights after that period. He is, besides, to have two benefits, one of them free of all expenses.

[9] *Voracity.*—Two gentlemen, in the neighbourhood of Ratchiffe Highway, for a trifling wager, lately induced a coal-heaver to derom, in one short meal, 9 pounds of roast bullock's heart, 3 lb. of potatoes, and a half-quarter loaf.

[9] *Military Preacher.*—A militia drummer, in his regimentals, lately preached from the pulpit, at Norwich, to crowded congregations.

[11] *Animal Velocity.*—October 17, a buck, chased by Mr Jacob's hounds, in the Isle of Wight, ran, in four hours and a half, nearly sixty miles, over "heavy and tiring" grounds; and, being taken alive, was reserved, to be *hunted again*.

[11] *Retaliation.*—An innkeeper was lately (on the information of a Rev. gentleman of Berkshire) fined £5 for coursing a hare, which he immediately paid, and then preferred an information against the complainant, for having shot a pheasant before the commencement of the present season; which subjected the reverend informer to a penalty of £50 and costs.

[12] *Forged Characters.*—Two persons, of the names of Jay and Fordyce, were committed, two days since; the former, who assumed the name of Captain Hayes, having given a written character to the other man, who thereby was admitted to the service of a family in Devonshire-street. This Capt. Hayes proved to have been a butler, who had been tried on a charge of felony at the Old Bailey; since which, he has, in conjunction with others, become a vender of characters, at seven shillings each.

[12] *Hydrophobia cured.*—The "Kilkenny Chronicle" has recently mentioned the following case of a patient in the Native Hospital, laboring under strong symptoms of hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog. On the 5th of May, he was bled to the extent of forty ounces: as the blood flowed, the symptoms gradually abated; and, before the vein was closed, he stretched out his hand for a

cup of water, and calmly drank it. Having then lain down, and slept two hours—on awaking, the symptoms seemed threatening to return: but, on his losing eight ounce ounces of blood, they disappeared, and have not since returned.

[12] *Mail-Robbery*.—Friday se'night, the post-man, conveying the mail from Maryport to Cockermouth, was, by two footpads, robbed of the bags for Cockermouth and London.

[13] *Presentiment*.—A Mr. Brookman, of Reading, lately pointed out to an undertaker the spot where he wished to be buried—returned home—inspected a coffin which he had provided four years before—caused it to be cleaned—then took to his bed, and died in a few days. He was buried on Monday se'night.

[14] *Swindling Informers*.—Yesterday, Stephen Fane and James Raynond, common informers, were committed from Marlborough-street office, for extorting money by means of pretended informations.

[15] *Pantheon*.—Yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the Pantheon, which, however, was soon checked by the abundance of water from two large reservoirs at the top of the building, that are kept constantly supplied by the W. Middlesex Water Company, whose machinery carries water to the tops of the highest houses.

[16] On Friday, the unfinished tunnel under the river Severn, at Newnham, was filled up by a sudden influx of water from above.

[17] *Nuisances*.—Yesterday, on an application to the Court of King's Bench, for a *Mandamus* in the case of Mr. Soane, (See October 31) the judges refused the *Mandamus*, and thereby confirmed the original decision of the Bow street magistrates, that Mr. Soane's erection is *not* a nuisance within the meaning of the law.

[18] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Daniel Lovell, proprietor of the "Statesman" newspaper—heretofore found guilty of a libel on the Transport Board—was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with a fine of £500, and to give securities for keeping the peace for three years—He fully proved that the libellous matter had been published without his knowledge: but this plea was not admitted.

[19] In the same court, W. Hall was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of £50, for aiding in the escape of French prisoners.

[20] On Saturday, the Bishop of Lon-

don consecrated the new chapel and burial-ground, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea.

[21] The Lord Chancellor, in a recent bankrupt cause, mentioned that he lately had, *in one day*, put the seal to a *hundred and sixteen commissions of bankruptcy*.

[22] Lord Peterborough has sold his house in Portman-square to Lord Kenyon for £13,000.

[23] *Coal Sacks*.—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a coal-merchant—convicted of having sent out coals in sacks of less than *four feet two inches* in length, and *two feet one inch* in breadth—was condemned in the penalty of 40s. and costs upon each sack.

*Porter*.—On Wednesday last, the price of porter, in London, was raised to five pence halfpenny, the quart.

[24] Nov. 23, Lieut. Gamage was hanged on board the *Griffon*. [See October 30.]

[25] *Hackney-Coachmen*.—Yesterday, at Shadwell office, a hackney coachman was convicted in the penalty of 40s. with costs, for having refused to take up two gentlemen from his stand, and giving them abusive language.

[26] Yesterday, the new Parliament was opened by commission.

#### BORN.

[October 28] Oct. 25, of the lady of Alderman Atkins, a daughter.

[29] Oct. 16, of the Lady of Lord Lindsay, a son.

[November 2] Lately, of the lady of Capt. Russell, of Smithwood Green Hall, *three children*—two of them, with the mother, likely to do well.

[3] Friday, of the lady of John Hale, esq. and sister of Lord Amberst, a son.

[5] Yesterday, of the lady of G. Parker, esq. Sloane Terrace, a son.

[7] Yesterday, of the Countess of Clonmell, a daughter.

[12] Tuesday, of the lady of the Rev. Lewis Way, at Topplefield Rectory, Essex, a daughter.

[16] Friday, of the lady of Lieut. col. Edwards, Little Stanhope-street, a son.

[18] Sunday, of the lady of Matthew White, esq. M. P. a son—her *fifteenth child*.

[19] Nov. 14, of the lady of Capt. Roland, Fludycr-street, a daughter.

[19] Nov. 16, at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, of the lady of Henry Sansom, esq. a daughter.

[19] Yesterday, of the lady of Dr. Dickson, physician to the fleet, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

[October 22] On Monday, Michael Sunston, esq. to Miss Newman, of Castle Coombe, Wilts.

[26] Yesterday, Wm. Brocklehurst, esq. of Macclesfield, Cheshire, to Miss Ann Coare.

[27] Wednesday, Thos. Bowler, esq. of Milton Hill, Berks, to Miss Hesther Sophia Sellwood.

[29] Tuesday, T. King Walker, esq. of New Milman-street, to Miss Augusta Wilbraham.

[Novemb. 6] Lately, T. E. Michell Turton, esq. son of Sir T. Turton, to Miss Louisa Browne.

[9] Wednesday, Robert Pattison, esq. of Dorchester, to Miss Jane Strickland.

[13] Nov. 7, W. Hyng, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster, to Miss Sarah Burton, of Leominster.

[13] Last week, Dr. Robinson, of Finsbury-place, to Miss Ellen Good, of Worcester.

[13] Lately, W. Lucas, of Broomfield, Essex, to Miss Lawson, of Great George-street, Westminster.

[14] Tuesday, the Rev. Peter Leigh, of Lynn, to Miss Mary Blackburne.

[17] Nov. 9, John Hensleigh Allen, esq. of Cresselly, Pembrokeshire, to Gertrude, daughter of Lord Robt. Seymour.

[17] Nov. 10, Capt. Butler, of the Wiltshire Militia, to Miss Eliza Dobiec.

## DECEASED.

[October 21] Oct. 6, the Earl of Kintore.

[21] On Monday last, Sir Cullen Smith, bart.

[23] Sunday, at Winkfield Place, Berks, Stanlake Batson, esq. in his 85th year.

[24] Lately, the Earl of Aylesford.

[24] Oct. 22, Thomas Hammersley, esq. banker.

[27] Oct. 6, at Pertenhall, Bedfordshire, the Rev. J. King, aged 85.

[30] Oct. 23, the Dowager Countess of Meath, in her 84th year.

[Novemb. 2] Lately, at Working, in Surrey, the Rev. H. J. Sydenham.

[3] Oct. 27, Mrs. Gardner, mother of the late Viscount Mountjoy.

[5] Oct. 6, at Ajanjuez, Thos. Gray, M. D.

[5] Tuesday, Sir Chas. Talbot, bart.

[6] Wednesday, at his house in Hundestreet, Manchester-square, the Count St. Martin de Front, the Sardinian Ambassador to our court,

[7] Nov. 2, the Rev. George Talbot, of Ingestrie, Staffordshire.

[9] Oct. 31, John Perkins, esq. brewer, in his 83d year.

[10] Nov. 7, Lieut. gen. Richard England.

[10] Yesterday, Mrs. Paghe, Finsbury-square.

[11] Sunday, at Southampton, John Burdett, esq. in his 75th year.

[17] Sunday, in Abingdon-street, Westminster, Mrs. Mary Whittam, in her 86th year.

[19] Monday, at Taddington, John Walter, esq. in his 74th year.

[19] Tuesday, at his house in Greenstreet, Grosvenor-square, in his 75th year, Edward Jennings, esq. well known to the literary public by his elegant poetic productions,

## APPENDIX.

*Preservative against Bugs*—Boil one ounce of colocynthida (or bitter apple) in two quarts of water for half an hour: afterward dissolve in the liquor half a pound of green vitriol, in an earthen pan. with this mixture wash bedsteads or walls; and they will (it is said) be ever after free from bugs.

*Cruel Mercy*—A female at Darmstadt lately poisoned her own brother, through a false principle of humanity and filial pity. He was ill, and his recovery was despaired of by the physicians. The girl, seeing that her parents, who doted on him, were exhausting themselves by their attendance and nightly watching, believed that it was meritorious to save them, and put the young man out of pain, by administering opium to him. The mother on discovering that he had been poisoned by his sister, died in a state of distraction; the father took to his bed, never spoke again, and survived only a few days. The daughter was convicted upon her own confession, and broken alive upon the wheel.

*Avalanche*.—An avalanche occurred on the 4th of Sept. in the neighbourhood of Villeneuve, Switzerland. A part of the eastern chain of the Fourches, which had been sapped by a stream that ran at its base, suddenly fell with terrific noise. About thirty cottages were buried beneath the ruins, and twelve of their inmates killed. The noise of the avalanche was heard at the distance of six miles.



*Lady's Magazine.. ..December; 1812.*



*Miss Siddons.*

*Engraved by J. Smith from a drawing by G. Kneller.*

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 12, for December, 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. Portrait of Mrs. SIDDONS.
2. Fashionable Morning DRESS.
3. Evening DRESS.
4. New Patterns for BORDERS, &c.

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## NOTICES.

*In our Magazine for January, we intend to give an elegant FRONTISPICE allusive to a very interesting event—a correct and well-engraved Portrait of EARL MOIRA—a new PATTERN for Needle-work—and an improved Plate of the FASHIONS, accompanied with a more ample description, and more satisfactory explanations, than we have hitherto given.*

The “Grammatical and Philological Bagatelles” of *Aristarchus* are intended for insertion. A part of them shall appear in our Magazine for January; and we request a continuation.

The communications of a “*Female Observer*” will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our fair readers.

Mr. *Lacey's* “*Ruined Farmer's Lamentation*” is come to hand; and shall appear in our Magazine for January.

*Marina's* “*Maid of the Valley*” shall appear at the same time.

We cannot admit the communication from “*Sarah,*” of *Chelmsford,* and beg leave to decline her future correspondence.

The pieces from our *Wiltshire* correspondent, *J—n S—m,* do not suit us.

*C. J. S.'s* lines “*To Mary*” are inadmissible.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1812.

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*Modern LIFE delineated.*

*(Continued from page 493.)*

ON the following morning, Mrs. Pope's carriage was at Mr. Lloyd's door by six o'clock. Emma was so impatient to be on her journey, that she leaped into it without recollecting that she had not taken leave of either her father or sister. Gertrude went up to the coach door, and, with a low voice, said, "Emma, you have not wished my father a good morning."—"How stupid I am!" cried Emma—"I am quite vexed that I have been so remiss."

As they returned into the house, they met Mr. Lloyd, who tenderly kissed Emma, and wished she might obtain every pleasure she hoped to enjoy. Emma was affected with his kind solicitude; and, pressing his hand to her lips, she fervently assured him, that, amidst all her enjoyments, she never would forget her home.

Mr. Lloyd and Gertrude walked down the lane, with their eyes fixed upon the carriage, until it turned the side of the mountain, and was hid from their view. "The acuteness of your sister's feelings," said Mr. Lloyd, as they returned toward home, "alarms me beyond measure. A few years ago, I imputed it merely to the petulance and inconsistency of childhood: but now, when her character ought to be established upon a firm basis, I find this dangerous propensity has gained an influence over her mind, which, I fear, will never be eradicated. Every character must be highly defective; without firmness of mind: for the

want of that necessary virtue saps the foundation of every other. If Emma had not been educated under my own roof, I should have attributed this weakness to others. As it is, I have to lament that a father's anxious endeavours cannot remove from her mind the dangerous malady."

"It grieves me, sir," replied Gertrude, "to see you so uneasy upon my sister Emma's account. I think her virtues far overbalance that amiable weakness. Her attachment to my cousin Edward has, for the present, gained an ascendancy over her better judgement, and given a glow to her feelings, not exactly calculated to please a parent's eye. But, in a few years, the engagements of domestic life will give a different turn to her feelings; and you will then, my dear father, behold her every thing the fondest parent can expect or desire.—I have heard you observe, sir, that the passions of youth would degrade maturer years. Can we then expect that Emma should possess those steady virtues and consistent manners, which adorn the decline of life? The simplicity and innocence of her character are almost an equivalent for a deficiency in fortitude; and I am convinced, that, if we were to analyse the passions of any of our acquaintance, my sister Emma would rise considerably in our estimation."

"The uprightness of her intentions I do not doubt," answered Mr. Lloyd; "but I certainly dread the encroaching power which her feel-

ings have over her reason: and, Gertrude, you well know, that it is the province of a good daughter to stifle those emotions which wound a father's heart.—A truly virtuous mind will curb every passion, which militates against domestic peace; whereas a selfish disposition never resigns the most trifling gratification, for the sake of contributing to the joy of others. It may be classed with the sensitive plant—contracting every fibre to escape our touch, but without any virtues to compensate for its unsocial shyness. It is of no other use than to excite our astonishment; and we with pleasure turn our eyes from it to those plants whose virtues transmit a fragrant perfume to every beholder. Even the sequestered primrose, almost enveloped in wild heath, possesses greater interest in our eyes, than this favored hot-house plant. The similarity between the vegetable and the reasonable world has always made a strong impression upon a reflecting mind; and the analogy in the present instance certainly justifies the remark: for the person, whose eye is never dimmed but by selfish passions, neither deserves our sympathy nor our esteem: but, if the woes of others have dimmed it, we feel a mixture of unbounded love and concern for the being whose heart is not chilled by the torpid power of indifference."

A few evenings after Enama's departure, Mr. Lloyd was engaged to meet a party of his friends at the vicar's house. The evening was uncommonly serene and beautiful. Every murmuring noise in the valley was suppressed; and the various colors, which tinged the canopy of heaven, gave a glow of animation and joy to Gertrude's bosom.—Every worldly passion was dissolved, or gave place to an un-

bounded admiration of the rich tints which the Creator had spread over his light ethereal sky, and the fragrant sweetness of the blossoms, which were profusely scattered beneath her window. But, as the mild breeze of night approached, and twilight gave a dim hue to the objects around her, remembrance, with a steady pencil, traced upon her heart the sickening prospect of futurity. It warned her to obey the dictates of virtue, and resign to a sister the feelings which long-cherished affection for one object had so warmly claimed. A tear fell from her eyes at the painful recollection of joys which were for ever flown: but it mingled with one for the happiness of her sister; and, in that moment, a reviving light streamed through her soul, and endued her heart with perfect acquiescence to the decrees of an all-wise Providence."

Gertrude was roused from her mental *rêverie* by the distant sound of carriage-wheels approaching toward the house: a sudden chillness crept through her frame; and, in breathless agitation, she leaned her head against the window, to receive a confirmation of her hopes or fears. In a moment, her cousin's well-known voice, ordering the post-boy to stop, gave a different turn to her feelings. She censured herself for her weakness, and resolved to receive him with becoming fortitude. But the hasty impulse of passion, and the steady influence of reason, operate very differently; and Gertrude was subdued by the former. The moment Edward entered the parlour, her agitated feelings burst forth in a violent flood of tears. Her cousin pressed her with warmth to his bosom, and firmly assured her that he was returned to lay his laurels at her feet.

"At my feet!" said Gertrude

with a deep sigh.—“ Oh no! Edward! it is at my sister Emma's feet you must place the wreath of victory: but I rejoice to see you safe at home, and will immediately send for my father from the vicar's. He will be delighted, Edward, to see you look so well.”

As Gertrude was quitting the room to send for her father, Edward followed her, and, taking hold of her hand, led her to a chair. “ I must speak to you, Gertrude,” said he, “ before I meet my worthy uncle.—Your conduct, I confess, is very ambiguous:—what injurious suspicions have you formed of my heart? Believe me, my dear Gertrude, I have loved you from infancy; and each year, in ripening your virtues, has increased my unalterable attachment to you.—Do not then treat me with this frigid and repulsive indifference; be assured, I have lamented every hour since my departure from you: and now to experience so cool a reception from you on my return, wounds every feeling of my soul.—During my journey hither, I had anticipated a flattering welcome from my beloved cousin, and had hoped that my uncle would accede to my ardent wishes.—But why do you not answer me, Gertrude? Your silence racks me beyond all endurance.”

“ I am at a loss what reply to make,” said Gertrude. “ If I were to obey the impulse of my reason and affection, I should glory in uniting my fate with yours. As it is, if I accept your hand, I shall destroy Emma's peace of mind, and be miserable myself, from the consciousness of having basely deceived her innocent and unsuspecting heart: for, as I was not convinced of any particular regard you had for me, I have endeavoured to confine my sen-

timents for you within the bounds of sisterly affection; and at the same time I have done all in my power to strengthen my sister's affection for you.”

“ This, Gertrude, is the language of cool unbiassed reason: but it is a language ill suited to charm my heart: and beware, my dear cousin, of sacrificing your own happiness to a shadow. Every action of my life must have convinced you that my regard was sincere, and confined to you alone. I have not learned the happy art of fixing and unfixing my affections, to suit the caprice of others.—It is in your power to ratify my choice, and make me happy during the remainder of my existence—or consign me to a tumultuous life in the army, where the impression you have made upon my heart will never be erased.—I have often flattered myself that your feelings were similar to my own. Is it not, then, unfeeling to have given me the transporting hope of obtaining your hand, and now pretend to reason with me upon the propriety of marrying Emma, though at the same time you are assured that our dispositions would never assimilate, even if there were an attachment formed between us?—The regard you impute to her, is ideal: she has been in the habit of treating me as a brother from childhood, and imagines that I am the only person in the world with whom she could be happy. But a new object would speedily erase my image from her bosom; for her feelings are transient and light as a summer cloud. I consider her as a sister who deserves my utmost kindness and attention: but, as the dearest friend of my heart, I should be wretched with her. It is not the beauty of a woman that charms my senses, if her understanding be ei-

ther weak or defective; for, although a trifling pretty woman may be a very great ornament in a ball-room, it is there *only* that she shines. When I think of you, my beloved Gertrude, my reason sanctions the choice of my childhood—for I believe, that, even from my cradle, I have doted upon you. It is your virtues which throw the lustre over your charms; and, when the ebbing sand of life finally declines, I shall love you more, if possible, than I do at this moment.—It is not in the power of words to describe my regard. . . . But, Gertrude, you still continue immovable! What am I to conclude from your dejected and averted countenance?"

"We must change the subject," said Gertrude: "for, greatly as I esteem you, I solemnly declare, I never will give my hand at the altar, when my perfidious conduct wounds a sister's heart.—I know, Edward, from your countenance, you think this is an overstrained refinement: but, think as you please, I am resolved to act up to the assertion I have this moment made:—the motives which impel me to act thus, are, I hope, sanctioned by HIM who knows the sincerity of the words I utter. I assure you, it is with reluctance I have made this avowal: for, though I am determined to act uprightly, I am not, as you imagine, void of uneasiness and regret."

"Then my hopes are all blasted!" exclaimed Edward—"Farewell, Gertrude! and may your romantic conduct of this evening never wound your heart, as it does mine! You have destroyed the happiness of a man who would forfeit a thousand lives to secure one hour of uninterrupted peace to your bosom." Edward now hastily walked toward the parlour door, and as

hastily returned, to take another farewell of his cousin.—"I feel," said he, "that, in quitting you, I quit every thing I hold dear in life. Will you not, then, retract the sentence you have passed, and act consistently with your general character?—for, believe me, my dear Gertrude, it is unnatural in the extreme to suppose that I can ever think of Emma as my partner, when I have from childhood cherished the hope of being yours for life."

"All your arguments, Edward, are ineffectual on this head.—That I admire your character, and esteem you next to my beloved father, I freely own: and, though I am convinced that my sentiments in your favor will be immovable as the firmest rock, I am resolved never to deviate from the resolution I have this evening declared.—But my determination is not a plea for your abrupt departure: I wish you to continue here, that you may have an opportunity of seeing my sister Emma, and loving her."

"No, Gertrude! this is no longer a home for me: as you are resolute on one subject, I am equally so on another: but I shall love you, if my existence is protracted a thousand years.—Farewell for ever!"  
(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

### *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

(*Continued from page 497.*)

"In an easy chair by the bedside, sat Mrs. Cavendish. Her emaciated form was wrapped in a long flannel gown; and the pallid hue of her cheeks she had vainly endeavoured to conceal beneath a large night-cap.—The child was kneeling at her feet, and held a hand already cold with the near approach of death; while despair and terror were strongly imprinted on her

youthful face.—The servant hung over her mistress with the most affectionate fondness.—Mrs. Cavendish strove to rise: but her feeble limbs refused their office, and she sunk exhausted on the chair.—‘Forbear, dear madam,’ said I, ‘to use ceremony with one who has long been a stranger to its rules. Mrs. Mackintosh informed me that an English lady resided here; and I am too partial to my country-women, not to seek every opportunity of rendering them any assistance in my power; and I shall be particularly happy, if, on this occasion, I can in any degree prove serviceable to you.’

“Her whole frame became exceedingly agitated: a faint blush overspread her wan cheeks; and in speechless agony she pointed to the child.—‘Speak to the *lala*, my sweet manima!’ said the weeping orphan: but she was denied the power of utterance; her eyes alone conveyed to me the anguish of her soul.

“I absolutely thought her expiring:—I pressed her clay-cold hand in mine—assured her that I perfectly understood her meaning, and that, if Heaven thought fit to take her from us, her lovely daughter should find a mother in me. More I would have said; but, perceiving her countenance change, I stopped.—She sunk on her knees beside the child, embraced her with fervor; then, lifting up her eyes to heaven, she thus exclaimed—‘Father of mercies! thou hast heard my prayers! Protect her innocence, and, oh! forgive! forgive . . . but here articulation failed: she spake no more.—her suffering spirit fled its earthly mansion; and neither sigh nor groan attended its departure.

“Still, methinks, I hear her dy-

ing accents; and the scene which followed, is ever present to my remembrance. The child was still in her arms: they sunk together on the floor! The faithful maid screamed with terror, and fainted.—Mrs. Mackintosh sat stupefied with amazement; while I, though unequal to scenes like this, gently disentangled Marina, who seemed motionless with despair.

“My efforts to disengage her from her mother’s arms roused her attention. ‘You shall not take me from my mamina,’ she cried. ‘She always told me I should never leave her: but she is gone!’—Here her streaming tears relieved her bursting heart; and her loud sobs soon brought the maid to herself. The poor creature, frantic with grief, threw herself at my feet, and ‘Will you, madam,’ said she ‘be a friend to my dear young lady? will you never let her want for any thing?—No! you never will: and my poor mistress (Heaven be praised!) seemed to die satisfied that you would take care of her darling child.’

“I assured her again and again, that I held my promise sacred, and she might depend on it, that her young lady should always experience from me the tenderness of a parent: but what most effectually pacified her, was my assurance that she herself should never be separated from the child.—I then advised her to rouse herself, and perform the last offices for her unhappy mistress; and, feeling myself quite overpowered with those exertions, I retired into another room, and there, with the aid of a few drops and half an hour’s recollection, gradually recovered my fortitude.

“I then consulted with Mrs. Mackintosh on what was further to be done; and we agreed to leave the care of the remains to the affec-

tionate attention of the servant, and, if possible, prevail upon the child to return with me to Knockanda: but neither entreaties nor persuasions could induce Marina to quit the house. She hung round my neck in agonies—begged I would only indulge her in this request; and, in every thing else, she would obey me. It was not in nature to deny her.—I saw her every day, and, by every kind endearment, strove to engage her affections.—Her insinuating manners, and filial regrets, so gained on my mind, that she soon became extremely dear to me; and I felt a pleasure in her innocent caresses, to which my heart had long been a stranger.

“As I imagined, that, by removing Marina from the scene of her sorrows, her mind would sooner be restored to its wonted serenity, I proposed our immediate return to England. Mr. Montague readily consented; and, in a few days after the remains of Mrs Cavendish had been consigned to their peaceful habitation, I desired Jenny to prepare Marina for her departure. Contrary to my expectations, I found, on calling upon her the next day, that she was not only reconciled, but anxious to quit a spot which continually reminded her of her loss.—Happy in this her ready acquiescence, we took leave of our friendly host the following day, and set out for Edinburgh.

“But I must not forget to mention the officer who so kindly interested himself in the fate of Mrs. Cavendish.—He desired to have a sight of her daughter, before we quitted the country: and, from what I had heard of his character and disposition, you may believe I was not a little attentive to his countenance, as I presented her to him. Never, in my opinion, did she ap-

pear so lovely as at that moment. He gazed on her for some minutes in silent admiration: then, turning to me, he said, ‘Beware, madam, of indulging her sensibility.’ Then, having caressed Marina—who, sensible of the value of his friendship, was much affected—he immediately took his leave.

“When we called for Marina and Jenny, I observed that the child kept her eyes anxiously fixed on a box, which the servants were putting into the boot of the carriage, and then burst into tears.—Mr. Montague instantly inquired if there was any thing in it, which she particularly valued.—‘Oh! yes!’ she cried with great eagerness—‘If I lose that box, I shall never again be happy.’—Her tears now streamed with additional violence; and Jenny begged permission to have the box removed, saying she would carry it on her lap.—As the box was not large, we immediately ordered it to be put into the coach. This pacified Marina; and she embraced Mrs. Mackintosh, (who came to take leave of her young favorite) assuring her, she should never forget that she was indebted to her for a second mamma.

“Nothing material happened during our journey.—We spent only two nights with your daughter, whose little folk were highly pleased with Marina: but she seemed to have no delight in the usual sports of children—took no notice of any body, except myself and Jenny—and never quitted sight of her box, without betraying such strong marks of anxiety, as gave me considerable pain.”

Here the entrance of Marina put a stop to Mrs. Montague's narrative. She introduced her to Mr. Burnaby, as her adopted daughter, and de-

to spend the day with her. He excused himself for that day, the family being all engaged at Hindon Park.

Mr. Burnaby had no sooner taken his leave, than Mrs. Montague summoned Jenny to her dressing-room, to inquire the reason of Marina's great attachment to the box. She had frequently purposed doing it on the road: but the presence of Mr. Montague had always prevented her; and, since her return, the necessary arrangements of her family had entirely occupied her attention. She had not yet informed herself whether Mrs. Cavendish had left any particular instructions respecting the mode of her daughter's education.

In this place it is but justice to the virtues of Jenny, to make mention of her family and extraction.

Her father was a petty tradesman in the county town near which Mrs. Cavendish's father resided; and her mother had lived house-keeper in the family many years. Jenny was the youngest of ten children; and Mrs. Cavendish having taken a fancy to her in her juvenile days, she was taken into the family to wait upon her.—This distinguishing mark of Mrs. Cavendish's partiality was repaid by Jenny with the most faithful attachment.—She boasted many suitors in the days of her youth: but her affection to her mistress triumphed over every other feeling; and she discarded them all.—She was honest, faithful, and kind-hearted, and had proved to her mistress, in the hour of distress, not only a trusty servant, but a kind companion, and an affectionate friend. That affection was now transferred to her orphan daughter, whom she not only loved, but idolised.—She had long thought that she discovered in her strong indica-

tions of future greatness; and these prognostics were already in part verified, as she fondly imagined, in the increasing affection of Mr. and Mrs. Montague. She contemplated Marina as the future heiress of their riches; and this idea was too pleasing not to be constantly indulged, more particularly as it was connected with one which was always uppermost in her thoughts—that of revenge on the family of Mrs. Cavendish.

Jenny had witnessed the purity and innocence of her whole life, and knew how undeserving she was of the calumnies which had destroyed her reputation, and ruined her peace.—Though the excellence of Jenny's principles taught her universal charity, she could never think of her mistress's sufferings, without breaking forth into the most bitter invectives against the authors of her misery.

From the moment she was summoned by Mrs. Montague, she conjectured what it was for, and was therefore prepared to answer with her usual loquacity.

*(To be continued.)*

### *The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

*(Continued from page 507.)*

SIR Bettsworth Harrop had, by his adulatory arts, rendered himself a high favorite with Lady Monson. She now called him to her councils: and, as he still, for the reasons which have been already stated, wished the marriage of Lord Blenmore and Miss Monson to take place, they easily devised a plan, by which the young people were to be brought together, and the earl drawn on to renew his proposals: and acceptance was then to follow of course.

Sir William, she well knew, would not invite Lord Blenmore to his house, or put his daughter in the



way of a meeting, which, he was aware, would be disagreeable to her feelings: but the important event of a young nobleman coming to age was soon to be celebrated with great festivity at his father's seat, about forty miles off; and hither the Manningdale family, with all the others of any consequence in the neighbourhood, were invited. Lady Monson wearied her husband, who systematically obliged her wherever he could, into a promise of going; though, after his late anxiety concerning his children, and in his present perplexity respecting his affairs, a scene of gaiety was the last thing to which he could assimilate his mind.

Her ladyship, however, did not apprise him further of her intentions; for she knew, that, if he had accompanied her to Woodfield, and his daughter been averse to attending this (to her) unexpected meeting, her plans would have been frustrated. She, therefore, on pretence of visiting a lady whom she mentioned, set out from home a day before the *fête* was to commence; and, escorted by her prime favorite Sir Bettsworth, executed her manoeuvre, as has been already shown. Sir William's surprise, at seeing his daughter arrive at Gilmore Castle, it may easily be supposed, was great; while, on receiving his embrace, the first gleam of pleasure that she had experienced since her parting with Mrs. Egerton, irradiated her countenance.

With all the delight of a fond parent glowing in his soul, he led her up to their noble hosts. The admiration, expressed by the marquise and marchioness, excited that of others. Miss Monson became the reigning belle of the meeting; and poor Lord Blenmore, notwithstanding his late repulse, was thus

stimulated to renew his suit with double assiduity.

Though with a heart ill at ease, the lovely Julia could not but be gratified by the approbation she received; and, in endeavouring to participate of the gaiety around her, attempted to conquer the emotions she sustained, and the pain that overwhelmed her, upon hearing (as she frequently did) poor Richmond spoken of, and described as a sharper.

'Tis well known, that there is no circle, however high, where a little scandal is not admitted: and, in a remote part of the country, where strangers are seldom seen, and have no visible motive for sojourning, such a man, as we have represented Richmond to be, was exactly calculated to excite remark and inquiry. The *fracas* previous to his quitting his regiment, and his long stay at Stillerness, had caused him to be seen and talked of by many people in the neighbourhood. Hence, his name—though, generally, by the underhand means of Lady Monson, or Sir Bettsworth Harrop—was frequently brought up—scarcely ever without some stigma being attached to it: and, though Julia would have staked her existence upon the falsity of such reports, she was nevertheless unable to refute them.

“But, my dear ladies! for mercy's sake, be less severe upon a man, for the trifling circumstance of having left a bill unpaid at an hotel,” said a gentleman, whose voice had not been heard upon the subject, but who had sat listening to a female synod, with Lady Monson at their head, who had been passing judgment on the absent culprit. “I tremble,” continued he, “lest the same animadversions have been already passed on myself: for I once quitted an hotel, to pay a visit,

though with a full design of returning. Circumstances changed my plan; and months elapsed, before I knew that the servant, whom I had sent back to discharge my debt, had deceived both the landlord and myself. I mention this only to prove, that, even if the account of this Mr. Richmond's having done so be correct, a man *may* appear culpable without being so in reality, and should not be stigmatised, till some general plan of deception is proved against him."

"Oh! but this fellow is a complete good-for-nothing scoundrel," rejoined Lord Blenmore, in a sort of barking tone, which he was in the habit of using when he spoke, as he too frequently did, to the prejudice of any one. "It is well known, that he has gone by different names."

"So have I likewise: yet I trust I am not a *complete good-for-nothing scoundrel*," said the generous defender of the absent, who had spoken before.

Julia cast her eyes upon the crest-fallen earl with a contempt which she could not conceal; and, observing that her mother was also going to hold forth on the same subject, she retreated to a window, whither she was almost immediately followed by the gentleman, to whom, for the part he had taken in the foregoing conversation, her heart seemed almost spontaneously to open.

"Is Miss Monson," said he, "the only one of her sex who delights not in a tale of slander? and will she explain to me, why one who seems herself the least subject to errors, is the most averse to hearing them discussed by others?"

"May I not return the question, sir?" replied she, with an ingenuous smile, that seemed to rouse her

companion from his usual gravity; and directly commencing a conversation, its progress imperceptibly rendered the parties more partial to each other, than any other individuals of the company with whom they were associated.

This occurrence took place on the second day after Miss Monson's arrival at the castle: and though, with several others, this gentleman had been formally introduced, the quiet gravity of his disposition generally prevented his exciting observation, unless when some circumstance arose, which called forth a display of his philanthropy. Even this, alas! was more frequently evinced, than attended to. With Julia, however, the case was different: for a stronger claim to her favorable opinion, than a good heart, could never be urged, had she even been less interested than in the present case.

CHAP. 20.

His years but young, but his experience  
old; [ripe;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement  
And, in a word, (for far below his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow)  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.  
*Shakspeare.*

For the gentleman thus amiably introduced, we have already endeavoured to interest our readers, as the elder son of Lord Saint-Villiers, in whose favor poor Frederic had been thrown from his natural rights.

Gentle and unassuming as at the first dawn of his prosperity, he returned from his continental tour with a mind highly enriched and improved by the observations he had made, and in which the treasures of learning, aiding the dictates of religion, had conquered the severity of that affliction, which, in the extinction of his first-born hopes of happiness, had, at one period,

precluded the formation of any others.

When the state of continental affairs became such, as to cause his return to England, he began seriously to reflect upon the claims of his situation and in duties, as a member of society. He felt, that, in leading a wandering and unscolded life, he should not fulfill them; and he had already mentally formed a plan, in which the figure of the faithful wife, the affectionate companion, was alone wanting. In search of this, "Heaven's last best gift," he became an attentive observer of the sex: but he still found objections, which more than balanced the recommendations that he had hitherto perceived in any particular lady: and his choice was yet to make; when a certain something, indicative of the qualifications which he deemed essential to happiness, struck him in the countenance of Julia Monson.

Hence arose the particularity of his attentions: and, while subsequent acquaintance improved the prepossession on his side, her good opinion was not behindhand. In the sterling sense and information with which his conversation was replete, she found a rational satisfaction, more congenial to the present state of her spirits, than the gaiety of a large party. She gained, at the same time, while listening to Mr. Saint-Villiers, a respite from the childish tattle and assiduities of Lord Blenmore, which her mother, in pursuance of the project that had brought her to Gilmore Castle, took every means of encouraging.

Sir William, greatly to the disappointment of the conspirators against poor Julia, stood neuter; and in this manner proceeded the fortnight of their absence. Lady Monson was civil to Mr. Saint-Villiers, as she would be to any other man of fashion

and consequence: but he was an equal favorite with both the good baronet and his daughter, and said, that, after his return from Scotland, whither he was then going, he should make some stay with a friend of his in the county of Durham, and gladly avail himself of their permission to continue the acquaintance.

Julia returned home, but not to peace or contentment. Lord Blenmore was a perpetual intruder; and the coolness of her behaviour, without repressing his assiduities, drew upon her the incessant reproaches of her mother, who openly accused her of a preference for Richmond, and proceeded to such lengths, as to render her husband and daughter seriously unhappy. She even asserted that there must be an absolute engagement between them, or Miss Monson could not so obstinately persist in her indifference to a nobleman, who took such unwearied pains to acquire her favor.

Though Sir William was by no means a man of acute penetration, nevertheless, from what he heard and observed, he was inclined to suspect that his daughter harboured some little lurking partiality; and, considering the circumstance of the parties having been so much together, he thought it not unreasonable to conclude that such might possibly be the case. He would not, however, pain her by interrogation on the subject. He doubted not, that, if such an attachment existed, she would conquer it: and, feeling too much confidence in her prudence, to dread her forming an improper connexion, he thought that the most erroneous thing which a parent could do, was to notice these sort of transient partialities, which, if not fanned into strength by showing their consequence, and increasing it by opposition, he concluded,

would never outlive the year of their birth.

When, however, Lord Blenmore at length renewed his proposal in form, and it was as decidedly rejected, the rage of Lady Monson would probably have broken forth with the most uncurbed violence, had not the appearance of Mr. Saint-Villiers at Manningdale, and the apparent pleasure with which he was received both by Sir William and Julia, in some measure diverted her anger, by giving rise to new matrimonial projects: for, having once conquered her dislike to the idea of her daughter's marrying, her ladyship considered her in no other light than as a disposable piece of goods, to be bartered away to the utmost advantage. To be mother-in-law to a man of the rank and high respectability of Mr. Saint-Villiers would be truly gratifying to her vanity; and no ridicule would attach to the failure of her other scheme, if it miscarried in his favor. Her smiles, her civilities, were consequently resumed, and as lavishly bestowed upon this new visitor, as they had before been on his predecessor.

To Mr. Saint-Villiers, however, nothing could be more unimportant, or less alluring, than the over-strained attentions of such a woman as Lady Monson, except so far as they seemed connected with his general good reception in the family.

One principal object of his Scotch tour was to try if Miss Monson had made an impression sufficiently strong, to stand the test of a few weeks' absence.—So far, the result was an acknowledgement of her power.—He then resolved to scrutinise her behaviour in a domestic light; and, if it there appeared as engaging as in a scene of gaiety, he would try to win her to his wishes

—certain, that, though the ardor of a first love could never be revived in his bosom, a faithful friendship and unlimited confidence might ensure to her permanent felicity in as high a degree as mortals are entitled to expect.

During the progress of this cool dispassionate investigation, Saint-Villiers sedulously avoided every declaration, or lover-like kind of attention. He only wished to engage that sort of calm and steady affection which he himself had to bestow; and he talked so much and so unreservedly, both to Miss Monson and her father, of his former sorrows and disappointment, that the one scarcely sympathised with him more tenderly than did the other.

In this manner several weeks rolled on.—Mr. Saint-Villiers was almost domesticated at Manningdale, and passed much more of his time there, than with the friend to whom he was nominally upon a visit.

Pleasing herself with daily hopes of his declaration, Lady Monson favored Sir William and his daughter with a welcome respite from her importunate teasings: and, as she had been indulged in one point which she had much at heart, she was at present tolerably composed. This was the gratification of her resentment against Mrs. Egerton, with whom she so strenuously insisted on Miss Monson's breaking off all intercourse and correspondence, that she was at length, however reluctantly, obeyed. Sir William, too, as well as his lady, felt no little displeasure against his sister, on account of the imprudent encouragement she had given to a young man, who, whatever might be the intrinsic merit that recommended him to her favor, ought not to have had it evinced in such a manner as could implicate Miss

Monson in the conversation it occasioned. He, however, knew Mrs. Egerton's foibles so well, that he could not but blame himself for having trusted so precious a charge, where there was too much reason to fear that the necessary precautions had not been observed. He knew also, that, if his daughter really harboured the ill-placed attachment, of which Lady Monson accused her, there was nothing more likely to keep it alive, than a confidential correspondence with the person under whose eye it had commenced. He therefore, though without hinting his own opinion, or wounding her feelings by his remarks, advised his daughter to yield, in this respect, to her mother's desires, and promised to go over to Woodfield, and so represent the matter to Mrs. Egerton, that she would acquit her niece of ingratitude, through the semblance of this enforced neglect.

During this period, it may easily be supposed, Julia gave many an anxious thought to the absent Frederic; and, though still cherishing, yet still condemning her attachment, was firm in her resolution to take no steps that could draw on her the reprobation of her family—and, unless he should arrive at such a situation as authorised his application to her father, never to resume any future intercourse with him. On that footing even he himself had put their future connexion; and her conscience assured her it was best for both that it should be adhered to. *(To be continued, with an interesting Plate, in the Supplement.)*

**The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.**

*(Continued from page 511.)*

*Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.*

“As it was late at night before we arrived at Byron-Place, I could see no-

thing but the reflexion of the moon on the gilt turret at the top of the house.—In the morning, I arose with the lark; for I was too happy to sleep. I was anxious to examine the beauties of this noble place: and well might Sir Thomas be partial to this abode of his ancestors; for it possesses every advantage which liberal Nature could bestow: nor has the barbarous hand of modern refinement been introduced, to torture its luxuriant beauties into artful regularity.—The rooms are spacious and lofty, and furnished with taste and judgement. But the object, which most engaged my attention, was the view I had from my chamber window, of a large, old-fashioned white house. It was divided from Byron-Place by the lawn. The elegant simplicity of the green foliage, which grew luxuriantly about it, gave it the most picturesque and pleasing appearance imaginable. The barns and stacks of corn and hay at the back of the house, made me suppose it the residence of some opulent farmer.—I was contemplating the prospect before me with an infinite deal of pleasure, when I was summoned to the breakfast-parlour. Sir Thomas informed me that this neat white building was the parsonage-house, and the residence of Mr. Mortimer.

“On the following Sunday, my friend made her appearance at church; where the uncommon loveliness of her person attracted the attention of a numerous audience. Byron's eyes sparkled with joy at the notice that was taken of his charming bride. I was exceeding pleased with the neatness of the church, as well as the decency and regularity of the poor people, who listened with the most profound attention to a plain but edifying discourse, which Mr. Mortimer delivered in the most clear

and harmonious voice I ever heard : and the respect with which they greeted him as we left the church, and the benevolent smiles with which he returned their salutations, gave me the highest opinion of his piety and goodness of heart.

“ Fond of retirement and the society of a few select friends, Sir Thomas and Lady Byron were glad when the wearisome formality of receiving and paying visits was over.—For my part, I was disgusted with the fatiguing parade, and sighed for solitude, and the uninterrupted conversation of Mortimer : and indeed he was seldom absent from us.—He invited me to view his old-fashioned white house—conducted me through every part of it ; and the plain simplicity of the apartments, together with the delicate neatness in which they were kept, gave more satisfaction to the eye, than all the grandeur and magnificence that wealth can bestow.—I could not help expressing my sentiments on this subject, with an animation in my manner, which evidently gave him pleasure.

“ Did the generality of the world think like you, Miss Seymour,” said he one day to me—“ could they centre their ideas of happiness in such a cottage as this, and the few fertile fields about it—the calls of ambition would not be attended to. Mankind, happy and contented, would not quit their native plains, in pursuit of a metal for which they could have no use. But the heart of man,” continued he, “ is never to be satisfied : the soul will still sicken for the possession of some distant object.—I have been happy, inexpressibly happy, in this rural retreat : but shall I long continue in that state of indifference in which consisted my happiness? At some-

thing from within tells me that ease and tranquillity are flying far away.”

“ He sighed : and his hand trembled, as he held mine.—I sighed, too : our sighs seemed to be in unison ; and the tremor of his fingers communicated itself to mine. I turned away my face, suffused with blushes, from his piercing eye. The thread of our discourse was broken ; and the freedom of conversation was now at an end. Our features, indeed, grew more expressive : but our words were often heavy and languid.

“ I was now restless and absent, and was sometimes so lost in thought, that the tender Lady Byron would ask me if I was ill ; which affectionate interrogatories I regularly answered by assuring her that I was perfectly well ; but my answers, on such occasions, were delivered with such evident confusion and embarrassment, as must have given me a very foolish appearance.

“ In all our excursions, Mortimer was my constant attendant.—Unmindful of the future, I gave way to the pleasure which his society afforded me, and never refused to accompany him in a walk. In one of our rambles, he asked me, if I should have any objection to call on an humble friend of his. I answered that I could have none.—He led me to a small neat cottage near his parsonage, in front of which an old white-headed man was weeding in a little garden.—When he saw us approach, he came, with his hat in his hand, to open the wicket for us. I immediately knew him to be the parish clerk ; for I had noticed and admired his grey locks at church. ‘ How fare you, Benson ? ’ asked my companion.—‘ This, Miss Seymour, is the friend I mentioned to you : and, as I know worth and honesty

will ever find a patroness in you, I will take the liberty of recommending my good old Benson to your notice.

“The poor man’s joy shone in his countenance at the kindness of his benefactor.—Mortimer asked him concerning his dame.—He answered that she was tolerably well: ‘but, alack! sir!’ cried he, ‘my poor girl is but very indifferent. Her lameness troubles her sadly; and she thinks it an age since you were so good as to call upon her.’—‘I own,’ said Mortimer, smiling, as we entered the house, ‘Martha has some reason to reproach me with neglect.’

“The old woman was spinning; and her daughter, who was far from being young, arose when we entered, and hurried as fast as she could (for she appeared very lame) to reach a neat wicker chair, which seemed to be reserved for the use of some favorite visitor, and desired Mortimer to be seated.—‘The lady,’ said he, ‘my good Martha, must be first accommodated.’—He led me to the chair, and rested his arm upon the back of it, and then inquired with so much kindness after her health, and with such gentleness of voice accused himself for having so long neglected to call upon her, that the tears trembled in poor Martha’s eyes; and, laying her hand upon the sleeve of his coat, ‘Oh! sir! you are too good! It is enough to see you, to hear you inquire with so much kindness after my infirmities.—How few; how very few, would think it necessary to make excuses to such a poor low creature as I am!’

“At this moment I would not have exchanged situations with an empress: her throne could not be so easy to her, as my wicker chair was to me. The fine expression in Mortimer’s countenance—the vene-

rable figure of the old man, who stood in the bent attitude of attention and respect, while the poor old woman ceased her spinning, and seemed to devour their benefactor with her eyes, and every now and then wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron—all together furnished a scene interesting beyond expression, which moistened my eye with a tear of delight.—O ye, who have never enjoyed such a scene as this, what have your lives been worth? Can youth and affluence deny themselves the exquisite satisfaction of kindly soothing the infirmities of old age, and relieving its poverty and distress?

“Martha saw my emotion, and asked me, whether I had ever before condescended to visit such a poor hovel as theirs.—I told her that I often had, and that the pleasure I had experienced in their cottage would tempt me very soon to repeat my visit. The honest creature, in her artless simple strain, paid me so many compliments on my affability, as she termed it, that I went away quite delighted with this worthy family. Never did I experience such heart-felt satisfaction. My mind was tuned to harmony and peace. In short, I saw nothing, I heard nothing, but Mortimer. I listened to him, while he expatiated on the happiness and miseries of this life: I joined with him in lamenting the inequality of fortune.—‘But there is one great, one powerful sweetener of life,’ said Mortimer, ‘that sheds its influence equally on the poor as on the rich. It harmonises the soul of the roughest peasant, and makes his straw bed a bed of down.’

“He said no more, but silently pressed my fingers, and looked wistfully in my face. Unconscious of what I did, I sighed, and looked down.—‘Why sighs Miss Sey-

mour?' said he—'Why sighs my charming friend? The most refined, the most delicate of female minds has not been made unhappy by a passion, without which, life would be but a mere void.'

"He might have gone on for ever: I could not have interrupted him: he was proceeding, when luckily we were met by Sir Thomas and Lady Byron, whose presence relieved me from a very embarrassing situation.

"From that hour, I bade adieu to the calm content in which I had hitherto passed my life. I found that my heart had given birth to a passion which did not promise to shed its kindest influence over my head.—The painful agitations which seized me whenever Mortimer appeared—my tremors—the faltering of my voice when he spoke to me—the inexpressible pleasure I felt in seeing him, in hearing the sound of his voice, convinced me that he had established a very powerful interest in my heart.

"Meantime I could not forget my father's disposition. I knew him well:—haughty, ambitious, and unalterably determined when once he formed a resolution, he would, I was persuaded, forever remain hostile to the gratification of those wishes, in which were now centred all my hopes of future happiness.—Mr. Mortimer, it is true, was descended from a very honorable family: he had been well educated, and was well connected; and, what was still more important, his mind was adorned with every social, every moral virtue: in short, he was a man with whom any rational woman would have had a fair prospect of passing her life in the most perfect matrimonial happiness. But he possessed no fortune—nothing

but his benefice, which, though lucrative, was precarious, as depending on the chances of mortality. But there was a yet stronger objection to him than the want of fortune—an objection, which would have proved insuperable, even if he had possessed the virtues of a saint, and his brow been graced with a mitre. My father had contracted a settled aversion to the clergy in general. It was an illiberal prejudice: but what evils have, in all ages of the world, arisen from prejudice and animosity, originating in causes as slight and insignificant as my father's groundless prepossession! Kingdoms have been depopulated, countries deluged with blood: what wonder, then, that the peace of one poor hapless maid should be sacrificed? The sacrifice was unavoidable: for opposition and argument only strengthened my father in his sentiments: and, indeed, what power could reason have over a man who had been used to no other control than his own will and pleasure?—A gross affront, which he had received, in the early part of his life, from the clergyman of his own parish, had given birth to his hatred: habit had strengthened it—had fixed in him an invincible dislike to the whole clerical body: and I had often heard him say, that every other class of men should meet with a welcome at his table, but that he could not be answerable for behaving with common civility to a parson.

"Convinced of my father's irascibility and inflexibility of temper, I knew it would be madness to think that he would accept a clergyman, and a poor one too, for his son-in-law: and I was determined never to disoblige him, by disposing of myself in marriage against his incli-



nation. A child owes that duty to a parent; and mine had been a very indulgent one to me.

"I sighed at the hard necessity imposed on me, of endeavouring to banish the fascinating Mortimer from my mind—Had I followed the dictates of my reason, I ought to have fled from a prepossession, which, if indulged, might in time prove fatal to my peace: but I had not resolution to tear myself from a place in which every charm of society was centred. I therefore still continued to see, to hear, to admire, a man whom I did not even flatter myself with the hope of ever being entitled to view in any other light than that of a friend.

"The continual struggles between inclination and prudence would sometimes give an air of pensiveness to my features, which Mortimer, whose eyes seldom wandered from me, discovered; and, one day, when a more than common languor hung about me, he inquired with such anxious earnestness after my health, and in a voice so insinuatingly tender, that, discomposed and agitated as my spirits were, I was quite overpowered, burst into tears, and hurried out of the room.

"I was too much confused and dissatisfied with myself, to make my appearance again, till Mortimer had quitted the house: and, when I did return, I could not bear the inquiring looks of my friends.

"Byron saw my confusion. 'Dearest Miss Scymour!' cried he—'why this anxious, downcast countenance? why this reserve? Are we not your friends, your most affectionate friends? Will you forgive me, if I tell you that I have discovered the secret which agitates your gentle bosom?—And this Mortimer, too, is equally unhappy, and

equally reserved to his faithful Byron.'

"Pardon me, Sir Thomas! I perceive you think I am not insensible of the merits of your friend. I am above disguise: my heart tells me that I could be happier with Mortimer, than with any man on earth: but, supposing his sentiments to be in accord with mine, yet my father . . . . . Lady Byron knows his prejudices.'

"Yes,' replied she, 'I do know them. Yet surely, my Fanny, those prejudices are not invincible. Were Mr. Scymour to see and know our Mortimer, he must admire and value him, as we do.'

"I fear, my dear lady, this must not be thought on; and my reason tells me I ought to wish that Mr. Mortimer may forever remain silent on a subject to which I never will listen in opposition to my parent's will. — Sir Thomas Byron is not insensible of the delicacy due to our sex: his friend will never know from him the confession I have made of my sentiments; though I fear that I have myself already too clearly exposed my weakness to him.'

"Sir Thomas assured me that no word from his lips, not even a look, should ever betray my secret: and here the conversation ended.

"I now dreaded to meet Mortimer's eye: but he, delicately considerate, came not near us during the remainder of that day. I arose early the next morning; and my feet mechanically guided me toward Benson's cottage.—The honest harmless family stared to see me come unattended. Martha seated me in her wicker chair—brought me, unasked, a basin of milk warm from the cow—and, while I thanked her for her attention, she expa-

tiated on the virtues of Mr. Mortimer—to me the most grateful of all subjects. She told me that a rheumatic complaint had for some years disabled her from earning her living—that her father and mother, old and infirm as they were, could procure but a scanty support for themselves—and that she must have been maintained by the parish, had not Mr. Mortimer, when he came to the parsonage, proved a generous benefactor to them all. He made her father his clerk, and placed them in that cottage, for the convenience of being near him, as he generally sent them provisions from his table. She added, that she made his linen, and, through his recommendation, had many good friends, who found her plenty of employ at her needle. ‘But it is not only to us, madam,’ continued Martha, ‘that he is so indulgent. Every eye throughout the parish gazes at him with joy, and every heart blesses him; for he is good and kind to all.’

“As the grateful creature uttered these words, I saw the tears roll down her cheek, and felt the sympathising drop tremble in my eye.—I begged of her to let me have the satisfaction of contributing with her benefactor, in my endeavours to make them happy.—Martha blessed me for my goodness, and wished that she might live to see me happily married.—I sighed, and was fearful lest her honest simplicity should lead her to talk on a subject which my heart could not bear. To silence her, therefore, I pressed her hand between my trembling fingers, and bade her good morning.

“I thought it was now late: but, on my return, I found that Lady Byron had but just entered the breakfast-parlour.—We had not been long seated, when Mortimer entered.

*(To be continued in the Supplement.)*

*Fashionable FOLLY;*  
*or, a SKETCH of the TIMES.*

*By MARIA.*

“WHEN, my dear love,” said the accomplished Mrs. Modish, placing her white hand upon her husband’s shoulder—“when do you mean to send to London for the artists to decorate the saloon?”

“Why, really, my dear,” replied Mr. Modish, throwing down a newspaper, and stretching his elegant person as he spoke—“to tell you very candidly, I do not think I shall have it done.”

“Not have it done!” repeated Mrs. Modish, with a mixture of indignation and astonishment in her tone.

“No!” said her husband, with an air of indifference, stretching out his leg, and admiring its form.

“This insulting mode of conduct is insupportable, Mr. Modish,” exclaimed the lady: “and I beg leave to tell you, I will have it done.”

This assertion was followed by a slight bow from the gentleman, who began humming a tune.

At that moment the steward entered, actually laden with parchments and accounts; and, “Now, sir,” said he, “if you will be pleased to look these papers over, you will find the statement I have given you strictly true; and, what with mortgages, and selling timber, I don’t see how we can raise another guinea, till the rents come round:—but, do, sir, let me implore you to look over all the papers.”

“Not for the empire of the East, good Mr. Jenkinson, could I undertake such a Herculean task,” rejoined Mr. Modish, in a drawling accent.

“What is to be done, sir?” inquired the steward. “Your creditors will no longer be satisfied with promises? I am, really hunted like a hare by them; they are so clamorous for immediate payment.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed out the inconsiderate Modish—“Then, like the bare, Jenkinson, you must take to covert: but, upon my soul, my honest fellow, I know not what is to be done. Money I *must* have; and money *you must* procure me.”

“On my honor, sir,” replied the steward, interrupting him, “that is impossible.”

During the preceding conversation, Mrs. Modish had been walking, or rather flouncing, up and down the room. At length, darting a ferocious look at her husband, she angrily demanded “what had become of her fortune?”—With an appearance of assumed ridicule, or apathetic insensibility, he paused a few moments, and then replied—

“Ask the varying wind that blows,

Whence it comes, and whither goes—  
“as well may you ask this, as ask what has become of your fortune:—all I know of the matter, is,

“That the money’s fairly spent,  
And that, like the wind, it went.”

“Monster of ingratitude! compound of insolence and inhumanity!” exclaimed Mrs. Modish in an indignant tone of voice: but an amazing scuffle in the adjoining apartment, and several voices pronouncing the name of Modish, suddenly arrested her volatility; and, in the next moment, the door was burst open, and four sheriff’s officers surrounded the master of the mansion!—All that levity, which had, a moment before, been so injudiciously displayed, vanished at the sight of these unwelcome intruders:—the paleness of death overspread the now terrified man’s countenance:—all frivolity and self-importance suddenly fled; and, throwing himself into an easy chair, he exclaimed, “What will become of me?” then concealed his pallid features, by covering them with his hands.

“Oh! that I should ever have lived to see this day!” said the trusty steward, in a voice almost choked with agitation: “but, thank God! my poor dear old master knows nothing of it; for it would have killed him outright, as sure as my name is Jenkinson!”

During this affecting effusion of sensibility and attachment, the eyes of the now miserable Mr. Modish were directed toward Jenkinson: but his wife stood petrified like a statue, supporting her trembling frame upon a bronze pedestal. One of the bailiffs, who had, in silence, and with a countenance of commiseration, alternately gazed upon the interesting trio, at length addressed himself to the steward, and inquired whether the business could not be settled without taking the squire from his comfortable home.

A shake of the head, as intelligible as the most expressive language, was the only reply to this interrogation.—“But we are not going with empty stomachs, I promise you,” said another of the bailiffs, ringing the bell, and ordering the servant to bring them the best that the larder could afford.—In less than five minutes, two footmen entered with a partridge-pie, two cold chickens, and potted char; and a third followed, with part of a round of beef, ham, and a deer’s tongue.

“We are in the land of plenty, however!” exclaimed one of the sheriff’s officers, casting a longing eye upon the various provision: “and now, Mr. butler, or steward,” added he, addressing himself to Jenkinson, “we will drink your health, if you will show us some of the contents of your cellar.”

The sorrowing Jenkinson instantly quitted the apartment, and sent up, by an inferior servant, a bottle of

sherry, and another of Port—with two of what the footman termed October, and one of brown stout.

The officer, whose appearance and manner had evinced the greatest humanity, as soon as the repast was ended, was requested to step out of the room; for the worthy Jenkinson had dispatched different messengers to three of his master's most intimate friends, in the hope that they would make some exertion to save the man for whom they had professed to feel an inviolable attachment.—The case of the hare, however, and her many friends, was strikingly exemplified in that of the imprudent Mr. Modish.—one was gone to pay a visit to the object of his affection: another had a large family, and dined not hazard their property, even for the dearest of his friends; and a third avowed his determination not to make any exertion to save the credit of a spendthrift.

The disappointed steward then acquainted the bailiff that he had saved fifteen hundred pounds, and placed them in the funds; and, if that sum was sufficient, he was willing to lay down every farthing of it.

“And, pray, how long have you been in service?” inquired the sheriff's officer.—“Fifteen hundred pounds is a good round sum.”

“I lived five and twenty years with my present master's father,” replied Jenkinson, “and seven and a half with his son; and I had three hundred and fifty pounds left me by my grandmother—God rest her soul!”

“Give me your hand, my honest fellow!” said the bailiff, extending his, as he spoke: “for I am certain you are one of those faithful stewards, who, at the great day of judgment, will be able to give a good ac-

count of your stewardship.—But, Mr. steward,” added he, “let me give you a bit of counsel.—You have lived an easy life, as I may say, for a number of years; and, if I may judge from *them there* white locks upon your forehead, you cannot be very able to work hard.—Fifteen hundred pounds, to be sure, might induce the creditor who has employed us, to wait a little time: but what does that signify? The day must come for balancing the account; and I candidly tell you, that the coachmaker's bill alone is two thousand, seven hundred, and ninety-six pounds.—If your master owes that sum to one tradesman, I warrant you he has other debts to ten times that amount: and, if you make yourself a beggar to serve him, what is to become of you in your old age? No! no! keep your money, I beg of you, and mayhap you may be able to give your master a few comforts out of it, when he is in jail.”

(To be concluded in the Supplement.)

### Solitary MUSINGS

in a COUNTRY CHURCH.

By Mr. WEBB, Author of  
“*Flowerhill,*” and other Poems.

(Continued from page 499.)

HAVING obtained a short relaxation from the busy cares and tender anxieties of domestic life, I again explored the awe-inspiring dome, to ruminate among the improving records of mortality.—While some, as fancy wills, are enjoying their autumnal walks, marking the fading, falling leaf, and indulging a not unpleasing melancholy, in beholding the attractions of nature gradually vanishing at the approach of winter;—while others are thronging the crowded theatre, where comic scenes delight the trifling mind—or seeking the tavern, to exhiba-

rate their jaded spirits by the rosy bowl, or to soothe their care-tired breasts with the pipe's "bland vapor;"—the task be mine

..... "To muse  
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress  
shades,  
Unplere'd by vavity's fantastic ray!  
To read the monuments, to weigh the  
dust,  
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the  
tomb!" *Young.*

Entering a pew, I saw, on the floor, a marble memorial, which informed me that a man of consideration, an old bachelor, was interred beneath. He was a singular character, though his peculiarities were not of that prominent nature to attract public notice. The human mind, without any impeding obstacle, is prone to slide into singularity, and to act upon the impulse of the moment. But the nuptial tie, a group of prattlers, and the exorbitant expense, (the certain consequence of such a situation) are well calculated to rouse the latent energies and dormant principles of the heart to active exertions, and to banish those traits of oddity, which so often distinguish the characters of those "who live and die in single blessedness."

The eccentricities of the old bachelor have frequently excited the ebullitions of the wit, the satire of the poet, and the sneers of the cynic. Here I, too, might contribute my mite of ridicule: but I forbear, on so serious an occasion, to indulge in ludicrous observation. Notwithstanding a few harmless irregularities, and venial inconsistencies, if his heart was right in the sight of his Maker, he was a happy man:

"The noblest character he acted well,  
And Heav'n applauded, when the curtain fell." *Garrick.*

Hard by, lies entombed a gloomy

suicide, who, suffering under some domestic disquietudes, boldly presumed to rush unsummoned to the bar of Omnipotence.—But why laid beneath this hallowed roof, within this consecrated grave? Why not buried beside the highway, that the heaving sod might admonish the thoughtless passenger to abhor the baleful deed, to cherish his existence, to spare himself?—Prompted more by a criminal delicacy of feeling, than by a conscious rectitude of principle a jury of neighbours, unmindful of the solemn oath they have taken, generally pronounce a self-murderer insane:

"Fool oft, when unbelief, grown sick of  
life,  
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon  
knife,  
The jury meet: the coroner is short:  
And Lunacy's the verdict of the court."  
*Cowper.*

Respecting the present unhappy character, no evidence appeared, that could in the least degree prove his insanity:—but, the anxieties of life beginning to gather thick around him, and the wife of his bosom affording no solace to his wounded mind—in an evil hour, he sought refuge from the cares of time in the silent shades of death—

"Fool! to condemn to never-ceasing  
woe  
That vivid spark of the ethereal fire,  
Which might have mounted to the realms  
of bliss,  
For ever triumph'd in eternal day. . . . .  
" 'Tis but to die!" the modern hero  
cries:  
" 'Tis but a shock, a momentary pang:  
'Tis but the effort of a single blow;  
And then" . . . . .

What then? The affrighted disembodied spirit is conveyed by dæmons to the mansions of despair, where hope never beams one enlivening ray.

Death, even when he appears in his mildest form, is awful: but the

closing scene of a suicide must be tremendous in the extreme. Life, at its utmost length, is denominated a span: then why, preposterous mortal, attempt to curtail it?—If the clouds of misfortune gloom thy days, *Live!* To-morrow's sun may shine more bright, and dispel the interposing vapour.—If Sickness has laid his pallid hand on thy frame, and rendered existence intolerable, *Live!* Health may descend on a May sun-beam, and strew thy future path with roses.—If Poverty approaches thy dwelling, and appalls thy heart with his haggard appearance, *Live!* Fortune may yet dispense her golden showers, and plenty crown thy humble board.—If the scorpions of conscience sting thy peace, *Live!* and let the tear of repentance wash out the stains of thy guilt.—If thy life has been unsullied with vice, and untainted with iniquity, still *Live,* and enjoy at length, through mercy, a glorious immortality.

The following animated exhortation, from a sermon lately published, is so apposite to my present subject, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of quoting it. “Who gave thee, thoughtless man, permission to quench that eloquent eye in the darkness of death? By what warrant dost thou reduce those active limbs to an incapacity for motion and exertion? Who gave thee licence to dissolve the earthly house of thy tabernacle with thine own hands? Touch, at thy pen, a single pin! Loosen, if thou darest, the minutest cord! Are not the ravages of time alone sufficiently expeditious? Reverence thyself! thou art a mysterious compound: thou art the resemblance of thy God!—Do thyself no harm.”

Retiring from the sacred edifice, I passed over the tomb of the kind-hearted, the generous, the la-

mented Benvoglio—a truly estimable character, whose interesting exterior was an index to his mind, and whose gentle breast was the rendezvous of every milder virtue.—He was an excellent master, an obliging friend, and a good neighbour—and lived beloved by all who partook of the pleasure resulting from his acquaintance—

“Till war Consumption, with her baneful sponge,  
Dropp'd its green poison o'er the springs of life.” *Ogilvie.*

At his exit, the tear of friendship bedewed his bier; and his memory is still embalmed in the fond recollection of surviving relatives and connexions.—'Tis a pleasing consolation, while sighing over the grave of departed worth, to reflect, that, although the immortal mind has put off the troublesome garb of mortality, and ascended to the spheres of light, it may perhaps be permitted to descend on messages of love, and to hover near beloved friends—a guardian seraph. Yes! 'tis a consoling thought, that, although the mortal frame has fallen, dishonored and deformed, into its parent dust; yet, when the trump of the archangel shall echo through heaven's ample concave, and shake the regions of the dead, it shall rise clad in robes of immortality, blooming in immortal youth, and glittering in all the radiance of celestial beauty, to dwell in courts of bliss, where pleasure ever reigns, and joy's pure stream perpetual flows.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

#### THE OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from page 503)

#### N<sup>o</sup>. 12.—THE REAL ENJOYMENT OF RICHES.

THE desire of becoming rich is a passion so predominant in the human bosom, that there is scarcely an individual who does not feel the force

of it; and, if the desire of disposing of those riches in the manner that the beneficent Author of them intended, equally influenced our actions, fortune might then, indeed, be considered as one of the first of blessings.—The observation which our Saviour made upon those who possess this too ardently wished-for blessing, one would imagine, might have been sufficient to check the eagerness of pursuit: but the awful declaration, that “it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God,” seems to have made no more impression upon the imagination, than if he had said that fortune would enable a man to reach the heavenly abode.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that riches will obstruct our passage to that desired haven, if they be properly and judiciously used. On the contrary, they afford a wider field for the practice of those virtues which render us acceptable in the eye of God.—To feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, are positive duties, which we are enjoined to fulfill, but which only a small part of the community possess the power of performing.

It, therefore, cannot be the possession of wealth, but the misapplication of it, which renders the rich man's chance of future happiness precarious, and we are repeatedly told in the sacred writings, that, where much has been given, much will be required.—Great God! to a mind naturally benevolent, how unnecessary appears the term!—for the gratification which is derived from an act of beneficence, at once delights and improves the heart! The prayers of the aged, and the supplications of the orphan, will fall like the dew of heaven upon the head of the benevolent philanthrope, whose

diffusive hand feeds the hungry, and administers medicine to the sick.

Yet there is something more than mere donation requisite. the *mode* of giving greatly enhances the gift: nay, it is even possible to confer a kindness in so ungracious a manner, that, instead of feeling relieved, the mind actually becomes oppressed.—But, when delicacy is blended with benevolence and humanity—and the liberality of the disposition is displayed in the nobleness of the gift—it is then that the obliged party feels the full force of the obligation, though the power of language may be incapable of expressing it.

What refined sensations must a mind of this description experience, in reflecting upon the effect produced by the exercise of benevolence!—with what secret satisfaction must such god-like beings recline their heads upon the pillow, knowing that they have comforted the afflicted, and supplied the needy with bread!

These heart-sustaining thoughts, these soul-enlivening reflexions, must surely attend thee, Oh F<sup>r</sup>! thou, who hast poured the balm of consolation into my bosom, and munificently relieved my embarrassments! May that Being, whose ministering angel of comfort thou hast proved, shield thee from every sorrow to which even those in thy exalted sphere of life are exposed!—may he reward thy virtues, even in this stage of existence, and crown them with glory in a future world!

In attempting faintly to draw a picture of those exquisite gratifications which must necessarily attend the practice of benevolence, my ideas naturally reverted to the friend and benefactress from whom I have received such decided proofs of munificence; and I found it im-

possible to avoid expressing the strong effusions of a grateful heart.

That wealth is a sacred deposit, intrusted to us for the noblest purposes, even those who do not use it as such, will not attempt to controvert: yet, while they admit the truth of the assertion, they do not direct it into its proper course.—While the affluent are required to sweeten the cup of sorrow, and to relieve the necessities of the poor, they are not expected to deprive themselves of those gratifications, which rank and fortune are justly entitled to.—Every station of life has certain duties attached to it; and certain dignities, which it ought not to forego: in fact, the sustaining them is beneficial to society, and consequently of the greatest use.

Arts and manufactures depend, in a great measure, upon the support of the affluent.—put mankind upon a level, and they would fall into decay; and, if the man of fortune were not to adorn his mansion with paintings and splendid hangings, genius would want a stimulus, and talent pine away.

The pleasures of the world, likewise, when resorted to in moderation, can only be censured by the cynic and the misanthrope. That all-wise and beneficent Being who rules the universe, would never have given us a disposition to enjoy them, if they were merely a tantalising snare. It is the abuse, not the use, of these innocent enjoyments, which renders them reprehensible: it is when they occupy too large a portion of our time, and become, as I have observed in a former essay\*, the business, instead of the recreation, of life.

Advocate as I am for the practice

\* No. 4, in our Magazine for April.  
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of benevolence, and convinced as I am of the refined gratification which that practice imparts; yet there are various other purposes to which riches may be directed, by which they may become equally beneficial.—It is by the diffusion of wealth that arts and commerce flourish; that the laborer and the mechanic eat industry's wholesome food. To how many poor families does the man of fortune give the bread of comfort! and how many individuals subsist beneath his roof!—Some of the latter, I will allow, may eat the bread of idleness: but, if naturally indolent, would they, without his assistance, have any other means of support? or, rather than labor, might not some of them fly to disgraceful practices, for the means of support?

To possess the power of contributing to the happiness of others, is certainly one of the most refined and most gratifying of human blessings: yet the mind must be at peace, and the heart in the right situation, for the possessor completely to relish the enjoyment of wealth.—There must be no scruples of conscience as to the mode by which we have acquired that dear possession, no harassing apprehension of having it scrutinised; or the pillow of down affords no rest to the temples, and the velvet canopy is suspended over sleepless eyes!

What an extensive scope for the dissemination of riches is afforded by the number of charitable institutions which adorn this happy country, where the youthful mind is taught the duties of religion and morality, and asylums are opened for the infirm, the aged, and the poor! There are numberless infirmaries, where sickness is attended by the most eminent of the faculty, and



sustained, under its sufferings, by the most tender care; in others, the blind receive their sight, the dumb are taught to articulate, and the deaf have their hearing restored!

These wide-spreading blessings owe their origin to thee, O Benevolence! It is thy sustaining influence, thy cheering god-like power, which soothes the afflictions of those who are bowed down with sorrow, nourishes feeble infancy, and affords raiment to the poor!—Possessing advantages like these, must not riches be considered as a blessing? They are treasures committed to our trust by the great parent of the universe, for supporting and strengthening that chain of mutual dependence, which binds the varying classes of society more firmly together!

#### The HONORS of the TABLE.

(From Miss HAWKINS'S "Countess and Gertrude")

AMONG a company assembled to dine at the house of Mr. Sydenham, the fair authoress introduces Colonel Fashionist, with his lady; and, upon Mrs. Sydenham's taking the head of her table—

"Oh! you antediluvian!" (exclaims Mrs. Fashionist) "how can you take the sag of heading your table? The colonel never lets me do it: and I'm so obliged to him!"

"Your health is delicate," said Mrs. Sydenham; "I have not that excuse."

"Oh! if my health were ever so good, he would not let me do it."

\* To the younger class of our fair readers we would observe, that, in all phrases of this kind, instead of *Ever*, they should use *Never*, and say "Never so good"—"Never so well," &c. as we find the word employed, with the strictest propriety, in our English Bible (Genesis, 34, 12, and Psalm 58, 5. —Constructed with *Ever*, such phrases, when analysed, do not express the intended idea, or, indeed, any idea at all to the purpose;

"I am sure, Catharine, I do not hinder you," said the colonel: "you do not like carving; and I cannot say you *shine* in it; but I should think, in not *permitting* you to head your table, I should do you wrong. What say you on the subject, Lady Mary? Do you like the present fashion of abdication?"

"Not at all, I confess," said Lady Mary. "I always think, when I see it, of Hogarth's carpenter sawing off the end of the sign-post on which he sits. The young women of the present day complain—a complaint I never heard in my time—that the gentlemen are negligent. At balls, I understand, it is the sport of the military, who are always in request on such occasions, to walk the room in companies, and, when asked to dance, to give a negative, for the sake of making the poor ladies sit still; but if they choose to give up their places in one situation, they must not complain, if they are thrust out of them in another. The mistress of a family who is too idle or too fine—Mrs. Fashionist, I know, is excused by her health—but she who has no excuse, and yet chooses to quit, ought not to wonder if her husband hinted, that her chair might be more agreeably filled: there is something so helpless in a woman who cannot do the honors of her table; and, in my opinion, a woman never appears to more advantage than in the exercise of hospitality: there is something so uncomfortable in looking amongst the company for the mistress of the house; and I am

whereas, with *Never*, they convey a strong emphatic meaning.—Those who wish to be satisfied on the subject, may find it formally discussed and elucidated in Dr. CAREY'S "Practical English Prosody and Versification"—a little book, which contains a variety of philological remarks on many points not satisfactorily treated in our common grammars. EBROT.



On the steep height waste and bare,  
 Stands the pow'r with hoary hair!  
 O'er his scythe he bends:—his hand  
 Slowly shades the flowing sand,  
 While the Hours, an airy ring,  
 Lightly flit with downy wing,  
 And sap the works of man,—and shade  
 With silver'd locks his furrow'd head.  
 Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad  
 survey,  
 And seals the nations' awful doom:  
 He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray:  
 He yields to joy the festive day;  
 Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and  
 marks them for the tomb."

*Ogilby's Ode to Time.*

I was suddenly awaked from this day-dream by a tap on the shoulder.—It was a friend, who had followed me from the house. \* Come! come!" said he—"Do you know that the sun is just sinking to the horizon, and that it will soon be night?"—I told him how I had been amusing myself; and, as we hurried over the rest of the ruins, we commented on the happy change from such days of dark superstition, in which I had just before been fancy-led, to the present enlightened period.

The last part of the ruins we examined, and rather a perfect part, had been the dungeon. The immense rings were still in the walls, to which the unhappy prisoners had been chained. I could scarcely refrain from tears, at the fate of beings who had been at rest for ages; and the idea, that religion, which

"Asks but a life of piety and praise," should have been the pretext for enchaining a human being. Oppression, assuming her heavenly garb, may have torn the sufferer from the light of day, may have doomed him, "unheard, unpitied, and unknown," to the dungeon's gloom; and may have kept him there, till the mandate of Mercy called his soul to heaven, thus releasing him from the oppressor's

grasp:—but to brand the name of religion with such a deed, is foul.

Turning from the scene, I exclaimed—

"Here unknown innocents in silence  
 wept! [dead,  
 Lost to their friends, and to their country  
 In silent agony they droop'd the head,  
 Fast to the wall by strongest fetters  
 bound; [ground;  
 Then only bed, the damp, unwholesome  
 To sooth their sorrows, no dear friend  
 in view; [flew,  
 The minutes, told in anguish, slowly  
 Till, in a pray'r, they gave their last faint  
 breath,  
 Sunk in their chains, and sought repose  
 in death!" *Author's Poems.*

*A Five-o'-Clock Dinner.*

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

As the very title of your publication announces it peculiarly devoted to the female part of society, and as I have found in it many characteristic traits of the virtues they possess, I flatter myself you will not imagine that I wish to diminish their importance in society, if I venture, through the channel of your pages, to point out one of their failings.

As an apology for presuming to throw a shade over their numerous perfections, allow me to inform you, Mr. Editor, that I am a man of business; and, to use the words of the immortal Dryden, I think "the day was made, to number out the hours of busy men;"—or, in other words, permit me to say, I allot a certain portion of the day to recreation, but the greater part of it to matters of superior importance.—At the Exchange, yesterday, I accidentally met a particular acquaintance, who informed me that an old friend of mine was on a visit at his house, and invited me to meet him, assuring me that he should dine precisely at five o'clock.

Desirous as I felt to renew an intercourse with a man to whom I had been attached in my early years, I at first declined the invitation, because I had a particular engagement at eight o'clock.—My hospitable acquaintance eagerly demanded in what part of the town my appointment was fixed; and, upon my naming the London Coffee-house, he reminded me, that, from his abode, I could be there in less than three minutes.

"But, Charles," said I, "recollect, that the five o'clock dinner-hour frequently means six."

"That is not the case at our house," replied my friend. "I assure you, my cook is punctual to the very moment; and I have established a rule, to which I regularly adhere, of never waiting for any man."

"I will not put your politeness to the test—rely upon it," said I, shaking him by the hand, and accepting his invitation: "but remember, I must quit you at the time I have mentioned."

Having transacted my morning business, and adorned my person, I knocked at the door of my friend's house, a few minutes before the appointed hour, and was shown up into a drawing-room containing a mixed assemblage of about fifteen persons; and, amid the motley group, I easily recognised my old schoolfellow.—Several minutes passed in mutual interrogations, until a sense of politeness convinced me that it was necessary to make the conversation more general. With this view, directing my eyes toward the spot where the mistress of the house had been seated at the moment of my entrance, I intended making some inquiry respecting her children.—The bird, however, was flown: I therefore addressed my-

self to a young lady in the next chair to me, and unfortunately began a conversation upon the amusements of the town—I say, unfortunately, Mr. Editor, from having found it an inexhaustible theme.—Such an overflow of language, sir—such an exuberance of fancy, upon a subject so completely uninteresting to me, I believe never was any poor fellow compelled to listen to:—in fact, I sat in actual purgatory.

In vain did I steal a glance toward the door, in expectation of hearing the welcome sound of "Dinner's on the table" or to witness the return of the mistress of the house.—Neither mistress nor servant made their appearance; but at length I had the happiness of seeing the master pull out his watch, and, in a tone of astonishment, exclaim, "God bless me! why, it is five and twenty minutes past six!"

The master of the mansion, during my conversation with the young lady just mentioned, had unwarily been drawn into an elaborate discussion upon the probable rise of the stocks, which so completely interested his imagination, that the deviation from the general system of punctuality was totally forgotten; but the trusty watch having reminded him of this breach of orders, he rang the bell with the greatest violence.

Mistress and servant instantly obeyed the summons.—"Matia!" he exclaimed, "do you know it is near half past six o'clock? Such an instance of neglect in my servants, I assure you, my dear sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "has never before occurred since I kept house.—Order up the dinner, my dear, I conjure you," he added, addressing himself to his wife—"that fine turbot, I am persuaded, will be spoiled."

"Oh! do not distress yourself further:—I am certain the turbot is already spoiled: yet, what is to be done?" said the lady in a tone of equal vexation. "You know, the Merlingtons are not yet arrived!—This is the comfort of your new west-end of the town associates, who never dine till nine or ten at night!—I declare, Mr. C\*\*\*, since the hour I was married, I never was half so vexed in my life."

At that moment, however, a violent knock at the street door announced the arrival of the expected guests. The drawing-room door was thrown open, and Mr. and Mrs. Merlington made their appearance.—"How delighted I am to see you, my dear Mrs. C\*\*\*!" said Mrs. Merlington, taking a rapid sweep round the room, as she approached the mistress of the mansion: "but I declare, upon my honor, I never expected to enjoy that felicity; our carriage met with so many impediments!—and you dine at so early an hour, I was under the necessity of putting off several morning engagements."

The, to me, welcome tidings of "Dinner on the table" prevented the lady of the house from replying:—and the master of it taking the hand of this fashionable female, the rest of the gentlemen followed his example.—The turbot was, in truth, spoiled—the venison over-roasted—the ragouts all stewed to rags: and, though our entertainers endeavoured to conceal their vexation, it was evident that their temper was sacrificed to their politeness.—To me, a rump-steak would have been far preferable; for I should then have relished my dinner, and enjoyed the society of my old friend: but, circumstanced as I was, I could do neither, from the apprehension that I should not be able to keep my appointment.

Before the cloth was removed, I contrived to peep under it, and take a transient view of my watch, which too faithfully reported ten minutes after the hour of my appointment.

Without being a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Editor, I have a sufficient knowledge of good-breeding, to be aware that some attention is due to the master and mistress of every house; and of course I felt the impropriety of rising from the table before the cloth was removed.—The introduction of water-glasses delayed this removal; and it was necessary that I should drink my hospitable entertainer's first toast; which having done, I privately made my apology to him, and hastened with the utmost expedition to the London Coffee-house.

The clock struck nine, as I entered it.—"Sir," said the waiter, "Mr. W\*\*\* is gone. He waited near an hour in expectation of seeing you, and desired me to say, he had a particular appointment at nine o'clock."

From want of punctuality, Mr. Editor, in the engagement alluded to, I have actually lost five thousand pounds; for, at nine o'clock, the gentleman whom I was to have met, concluded with another person a government contract, by which I should have cleared that sum.

Though neither affairs of business, nor government contracts, may appear to have any connexion with the *Lady's Magazine*; yet, as it was through the tardiness and impunctuality of a fair lady that I assuredly lost the sum I have described, I think you will confer an obligation upon society by allowing the matter of fact which I have related, to occupy a place in your pages.

"Let all things be done in order,"

says the apostle — Regularity and order constitute the comfort of life ; and the female, who does not pay strict attention to them in the arrangement of her affairs and the distribution of her time, can never—I will venture to say—make a good wife.

I do not attempt to throw the blame of my loss upon Mrs. C\*\*\*'s shoulders, for not having ordered her dinner to be served up at the appointed time ; for I am persuaded her husband was too much gratified by his ministerial acquaintance, to feel any serious mortification at the turbot, &c. being spoiled : but I would wish to see the Mrs. Merlingtons of the present age brought to a little reflexion, and taught to consider that punctuality is necessary to the proper dispatch of business, and that all the domestic parts of it chiefly depend upon female arrangement.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

*A Man of Punctuality.*

#### ICELANDIC HOSPITALITY.

FROM Mr. Hooker's interesting "Journal of a Tour in Iceland," we have extracted the following description of an entertainment, given by the Stiftsamptman (or governor) to the author and his friends, which will afford our fair readers some amusement, by the striking contrast which it forms to the elegant ease of English hospitality.

The arranging of a dinner-table is attended in Iceland with little trouble, and would afford no scope for the display of the elegant abilities of an experienced English house-keeper. On the cloth was nothing but a plate, a knife and fork, a wine-glass, and a bottle of claret, for each guest, except that in the middle stood a large and handsome glass caster of sugar, with a magnificent

silver top. The natives are not in the habit of drinking malt liquor or water, nor is it customary to eat salt with their meals. The dishes are brought in singly : our first was a large turenne, of soup, which is a favorite addition to the dinners of the richer people, and is made of sago, claret, and raisins, boiled so as to become almost a mucilage. We were helped to two soup-plates full of this, which we ate without knowing if any thing more was to come. No sooner, however, was the soup removed, than two large salmon, boiled and cut in slices, were brought in, and, with them, melted butter, looking like oil, mixed with vinegar and pepper : this, likewise, was very good ; and, when we had with some difficulty cleared our plates, we hoped we had finished our dinner. Not so ; for there was then introduced a turenne full of the eggs of the cree, or great tern, boiled hard, of which a dozen were put upon each of our plates ; and, for sauce, we had a large basin of cream, mixed with sugar, in which were four spoons, so that we all ate out of the same bowl, placed in the middle of the table. We petitioned hard to be excused from eating the whole of the eggs upon our plates, but we petitioned in vain. "You are my guests," said he, "and this is the first time you have done me the honor of a visit ; therefore you must do as *I* would have you : in future, when you come to see me, you may do as *you* like." In his own excuse, he pleaded his age for not following our example\* ; to

\* In Kamtschaka, according to Krachennikow, when a feast is given to a person for the purpose of gaining his friendship, the master of the house eats nothing during the repast : he is at liberty to go out when he pleases : but his guest cannot go, until he has acknowledged himself fairly conquered.

which we could make no reply. We devoured with difficulty our eggs and cream; but had no sooner dismissed our plates, than half a sheep, well roasted, came on, with a mess of sorrel, called by the Danes scurvy-grass, boiled, mashed, and sweetened with sugar. It was to no purpose we assured our host that we had already eaten more than would do us good: he filled our plates with the mutton and sauce, and made us get through it as well as we could; although any one of the dishes, of which we had before partaken, was sufficient for the dinner of a moderate man. However, even this was not all; for a large dish of waffles, as they are here called, that is to say, a sort of pancake, made of wheat-flour, flat, and roasted in a mould, which forms a number of squares on the top, succeeded the mutton. They were not more than half an inch thick, and about the size of an octavo book. The Stifsamptman said he would be satisfied, if each of us would eat two of them; and with these moderate terms we were forced to comply. For bread, Norway biscuit, and loaves made of rye, were served up: for our drink, we had nothing but claret, of which we were all compelled to empty the bottle that stood by us, and this, too, out of tumblers, rather than wine-glasses. It is not the custom in this country to sit after dinner over the wine; but we had, instead of it, to drink just as much coffee as the Stifsamptman thought proper to give us. The coffee was certainly extremely good, and, we trusted, it would terminate the feast. But all was not yet over: for a huge bowl of rum punch was brought in, and handed round in large glasses pretty freely, and to every glass a toast was given. If at any time we flagged in drinking, "Baron

Banks" was always the signal for emptying our glasses, in order that we might have them filled with bumpers, to drink to his health; a task that no Englishman ought to hesitate about complying with most gladly; though assuredly, if any exception might be made to such a rule, it would be in an instance like the present. We were threatened with still another bowl, after we should have drained this; and accordingly another actually came, which we were with difficulty allowed to refuse to empty entirely; nor could this be done, but by ordering our people to get the boat ready for our departure, when, having concluded this extraordinary feast † by three cups of tea each, we took our leave, . . . . . but did not for some time recover the effects of this most involuntary intemperance.

#### IRISH CHARACTER.

IN his "View of the Circumstances of Ireland," Mr. Newenham, expressing his well-founded expectation of future harmony and cordiality between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, makes the following judicious and important remarks.

The constituent qualities of the Irish character have, confessedly, upon the whole, a much stronger and more direct tendency to promote amity and concord, than to eternise enmity and discord; to augment than to diminish the happiness of social life. Austerity, inflexibility, moroseness, despondency, and a propensity to brood over imaginary

† On afterwards relating the anecdote of the Stifsamptman's dinner to Count Tramp, he assured me that he had partaken of a similar one himself, when he first went over to the island; at which time soup was served upon the table, made from the boiling down of a whole bullock.

mischiefs; and remote problematical dangers, are certainly not the distinguishing features of the general character of the Irish. On the contrary, that character, though by no means free from very considerable blemishes, obviously presents a rare assemblage of the most attractive, conciliatory, and generous qualities. The frankness, the affability, the vivacity, the good humour, the flexibility, the sympathy, the cordiality, and the sincerity of the Irish are generally known and admired. They are not by nature disposed to permanent mutual animosity or repulsion; but by nature impelled to friendship and conviviality; and by nature eminently qualified to impart and enjoy the utmost degree of social happiness. Such qualities and such propensities are obviously calculated to accelerate the extinction of religious enmity. In fact, the Irish begin to grow weary of it; and perhaps it may not be too sanguine to expect, that, ere long, the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland, yielding to the impulse of nature, will live as amicably together, as Protestants and Roman Catholics are found to do in other European countries, and in the United States of America.

— — —  
*Biographic Sketch of Mrs. SIDDONS.*

(With an accurate Likeness.)

THE favored votary of the tragic Muse, whose portrait graces our present Number, seems to have been destined by birth, as well as by genius, to move in the dramatic sphere—in which her grandfather and both her parents had moved before her, though not with a success so brilliant as that of their inimitable descendent, yet not without credit and applause.

Her father, Mr. Roger Kemble—descended (it is said) from a respec-

table family in Herefordshire or its vicinity—at an early age, made his *début* in the world as a theatric performer. Enlisted under the banners of Mr. Ward, the manager of an itinerant company of players in Wales and the neighbouring English counties, he privately married the daughter of his employer; and the young couple, having by this step incurred his severe displeasure, were reduced to the necessity of engaging in another strolling company, whose field of action lay chiefly in Cheshire and Lancashire. In this line they continued for a few years; during which time they gave birth to their daughter Sarah, the subject of the present brief memoir.—At length, her grandfather, Mr. Ward, was reconciled to her parents, invited them back to his presence and his favor, and resigned the management of his company to her father.

Miss Kemble's first appearance on the stage was in the capacity of a singer, in which her first essays afforded a flattering promise of future success. This vocation, however, she soon renounced, from a consciousness of possessing talents calculated to shine in a superior department—that of tragedy, to which, thenceforward, she chiefly devoted her attention, though, at the same time, not inattentive to comedy.

While thus engaged as an actress, she won the affections of Mr. Siddons, a member of the same dramatic corps with herself, and conceived for him a reciprocal passion: but, her inclinations in this instance being thwarted, she determined on quitting the company, to avoid the society of a man whom she was forbidden to marry. Accordingly, renouncing her theatric pursuits, she engaged, as lady's maid, with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, in War-



wickshire. Still, however, her *penchant* for Mr. Siddons remained unabated; and, being resolved to indulge it at all events, she eloped with him at the end of twelve months spent in her menial station—was privately married to him, and, together with him, joined an itinerant company under the management of Mr. Crump, to whom her abilities, even at this early period of her career, proved a very valuable acquisition.—Nor was the connexion eventually less fortunate for herself: for, chance having conducted this company to the vicinity of an opulent family in Lancashire, her performance won their approbation, and that of their numerous and respectable visitors, and secured to her an interest with them, which soon procured for her a more profitable engagement under Mr. Younger, to perform at Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places in the surrounding districts.

Here she improved her talents, and extended her fame, until—after a few years thus spent on the provincial stage with daily increasing applause—she, in 1775, transferred her services to Drury-Lane theatre, at the invitation of Mr. Garrick, who, while he allowed her a salary of six pounds per week, confined her exhibition to second-rate characters, both in tragedy and comedy.

Piqued at this disparaging degradation—and disgusted by some very illiberal and scurrilous strictures in a newspaper, from the author of an unsuccessful after-piece in which she unfortunately had acted a part—she quitted Drury-Lane, and, in 1776, repaired to Bath, where her talents became so conspicuous, that many amateurs of the drama travelled thither from the metropolis, solely for the pleasure of witnessing her performance.

About the year 1781, she enjoyed the patronage of many ladies of high rank—among others, of the Duchess of Devonshire, whose recommendation, together with that of Mr. Whalley the poet, procured for her a new engagement at Drury-Lane theatre, under Mr. Sheridan, at ten pounds a week: and she recommenced her career on the metropolitan stage in October, 1782, in the character of *Isabella* in the "*Fatal Marriage*." In this her favorite character, and in every other which she undertook, she displayed such powers as astonished and enraptured her auditors; and so strong was the attraction of her performance, that, on every night of her appearance, the house was crowded, to overflowing.

While such was the general enthusiasm in her favor, Mr. Sheridan, who found the theatric treasury materially enriched by the success of her exertions, was not backward to acknowledge and reward her superior merit, but, with a liberality which redounds highly to his honor, spontaneously doubled her salary, besides allowing her an extra benefit before the Christmas holidays.—The play, selected for her night, was "*Venice preserved*:" her performance, in the part of *Belvidera*, was excellent beyond description; and her profits were great beyond example: for, in addition to the regular produce of a crowded and overflowing house, she received presents for tickets, from the nobility and gentry, to a very considerable amount. On this occasion, too, a still more honorable mark of approbation was conferred upon her by the gentlemen of the bar, who, at the instance of counsellors Pigott and Fielding, transmitted to her a subscription purse of a hundred guineas, accompanied with a very

flattering letter of thanks for the pleasure and instruction which they had derived from the exertion of her transcendent abilities.

In the following summer, she visited the metropolis of Ireland, where—notwithstanding the characteristic sprightliness and animation of the sons of Erin, naturally more consonant to the laughing cheerfulness of comedy, than to the tearful sadness of the tragic Muse—she attracted crowded audiences, who feelingly acknowledged the power of her talents, which they loudly applauded, and liberally rewarded.

On her return to London, she again made her appearance at Drury-Lane in September 1783, by particular command of their Majesties, who were highly captivated by her performance: and, during the whole of the season, her attraction operated as strongly on the public, and as profitably to her employers, as in the preceding winter.

After the close of the theatric campaign in London, she again visited Ireland, where the admiration of her talents was not confined to the metropolis: for the manager of a petty theatre in the northern part of the island actually gave her five hundred pounds for ten nights' performance, and gained considerably by his bargain; though, antecedently to this transaction, his total receipts had perhaps never exceeded fifty pounds in one night.—From Ireland, she proceeded to Edinburgh, where she also performed ten nights, for a remuneration of a thousand pounds.—Wherever she appeared, she was sure to captivate: and such was the effect of her inimitable performances, that she received numerous and valuable presents—many of them anonymous—and, among the latter, a superb silver urn, sent after her to London, with the flat-

tering inscription, "*A Reward to Merit,*" engraved on it.

Upon her return to the British metropolis, instead of the cheering favor and applause with which she was wont to be hailed, she experienced a very different treatment from the public. A writer in a newspaper had published some gross misrepresentations of her conduct toward her sister, and falsely accused her of avarice and illiberality in certain transactions with two distressed players; and these calumnies had excited and inflamed the public indignation against her to such a height, that, on her first appearance, to a very crowded house, in October, 1784, she was received with violent hissings, and loud and re-iterated cries of "*Off! Off!*"—She accordingly withdrew from the stage: but, being recalled by the united voices of her friends in different parts of the house, she again came forward, and, after about an hour of tumultuous uproar, obtained a silent hearing; when, addressing the audience with dignified composure and fortitude, she, by a calm and clear statement of facts, completely refuted the charges against her—satisfactorily proved her innocence—and was at length quietly suffered to proceed with her part.

But, though she thus came off victorious from the unequal contest, she escaped not without a wound—so deep a wound to her indignant sensibility, that she determined to bid an eternal adieu to the stage, and never more expose herself to insult in courting the precarious favor of the fickle public. Luckily, however, for the amateurs of the drama, she suffered her resolution to be shaken by the remonstrances of her friends, and by a laudable maternal wish to make better provision for

her rising family:—she consented to renew her engagement: the cloud of obloquy was soon dispersed; and her character, as well as her talents, again shone forth with additional lustre—a lustre, not a little heightened by the countenance given to her at this period by their Majesties, who frequently invited her and her brother Mr. Kemble to Buckingham-House and Windsor, to recite dramatic pieces for their entertainment.

After a renewed and un-interrupted enjoyment of the public favor for some years, she determined, at the close of the season of 1789, to withdraw for a while from the London stage, though not altogether from the theatric life: for, during the summer, she exhibited her powers in the provincial theatres at Weymouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, &c. where her performances proved invariably profitable to her employers, and productive to herself of considerable emoluments.

About the end of the year, she returned to London in ill health: but, after a while, she entered into a new engagement with the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, under a stipulation altogether novel in theatric contracts, viz. that she was to receive a stated sum for each night's performance, but that the appointment of the particular nights was to depend chiefly on her own choice.

About this time, the death of Mr. Siddons left her a widow; in which character as well as that of a mother and a wife, her conduct has uniformly been irreproachable and exemplary.

Her connexion with Drury-Lane theatre continued, on the terms above mentioned, until her brother, Mr. John Kemble, acquired a share, as proprietor, in that of Covent-Garden, and became acting manager. Soon after this event, she enlisted under his fraternal banner, and, by this transfer of her talents, gained for that theatre a preference with the public, which has proved highly beneficial to the proprietors, while her own profits were at the same time materially increased.

Thus she continued her dramatic career, acting on the London stage in the winter, and, in summer, at different provincial theatres, until at length—sated with honors, and content with her pecuniary acquisitions—she wisely determined to retire from public life, before the pressure of accumulating years should have deprived her of the power of pleasing. Pursuant to this prudent resolution—on

the 29th of June in the present year—after having performed the part of *Lady Macbeth* in the style of her very best days, and amid re-iterated peals of the loudest applause—she took her leave of the public in a neat poetic address, penned by her nephew, Horace Ewiss, esq. and already presented to our fair readers in our Magazine for July.

On this interesting and memorable occasion, the audience paid her a compliment unprecedented in the annals of the drama.—At that stage of the action where *Lady Macbeth* appears for the last time—as soon as this favorite actress had finished her part, they stopped the play, and would hear no more. Even after she had pronounced her valedictory address, and finally retired, they still persevered in that disposition: for, on Mr. Kemble's coming forward, and requesting to know whether they would then consent to hear the remainder of the piece, a universal cry resounded from every quarter of the house, that they *could* hear no more!

By her theatric exertions, Mrs. Siddons has most deservedly acquired a very handsome fortune, on which she now lives in honorable ease and independence, enjoying the esteem and friendship of many highly respectable families, among whom she may proudly reckon nobles of distinguished rank, in whose hospitable mansions she has at different times been entertained for weeks together—a welcome guest, and on a footing of familiar intimacy—admired and beloved during her stay, and regretted at her departure.

#### MEDLEY

*of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.*

*Recipe for a delicious Perfume.*—Take the petals of such flowers as you wish to preserve the scent of:—card thin layers of cotton, and dip them into the finest Florence or Lucca oil:—sprinkle a little salt on the flowers: and put a layer of them, and a layer of the cotton, alternately, till you have filled an earthen jar, or wide-mouthed glass bottle. Tie it close with bladder: lay it in a south aspect, exposed to the full rays of the sun: and, when uncovered at the end of a fortnight, a fragrant oil may be squeezed from the mass, little inferior (if that flower be used) to the true otto of roses.

*Widow Burning.*—A letter from Madras gives the following description of a melancholy spectacle lately witnessed

there.—“A young Gentoo widow, about 21 years of age, came with the *cutwall* (or constable) to the commanding officer, asking permission to burn herself with her deceased husband: he used every argument to dissuade her from it, but in vain, her family, even her own mother, abused her for hesitating, by going to the commanding officer. They were very poor, and did not provide sufficient wood and oil: and, horrid to relate! the poor creature was heard repeatedly to cry out, ‘More fire! more fire!’ and shriek with agony, until the noise of the instruments drowned her cries!”

*Chinese Women.*—The Chinese girls are always shut up, and employed in sewing and embroidery: they are never seen in public, and are only known to be in the house by an earthen vase, as long as a common flower-pot, placed on the roof, and which is broken on the day of their marriage, to signify that those who were there are no longer to be disposed of. The marriages are made between the parents, without the couple ever holding communication, previous to their union. Once married, the women are equally shut up in the interior of their family, being only permitted to see their relations: the poorer sort alone let them work and serve in their shops; but they are closely watched there. Notwithstanding the life of severity and slavery which the Chinese women lead, they are remarkable for their domestic virtues.

*Anecdote of Bonaparté.*—In a conversation which Bonaparté had with the King of Saxony, at Dresden, just before the former joined his army, the king ventured to express an opinion that the Russian campaign would cost the French a great many men. The Emperor replied, that he knew it, but added, that he could afford to *expens* (*dépenser*) 25,000 men per month!

*French Stratagem.*—The following stratagem is said to have been played off by Bonaparté, preparatory to his quitting Moscow. He caused it to be made public, that, as salt was scarce in the country around, the peasantry might come to Moscow, and be there provided with as much as they required, for preserving their meat through the winter, at a cheap rate. This artful proposal tempted some peasants in the immediate vicinity of the city; and, in a few days afterwards, upwards of 700 carts were assembled at Moscow, for the purpose of carrying away salt. The consequence was, that drivers, horses, and carts, were all put in

requisition for the service of the army and employed in removing stores and baggage.

*Not a Superstition.*—Capt. Stewart, who was cut off in the very bloom of his professional talents, when cruising off the Italian coast, had passed several days without seeing a ship. He learned that the men ascribed this unfortunate circumstance to the Captain’s having taken a black rat on board. He immediately called the men aft, and asked them if it really was so; and, being answered in the affirmative, “Overboard with the black rat!” said he.—“That,” exclaimed an old seaman, “is worse still: she must be landed.”—“Then lower away the jolly boat,” said the Captain; which having been done, the cat was landed with much formality. The sailors were, doubtless, confirmed in their folly, by the circumstance of their capturing, on that same night, the best prize which they had taken in the Mediterranean.

*Exploit of a Newfoundland Dog.*—The well-known attachment of the Newfoundland dog to the human race in cases of drowning was lately displayed alongside the *Fantome* sloop of war, in *Hawoaze*, in a most singular manner. Eleven sailors, a woman, and a waterman, had reached the sloop in a shore boat; when, in consequence of one of the sailors stooping rather violently over the side of the boat to reach his hat, which had fallen into the sea, the boat upset, and all in it were plunged into the water. A Newfoundland dog, on the quarter-deck of the *Fantome*, surveying the accident, instantly leaped among the unfortunate persons, and seizing one man by the collar of his coat, he supported his head above water until a boat hastened to the spot, and saved all but the waterman.—After delivering his burden in safety, the animal then made a wide circuit round the ship, in search of another; but finding nothing except an oar, he took possession of it, and was deservedly welcomed on board with the acclamations of the admiring crew.

*The Scriptures.*—At the missionary stations in India, the Scriptures are printing in almost all the dialects of that continent; at Canton, Mr. Morrison has printed the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese, which is to be followed by the Book of Genesis, &c.; and numerous copies of the Scriptures have lately been sent from this country to Sicily, Tunis, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the Greek Islands.

## POETRY.

To a ROBIN REDBREAST,  
on hearing him sing in December.

By Mr. WEBB,  
Author of "Hoversull," &c.

WHY, simple Robin, chant thy lay  
When storm-clouds veil the eye of day,  
And each fair trait is torn away  
From nature's form?

Why have the blust'ring winter's ire,  
When no bright prospects can inspire?  
Why not to some lone shed retire,  
And shun the storm?

No whispering breeze can fragrance bring:  
The Zephyr, that, with silken wing,  
Stole incense from the flow'rs of spring,  
Is swept away.

No songs, save thine, the ear delight:  
No Philomela charms dull night;  
Nor lark begins her tuneful flight,  
Ere dawn of day.

And yet, though mute the minstrel  
throng,

Fond bird! I love to hear thy song:  
It cheers me, as I stroll along  
The dreary plains:

Or, if a rustic seat I find,  
That's shelter'd from the churlish wind,  
I sit, and, with a placid mind,  
Enjoy thy strains.

Familiar bird! I love to see  
Such confidence repos'd in me:  
Thy mien, so innocently free,  
Displays a charm.

Oh! when old Janus shall display  
His icy beard, and white array,  
Then seek my cottage wall'd with clay;  
And fear no harm!

With sloe-black eyes and aspect bland,  
My Zephyretta there will stand,  
And strew with charitable hand

The crumbly meal;  
And ev'ry rosy-visag'd boy  
Will hail thee to the scene with joy,  
And scorn thy safety to annoy,  
But seek thy weal.

Sweet songster! were this heart of mine  
As pure, as innocent, as thine,  
I'd cheerful live, and not repine  
At fate's decree.

Then, though misfortune's clouds might  
lour,  
And gloom with grief life's wintry hour,  
The Muse should wake each tuneful  
pow'r,  
And sing, like thee.

INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY,  
Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

\* \* \* To be continued in our future Numbers.

The ruined FEMALE'S INVOCATION  
to DEATH.

THEE I invoke, pale pow'r! whom others  
dread. [art!

Thee I would win, all ghastly as thou  
Gladly would mingle with the clay-cold  
dead; [life to part.

Nor breathe one murmur'ing sigh, with  
Oft has my pray'r implor'd thy peaceful  
doom: to thee:—

Oft has my midnight moan been giv'n  
Still I'm depriv'd the solace of the tomb,  
Though life has no one charm, to  
comfort me.

Ruin'd by man! and left to abject scorn!  
Shunn'd by each being whom I once  
call'd friend! [horn.

What can I do, but mourn that I was  
And long, with sad impatience, for my  
end?

Death! to the gen'ral world an awful  
name! [pray'rs,

Oh! spare some widow to her children's  
Whose tender tears soft mercy's aid  
should claim, [ther's cares:

Whose infant hours must heed a mo-  
Or save some child, to bless its parent's  
im; [to bliss;

Or give some wife or husband back  
And wreak on me thy first, thy surest  
rage; [this!

For death must be delight, to life like

My infant hours in rosy peace were clad;  
And halcyon days in youth were still  
my own;

Nor did I dream that e'er a grief, so sad  
As mine is now, could raise Affliction's  
moan.

And, had not love, in treach'rous garb  
array'd, [core,

Stole on my heart, and wrung it to the  
Joy might have found me still a happy  
maid:— [more!

But joy is vanish'd—to return no  
Oh! gentle maidens! may you never  
know [hind!

The bitter sting seduction leaves be-  
Oh! may you never lose bright honor's  
glow, [find!

Never be doom'd my sad reverse to

Come then, destroyer! snatch me from  
 despair, [proachful jeer,  
 From Scorn's rude finger, and re-  
 From manac misery, anguish-giving care,  
 From hopeless horror, and from phren-  
 sied fear.

Come! and my latest breath shall bless  
 thy pow'r. [crave  
 'Tis all my sinking soul has now to  
 It looks with anxious hope to life's last  
 hour; [grave!  
 For peace can only bless me in the

SONNET, by MISS SQUIRE,  
*addressed to a Friend, who had asked her to  
 relate the Events of her Life.*

AR! cease, dear maid! nor urge thy ill-  
 starr'd friend  
 To thee her tale of sorrow to disclose.  
 Alas! that tale thy gentle heart would  
 read; [woes,  
 For well I know, that heart, far others'  
 Breathes the soft sigh, and sends the  
 pearly tear [where love  
 To dim the radiance of those eyes,  
 And soft compassion, to th' unhappy  
 dear, [move  
 And witching modesty, combine to  
 And win the yielding soul.—Then ask  
 'me not— [maid, to tell  
 Ask not thy hapless friend, sweet  
 The varied woe, that mark her luckless  
 lot— [dwell;  
 The careless griefs, that in this bosom  
 Where hope no longer lends one cheering  
 ray, [day!  
 To gild the gloom of sorrow's live-long

*The modern ORPHEUS.*  
*Addressed to a Neighbour, who performed  
 most unskilfully on the Violin.*

'TIS said, that Orpheus, careless of his  
 life, [wife—  
 To Pluto's realms once ventur'd for a  
 Unlike some modern husbands, who  
 would run [to shun  
 To the grim king (I ween) their wives  
 Now, this same Orpheus (as old poets  
 say) [could play,  
 On lyre so sweet, such witching strains  
 That brutes, enchanted and subdu'd by  
 sound, [wond'ring ground,  
 Their fierceness lost, while, from the  
 The trees skip'd forth; and stately  
 mountains stalk'd, [stret walk'd.  
 (A curious group!) where'er the win-  
 Strange stories, these! But I—who, ev'ry  
 day,  
 Delighted, hear another Orpheus play—  
 Expect, each hour, some music-loving  
 tree

Will quit its earthy bounds, and trip  
 to thee.

Rocks luckily we've none; for much I  
 fear, [so near,  
 Their awkward capers, should they come  
 Would in a moment make such sad con-  
 fusion, [trusion,  
 That all, indignant at the strange in-  
 Would wish, *sans doute*, the rocks, the  
 trees, and thee,  
 Where Orpheus went to seek Eurydicé.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

OPPORTUNITY.

By MARINA.

DICK often was heard of his virtue to  
 boast; [his song;  
 And honesty still was the theme of  
 But Dick ne'er reflected, how truly 'tis  
 said, [not go wrong.  
 That we all can go right, where we can—  
 His master was wealthy, as Richard well  
 knew: [his way,  
 But temptation had never yet lain in  
 Till, one luckless morning, Avaro's strong  
 box [lay!  
 Stood open, where guineas invitingly  
 Dick swore he was honest:—he swore it  
 again: [prize o'er:  
 Yet still his eyes wander'd the golden  
 Till, seizing the treasure, "By Plutus!"  
 said he, [fore!"  
 "I never saw money so tempting be-  
 Pursu'd and o'ertaken—next, tried and  
 condemn'd— [teously cried—  
 When in sight of the gallows, Dick pi-  
 "Take warning, good folk! nor confide  
 in your strength! [tried!"  
 For I too was honest, until I was

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed  
 in our Magazine for October.*

By J. M. LACEY.

ELIZA and EDWARD.

ELIZA was as fair a maid,  
 As ever gave to sun or shade  
 The sweet effulgence of her beauty;  
 And Edward was as fond a youth,  
 As ever lov'd with ardent truth,  
 Or vow'd to woman all his duty.  
 He saw Eliza's matchless face,  
 Her faultless form, her witching grace,  
 Her locks of auburn loosely flowing:—  
 He saw: he lov'd;—and, soon grown bold,  
 Affection's tale to her he told,  
 In accents artless, wild, and glowing.

Eliza heard:—but caution long  
 Resisted the fond lover's song, [tender;  
 Though sweet was ev'ry tone, and

Till time, with truth's assisting pow'r,  
Brought round the bright and halcyon  
hour,  
That saw Eliza's heart *surrender*.

Then Edward's pleasure knew no bound :  
Escap'd from fear's heart-harrowing  
round, [ing.

And all sad sorrow's thoughts so *chill*—  
No longer doom'd in doubt to roam,  
His heart had found its dearest home—  
Eliza's breast, now warm and *milling*.

\* Oh! give," he cried, "to war's fierce  
son,

\*Midst deeds of death his race to run :  
Be his the path that leads to *glory* :  
Be mine the softer hours of peace,  
Where ev'ry harsher sound may cease,  
And love and beauty fill each *story*."

For Edward long the pangs had known,  
That love, unanswer'd, feels alone :

But now his ev'ry pang was over.  
Joy, purest joy, fill'd all his soul :  
He yielded to its sweet control,

\* And vow'd he ne'er would prove a *rover*.

Soon Hymen saw the happy pair  
At his bright altar, seeking there  
Affection's best reward and *blessing*.  
And now, in his soft fetters bound,  
With joy they tread life's pleasing round,  
Each day their mutual bliss *confessing*.

Long may they live, and happy too !  
For hearts like theirs, so fond, so few,  
No earthly pow'r should dare to *sever* :  
And, when they feel weak nature's doom,  
Together let them seek the tomb,  
And rise again, to love for *ever* !

*New BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed.*

*Look, book; Fate, state, Road, abode; Low, know; Save, brave; Escape, shape; Worn, borne; Claim, name.*

#### ENIGMA.

WHEN Sin her hateful reign began,  
And guilty Eve had curs'd the earth—  
Betok'ning shame for fallen man,  
In Paradise I sprang to birth :  
And ever since I've lov'd to flow,  
When hopes elate, or woes destroy ;  
With guileless alternation glow,  
A symbol, or of grief, or joy ;  
For still I tremble on the cheek,  
Where Beauty all her heav'n discloses,  
And Sorrow's melting form bespeak,  
Like dew-drops on the budding roses !  
Yet, when that cheek is flush'd with plea-  
sure,  
I too partake the radiant gleam ;  
Like April show'rs, in softest measure,  
Which glitter in the golden beam.

And, when eternity commences,  
I shall out-live earth's crumbling tomb,  
Shall bleed o'er unforgiv'n offences,  
Or sparkle 'mid th' empyreal bloom.

#### The TEAR.

*A Solution of the preceding Enigma.*

WHEN lost Eve to the gates of the garden  
drew near, [to review—

She turn'd once again, her lov'd home  
That home, once the dwelling of peace :  
and a *Tear* [adieu.

To Eden's sweet shades bade eternal  
The *Tear*, which our mother in Paradise  
shed, [to flow.

When to exile she pass'd, never ceases  
That tear yet will burst from its watery  
bed,

The token of joy, or the token of woe.  
To allure with its graces if beauty should  
seek ; [beguile ;

If woman, dear woman, would fondly  
Say, is there a charm that can glow on  
her cheek, [in a smile ?

Like the gem of a *Tear*, when array'd  
Thrice sweet is the *Tear* of affection and  
love ; [giv'n.

Still sweeter the *Tear* by kind charity  
Yes! a *Tear*, such as this, shall be trea-  
sur'd above, [of Heav'n.

And live in the lasting remembrance

#### Another Solution.

SILENT, yet most expressive sign  
Of sorrow, pity, love, or fear—  
No language can compare with thine—  
The soul's mate eloquence—a *Tear* !

#### SKATING moralised.

INDUC'D by winter's frost, the skater tries  
The thin transparent surface it supplies.  
His timid course the hand of caution  
guides : [glides.

He mocks the gulf below, and lightly  
Thus pleasure's surface, tempting,  
smooth, and bright, [sight.

A deep abyss conceals from human  
O mortals! glide but lightly! press not  
much !

Pleasure, like ice, admits but of a touch.

#### AVIS aux Amans.

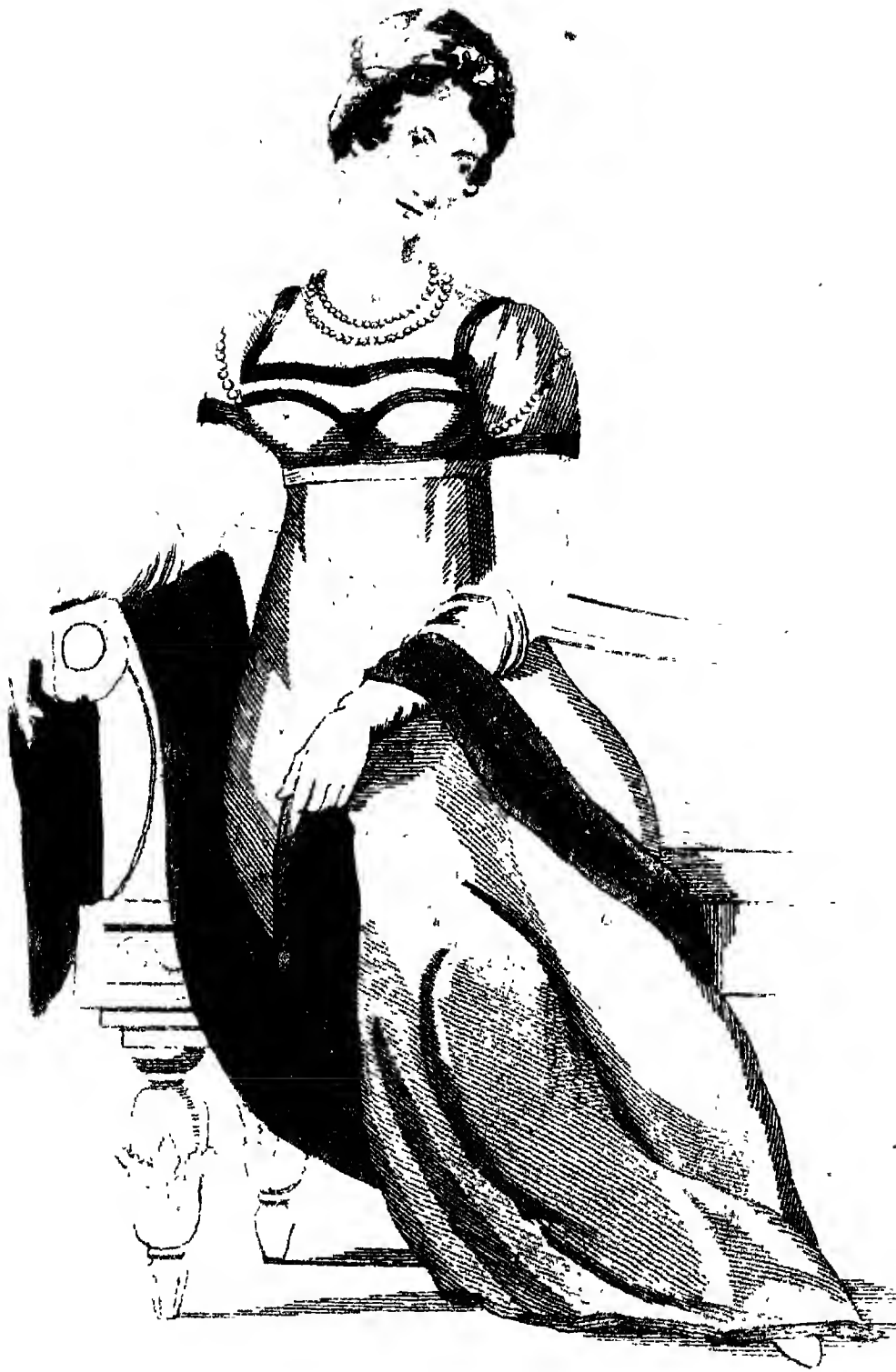
Si l'objet, dont on est épris,  
Nous rend amour pour amour même,  
On est heureux ; et qu', à ce prix,  
L'on fait bien, alors que l'on aime !

Mais, si l'objet de notre ardeur  
Ne montre que rigueur extrême,  
Et se rit de notre malheur,

Ab! qu'on est sot, alors qu'on aime !  
\* \* A poetic Translation or Imitation by any  
of our Readers will be esteemed a favor.







London fashionable.

*December, 1812.*



*Evening and Evening-Dresses*



## CONTENTMENT.

(From "Miscellaneous Poems," by George Daniel.)

CONTENTMENT sweet! be thou my song!

To thee all earthly joys belong;  
 And man (whom many cares molest)  
 When blest with thee, is truly blest.  
 Let not my humble Muse despise  
 To seek where true contentment lies.  
 Oh! let her (train'd in rustic lore)  
 The peasant's lowly cot explore:  
 In sweet content and peace he lives—  
 What blessings bounteous nature gives!  
 He looks around, nor wishes fate  
 To add one blessing to his state.  
 His halcyon soul is ne'er distress'd  
 With fears that guilty minds molest:  
 In harmless joys his life is spent,  
 With ruddy health and sweet content.  
 Then, O Contentment! loveliest maid!  
 May sorrows ne'er by life invade!  
 Oh! may my heart (from follies free)  
 Be fill'd with gratitude and thee;  
 For, where thou reign'st, we're sure to find

A happy conscience, peace of mind:  
 From thee the purest pleasures flow,  
 Thou source of happiness below.  
 May heav'n, indulgent, thus decree—  
 Where'er I live, to live with thee!

Be thou my wealth, my only store—  
 I'll close my wish, and seek no more.

## ON PUBLIC DEVOTION.

(From "Sacred Meditations, &c. by a Layman.")

I LOVE the consecrated walls,  
 Where humbled man in duty falls;  
 And, shrinking to himself, implores  
 The Pow'r whom reasoning life adores.  
 Then fade the vanities of life:  
 Then cease mean cares, and envy's strife:  
 Then nature from the proudest claims  
 The meekness of religious aims.  
 What anodyne can sooth the mind,  
 Which sorrows pierce, or passions bind?  
 What can such steady joy impart,  
 As the devotion of the heart?  
 Dissolv'd in charity, we pray  
 For mercy, which we must display.  
 The pomp of vanity disdain'd,  
 We bend with lowliness unfeign'd.  
 Sure 'tis the heart's most needful school—  
 There piety begins to rule;  
 And ev'ry virtue which embow'rs  
 The walk of men with deathless flow'rs.  
 Then may we feel the sacred fire,  
 And taste the blessings they inspire,  
 Who to the heavenly altars throng,  
 And give to God their sabbath song.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

*Morning Walking Dress.*—An olive or deep fawn-colored cloth pelisse, made high round the neck, bound with Angola trimming fur at the sleeves and feet, with a broad band going up the middle, and passing round the collar. A full lace ruff round the neck—a round robe of white cambric muslin. A traveller's hat of the color of the pelisse, with an ostrich feather on one side, the hair divided in full curls. Tippet and muff of silver hair. Ankle boots. Gloves of lemon-color or buff kid.

*Evening Dress.*—A robe of fawn, lemon, or pale puce-colored Georgian cloth, made high in the front, with full sleeves, bound round the bosom, sleeves and feet, with Angola trimming fur; the waist ornamented with wavy stripes of the same fur; the braces of silver ribbon; the sleeves ornamented with a serpentine row of pearls, falling from the back of the shoulder to the front of the arm. A cap of the same cloth, composed of a small crown, and sides with let-in thread lace

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in the middle, bound round the front and across the top with a string of beads. The hair, a short crop, loosely hanging in full curls on both sides. Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes. Gloves of white kid. Fan of silvered crape or ivory. Necklace of pearls; ear rings to correspond. A long occasional silk scarf of deep puce or crimson.

Evening dresses are generally full robes of Georgian cloth, or with the bodice of satin:—the crape petticoat with colored satin bodice is much worn. The head-dresses are small caps of crape or thread lace, or cloth the color of the dress, ornamented on the top and sides with a row of beads; in front with a small wreath of flowers or silver frost.—The carriage costume is the cambric muslin robe, made high, with stomacher front. The Spanish and Russian mantles—the pelisse of fawn, olive, or scarlet cloth—are the principal dresses in request. The helmet cap and traveller's hat are the general appendages to this order.

A D

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[November 26] A late French paper states, that, at the meeting of the Sicilian parliament, a mine, or incendiary machine, was exploded in the place of assembly, but without doing mischief.

[26] A letter from Palermo says, that a letter has been intercepted, written by "a great personage" there, to Bonaparté, and suggesting to him a plan for the invasion of the island.

[27] Advices from the W. Indies, to the end of September, state that the British islands there were much distressed for provisions, in consequence of the war with America.

[28] *Invasion of Canada.*—An American force having attempted a second invasion of Upper Canada, was totally defeated, on the 13th of October, at Queens-town, between Niagara and Fort Erie—with considerable loss in killed and wounded—besides nine hundred men, who, with their general, surrendered themselves prisoners on the field of battle.

[28] Bonaparté, to spare the French troops in his Russian campaign, has kept the Germans constantly exposed in the front of the battle—particularly the Bavarians, inasmuch that almost every Bavarian family of rank is in mourning.

[28] Gold from England, chiefly guineas, has, within the last few months, been received at one French port, to the amount of 15,000,000 of livres, or £625,000 sterling.

[Decemb. 4] King Joseph quitted Madrid on the 4th of November; and the French troops evacuated the city on the 7th.

[5] The French army, in their retreat from Moscow, have been seriously annoyed by the Russians. On the 20th October, Gen. Kutsoff attacked their grand army at Maloyaroslavitz, which town was taken and retaken eight different times in the course of the day. At length the French were compelled to retreat—After this, Bonaparté quitted the army, and took the road to Smolensk, leaving orders for his whole force to follow in the same road—General Kutsoff pursued them: and, on the 1st Novemb the Russian advanced guard, under Platoff, overtook them not far from Borodino, and gained a considerable advantage over them.—On the 3d, also, several

French corps were attacked near Viatka and defeated—In all these actions, and in others of inferior moment, the French suffered considerable losses of men and guns, and, in addition to the casualties of battle, the badness of the roads, and the severity of the weather, have destroyed numbers of their horses, the French bulletin acknowledging, that, from the 6th to the 11th of November, 3000 were lost through the latter cause alone.

[7] On the entrance of the French into Madrid, they imprisoned 320 persons, as disaffected to the French interest; and twelve of these individuals were shot on the 3d of November.

[8] On the 9th Novemb. the French grand army, under the Viceroy of Italy (Beauharnois) was defeated by the Russians at Dorogobuiz, with the loss of 3700 prisoners, and 63 pieces of cannon—In another quarter, Count Wittgenstein defeated Marshal Victor—Other advantages have also been gained by the Russians, who, in an official bulletin, are stated to have in their hands 60,000 French prisoners, although the Cossacks rarely grant them quarter.

[9] The condition of the retreating French grand army is represented as calamitous beyond example or expression—the roads covered with ammunition-chest, baggage, broken gun carriages, waggons—countless masses of men and horses, that perished through want and the severity of the climate—many of the dead horses cut up as food for the surviving fugitives—themselves destitute of shoes, boots, and clothing—the cavalry dismounted—and their horses led between the lines of the infantry, to be slaughtered, during the fight, as provision for the troops.

[10] *Buenos Ayres, Sept. 12.*—The war with Monte Video continues, without any prospect of accommodation between the contending parties.—The Spanish ship, *Salvador*, was lately wrecked near Maldonado, with 850 souls on board, of whom 720 perished.

[10] *The yellow Fever* had, by the 20th of November, entirely ceased at Carthage, where about 800 persons died of it this season: but no one, who had ever had it before, was attacked by it a second time.

[10] A treaty of peace has been con-

cluded, at Stockholm, between Sweden and the Spanish Regency acting in the name of Ferdinand VII.

[11] *Leipzig, Nov. 14*—Twenty-five thousand conscripts, for the French grand army, have just been ordered out in the department of Warsaw.

[11] Accounts from Gottenburg, of Novemb. 30, state, that a corps of 2000 French, under Gen. Angereau, (brother to Marshal Angereau) surrendered at discretion to Count Orloff Denizoff, and that Gen. Platoff had taken 900 men and 20 pieces of cannon at the passage of the Dnieper.

[12] Private letters, of October 30, from respectable persons in Sicily, state that the queen has been ordered to St. Margarita, a retired situation on the southern side of the island, not affording any facilities of communication with the French in Naples, and that she is prohibited from coming to Palermo.

[13] From the Russian official details, it appears, that, in the retreat from Moscow, the French grand army, which, at the commencement of their flight on the 19th of October, consisted of 95,000 efficient men, and, by the 19th of November, lost nearly one half of that number, with 134 pieces of cannon taken by the Russians, besides what the French themselves have buried or destroyed,—and that the number of cannon taken by the Russians since the 7th of September, is 246 pieces.

[13] *Mushrooms*—41 Bordeaux, a family of seven persons were lately poisoned by eating mushrooms—not gathered wild in the fields, but the produce of their own garden.

[14] *Corunna, December 1*—The French are retiring toward Valladolid, in consequence of which, Lord Wellington has returned to Salamanca.—There had been some skirmishes with the advanced posts.

[15] *Volcanic Ashes*.—A letter from the Isle of St. Vincent states, that the parts which appeared to have suffered most from the volcanic eruption in April, (See our Mag for July, p. 323) and were most copiously inundated with cinders and ashes, now display a vegetation of extraordinary force and fecundity.

[16] *American Finances*.—A message from President Madison to the Congress of the United States, at the late opening of their session, says, that “the receipts in the treasury, during the year ending on the 30th of Sept. last, have exceeded 16 millions and a half of dollars; which

have been sufficient to defray all the demands on the treasury to that day, including a necessary reimbursement of near three millions of the principal of the public debt. In these receipts is included a sum of near 8,850,000 received on account of the loans authorised by the acts of last session.”

[17] *Bonaparté*, with his grand army, surrounded in Smolensko by the Russians, and thus unable to subsist during the winter, has made a desperate effort to cut his way through the surrounding enemy: but

[17] Official intelligence from Russia—besides enumerating various other inferior, though highly important, advantages, obtained over the French in different quarters—mentions two signal victories gained by Gen. Kutusoff.—On the 16th of November, he defeated one division of their grand army under Marshal Davoust, with immense carnage, and the capture of above 9000 prisoners, and 70 pieces of cannon:—and, on the 17th, he defeated another division under Marshal Ney, with prodigious slaughter, and compelled the whole of the survivors—12,000 in number, surrounded on all sides, and hopeless of escape—to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners, with 27 pieces of cannon, &c. &c.—On the former of these occasions, Bonaparté in person was at first a witness of the conflict; but, at an early period of the action, he deserted his army, and fled from the field at full speed; on the latter, Marshal Ney was wounded, but escaped by flight.—The loss of the Russians, in these two battles, was, comparatively, trifling.

[17] On quitting Smolensko, the French wantonly blew up the cathedral.

[18] A gentleman, who left Hamburg fourteen days ago, states, that the dreadful situation of Bonaparté's army in Russia was known there; but the police was so severe, that several persons, who only dared to hint at it, were arrested by the *gentarmes*. He asserts that the north of Germany is ripe for a general insurrection against the French.

[19] By a late act of the Sicilian government, the whole and sole disposal of the Sicilian army has been vested in Lord W. Bentinck. In consequence of this measure, numbers of the native officers have resigned their commissions; and several of them, deserting their country, have gone over to Naples, to enrol themselves under the banners of Murat.

[20] The following has been given, as a list of the troops that Bonaparté took with him into Russia.—Poles, 60,000—Saxons, 20,000—Austrians, 20,000—Bavarians, 30,000—Prussians, 22,000—Westphalians, 20,000—Wurtembergers, 8,000—Badeners, 8,000—Darmstadtlers, 4,000—From Gotha and Weimar, 2,000—Wurtzburg and Franconia, 5,000—Meck-

lenburg, Nassau, and petty princes, 5,000—Italians and Neapolitans, 130,000—Spaniards and Portuguese, 4,000—Swiss, 10,000—French, 250,000—Total, four hundred and ninety-eight thousand men, including sixty thousand cavalry—besides forty thousand horses for the artillery, consisting of twelve hundred pieces of cannon.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty*—The Monthly Bulletin, of December 5, says, “Since the last monthly report, His Majesty has remained free from any considerable degree of excitement.”—To the present date (December 23) nothing further has transpired.

*Price of Bread.*—Quarter wheat loaf, December 3, eighteen pence, half-penny—December 10, and 17, the same.—December 24, eighteen pence, three farthings.

[November 23] *Voracity.*—A female servant of a farmer at Friskney, for a trifling wager with her mistress, lately devoured, at one meal, a roast goose, weighing five pounds, with a proportionate quantity of potatoes.

[24] Yesterday, W. Fleet, printer of the “Brighton Herald,” was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment and a fine of £100, for a libel on the daughter of Lord C. H. Somerset.

[25] *Frame-breakers.*—The Luddites have re appeared at Nottingham; six armed men having their broken and carried off a lace-frame, on the 21st instant.

[25] On Friday, at Charing-cross, a farmer was defrauded by a sharper picking up in his presence a parcel containing a pretended diamond cross, with a bill and receipt for £130—and selling him the bauble for £59—all the money he had about him.

[26] Yesterday, in the Court of K. B. two persons were sentenced, each to six months’ imprisonment, for buying guineas at more than the legal value.

[26] *Ibid.* Lieut. Rennell, of the E. Gloucester Local Militia, for having challenged Surgeon Crang, of Bristol, and posted him as a coward, was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment, and to give security for keeping the peace for three years.

[26] *Ibid.* Surgeon Harnbrook, of Tavistock—heretofore found guilty of a libel, in writing a letter to Mr. Carpenter, a magistrate of Devonshire, stigma-

tising his conduct, in the exercise of his duty, as “unkind, illiberal, and ungentlemanly”—was sentenced to be committed, for six weeks, to the custody of the marshal of the court.

[26] *Suicides.*—Two female servants of the Rev. Mr. Gibbons, at Brestead in Kent, having lately, through unintentional mismanagement, damaged some of his property in his absence, tied themselves together, and drowned themselves in a pond near his house.

[27] Lord Erskine has planted above a million of trees on his estate in Sussex.

[27] The “Morning Chronicle” of this day has the following paragraph—“It is an undoubted fact, that, from the crop of a partridge, found dead during wheat-setting, 16 score grains were taken. Now, presuming this to have been the consumption of 24 hours in the seed-time, we wish the American boy would calculate what the game-laws cost the nation.”—[Respecting the American boy, see our Magazine for last June, p. 288—and page 427 of the preceding volume.]

[28] *Inflammatory Handbill.*—A person in clerical dress has, for several days past, been riding in a carriage about the streets of London, and copiously distributing a long printed hand-bill, calculated to inflame the public mind against the Roman Catholics, and to excite (as in the days of Lord George Gordon) a popular outcry against their emancipation.—It begins thus, “An Alarm.—The Lions are about to be let loose!”—and is signed, “Frederick Herbert Maberly, M. A. a Clergyman of the Church of England. Kingston, near Carlton, Cambridgeshire.”

[30] *Army Bread.*—Each soldier is to receive, as his allowance for four days, a loaf of six pounds, for five pence.

[30] On Tuesday, a young man went into a public house in the City road, and shot himself in presence of several persons, before they could interfere to prevent him.

## Domestic Occurrences.

[December 1] Yesterday, the Prince Regent went in grand procession to the House of Peers, to open the session of Parliament. He was arrayed in the robes of royalty, but wore a cocked hat; the regal crown, with his own princely coronet, being carried before him.—On his way to the House, the state carriage experienced an accident: one of the wheels striking against a post, the coachman was thrown from the box, and fell between the wheel horses, but without suffering any further injury than a cut in the hip.—The sway-bar of the carriage, however, was broken by the shock; and the procession was for some time delayed, until the damage could be repaired.—The prince took his seat on the throne a little before two o'clock, and, in about twenty minutes, retired, after having delivered his speech.—The Princess Charlotte of Wales was present, and seated on the woolsack, beside the Lord Chancellor.

[3] *Incendiaries*—Friday se'night, some unknown incendiaries destroyed a quantity of hay and corn, the property of Mr. Stacpoole, of Edenvale, whose loss is estimated at 1000 guineas.

[3] Sunday afternoon, the congregation in Falmouth church being alarmed by the fall of some plaster from the wall, and hastily rushing out, many persons were trodden down: four have since died of the bruises received; and several others are in a dangerous state.

[4] A letter from Hull says, "All the low lands, in Lincolnshire, as well as on our side of the river, have been flooded.

[4] *Clerical Magistrates*.—The Duke of Norfolk, lord lieutenant of Sussex, has (after the example of his immediate predecessor, the late Duke of Richmond) uniformly refused to appoint any clergyman to act as magistrate for that county.

[5] *Church Lands*.—By inclosures and other causes, the value of the church lands in Somersetshire has of late been considerably enhanced, so that the deanery of Wells is now above £2,000 a year.

[5] Great distress prevails in Scotland, on account of the badness of the harvest: the manufactories are almost at a stand; and, from these causes, serious disturbances have taken place at Aberdeen, where, on the 20th November, the populace attempted (though unsuccessfully) to break into the Bridewell, for the

purpose of seizing the militia arms deposited there.

[5] *Swindler*.—Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, Michael Barry—the impostor who defrauded the Earl of Besborough by the trick mentioned in our Mag. for July, page 339—was, for that offence, sentenced to be transported for seven years.

[7] *Cheap Bread*.—On Saturday, at Bow-street, G. Rolfe, a cheap baker, of Blackmoor-street, Clare-market, was fined 2s. 6d. per ounce, for 104 ounces, deficient in 20 loaves, furnished, at the full price, to the workhouse of St. Clement Dunes.

[7] *Self-Execution*—On Friday, G. Whitney, innkeeper at Honnslow, seeing a party of police-officers come to apprehend him as a receiver of stolen property, cut his throat, and instantly expired.

[8] *Fraudulent Taxation*.—On Friday, in the C. of Exchequer, two tax-collectors, of Rayleigh in Essex, named Curtis and Brown—being found guilty of levying greater sums than were legally due for the taxes—were subjected to a penalty of £500, besides the restitution of the sums fraudulently levied.

[8] *Landlord's Property-Tax*.—On the same day, Mrs. Mordaunt, of South-End, was subjected to a penalty of £50, for refusing to allow a person renting a house from her to deduct from his rent her property-tax for that house.

[8] A female, possessed of £150,000, is now confined in Durham jail, for a theft not amounting to eighteen pence.

[8] *Lord Wellington*.—Last night, the H. of Commons voted £100,000, for the purchase of lands for the Marquis of Wellington, to descend with the title.

[9] *Pitiful Fraud*.—A poor woman, selling fruit near the Sans-pareil Theatre, was lately cheated of a few shillings (her all) by a fellow who represented himself as agent to a charitable institution, and gave her, as bank-notes, two *flash* penny notes.

[10] *Libel*.—Yesterday, in the C. of King's Bench, John and Leigh Hunt were found guilty of a libel on the Prince Regent, published in their newspaper, "*The Examiner*," of March 22.

[11] A man has been brought from Stromness to London, who accuses himself of a participation in the murders in Ratchiff Highway. [See our Volume for 1811, pages 582 and 583.] But his story is so inconsistent with known facts, and



[28] Tuesday, aged 97, the lady of John Yarker, esq. Deronslute street.

[Decemb. 2] Saturday, the Rev. G. W. Lakis, Dean of Wells.

[2] Sunday, at Shacklewel, Mrs. Beliza Oldham.

[3] Tuesday, Mazy Aunc, relict of the late Dr. Arnold.

[3] Wednesday, Miss S. Kent, of Clifton.

[4] Tuesday, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Airing, bart.

[4] Novem. 29, at Pentonville, Mrs. Biggs.

[7] Decemb. 2, at Hammersmith, Richard Loveday, esq.

[10] Decem. 8, the lady of Richard Meus, esq. of Bloomsbury-square.

[11] Tuesday, the Rev. J. Cecil Tattersall, of Christ Church, Oxford.

[11] Decem. 3, Broj. Dunn, esq. of West Rainton, Durham.

[14] Saturday, the relict of the late Admiral Milbanke.

[15] Sunday, at Bromley, Thos. Preston, esq.

[16] Monday, Viscount Torrington.

[16] Saturday, John Jones, esq. of Woolley, near Bradford, Wilts.

[16] Monday, Mrs. Elizabeth Napier, Swallow street.

[17] Tuesday, W. Morse, esq. of Dayton Green, Middlesex.

[17] Octob. 15, W. Wood, esq. British consul at Baltimore.

[17] Yesterday, Wadham Wyndham, esq. Charlotte street, Bloomsbury.

[18] Monday, Mrs. Curtis, Queen's-row, Walworth.

[18] Wednesday, in Newman-street, aged 68, the Rev. Dr. Gosset, well known in the literary world.

[18] Wednesday, at Islington, Mrs. Harcastle, aged 81.

[19] Monday, at Testwood, Southampton, the relict of Thos. Hooker, esq.

[19] December 10, at Pucknall, near Romsay, Charles Wade, esq.

[19] Wednesday, John Thackrah, esq. of Tooley-street, Southwark.

[19] Wednesday, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough, and wife of his nephew, John Spencer, esq.

[20] Lately, at Rotherham, aged 90, Walter Morgan, who had fought under Gen. Wolfe at the taking of Quebec.

#### APPENDIX

*Euthanasia.*—The following extraordinary circumstance is reported to have taken place on the entrance of the French

into Moscow. The archbishop, who was far advanced in years, and whose character was held in the highest veneration, was in the act of performing divine service, when a report reached him, that the enemy had entered the city.—He paused for a moment—crossed himself—and (it is said) immediately expired.

*Oratorical Carpet.*—Mr. Scoble, in his "Sketch of the present State of Caracas," notices a feminine custom, which, to our fair readers, will, no doubt, appear at once both singular and frivolous.—Speaking of the ladies going to mass, he says—"On this occasion, a female slave, frequently more beautiful than her mistress, follows her, carrying a small carpet, on which she may kneel at her devotions. This carpet is a great mark of distinction, and is only allowed in the churches to white women; on which account, perhaps, they are particularly proud of having it thus borne in procession, at a slow pace, through the streets. It is in contemplation, however, to abolish the restriction, and, as a beginning, during my stay, special leave was granted, by a public ordinance, to the women of a colored family in a distant town, to make use of these carpets. This innovation, slight as it may appear, excited great dissatisfaction among the higher classes of Caracas, and a proportionate eagerness and hope of change among the colored families."

*Stary River.*—From the year 1750, the North Esk, in Kincaidineshire, emptied itself into the sea upon the lands of Kirkcaldy and Woodcote. About a twelvemonth ago, however, in consequence of an overflow in the river, and a very high tide, it excavated a new channel on the lands of Comieston, upon which, on an average, one half of its contents continued to run during the last fishing season. A new revolution has now taken place; the river having lately returned to its old channel; by which even, a valuable property is restored to its former proprietors. This river had, several times previous to the first-mentioned date, undergone a similar change from the same causes, and, upon one of these occasions, it gave rise to a long and expensive litigation between the new and old proprietors, which was at last decided in favor of the gentleman on whose grounds the river had begun to flow; all artificial means employed to obstruct or change the course of a river being declared illegal.



*Lady's Magazine — Supplement, 1812*



*The critical Adventure*

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

SUPPLEMENT

to Vol. 43, for the Year 1812.

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. The CRITICAL RENCONTRE.
2. The SHIPWRECKED BOY.

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In our present Supplement, we had proposed to introduce a complete ALPHABETIC INDEX to all the articles of Intelligence, foreign and domestic, contained in the twelve Numbers of this Volume : but, not having it ready in time for immediate publication, we intend to give it with our Number for January, in addition to the usual quantity of paper and print—together with a CHRONOLOGIC SUMMARY of the most remarkable Events of the Year 1812, completed to a much later date with respect to the transactions of distant places, than we could possibly reach at the moment when we are necessarily obliged to commit our Supplement to the press, before the arrival of the requisite intelligence, either from foreign countries, or even from the remoter parts of our own United Kingdom :—and, in future, we shall, at the close of each volume, give a similar Index, besides the other two Indexes, as usual, followed by a CHRONOLOGIC SUMMARY for the year.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1812.

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*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*  
(Continued from page 540, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

CHAP. 21.

..... There is a pow'r,  
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world:  
That guides its motions, from the bright-  
est star [mould;  
To the least dust of this sin-tainted  
While man, who madly deems himself  
the lord [pendence.  
Of all, is nought but weakness and de-  
This sacred truth, by sure experience  
taught, [all alone,  
Thou must have learn'd, when, wand'ring  
Each bird, each insect, flitting through  
the sky,  
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou.

Thomson

RICHMOND had not, in the time that elapsed since he quitted the North, been yet able to do any thing toward effecting the great purpose of his leaving it. Lord Dellington, on whom he relied, had his mission unusually prolonged; and, while thus waiting, he had a full opportunity of evincing the steadiness of his promised reformation. The discharge of his servant was the first step towards it. The seductive allurements of play lost their power of attraction: billiards, which were to him a certain resource, he would not even trust himself to look at:—so true is the maxim, that nothing purifies the mind or improves the manners, like an attachment to a virtuous woman. “My Julia shall not be the wife of a gambler,” said he: “her happiness shall not be risked on the turn of a die:” and he kept that promise most religiously.

He had set off for London immediately from Woodfield, without returning to Stillerness, or paying the

debt he had contracted there. Amid the matters of greater moment which occupied his attention, it certainly did not occur to his mind for a considerable time: and, though, in consideration of the trouble which his illness had occasioned, he then inclosed a note of greater value than the amount of his bill, yet the evil report had gone abroad, while he was universally talked of, that he had absconded privately without discharging it. Afterwards, partly from other topics having arisen, and partly from the circumstance that contradiction never keeps pace with an original tale, the sequel of the business was little known: and, for twenty people who heard that the poor landlord had been a severe loser by this reprobated guest, scarcely one perhaps was told that he had been remunerated beyond his expectations.

In an obscure lodging, and the practice of a rigid economy, poor Richmond endeavoured to eke out his little pittance by translations for the booksellers: and, humble as was his occupation, the self-approbation that ensued, sweetened the task. The abilities he evinced in this new vocation were such, as to procure him a proposal, which, as a temporary support, he preferred to the way he was then in.

An emigrant gentleman was then employed in a literary undertaking, where the assistance of a person equally skilled in the language of both this country and his own was requisite. He also wished for some person who was at the same time an

eligible companion, as his health required a journey to Bath, where he had not any acquaintance. In consequence of his inquiries to this purpose, addressed to an eminent bookseller, for whom Frederic wrote, they were mentioned to each other. It appeared an affair of less drudgery than that of translating for the booksellers; and, as there was no immediate prospect of Lord Dellington's return, Richmond, promising that the engagement could only be an uncertain one on his side, agreed to close with it, if Monsieur Desmaix would receive his assistance on that condition.

His correspondence with Mrs. Egerton was regularly continued: he received her highest approbation of his conduct: yet, from the suspension of her intercourse with his adored Julia, her letters were deficient in that particularity of detail, which would to him have been inestimably precious.

Of his new engagement he never found the least reason to repent. Monsieur Desmaix was perfectly the gentleman, quiet, studious, and obliging—always satisfied with the assistance he received—and no restraint upon his companion.

They went together to Bath; and, soon after their arrival, a new and extraordinary *rencontre* recalled Richmond's thoughts to a period of his life, which had long ceased to occupy them any further than as the vicissitude in his fate affected his present hopes.

One day, as he was walking about half a dozen miles out of the town, on the turnpike road, he perceived the horses of a curricule, driven four in hand, take fright at a brace of partridges suddenly springing up. The gentleman who drove, was at that moment holding the reins carelessly, and standing up, to throw an addi-

tional shawl over the lady who sat beside him. He was instantly thrown out by the violence of the jerk which the leading horses made in attempting to turn back; and they were all in the very act of setting off at full speed, had not our pedestrian, at the hazard of his life, by an uncommon exertion of courage and bodily strength, stopped their progress, and thus rescued the affrighted fair one from a very perilous situation. In the first moments of relief, she thought not of her deliverer, but ran to her husband, who was slowly rising from the ground, and, though in evident pain, assured her he did not believe himself materially hurt. But the apprehension he had felt for her, seemed to have overpowered every other idea; and it was not till Frederic approached to see what further service could be rendered, that, on attempting to hold out his hand, he perceived his arm hang uselessly by his side. Richmond, with the promptitude and dexterity of a man accustomed to act in emergencies, lifted it, felt it all over, and was soon convinced that there was no fracture, but only a dislocation of the shoulder.

The gentleman desired his servant to hasten back, and send the coach there for them—

“And a surgeon!” added the lady—“Let one—two—three—as many as you can find—be instantly summoned!”

“My Theodosia! my dearest life!” returned her husband, “nothing can be done here: let us rather get home as soon as possible.”

An expressive look of gratitude and love seemed to conquer that of pain in the countenance of the speaker: and poor Richmond mentally said, “My God! how great is the power of feminine affection!”

'Shall my pains, my distresses, ever be thus sweetly mitigated?'

The present, however, was not a time for rumination. Several country people were, by this time, collected; and, a very decent-looking man inviting them to his cottage, Frederic offered his arm to support the gentleman thither. During this time, his attention had been so wholly engrossed by the principal sufferer, that he had not yet cast a single look upon the lady, though he entreated her to be calm; and, when they reached the cottage, he desired his owner to get her a glass of water, and requested her companion to go with him into the adjoining room: "for, twice," said he, "I have witnessed similar accidents; and I think I know how to proceed." He then called for a pair of scissors, ripped up the coat-sleeve, gave some slight direction to a young man who followed them in; and, by a sudden stretch and jerk, reinstated the bone in its proper place again.

The surprise, the pleasing sensations of a person so unexpectedly relieved, are not easily to be described: but, while he was attempting to say what he felt, "I must put my thanks into better hands," cried he, looking toward his wife, who then came into the apartment.

Frederic, who was standing by his patient, now noticed her for the first time. He fancied both her face and figure were known to him: but, ere he could determine further, the object of his consideration, on turning toward him to express her gratitude, evinced a more prompt recollection, and exclaimed, "My God! Saint-Villiers! Is it you?"

He was now no longer at a loss:—he beheld Lady Rosford in the most amiable of all lights. Once, the idea of her supposed ill-treat-

ment of him—at the time, so highly irritating, and so deeply resented—would have recurred with galling recollection: but now—in altered circumstances, and a frame of mind that felt no regret at her former misconceived behaviour—he recognised her, without one sentiment of anger—bowed low, and said, he rejoiced to see her well.

She held out her hand, and said, "Mr. Saint-Villiers, I must introduce you to my husband, Mr. Herbert: for, however my astonishment at seeing you, and receiving such assistance, may have overpowered my acknowledgements for the kindness you have shown us, believe me, they are not the less sincerely felt."

"I no longer retain the name you give me, madam," returned Frederic. "The claim to that appellation, and to your acquaintance, ceased at the same period: and, as the only favor you can do me, I entreat your silence upon my former condition."

"By what appellation, then, can I address a gentleman, to whom I owe obligations, to which no words can do justice, and which no power can return?" said Mr. Herbert. Yet, observing the countenance of Richmond cloud over, he added, "I am not, I hope, improperly obtrusive in the inquiry."

Frederic for a moment felt hurt: but, recollecting the folly of giving way to that sensation, he cleared up, and, with a frankness all his own, replied, "I will not tusten upon you an acquaintance, whose varying designations have been such, that should you ever inquire about his life, you would have to consider, where his abode had been at such a period, and what his appellation. You probably know my early disappointment.—In anger, I abjured &



country and a name, thus connected with defeated hopes. As Monsieur D'Arnontel, I spent some time abroad: but, when I quitted a kingdom deluged with blood, and disgraced by anarchy and massacres, I despised an appellation that seemed to brand me as its native; and, wishing to prove myself all the Briton, called myself Richmond, from the place where I drew my first breath; though, from being brought up in Ireland, I had always considered myself as belonging to that island, till the treatment which I experienced there made me regard it with abhorrence."

There was a spirit and candor in this address peculiarly striking: but further conversation was prevented by the arrival of the carriage, which had been got ready with a zeal, which testified the interest that Irish domestics will take in the service of a beloved master; though Dennis, with a little of the thoughtless rapidity of his countrymen, had not brought a surgeon, but, hastily catching at his lady's words, had ordered the servants at the house to collect as many as they could.

Richmond, however, had acted so judiciously in his new capacity, that this oversight was not, as it might otherwise have been, a matter of regret to her ladyship, while she saw him assist her beloved husband with all the care and attention that could have been shown by an experienced pracucian.

"You will not surely leave us here?" said Mr. Herbert, seeing his new friend about to step out of the carriage, after placing him in it.—Upon this, Richmond immediately seated himself, and, again taking his patient's arm, held it all the way, so as to keep it in a proper position: yet, notwithstanding his care, the pain from the bruises upon the mus-

cles, being increased by the motion of the carriage, grew very severe. Lady Rosford's spirits proportionally lowered; and no further conversation, than merely a few unavoidable common-place sentences, passed during their ride.

*(To be continued.)*

*Modern Life delineated.*

*(Continued from page 538.)*

As Edward ran down the lawn, he met his uncle returning from the vicar's, and, eagerly clasping his hand, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir! I cannot stop another moment:" and, before Mr. Lloyd had an opportunity of replying, he jumped into the chaise, and ordered the postillion to drive off at full speed:

Mr. Lloyd's amazement was so great, that he stood a few moments riveted to the spot where Edward had left him. But, when he entered the house, the extreme agitation and embarrassment of Gertrude's manner convinced him in a moment that something unpleasant had occurred. A confused idea hovered over his mind, that an explanation of some kind had taken place; and he was not many minutes held in ignorance of the truth: for Gertrude, as distinctly as her feelings would permit her, related the purport of her cousin Edward's visit.

"I am truly sorry, my love," said Mr. Lloyd, "that you have been so explicit with your worthy cousin: indeed I sincerely lament it. This rash step—the first you have ever taken—may lead to a combination of evils, destructive to Edward's welfare, and your own happiness; for I am perfectly of his opinion, that Emma is incapable of feeling that firm and exalted passion, which contributes so largely to domestic enjoyments; and I fear, Gertrude, you have sacrificed your own peace

of mind, through a mistaken zeal for your sister Emma.—But did Edward say any thing relative to his future plans? Is he returning to London, or gone to Mr. Manville's?"

"I do not know, my dear father, what his intentions are, or whither he is gone. He quitted me so abruptly, I had neither opportunity nor resolution to ask the question.—I had, indeed, flattered myself that your return would have detained him here: but, when I saw him brush so swiftly by you, that hope entirely vanished."

"I now blame myself, Gertrude, that I did not before give you my candid opinion upon the subject: but there is a point of delicacy in intimating any thing of this kind to a daughter, unless we are convinced that the attachment is mutual, or have cause to disapprove the object of her choice. I had flattered myself that the ingenuousness of your tempers would produce an explanation conducive to the happiness of Edward and yourself.—As for Emma's attachment to her cousin, I considered it of too trifling a nature to merit my notice: but I now deeply regret that I did not check it, and point out the impropriety of indulging sentiments so dangerous to the peace of her sister.—I wonder, indeed, that you did not discover the airy flights of fancy through the thin disguise of affected passion."

"I fear, my dear father, you are mistaken respecting my sister's partiality for Edward. In your presence, she has assumed an air of cheerfulness: but, when we were alone, the agony of her feelings too clearly convinced me of the violence of her attachment."

"You are both deceived, my child. Emma has freely indulged her imaginary griefs, finding in your tenderness and sympathy a selfish

gratification: but, if you had remained silent, or ridiculed her fancied misery, she would easily have conquered the passion which you imagine to be so deeply rooted in her heart."

When Gertrude retired to her own apartment, the idea, that her father's suspicions were just, created a thousand agonising reflexions; and too late, she lamented the rashness of her conduct: but, the next moment, the certainty of Edward's invaluable regard gave an exulting glow to her feelings.—During the night, her reflexions kept her awake. She endeavoured to form plans of future happiness: but these were swiftly succeeded by the certainty that they never could be realised; for, though her father imagined Emma's attachment was merely ideal, a thousand circumstances confirmed her opinion, that it never would be erased from her sister's heart.

To the happy, time flies swiftly along: but, when alternate hopes and fears prevail in the bosom, the tardy night seems never to have an end.—Gertrude's mind was in this state:—the darkness of night was insupportable to her: but, as the morn approached, the gloom of despondency gradually dispersed, and the cheering rays of light opened new sources of comfort. She blamed herself for having indulged the sharpness of anguish; and, in her morning orisons to her Creator, she fervently prayed for fortitude to sustain disappointments, and for increasing virtue to contribute to the happiness of her father and sister. Her affections were warm, but amiable; for the exalted power of reason seldom failed to check any violent emotions, arising from unexpected joy or sorrow. What her reason sanctioned, her actions cor-

roborated; and the serenity and uncommon sweetness of her countenance evinced the peace within her breast—that peace, which is never disturbed by the ignoble passions of envy, pride, or malice; but, like a tranquil current, glides smoothly along—effacing every spot from the pebbles over which it passes—and, by its gentle soothing murmurs, increasing the interest of the surrounding scene.

In the morning, when Gertrude entered the breakfast-room, she was surprised to find upon the tea-tray a note from her father, intimating that particular business had urged his departure from home, and begging that she would not be uneasy, if he did not return until the following night.

The day appeared unusually slow and tedious to Gertrude; for the loss of her father's society was to her a most serious evil; and a drizzling rain, and thick mist which hung over the valley, expelled every cheerful thought from her mind. She endeavoured, in diversity of employment, to create her own happiness; but the *sombre* gloom around her, and the want of her beloved father to converse with, defeated her endeavours, and painfully turned her thoughts to a subject which she anxiously wished to avoid.

At night, when the clock struck ten, she reluctantly gave up the hope of her father's return: but she determined to wait up for him to a late hour; and, with the view of engaging her attention, she went into the library for a book.

The one most congenial to her feelings was a volume of Dr. Blair's sermons. Without design, she accidentally opened at the discourse on our imperfect knowledge of good and evil; and every line, she fancied, was written by the hand of an in-

spired penman, to calm her agitated spirit. Though she had frequently perused it, and admired its countless beauties, they had never before made the same impression upon her mind: but, in rapturous silence, she now perused and re-perused its elevated sentiments. They extended her thoughts far beyond the present period of life, to the endless joys of futurity—those joys, which are not dimmed by temporal disappointments, but which pervade the soul with the illustrious power of a divinity. "Let me not, then," she mentally ejaculated, "murmur at any dispensations which thwart my own selfish wishes; for my narrow capacity cannot soar to the wisdom of that Almighty Being, who, in infinite mercy, checks those desires which are encompassed with evil."

A little after two in the morning, her father's well-known knock at the door quieted every apprehension upon his account: but she was sorry to observe that his countenance indicated fatigue and extreme vexation.—She immediately mixed a glass of warm wine and water; and, after he had taken that, and a little dry toast, she ventured to ask him if any thing unpleasant had occurred during his absence.

"I am harassed, Gertrude, with a tedious journey," said Mr. Lloyd, "and vexed that the object of my pursuit was not to be met with. If I had seen him, every other inconvenience would have been overlooked. You will, no doubt, be surprised, when I inform you that I have been at Mr. Manville's house, but unfortunately arrived too late to meet with his son. Captain Manville is returned to London, to rejoin his regiment; for they are again ordered abroad, and the pleasing prospect of peace is once more blasted. I had indulged a hope of

receiving intelligence of your cousin Edward through his means: but that hope is destroyed, unless Mr. Manville, who has written to his son, shall receive tidings of him."

"I thank you, sir," said Gertrude, "for this proof of regard to my happiness; for I plainly discover the motive which influenced you to take this journey.—Be assured, my dear father, that my regard for Edward never will undermine what I consider as more important affections."

"Do not, my love," replied Mr. Lloyd, "refine away your own happiness. It is extending a false delicacy too far, when it leads you to resign the object of your affections, for a sister, who, I am convinced, is not formed to make a mind like Edward's happy.—I know the goodness of Emma's disposition, and the amiable virtues of her heart:—I know, too, that there are many men, whom she is better calculated to please than you are: but it must be those, who consider the intellectual powers of women as superfluous in a married state—and who deem personal beauty, and simplicity of character, the only requisites to charm.—Your cousin, however, has formed different ideas of the conjugal state: he, with justice, considers beauty as a pleasing embellishment to a reflecting, well-regulated mind: but it is not, in his estimation, an equivalent for those perfections, which time cannot destroy. He wishes for a wife, whose conversation and manners will please his friends, and convert his home into an earthly paradise—a woman endued with abilities and perseverance to assist him in the important task of educating his children, and to manage his affairs with discretion and economy—neither

wish of his property, nor meanly tiresome in repeating her own prudential maxims. And, I confess, I do not know any man better calculated to make a sensible prudent woman happy, than your cousin Edward is. The only part of his character I object to, is an impetuosity of temper, which sometimes leads him beyond the boundary of discretion: but, as this is only an imperfect feature in youth, I trust his noble disposition, and the steady hand of time, will completely mollify it."

The week following, Mr. Lloyd received a letter from Mr. Manville, inclosing one from Captain Manville, which particularly mentioned that Edward had sold his commission: but his friend deeply regretted that he was not enabled to say what part of the country he was in. He feared the warmth of his temper would lead him into some indiscretion; for he was well assured of his unbounded attachment to his cousin; and that a disappointment in that quarter would thwart all his noble views of domestic happiness.

Various conjectures were formed by Mr. Lloyd and Gertrude, upon the motives which had induced Edward to conceal his motions and intentions from his friend; and a foreboding of some rash action resulting from his present feelings, threw a dark cloud over their own enjoyments.

On the morning previous to Emma's return home, Gertrude was reading the newspaper to her father. Her eyes involuntarily fixed upon the name of Lloyd; and she perused the lines repeatedly, before she spoke to her father. He asked her what had made her break off so abruptly in the middle of a sentence.—Her emotion almost deprived her of the power of utterance: but at

last she exclaimed, "Here is an account of my cousin Edward, sir."

"What is it, my love?" said Mr. Lloyd.

"Only, sir," replied Gertrude, "that he is married."

"Married! you must be mistaken, my love. There are many Captain Lloyds: and I cannot think it is Edward."

"I fear indeed, sir, it is," said Gertrude with trembling emotion: "but I will read you the paragraph—*Married, on Wednesday, the 15th instant, at Bath, Captain Lloyd, of Derbyshire, to Mrs. Gardine, so highly distinguished in the fashionable world. We understand that the attractions of a fine young fellow have, in ten days, overcome all her objections to a second sacrifice of her liberty: and the lovely widow has afforded convincing proof that she was not influenced in her choice by all-powerful gold, since she has preferred one of the gallant heroes of the Nile to lovers who had ancient titles to offer her, with ample means to gratify the most ambitious desires of her heart.*"

Soon as Gertrude had finished, her father exclaimed, "Your surmises, my love, are, I fear, too well founded: but now is the time to convince me that you are capable of bearing with fortitude one of the greatest disappointments incident to human nature."

Gertrude tenderly kissed her father's hand, and fervently assured him that she felt far more for her sister, than for herself. "I wish," added she, "that Edward may be happy in the connexion he has formed."

"I much doubt it," replied her father: "for ten days are not sufficient to learn the dispositions of those with whom we are to spend the whole of our remaining years."

*(To be continued.)*

*The OLD WOMAN.*

*(Continued from page 538.)*

N<sup>o</sup>. 13.—*The GIG; or, Conjugal OBEDIENCE*

THE other night, as I sat at my desk, deliberating on the choice of a subject to employ my pen for the instruction or entertainment of my readers, my attention was suddenly attracted by a violent shriek; and, by the light of a lamp in the street, I imperfectly discovered a carriage of some description overturned near my door.

From an impulse of humanity, I descended with all possible rapidity; and, rushing out at the street door, perceived a servant ride furiously up to the shattered carriage, and in the next moment spring from his horse. "It is just as I expected!" exclaimed the servant. "None but a man would have made his wife get into a gig, when he could not see across the road.—God grant—poor thing!—she may not be the sufferer for her compliance! for she is the best mistress in the whole world!"—While saying this, he was employed in taking one of the lamps from the shattered vehicle, and examining the state of the still recumbent horse. The lady and gentleman, in the mean time, had found shelter in an adjoining green-grocer's shop.—The hospitable abode I instantly entered, for the purpose of offering my services to either, or both, of the sufferers; though, I confess, the honest effusions of the servant's feelings had greatly diminished my sympathy for his master.—When I entered the house, he was hanging over the apparently lifeless object of his affection, with an appearance of the greatest solicitude; alternately calling to the assembled multitude to hasten the surgeon, and cursing the surveyors for not placing lamps before every post.—With emotions of

the deepest regret, I gazed upon the inanimate object before me.—Never had I beheld a more lovely set of features, and though the paleness of death overspread her countenance, her complexion appeared perfectly transparent.

Fortunately, at that moment, the surgeon entered. In the space of a few moments she opened her azure eyes; and, looking fearfully round, fixed them upon her husband, and faintly articulated, "Who am I?"—"My angel! my dear Eliza! thank God, I once more hear you speak!" exclaimed her delighted husband, with a fond embrace.

"Oh! Charles!" she replied, forcing a faint smile upon her countenance—"my tears were prophetic, but not, as you termed them, vain."

"Curses be hit upon the surveyors' heads!" exclaimed he, in a tone of resentment. "It was their fault, not mine."

As the surgeon recommended a vein to be immediately opened, I invited the youthful pair to walk across the way, offering to the poor victim of a husband's carelessness or folly, every attention in my power to pay.—She accepted the invitation with a mixture of courtesy and sweetness, which interested my feelings in a very eminent degree; but positively refused my proposition of her remaining my guest until the ensuing day.

"You have seen a slight specimen, madam," said she, "of the impetuosity of my husband's temper. It was his particular wish that I should return with him, to-night; and, though I urged him to let me pass it with my mother, and most forcibly expressed fear from the darkness of the night, he was inflexibly determined that I should accompany him, and represented the

implicit compliance which every man has a right to expect from his wife."

To this apology, which the fair stranger offered for rejecting the hospitality of my invitation, I merely made some common-place reply. A chaise was ordered; and, in less than an hour after our first meeting, my new acquaintance drove away.

The accident, which had so recently occurred, afforded ample subject for reflexion; and I began to consider whether no boundaries were to be set to the duties of a wife;—or whether, in compliance with the freak of a thoughtless husband, she was called upon to hazard the preservation of her life.

I allow, and have asserted, that women ought to make great sacrifices to oblige their husbands; but a wife should never be called upon to extend those sacrifices beyond the bounds of moderation. In all concerns of interior moment, where her compliance with her husband's wishes will contribute to sweeten life, or her opposition to embitter it, I am decidedly of opinion, that she ought to relinquish her own choice: but, on more important occasions, where her compliance would evidently endanger her reputation, her virtue, or her life, it is unreasonable in him to exact obedience to the arbitrary dictates of inconsiderate caprice.

Here, however, I would observe, that I am far from being disposed to inculcate lessons of disobedience. I am too sincere a friend to conjugal fecundity, to stain my pages with a single line that could militate against its growth; and, alas! I have seen too many instances of the misery produced by the want of it. In short, I would have the wife to feel for her husband all the tenderness which it is possible to experience for the kindest and most affectionate of brothers, blended with a mixture of

that respect, which paternal relationship inspires;—and I would have the husband fondly cherish the being, whom he has selected to become the partner of his joys and sorrows, and never to indulge in any unmanly exertion of that authority, which has been delegated to him by our laws.

Solitary MUSINGS  
in a COUNTRY CHURCH.

By Mr. JOHN WEEB,  
*Author of "Haverhill," &c.*  
(Continued from page 575.)

NOVEMBER had begun his *somnre* reign: the proud regent of day, like a friend estranged, looked with eye askant on drooping Nature; and an envious cloud, big with watery stores, was fast advancing to veil his golden front, when I prepared to engage again in solitary musings in a country church.—The passing-bell was murmuring through the vale, and announcing that another way-worn pilgrim had crossed this valley of trial—terminated life's eventful journey—and entered upon an awful change of scene. Innumerable are the instances, in which the custom of thus proclaiming that death has made an addition to the number of his victims, has been productive of serious consequences to persons confined to a couch of sickness. I will here quote a few stanzas of an elegy written on this subject, while I lay in bed, suffering under a tedious indisposition.

"Immur'd in bed, I wast the tedious day,  
By pain entic'd, by confinement tir'd,  
To speed the hours, I read th' historic  
page, [spir'd.  
And scribble verses, by no Muse in-  
No Muse propitious smiles where grief  
presides:  
No bright ideas gild th' afflicted mind.  
Like summer hours, they visit fairer  
climes, [schind.  
And leave the stormy scenes of care

Hark! from yon tin-e-worn tow'r, the  
deep-ton'd knell [fle'd;  
Tells this lone vale, another soul has  
Proclaims, one actor more has left the  
stage, [dead.  
To swell the countless millions of the  
Again I hear that death-denoting voice,  
Whose solemn accents, murr'ring  
through the gloom, [spirits down,  
Shock my weak nerves, and weigh my  
And ope to fancy's view the gaping  
tomb.

Obnoxious custom! these imprudent  
sounds [heart:  
Oft strike a panic to the patient's  
His spirits droop: the due disease pre-  
cails, [healing art.  
And, with fierce onset, mocks the  
He who reclines upon a bed of pain,  
And wets his couch with unavailing  
tears,  
Needs no memento-bell, to rouse his mind,  
And shake his feeble frame with fatal  
fears.

His own acute sensations, doubtless, will  
Remind him of his critical estate,  
And wakeful conscience open to his view  
The awful prospect of a future state.

Hold, hold, stern monitor, thy iron  
tongue! [eye lids close:  
And let sleep's downy hand mine  
Come, Somnus, show'r thy poppies o'er  
my couch;  
And steep my faculties in soft repose.

And, Oh! sweet Hope! illumine my waking  
hour.

Excite me to anticipate the day,  
When Health her balmy comforts shall  
dispense— [buds gentle May."  
When Spring shall crown with rose-

As I entered the church—after informing me, by a certain number of periodic strokes, that one of the tender engaging sex had shared the general doom, the noisy herald, the deep-toned bell, ceased to reverberate the doleful tidings through the sacred mansion.—“Perhaps,” I exclaimed, “some beloved maid; with all the blushing honors of youth and beauty blooming on her face, has been summoned from the soft endearments of her weeping parents, or the arms of her faithful lover, and has left

them to experience the sad effects of blasted hopes and disappointed expectations. Or 'tis possible some affectionate wife has been called by death from a happy fire-side, while her discounselate husband, surrounded by a group of rosy prattlers, is doomed to regret his and their irreparable loss. In such a lamentable case, the sight of the chair on which she was wont to sit—the innocent and heart-affecting inquiries of the dear little ones after their fond parent—and the recollection of a thousand little attentions and officious endearments—rise in regular succession, and agonize his breast."

Having finished my soliloquy, I found myself upon the surface of a family vault, in the centre of the middle aisle, where lies a gentleman, whose acute discernment and extensive erudition enabled him to figure in the front ranks of polished society.—But, alas! when he had passed the meridian of life, and began to descend the declivity of nature's hill; his . . . . . (let the man of genius and science hear it, and be humbled)—his mental powers decayed; and the fabric of a finely-cultivated mind sunk in ruins, To second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sane eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing! *Shakespeare.*

Where can the man be found, however knowledge may have enlarged, or piety enlightened his mind, who duly weighs and appreciates the blessings of sanity? How ought the heart of the possessor of such an inestimable privilege to bound with gratitude toward his Maker, and be feelingly alive to sympathise with the sufferer under that greatest of human calamities—the loss of intellect—reflecting, that 'tis possible, ere he has attained life's final period, that his star of reason may set, to rise no more.

Oh! should it please that great all  
gracious Pow'r  
To take each friend that glads my social  
hour—  
Should Want, gaunt phantom! my low  
cot assail,  
And turn the ruddy cheek of plenty pale;  
Commission'd from on high, should fell  
Disease  
Remorseless on my dearest comforts  
seize;  
Thus tried, thus stripp'd, Oh! may I  
be resign'd!  
But spare, thou dread Supreme! Oh!  
spare my mind!"

*Author's MS. Poems.*

Alas! how oft the instructor of nations, the conqueror of kingdoms, and the wearer of an imperial diadem—after enlightening millions by the rays of science—after depopulating provinces, or crushing devoted myriads with the iron mace of despotism—have been so stultified by old age, and rendered puerile by mental infirmity, as to covet the toys and rattles of infancy—and to weep, if deprived of them!

"In life's last scenes, what prodigies surprise!  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the [wise,  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of  
dotage flow;  
And Swift expires a div'ler and a show."  
*Dr. Johnson.*

In some instances, perhaps, this debility of mind may be caused by intense application to business or study:

. . . . . "the brain, too finely wrought,  
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by  
thought."

But, doubtless, these awful visitations are permitted, by the grand superintendent of the universe, to abase the proud hearts, and to dash the aspiring hopes, of ambitious mortals; and are wisely designed to teach us, that the most splendid assemblage of abilities, and the brightest emanations of genius, are talents that are lent us, for which the possessor is subject to a dread-



ful responsibility, and for the abuse of which he will be called to a strict account.

"It is an enigma, which the acutest disciple of Oedipus cannot presume to solve, why the mind of a Cowper, gilded as it was with the rays of genius, and warmed with the fervors of piety, should be clouded by melancholy, and become the prey of insanity, while the intellects of a Queensberry—a brilliant star in the sphere of fashion—an attractive magnet in the circles of pleasure—a conspicuous actor in the scenes of splendid dissipation—were continued unimpaired to the verge of ninety.—The dealings of Heaven with frail mortals are dark and mysterious. In vain may finite ingenuity attempt to unravel the plans of Omnipotence, or the eagle eye of philosophy to pry into his vast designs. They are as high as the bright abodes of angels: what can be done?—as deep as the gloomy recesses of despair: what can be known?"

Mortal, be dumb! What creature dares

Dispute his sovereign will?

Take no account of his affairs;

But tremble, and be still! *Watts.*

(*To be continued.*)

*Fashionable FOLLY:*

OR, A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

(*Continued from page 553.*)

THE conversation between the steward and the baiter was interrupted by a violent shock from Mrs. Modish, who, upon the entrance of the banquet for the sheriff's officers, had retired to her apartment, and packed up her jewels, for the purpose of going to a friend's house, and leaving her husband to extricate himself, as he could, from his present embarrassment.—The sheriff's officers, who were regaling themselves with the delicacies placed before them, had not the slightest suspicion of the

lady's intended plan, until they heard the carriage drive up, and saw Mrs. Modish dressed for travelling.

"Not quite so fast, madam, if you please," said one of them, seizing her rudely by the arm.—"You're a pretty sort of a lady, to be sure, to think of cheating your husband's creditors! Give me that little red trunk you have there, young won an," he added, snatching the box of jewels out of the Abigail's hand.

At this unexpected salutation, and forcible method of detaining, Mrs. Modish uttered the before-mentioned shriek, which instantly collected Jenkinson and the sheriff's officers around her, followed by two or three servants.—The casket of jewels was instantly opened; and in it were found secreted bank-notes to a considerable amount; which the exasperated Modish perceiving, loaded his wife with the bitterest execrations.

Instead of tender condolences and conjugal endearments, which, doubtless, blunt the edge of misfortune, each party reproached the other, as the author of those calamities, which the joint extravagance of both had produced.

The officers of justice silently listened to those alternate accusations for some minutes; but at length, aware that their business would admit no further delay, two of them hurried the master of the splendid mansion into a post-chaise; while two remained to take an inventory of the property, and prevent any part of it from being carried away.

The ebullitions of passion having subsided, the late mistress of the spacious dwelling returned to her apartment: but how dreadful must have been her reflexions, when not one instance of benevolence to her





*The Shipwrecked Boy.*

fellow creatures occurred to her imagination to cheer the n<sup>o</sup>!—Her own and her husband's fortune had been squandered in a display of grandeur and magnificence, which the most princely fortune could scarcely authorise: vanity and self-gratification had alike influenced the actions of both; and each was alike contemptible in every reflecting being's eyes.—Unhappy man! and still more unhappy woman! to what source of consolation can either of you fly? That God, whom you alike neglected in affluence, you can not expect to sustain your spirits, when overwhelmed with adversity! May this picture, which is too faithful a copy of many individuals, who are destined to move in a fashionable sphere of life, strike home to the hearts of those who launch into expenses, beyond what their fortunes are able to supply.—By the death of his truly respectable father, Mr. M. dish, at an early period of existence, had come to the possession of an ample fortune; but, from a natural thoughtlessness of disposition, his affairs soon became embarrassed. To relieve those difficulties, which a little prudence would soon have surmounted, he married an heiress, for whom he felt not the slightest regard,—whose ruling passion was ostentation—and who was destitute of every qualification likely to win the heart.—In consequence of this failure of the feminine virtues, home became a scene of turbulence and dissatisfaction; and, unless it was filled with company who acted as a check upon domestic dissensions, it was never his place of residence.

What he had reduced himself to, and what he might have been, formed a striking contrast, which pressed so heavily upon his heart, that the small portion of fortitude which he possessed, sunk under the pain-

ful retrospection; and he died in the Fleet prison, in less than six months! His amiable wife, whose feelings were less acute, retired into Wales, and there lived in privacy upon the wreck of her fortune, or, rather, upon a trifling sum allowed her by her husband's creditors.—No painted saloon, no gilded canopies, remained for her to fix her delighted eyes upon: a thatched roof alone secured her from the inclemency of the weather; and, instead of being able to see her person reflected in various mirrors, she had only whitened walls to gaze upon!

### The Shipwrecked Boy.

(With an illustrative Plate.)

THOUGH idleness is allowed to be the parent of poverty, yet it is not always the industrious who are destined to thrive; for misfortune, like an hereditary disease, seizes on its victim, in spite of every exertion either of body or mind. The truth of this observation was completely verified in the person of the laborious Maurice Morgan, an honest wood-cutter, who resided within a short distance of Carnarvon.

From the muscular form of his body, and the manual exertions he was capable of making, Morgan had obtained the name of the Welsh Hercules; yet the conviction of his superior strength never inclined him to be quarrelsome: on the contrary, he seemed formed by nature for domestic enjoyment and peace. Yet it was in vain that Morgan toiled to support his numerous family, and procure them the common necessaries of life: for scarcely had he surmounted one misfortune, when, like the sprouting heads of the mutilated hydra, new calamities unexpectedly crowded upon him.—The object of his affection had for several years been incapable of aid-

ing her husband's exertions, from the effects of an alarming and painful disease; and his children—though, in infancy, the healthiest of the healthy—gradually declined, as they advanced in years.

At the commencement of this history, however, his wife had derived great benefit from the skill and kindness of Dr. Gilman, an English physician, who, after ascending the majestic height of Snowdon, accidentally entered her humble hut.—One of her children at that time was a dreadful sufferer from having dislocated his hip-bone; and two others seemed to have imbibed the same disorder under which their unfortunate mother labored.—Morgan's mind nevertheless was relieved from a load of anxiety, by the humane physician's assurance that his wife would entirely recover; and, with spirits buoyed up by this enlivening intelligence, the industrious wood-cutter went to his usual work.—The preceding night had been extremely stormy: but, exhausted by labor, Morgan heeded not the storm; and, after regaling his appetite with a dry crust and an onion, enjoyed the comforts of undisturbed repose.

As he approached the sea-shore, the still agitated ocean struck him. "Ah!" thought he, "how many of my fellow creatures may have perished beneath these tumultuous waves, while I, unmindful of their sufferings, slept soundly through the whole of the night!"—His path lay along the beach, round a kind of promontory stretching itself into the sea; and, as he suddenly turned an angle, every softer feeling was called into action, by perceiving a young child thrown upon the beach.—Humanity gave impetus to his actions: he darted forward, and eagerly seized the arm of the sleeping child, who, roused

by the grasp of kindness, uttered a most pitiable cry.

"Hush! hush! you pretty creature!" said Morgan, pressing it to his bosom, and disengaging it from a kind of mantle with which it was wrapped round; then taking off his leathern jacket, he covered the little foundling, and quickly returned home.—"I have brought you a present, my dear Peggy," said Morgan, at the same time approaching her, and unwrapping his coat—"A present!" she repeated: "Lord bless you, my dear Maurice! and where did you get that pretty innocent?"—"God Almighty, I believe, my dear, sent him to us, to make us amends for our own poor sickly ones. Only look at its limbs, Peggy! Why, I could fancy it my own flesh and blood."

Peggy, instead of admiring the beauty of the infant, was busily employed in opening a little trunk, from which she took out a child's old blanket, and a little bed-gown. Morgan, in the mean time, was relating to her the manner in which he had found the child, and displaying the wet mantle, as a relique which might perhaps lead to some discovery.

A goat, which was all the poor wood-cutter's substance, fortunately at that time happened to have a kid; and, while Peggy was busily employed in covering the body of this providentially preserved infant, her husband went to procure it a little milk.—This necessary sustenance having been administered, the humane wood-cutter returned to the beach, not with the hope of saving another fellow creature, but under the idea that some part of the wreck might appear, as the tide went down, and lead to a discovery, from what part of the world the unfortunate vessel had arrived.

Vain, however, proved this expectation; for not a single plank appeared. The anxious Morgan continued his research, and, as the tide decreased, pursued his way round the impending rock.—He had not proceeded any great distance, when he beheld a female negro, extended, apparently lifeless, on the shore. With the liveliest emotion of compassion, he approached her, but found her eyes closed, though her body was not cold.—With benevolent exertion he began to rub her almost stiffened limbs, and, in a few minutes, had the satisfaction of observing her bosom heave. With undescribable pleasure he continued his employment, till at length the exhausted sufferer opened her eyes, and, gazing fearfully and wildly around her, faintly uttered “Oh! the lost child!”

“He is safe! he is well! and, blessed be God, I found him!” said Morgan.—The delighted woman uttered a scream of joy, and, in attempting to throw her sable arms round the neck of the child’s preserver, fell back, and expired.—At a moment when hope had been elevated to its highest pitch, and the idea of having restored a fellow creature to existence gave the liveliest emotions of pleasure to the benevolent Morgan’s mind, these gratifying sensations suddenly vanished, on beholding the object of his solicitude stretched lifeless at his feet. Although he was a man unaccustomed to the weeping mood, the tears of sensibility involuntarily started, as, with folded arms, he intently gazed upon the insensible form.

An alarming thought rapidly crossed his imagination:—“he might be accused of murder, if he remained upon the spot!” With hurried steps he retraced the path he had re-

cently trodden; and, pale and agitated, he soon reached his humble cot.—The faithful sharer of his joys and sorrows was instantly alarmed by the pallid hue of his cheek, and, in a voice of tenderness, besought him to reveal the circumstance that agitated his mind.—In brief terms he related the melancholy occurrence that had happened; and each lamented the unfortunate woman’s fate, which appeared peculiarly distressing, from her not having lived to reveal the real condition of the child.—While deploring this event, the humane physician entered, and was immediately made acquainted with the circumstances which had occurred. He gazed upon the little fellow with looks of kindness and compassion, exclaiming, “Sweet little angel! would to Heaven I knew your parents!”—he then carefully examined the mantle, which proved to be an Indian shawl; and his little shirt was of the finest and most delicate cloth.

From these circumstances, Doctor Gilman conjectured that the black woman was his nurse, and that either she alone had been sent to England with the lovely baby, or that one or both of his ill-fated parents had accompanied him, and perished beneath the waves.

“What do you mean to do with this hapless infant?” inquired the doctor.—“I mean to let him live as I live, if God Almighty blesses me with health, an’t please your honor,” replied Morgan; “and, if I should fall sick, he, with the rest of my children, must go to the parish.”

“But you can ill supply your own children with food,” observed the doctor; “and, by keeping this child, you must necessarily incur expense. Would it not be prudent to represent the circumstance to the

overseers of the parish? and, in the workhouse, you know he must be both clothed and fed."

"While Maurice can work, sir, and I am able to look after the pretty creature, he never shall go to such a place as that. God Almighty is very good; and something may turn out better for us, than we can expect!"

"Excellent creatures!" exclaimed the benevolent physician; "how I honor the humanity of your feelings! something *shall* turn out to your advantage; for, while the child is with you, I will pay you eight shillings a week.—But the first thing to be done, is to go to Carnarvon, and purchase the sweet infant proper clothes.—there is a five-pound note for you; and, if that is not sufficient, I will give you more."

Joy, gratitude, and astonishment, were strongly displayed upon her countenance. A five-pound note she had never before beheld; and, running with it toward her husband, she exclaimed, "Maurice! Maurice! look at this!"—A sense of gratitude instantly conquered every other feeling; and, in the unstudied language of nature, she poured forth her warmest thanks.—It was finally determined that Maurice should defer going to his accustomed laborious employment until the afternoon, for the purpose of watching the little stranger, while his wife went to Carnarvon, to purchase him clothes.

In the mean time, the benevolent Dr Gilman pursued his way to a more extensive part of the coast; for the spot where Maurice had found the lovely infant, was merely a little nook, overhung by a rough precipice, and where no vessels of any burden ever ventured.—All he could bear, was, that, about two o'clock

in the morning, signals of distress had been heard very near the coast; but, as the morning had been extremely dark, and the sea unusually tempestuous, not a single boat had been able to venture out; and, as no symptoms of a wreck had been discovered, it was conjectured that the vessel and all her crew had been lost.—How the poor black and her lovely charge had escaped the fate of their companions, could not possibly be accounted for; but, as it is a well-known fact that most of the blacks are excellent swimmers, it was supposed, that, in the general consternation, she had seized the object of her solicitude, and swam with him to land.

In the mean time the body of the poor woman had been removed to a neighbouring public-house. Doctor Gilman immediately went thither, for the purpose of searching her pockets: but neither paper nor letter of any description was found in them: all they contained was a few trifling ornaments; on her finger, however, she had a ring, with the initials, G. M. G.

Of this ring and the other trifles Doctor Gilman took immediate possession; and, as he had seen similar ornaments worn by the natives during his residence in the West Indies, he resolved to write, by the first vessel that sailed to those islands, a particular account of the melancholy catastrophe, and entreat a friend, who resided in Jamaica, to make every inquiry in his power.—He likewise determined to have it stated in the public papers without delay; and, for this purpose, he wrote to a correspondent in London, requesting him to see that it was immediately advertised.—The next measure to be adopted, was to give orders for the interment of the poor black; which having done, he

thought it proper that his lovely protégé should be baptised; and the following Sunday was appointed for the performance of that ceremony. In the mean time, Dr. Thornto, the rector of the parish, having seen the lovely foundling, was extremely struck with his beauty, as was likewise his lady; and they kindly offered to become sponsors, if the proposal met with the doctor's approbation.—Delighted at the idea of leaving the child of his adoption under the protection of such respectable friends, the doctor not only thankfully accepted the proposal, but determined to name the child George Thornton, in compliment to the worthy clergyman, who evidently felt so warmly interested about him.

For several days, the humble hut of the worthy Morgans was actually crowded with guests, drawn thither either by curiosity, or a better motive.—Whatever was the cause, the effect was favorable to Peggy Morgan, as most of her visitors made presents either to herself or her children; and, in less than a fortnight, the appearance of both was so completely altered, that their nearest neighbours would scarcely have known them.—The sturdy limbs of the little stranger seemed daily to acquire activity; and his nurse prognosticated, that, in less than a month, he would run alone:—her own health, too, seemed daily to become stronger, from being able to procure a sufficiency of wholesome food.—Eight shillings a week, with the earnings of her industrious husband, appeared to her actual affluence; and, from the liberality of those whom sympathy or curiosity had attracted to her humble habitation, she had been enabled to procure decent apparel for herself and her children.

The term allotted for recreation

being expired, the benevolent Dr. Gilman found it necessary to return to London, for the purpose of resuming his professional pursuits; and, after having left a sufficient sum of money in the hands of Mrs. Thornton, he took an affectionate leave of his adopted son.

(To be continued.)

The MIDNIGHT BELL; a Fragment.

By J. M. L.

.....“WHAT can it mean then?” said a venerable old man, one winter's night, peeping forth from his humble cottage, and speaking to his next neighbour. “If there is not a fire, why should we be thus disturbed at midnight by that bell? It has not been once rung, these seven years; and then, if you remember, farmer Rackstraw's barns were destroyed by lightning.”

Here old Jasper had touched on a string that called forth the tears of his neighbour Hubert. “Aye, neighbour!” he cried—“I do indeed remember it; for, on the morning of that day, my poor son was tempted from me by some soldiers, and I was left alone in my old age, the victim of his ingratitude. But your goodness, Jasper, and that of your old dame, has kept me from absolute despair; and I still drag on my miserable existence, if not in comfort, at least in peace: and, when I pray to the God of all goodness, my tears constantly flow at poor Edward's name, which I never fail to send, in a contrite whisper, to the throne of mercy.”

Here the fire-bell rang again; and the villagers began to flock together about old Jasper's door, who, as well as old Hubert, was considered as a sort of patriarch among them. A consultation was now held; for it appeared a matter of moment. No



fire was to be seen: the bell occasionally rang; and the question was, Who it could be, that rang it? The situation of the bell was under a shed at the entrance of the church-yard, which was at some distance from their habitations; and something very like terror had taken possession of many of the young lads of the village:—superstition, that hydra, though most of its heads are gone, has still sufficient influence upon the ignorant mind, to make it shudder at the idea of entering a church-yard at midnight. At length the villagers agreed to go in a body, provided that Jasper and Hubert headed them. This they did; and the procession moved boldly forward, till the church was in sight. Here, some, more cowardly than the rest, advised a retreat till day-light.

“For shame!” cried old Jasper—“for shame! Now that I am come so far, even if I go the rest of the way alone, I will see what it is, that occasions this disturbance. You will not desert me, Hubert, I am sure: for who knows but it may be some fellow creature in distress? some benighted traveller? some . . . . . But come on! and we shall soon ascertain it.”

Most of them now cheerfully advanced: there was so much of probability in old Jasper’s idea, that even the cowards began to think as he did.—The shed soon appeared, as they turned the corner of the wall; and the mystery was now cleared up. On the ground; just under the bell-rops, was discovered a human being, but so miserably clad in offensive rags, that the sex was almost doubtful. It was evident, that, whoever or whatever it was, night and fatigue had conspired to bring the wanderer to that spot; and, as a last resort, the shed had

offered itself as a shelter, and the bell as an alarm to the village.

It seemed to be a man; and several of the young men had already lifted him up, senseless as he was, when in an instant the lantern which poor Hubert held, dropped from his trembling grasp, and he fell to the ground. . . . . It was his son! . . . . . Trepanned by some soldiers, the young man had enlisted, had sought the land of our enemies, had bravely fought against them, and, with his comrades in arms, returned, unbut, to his native shore. Soon after his arrival, an accidental but serious hurt had disabled him, and he was discharged. Being deprived, by this event, of the usual bounty of his country, he had sought a miserable subsistence from begging; had become wretched, ragged, and diseased; had endeavoured to reach his first home: but, worn down by fatigue and pain, his limbs could bear him no further. . . . . Behold him now in the cottage of his aged parents: see the tear-drop standing in the venerable old man’s eye!—it trickles o’er his furrowed cheek:—he presses his unfortunate son to his breast. . . . . May they yet be happy!

#### *The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.*

*(Continued from page 551)*

*Sequel of Mrs. D’Anville’s History.*

“Good morning, Miss Seymour!” said Mr. Mortimer—“I find that you have paid an early visit this morning. I have just now parted with old Benson:—there was such an unusual expression of pleasure in his countenance, that I could not help asking him the reason of it; and I ceased to wonder, when he told me, that Miss Seymour had, that morning, honored his cottage with a visit.”

“Mortimer’s behaviour was so-

polite and respectful, that I soon got the better of the embarrassment caused by the recollection of what had happened on the preceding day; and I gave way to the pleasure which his conversation always afforded me. Indeed, so far was I from banishing this destructive passion from my heart, that every day strengthened my attachment.

“ We made frequent visits to the cottage; and, one day, we insensibly got on the subject of my quitting Byron-Place. ‘ You seem, madam,’ cried Mortimer in a dejected tone, ‘ to speak with a degree of pleasure of returning to Seymour-Hall: can I wonder at it? A parent so dear to you, the number of happy faces that will crowd around you to welcome your return, must naturally, in a heart like yours, give birth to a thousand joyous ideas: and, when you are roving with pleasure over your happy native plains, the scenes and friends you have left behind, will possibly be forgotten.— Will you pardon me, too amiable Miss Seymour,’ continued he, pressing my hand, with earnestness in his voice and manner, ‘ if I own to you, that my soul sickens at the idea of this separation? Can I forget the happy hours I have passed in your society? can I forget the music of your voice? and shall I not view with heaviness and languor those scenes, which, in your absence, will lose all their power of pleasing? My ever gentle friend! my heart is oppressed: I am no longer master of its emotions: I have no longer power to conceal the sentiments which you have inspired. You have robbed Mortimer of his peace! I love you, madam, with an ardent, delicate, disinterested passion: and, as this is the first time that my passion has got the better of my judgment, so shall it be the last, as I

am thoroughly sensible of the immense distance that fate has placed between us.’

“ Though this declaration was what I had long expected, yet I was so agitated, so softened by his manner, that I could not articulate a word.

“ I have offended you, Miss Seymour,’ he resumed—‘ and, I fear, unpardonably: but I know the noble generosity of your heart: you will pity, you will, I hope, forgive a man, who would not willingly offend you to gain an empire, and who has nothing to ask, nothing to expect, from an avowal of his sentiments, but that you will sometimes think favorably of one who will make your happiness his first consideration.’

“ Mr. Mortimer!’ replied I, endeavouring to recover myself, ‘ you cannot really think that I am angry. Deceit and dissimulation are not in my nature. You must,’ continued I, trembling, and with my face in a glow—‘ you must, long since, have discovered that you were not indifferent to me. Yes, sir! I frankly confess, that, but for one objection—which, I fear, is insurmountable—I could listen to you on this subject.’

“ Oh! I am sensible of that objection,’ replied he eagerly: ‘ but suffer me to enjoy the transporting idea of not being disagreeable to you.—Yes, my charming friend! I have heard of Mr. Seymour’s peculiar aversion to the clergy in general: and, even without that prejudice, I could not have flattered myself, very humble as my fortune is, that your father would give to me his darling daughter. Let the opinions, the determinations of Mr. Seymour be what they may, they shall ever be respected by me. It is enough for me to know, that, but

for a prior duty, my beloved Fanny could be happy in Mortimer's cottage. To see her there content and happy, the darling mistress of the little I possessed, would, in my estimation, be a blessing superior to the wealth of worlds.'

"Oh! why do I dwell on this conversation—a conversation indelibly engraven on my memory? why think on days of happiness that are passed, never to be recalled?—Mortimer was my friend—my lover! We reciprocally exchanged a thousand vows of unalterable fidelity, nor suffered one thought of the future to cast a cloud over our present joys. At last, the long expected summons from my father arrived. It was the first time I had ever felt a reluctance in complying with a command to attend on him. I knew not why—but a sadness pervaded every faculty of my mind, as I perused the letter. —Mortimer was with me when I received it: I gave it to him. When he had read it, he turned to me with a smile which was evidently forced, saying, 'Mr Seymour is returned to the Hall! he wishes for his Fanny! You will attend him, my sweet friend, and, with your permission, I will conduct you in safety to his arms.'

"Good Heavens! Mortimer!" I exclaimed—"you know not what you propose! Would you expose yourself, unprepared, to the violence of my father's temper?—I tremble at the idea of your meeting.'

"Be not alarmed, my love," he replied.—'An open candid mode of proceeding is surely at all times the best. You have, my dearest Fanny! repeatedly declared that you will not accept the hand of your faithful Mortimer without your father's consent; and far be it from me to wish you to alter your determination. It would be repugnant to my principles, and in-

consistent with my character, as a teacher of morality, to endeavour to prevail on a child to violate her first duties.—Whatever may be the fate of the man who adores you, Fanny Seymour will ever be respected by me for her filial submission to her parent. But doubt and suspense are insupportable: Mr. Seymour shall know that I have dared to love his daughter. He is a gentleman. he will not forget what is due to his own character and mine. But, should resentment get the better of his reason, I will, for my Fanny's sake, bridle the impetuosity of my own temper: I will not for a moment forget the relation in which he stands to the most amiable of women.'

"I endeavoured to appear satisfied with his reasoning: but my heart beat with apprehension.—Sir Thomas and Lady Byron approved Mortimer's proposal; and both offered, if it would be any satisfaction to me, to accompany me to the Hall. I accepted their friendly offer with grateful joy, as I knew that Sir Thomas was a great favourite with my father; and I hoped that Mortimer's being introduced as his friend, might secure to him at least a tolerably polite reception.

"These preliminaries being adjusted, Mortimer used every endeavour to remove the chagrin and pensiveness that visibly hung about me, and, by a thousand arguments, strove to calm my fears, and to convince me, that, when this meeting was over, we should both feel more at ease. I was in some degree reassured by the united endeavour, of friends so beloved, and quitted Byron-Place with tolerable composure of mind.

"When we arrived at the Hall, and my father folded me in his arms, and fondly welcomed me home, I

at that moment forgot every thing but the unfeigned joy I felt at seeing him. After this first sensation, however, I anxiously watched every turn of his countenance, when Byron introduced his friend to him; and I was delighted to observe, that, notwithstanding the repulsive appearance of his black coat, he did receive him with more freedom and complaisance than I had expected.

“After my father had welcomed his guests to Seymour-Hall, he took my hand, and led me toward a young gentleman who had hitherto stood a silent observer of what was passing. ‘D’Anville!’ said he, ‘permit me to introduce to you my daughter, the pride and boast of her fond father, and do you, my Fanny, look upon this gentleman as one for whom I have a particular esteem and regard.’

“This stranger (for, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen him before) politely saluted me, and passed some compliments, which seemed highly to please my father.—The first view I had of Mr. D’Anville did not prepossess me in his favor; and that dislike might probably proceed from a something within me, which I could not account for.—He certainly was a very handsome man: his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; but there was in them an expression of malevolence, which obscured their brilliancy:—how different, how very different from Mortimer’s!

“We passed a cheerful evening. My father was particularly attentive to D’Anville; and, from several hints which he let drop, and the significant looks he occasionally cast at that gentleman and me, gave me some apprehension of his intentions.”

“The next morning, Sir Thomas and Mr. D’Anville rode out:

Lady Byron and Mortimer went into the garden: I was preparing to follow them, when my father bade me stay with him, as he had something of consequence to communicate to me. He fastened the door, and then, without any preface, addressed me as follows—‘Fanny! how do you like Mr. D’Anville? is he not a handsome fellow?’—‘I think he is, sir,’ I replied, and hung down my head in silence.—‘Your answer is mighty cool, methinks: but you will perhaps not long be so indifferent: I intend him for your husband.’—‘Good Heaven! I hope not,’ answered I hastily.—‘And why hope not?’ said my father—‘Have you made any other choice, Fanny?’ and here he looked so earnestly at me, that I turned away my glowing face; but, recollecting myself, I answered, ‘Pardon me, my dear sir! I own you surprised me by proposing an entire stranger to me for a husband. I do not wish to quit your protection: I have no thoughts of matrimony.’—‘Pop! poo! all stuff and nonsense! I shall hear you talk in another strain by and by.—But listen to me, Fanny; for I am serious. Mr. D’Anville is the only son of a much-esteemed friend of mine long deceased. This young man, by the death of an uncle, has lately come into possession of a good estate contiguous to mine; and he proposes to join the two estates by a union with you. I readily closed with his proposals, for the satisfaction of leaving my child in the enjoyment of the best connected and conditioned estates in the county. Therefore, Fanny, if you wish to oblige your father, who has ever been most indulgent to you—and as it is for your own advantage that I am so solicitous to complete this match—you will give D’Anville your

hand.—I will say no more to you at present, but leave your lover to plead his own cause.'

"Merciful Powers!" thought I, —'is it to the contiguity of a few dirty acres that my peace of mind is to be sacrificed? Is not my fortune already sufficiently large for an individual? and what opinion can I form of the mind of a man, who can negotiate in this mercantile way for a wife?' This apostrophe, however, passed not my lips; as I was not willing to exasperate my father. He was now preparing to quit the room, and I to follow him, when Mortimer entered, and begged that he would favor him with a few moments' conversation; a request, with which my father somewhat stiffly complied.

"I hurried from a conference, which I knew would be too interesting for me to witness. Extremely fluttered, I hastened into the garden to Lady Byron. 'Oh! my friend!' cried I—'the storm begins to vent itself on thy poor Fanny's head! Mortimer is now with my father: in an unlucky moment he makes known his wishes, as my father has just declared to me his desire of seeing me the wife of D'Anville!—My Laura! my dear Laura! I dread the issue of this conference!—Support me to bear the violence of my father's temper.'

"Lady Byron said every thing in her power to sooth my apprehensions. I leaned my head on her shoulder; and a violent flood of tears somewhat relieved me.

"I was thus circumstanced when Mortimer joined us.—As he approached, I saw his face was in a glow,—I attempted to speak to him: but the words died on my lips. He took my hand, and hung over me for some time in motionless silence, and with a most pain-

ful expression of countenance.—At length, 'How hard,' he cried—'how very hard it is, my too charming friend, to comply with the severe dictates of duty, when opposed by the powerful pleadings of inclination! But I have passed my word; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will abide by it.—Mr. Seymour has forbidden me even to think of his daughter, and that too in terms not the most soothing.—My time is too precious to repeat a conversation which I will endeavour to forget. I have but a few short minutes allowed me to bid you adieu—to tear myself from you—perhaps,' continued he in faltering accents, 'for ever!—Farewell then, my too tenderly beloved Miss Seymour! Cherish the memory of Mortimer! It will be the pride of my heart to think I shall not be forgotten by the most amiable woman in the world. And, whatever may be the fate of our loves, we shall not, I trust, be quite unhappy, while we continue to act with honor and rectitude. I go then, my friend, my dearest friend! and will endeavour to think of you only in that character, till fortune smiles more favorably upon me.—Oh! smile upon me, my Fanny, my dear Fanny!' cried he, folding me in his arms; 'and once, ere I depart, let your tuneful voice speak peace to my soul! once more repeat that declaration, with which you so oft have cheered me, that your friend, your Mortimer, will never cease to be dear to you.'

"My heart was full: in broken and interrupted murmurs, I could only assure him how dear he was to me. 'God for ever bless you, Mortimer! Be assured that the hand of Fanny Seymour shall never be given in marriage, except to the man who possesses her heart. Oh!

go!' continued I in an agony, seeing my father enter the garden—'If you love me, avoid exposing yourself again to my exasperated parent.'—'Once more, then, adieu, my first, my last, my only love! Mr. Seymour and I must not meet again.'

"He then hurried from me; and Byron, who was approaching us, joined him.—I could, if possible, have shrunk from myself, and would have given worlds to have avoided seeing my father at that moment. I had not spirits to encounter the violence of temper which I knew he would vent upon me. I would have quitted the temple before he entered it: but he came in just as I arose from my seat.

"Whether so fast, my dutiful daughter?" he exclaimed. "Is your father already become so hateful to your sight, that you are endeavouring to fly from him?—Ungrateful, disobedient girl!" he added, in a voice almost suffocated with passion—'was there no other way to plague my heart, than that of fixing your affections on a parson, and forcing him upon me?—a parson! one of that set of men, whom, of all mankind, you knew to be most hateful to me! But hearken to me, Fanny! If you can so far forget the duty you owe to an indulgent parent, as to marry that canting scoundrel, and can be mean enough to be happy in poverty, may all the evils which attend such a situation be your portion! You have indeed a fortune, that will seem large to a beggarly parson, independent of me, left to you by your foolish uncle. But hear me,' continued he, trembling with rage—'and remember, a determination, once formed in my mind, is for ever after unalterable. If, in spite of my remonstrances, you will enter into this accused marriage, may you and your posterity be as

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miserable as you would have made me! Never expect any favor or protection from me:—I renounce you for ever. . Never will my eyes again dwell on you with delight and pleasure: and I will endeavour to forget that I ever gave birth to such a being.'

"Shocked beyond expression, to hear him thus heap ill wishes on my head, I sunk on my knees: I caught his hand, and bedewed it with my tears. .

*(To be continued)*

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(Continued from page 489.)*

BOOK 6.

MORE expeditious than Alva's couriers, Tyranny winged her way across the Pyrenees, from whose lofty summits she in her wrath hurls many a rock into the abysses beneath. Under her tread, the affrighted Ebro rushes back to his source: her terrific voice alarms all Madrid, and announces the triumph of the Batavians, and the return of William. Terror freezes every heart—spreads like a rapid contagion, and penetrates into the recesses of the Escorial. There, environed by a pompous and servile court, Philip had assembled the gay circle of pleasures: but, even in the midst of them, a sullen sternness clouded his brow; and vainly did their sprightly train endeavour to dissipate the gloomy cares which sat brooding on the tyrant's mind.

Granvelle presents himself before him; and, while the well-feigned semblance of deep consternation conceals the joy with which the minister of the throne and of the altar is inspired by the hope of soon exercising in their joint names his personal vengeance, he thus addresses the despot—

"Great king! while you grant a

few hours to your relaxation from severer cares—while peace and submission reign throughout the numerous states that own your extended sway—the Batavians have the audacity to call themselves free! William has re-appeared, and breathes nought but war and battle.”

At these words the monarch's eyes gleam with burning ire: he gives orders to suspend the pleasures of the night: they are instantly suspended: the flambeaux, which, like radiant constellations, illumined the ample dome, are extinguished; and Philip instantly assents to the ministers of his council.

They are introduced into a secret recess surrounded with massive walls, and secured with double doors, where sleepless watch mysterious Silence, and dark Policy with hollow, piercing eye. Her hand conceals a poniard, while a treacherous smile sits on her lips. Wand'ring from court to court, the monster long kept her abode at Rome, where, crowned with the tiara, she governed the subject world: at present, her residence is the Escorial.

Philip, whose sentiments on every other occasion are impenetrable, is at this moment unable to dissemble his indignant wrath; it stands portrayed in every feature of his countenance. “By what fatality,” exclaims he, “does that enemy, whom I had crushed to the dust, again rear his head? A feeble party, whose only support is the daring rashness of a few chiefs, re-enter the career in which they were so lately vanquished: they emerge more formidable from the abysses of the ocean, where I was assured that the anger of heaven had buried them. Revolt rises from her tomb, and with audacious hand threatens to shake my throne! Nassau yet lives!—lives?—nay he, arms, he

creates, a fleet! The Batavians have risen! they are already victorious! What inimical power must then have concealed from Alva's eyes, as from mine, their projects and their enterprises? Surely I am not betrayed? . . . .

“Let my squadrons instantly sail! Mistress of the seas, let Spain exterminate those rebels from the face of the ocean. Meantime, what measures shall I adopt? Shall I confide to other hands the task of avenging my insulted honor? or shall I, myself, head my warriors, and hurl my thunders on those guilty provinces? Shall I arm the hand of avarice against Nassau, who is the soul of the revolt? and will my treasures, liberally offered to who brings me his head, insure to me the destruction of so dangerous an enemy?—Tremble, ye rebels! on every side I'll surround you with the snares of death: I'll teach you to dread the very air that you breathe; nor shall you, even in the arms of friendship, be free from terror. Nassau! happily thy son is in my power:—this instant—the order is already given—I'll wound thee in thy second self, and inflict on thee, yet living, all the pangs of death!—But do you, my counsellors, speak your thoughts: your opinions may perhaps remove my irresolution.”

“Powerful monarch!” said Granvelle—“avenger of our altars! if you had not given ear to perfidious entreaties—if you had not taken from my hand the sacred weapons with which it was armed—policy and religion, more efficacious than war, would have completely subjected to your sway the Batavian and the Belgian; nor should we at this moment need to deliberate on their future fate. Your clemency has only encouraged the revolt:

those people, on obtaining my recall from among them, insolently boasted that they had banished me to your court; and the triumphal acclamations, with which Brussels resounded at my departure, still echo in my ears.

“ Pardon me, o king! for recalling that transaction to your remembrance: but I was not the sole object of those outrages. No! that was only the first step toward their subsequent revolt; and the Batavians have confirmed the maxim, that to resist the power of the minister is to disclaim the authority of the sovereign from whom that power emanated. I have seen rebellion first stealing into birth—I have seen it rapidly increase in strength: I have seen your laws trampled under foot, your sacred person insulted, our altars overthrown. And was not this the most daring effort of full-grown audacity? No! it was but her infant essay: she now stalks abroad uncontrolled: she no longer knows any bounds, but already wrests from you entire provinces! Thus, unless their first attempts be repressed, the subjects become intractable, undermine and finally overturn the authority of a master, whose yoke alone could contain them within the limits of obedience, but which sits heavy on their reluctant shoulders—confer the sovereign power on one of their leaders—or, assuming it into their own hands, erect for themselves a throne.

“ An eye-witness of the crimes of that people, I have seen them suffered to pass with too great a degree of impunity; and, from that early period, I foresaw the conflagration by which those first sparks would be followed. Do not enter into deliberation on the nature or the rigor of the punishment to be

inflicted: haste to extinguish in blood the devouring fire; or I venture to predict, that, receiving additional fuel from the revolt of other nations, it will inflame both hemispheres. It is time to arrest rebellion in her impetuous career: let scaffolds, let the tremendous arms of religion, and the thunders of war, terrify her! Let all the guilty wretches whom heaven has delivered into your hands, be immediately sacrificed. Buren has hardly yet approached the age of manhood: but he is the son of Nassau, and, if he were not in your power, would at this moment be fighting by his father's side. His death, which the interest of the state loudly calls for, will be the first stroke of the arch-rebel's punishment.

“ At the same time, great king! go yourself in person, and, at the head of your warriors, maintain the glorious title of Invincible. Prove to the universe that you are capable of governing—that you can render the true faith triumphant, and fight in defence of her altars, while she fights in support of your crown. At the bare display of your power, that delusive phantom, liberty, will vanish—a phantom, dangerous to the authority of kings, unless dissipated at the first moment when it appears to the eyes of the subject crowd. To you it belongs to dispel it from the universe, which otherwise it would soon lead astray. But let not my words delay you any longer: begin the work this moment; and, especially, let not the dictates of pity or clemency stop your hand. In less alarming times, the Spanish monarchs have shed torrents of blood in support of their dignity: and now, when the state is threatened by the most imminent danger—when the throne is invaded, and the thrones of all your



brother kings are insulted—when the altars of religion are overturned, and the glory of God himself is at stake—will you for a moment hesitate?”

This discourse, which flattered the passions of Philip, is applauded by the whole assembly—the hoary Figheroa excepted. He alone remained silent: but a signal from the monarch ordered him to deliver his opinion.

As, in former days, the aged oak, loaded with inscriptions, and shading the tombs of those whose birth it had witnessed, gave to posterity instructive lessons warning them against the errors of their predecessors, and was respected by sages, who looked up to it as prophetic—while insensate vice, disdainful to seek information in those records of past ages, rudely outraged its branches, already injured by the hand of time;—such, in the midst of the courtiers, appeared Figheroa. His temples were crowned with hoary honors; and, though chilled with the frost of age, which often extinguishes all feeling in the human bosom, tender humanity glowed in his heart, beamed on his countenance, and poured its soft accents from his lips. Seldom did Philip deign to ask his counsel; but, in the present conjuncture, he flatters himself that the senior, intimidated into compliance with his master's wishes, will not dare to speak in defence of the Batavians.

*(To be continued.)*

#### *Notices of the LAPLANDERS.*

FROM Mr. Murray's "Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations," we extract the following character of the Laplanders.

In a people so situated, we may naturally expect a disposition to seriousness and gloom. Melancholy

is the child of solitude. Society and plenty, the great cheerers of human life, are both wanting. Alone with his family, the Laplander wanders on, with nothing but dreary wastes around him on every side. He meets with nothing to enliven his existence, or to break its monotony. Hence suicide is common; many are content, even thus, to escape from a life which presents only a cheerless unvaried round.

This combination of fear and melancholy naturally renders them liable to the influence of superstition. It is wonderful, considering their limited faculties in other respects, how complicated a mythology they have formed. Not only the earth, but two regions above, and two beneath, are all filled with their appropriate deities. A mystic drum, with the sounds which it utters, is their oracle, to which they resort on all occasions for advice and direction. And, what we should hardly expect, even in this small and poor society, are found men who endeavour to promote their own interest and consequence, by working on the fears and credulity of their fellow men. Lapland has been long the favorite abode of witches and conjurers, where powers above humanity are claimed by beings that are scarcely entitled to the epithet of human. The conjuror possesses power over the winds, which, like Æolus of old, he confines in bags, and sells at a high price to the credulous mariner. Invisible flies (suggested, probably, by the mosquitoes, which, during the summer months, swarm in the forests of Lapland) are ever at hand to execute vengeance on those who have dared to offend him. He claims also, along with the rest of his fraternity, the power of foreseeing the future. Votaries resort to him, often from

a great distance, to whom, after receiving presents, and throwing himself into frightful contortions, he delivers oracles that are believed to be infallible.

Nor are timidity and gloom the only symptoms of this deficiency in the character of the Laplander. The benevolent affections, having so few objects on which to exert themselves, remain concentrated within himself; and a selfishness ensues, which excludes not only the social, but even the nearest relative affections. Of this a Swedish writer has adduced some instances, which seem to pass all comprehension. A Laplander having drowned himself, his wife was obliged to give six rein-deer to her father-in-law, before he would assist in the interment of his own son. Avarice, the vice of little minds, reigns even in Lapland. If a woman were deaf, blind, and a hundred years old, she is said to be certain of suitors, provided she possesses a plentiful supply of rein-deer. The small sums which they have gained by the sale of their furs, are often buried in the earth; and, as their reserved character prevents them from ever disclosing the place where they have been deposited, it is by accident only if the discovery be ever made.

Nor, though guiltless of deeds of violence, are they exempt from a certain impotent species of malignity. Slander and detraction are said to compose a favorite subject of their ordinary conversation. It is asserted also, that witchcraft is sometimes resorted to, in the hope of destroying their enemies by secret methods; though, as such relations are naturally mixed with fable, much reliance is not to be placed on them.

From Linnæus's Tour in Lapland, we add the following account of their mode of living.

These people eat a great deal of flesh meat. A family of four persons consumes, at least, one rein-deer every week, from the time when the preserved fish becomes too stale to be eatable, till the return of the fishing season. Surely they might manage better in this respect than they do. When the Laplander in summer catches no fish, he must either starve, or kill some of his rein-deer. He has no other cattle or domestic animals than the rein-deer and the dog: the latter cannot serve him for food in his rambling excursions; but whenever he can kill gluttons (*mustela gulo*), squirrels, martens, bears, or beavers, in short, any thing except foxes and wolves, he devours them. His whole sustenance is derived from the flesh of these animals, wild-fowl, and the rein-deer, with fish and water. A Laplander, therefore, whose family consists of four persons, including himself, when he has no other meat, kills a rein-deer every week, three of which are equal to an ox; he consequently consumes about thirty of those animals in the course of the winter, which are equal to ten oxen; whereas a single ox is sufficient for a Swedish peasant.

The Laplanders are altogether carnivorous. They have no vegetable food brought to their tables. They now and then eat a raw stalk of angelica, as we would eat an apple, and occasionally a few leaves of sorrel; but this, compared with the bulk of their food, is scarcely more than as one to a million. In spring, they eat fish; in winter, nothing but meat; in summer, milk and its various preparations. It may further be remarked, that salted food, which these people do not use, renders the body heavy.

## JAVANESE SPORTS.

THE most favorite diversions of the Javanese emperors are combats between wild beasts.

When a tiger and a buffalo are to fight for the amusement of the court, they are brought upon the field of combat in large cages. The field is surrounded by a body of Javanese, four deep, with levelled pikes, in order that, if the animals endeavour to break through, they may be killed immediately; this, however, is not so easily effected; but many of these poor wretches are torn to pieces, or dreadfully wounded, by the enraged animals.

When every thing is in readiness, the cage of the buffalo is first opened at the top, and his back is rubbed with certain leaves, which have the singular quality of occasioning an intolerable degree of pain, and which, from the use they are applied to, have been called buffalo-leaves. They sting like nettles, but much more violently, so as to cause an inflammation in the skin. On every vein they have sharp-pointed prickles, which are transparent, and contain a fluid that occasions the irritation. Dr. Thunberg says, it is a species of nettle, before unknown, to which he gave the name of *urtica stimulans*. The door of the cage is then opened, and the animal leaps out, raging with pain, and roaring most dreadfully.

The cage of the tiger is then opened, and fire is thrown into it, to make the beast quit it; which he does generally running backwards out of it.

As soon as the tiger perceives the buffalo, he springs upon him; his huge opponent stands expecting him, with his horns upon the ground: if the buffalo succeed in striking and throwing him into the

air, and the tiger recovers from his fall, he generally loses every wish of renewing the combat: and if the tiger avoids this attempt of the buffalo, he springs upon him, and seizing him in the neck, or other parts, tears his flesh from the bones: in most cases, however, the buffalo has the advantage.

The Javanese who must perform the dangerous office of making these animals quit their cages, may not, when they have done, notwithstanding they are in great danger of being torn to pieces by the enraged beasts, leave the open space, before they have saluted the emperor several times, and his majesty has given them a signal to depart; they then retire slowly, for they are not permitted to walk fast, to the circle, and mix with the other Javanese.

The emperors sometimes make criminals, condemned to death, fight with tigers. In such cases, the man is rubbed with *borri*, or turmeric, and has a yellow piece of cloth put round him; a dagger is then given to him, and he is conducted to the field of combat.

The tiger, who has for a long time been kept fasting, falls upon the man with the greatest fury, and generally strikes him down at once with his paw; but if he be fortunate enough to avoid this, and to wound the animal, so that it quits him, the emperor commands him to attack the tiger, and the man is then generally the victim: even if he ultimately succeed in killing his ferocious antagonist, he must suffer death, by command of the emperor.

An officer in the East India company's service, who had long resided at the courts of the Javanese emperors, once witnessed a most extraordinary occurrence of this kind. —A Javanese, who had been con-

demned to be torn to pieces by tigers, and for that purpose had been thrown down from the top into a large cage, in which several tigers were confined, fortunately fell exactly upon the largest and fiercest of them, across whose back he sat astride, without the animal doing him any harm. On the contrary, the tiger appeared intimidated; while the others also, awed by the unusual posture and appearance of the man, dared not attempt to destroy him. He could not, however, avoid the punishment of death, to which he had been condemned; for the emperor commanded him to be shot dead in the cage.

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*Notices of the INHABITANTS of  
 New SPAIN.*

(From Major Pike's "Travels.")

FOR hospitality, generosity, docility, and sobriety, the people of New Spain exceed any nation perhaps on the globe; but in national energy, or patriotism, enterprise of character, and independence of soul, they are perhaps the most deficient. Yet there are men who have displayed bravery to a surprising degree, and the Europeans who are there, cherish with delight the idea of their gallant ancestry. Their women have black eyes and hair, fine teeth, and are generally brunettes. I met but one exception to this rule at Chilhuahua, of a fair lady, and she by way of distinction was called the girl with light hair. They are all inclining a little to *embonpoint*, but none, or few, are elegant figures. Their dresses are generally short jackets and petticoats, and high-heeled shoes, without any head-dress; over this they have a silk wrapper which they always wear, and, when in the presence of men, affect to bring it over their

faces; but, as we approached the Atlantic and our frontiers, we saw several ladies who wore the gowns of our country-women, which they conceive to be more elegant than their ancient custom. The lower class of the men are generally dressed in broad-brimmed hats, short coats, large waistcoats and small-clothes, always open at the knees, owing, I suppose, to the greater freedom it gives to the limbs on horseback, a kind of leather boot or wrapper bound round the leg, somewhat in the manner of our frontier men's leggins, and gartered on. The boot is of a soft pliable leather, but not colored. In the eastern provinces the dragoons wear over this wrapper a sort of jack-boot made of seal leather, to which are fastened the spurs by a rivet, the gaffs of which are near an inch in length. But the spurs of the gentlemen and officers, although clumsy to our ideas, are frequently ornamented with raised silver-work on the shoulders, and the strap embroidered with silver and gold thread. They are always ready to mount their horses, on which the inhabitants of the internal provinces spend nearly half the day. This description will apply generally for the dress of all the men of the provinces, for the lower class: but in the towns, among the more fashionable ranks, they dress after the European or United States mode, with not more distinction than we see in our cities from one six months to another. Both men and women have remarkably fine hair, and pride themselves in the display of it.

Their amusements are music, singing, dancing, and gambling: the latter is strictly prohibited, but the prohibition is not much attended to. The dance of ——— is performed by one man and two women, who beat time to the music

which is soft and voluptuous, but sometimes changes to a lively gay air, whilst the dancers occasionally exhibit the most indelicate gestures. The whole of this dance impressed me with the idea of an isolated society, of once civilised beings, but now degenerated into a medium state, between the improved world and the children of nature. The fandango is danced in various figures and numbers. The minuet is still danced by the superior class only; the music made use of is the guitar, violin, and singers, who, in the first-described dance, accompany the music with their hands and voices, having always some words adapted to the music, which are generally of such a tendency as would, in the United States, occasion every lady to leave the room.

Their games are cards, billiards, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, the first and last of which are carried to the most extravagant lengths, the parties losing and winning immense sums. The present commandant general is very severe with his officers in these respects, frequently sending them to some frontier post, in confinement for months, for no other fault than having lost large sums at play.

At every town of consequence is a public walk, where the ladies and gentlemen meet and sing songs, which are always on the subject of love, or the social board. The females have fine voices, and sing in French, Italian, and Spanish, the whole company joining in the chorus. In their houses the ladies play on the guitar, and generally accompany it with their voices. They either sit down on the carpet cross-legged, or loll on a sofa. To sit upright in a chair appeared to put them to great inconvenience; and although the better class would sometimes do

it on our first introduction, they soon demanded liberty to follow their old habits. In their eating and drinking they are remarkably temperate. Early in the morning you receive a dish of chocolate and a cake; at twelve you dine on several dishes of meat, fowls, and fish; after which you have a variety of confectionary, and indeed an elegant dessert; then drink a few glasses of wine, sing a few songs, and retire to take the siesta, or afternoon nap, which is done by rich and poor; and about two o'clock the windows and doors are all closed, the streets deserted, and the stillness of midnight reigns throughout. About four o'clock they rise, wash and dress, and prepare for the dissipation of the night. About eleven o'clock some refreshments are offered, but few take any, except a little wine and water, and a little candied sugar.

The government have multiplied the difficulties for Europeans mixing with the Creoles or Mestis, to such a degree, that it is difficult for a marriage to take place. An officer, wishing to marry a lady not from Europe, is obliged to acquire certificates of the purity of her descent for two hundred years back, and transmit them to the court; when the licence will be returned; but should she be the daughter of a person of the rank of captain or upwards, this nicety vanishes, as their rank purifies the blood of the descendants.

The general subjects of the conversation of the men are women, money, and horses, which appear to be the only objects, in their estimation, worthy of consideration. Having united the female sex with their money and their beasts, and treated them too much after the manner of the latter, they have eradicated from

their breasts every sentiment of virtue, or of ambition to pursue the acquirements which would make them amiable companions, instructive mothers, or respectable members of society. Their whole souls, with a few exceptions, like the Turkish ladies, are taken up in music, dress, and the little blandishments of voluptuous dissipation. Finding that the men only require these as objects of gratification to the sensual passions, they have lost every idea of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which arise from the intercourse of two refined and virtuous minds, whose inmost thoughts are open to the inspection and admiration of each other, and whose refinements of sentiment heighten the pleasures of every gratification.

The beggars of the city of Mexico alone are estimated at sixty thousand souls: what must be the number through the whole kingdom? And what reason can it be owing to, that, in a country superior to any in the world for riches in gold and silver, producing all the necessaries of life, and most of its luxuries, there should be such a vast proportion of the inhabitants in want of bread and clothing? It can only be accounted for by the tyranny of the government, and the luxuries of the rich; the government striving, by all the local restrictions possibly to be invented, without absolutely driving the people to desperation, to keep Spanish America dependent on Europe.

"Take no Thought for the Morrow."

An unhappy translation!—The true meaning of the text is, "Be not fretfully solicitous," or "miserably anxious;" the verb, in the original, being derived from a word signifying "anxious solicitude," or "fretful corroding care."

## ICELANDIC WOMEN.

Mr. Hooker, in the Journal of his tour in Iceland, thus describes a group of the female natives, whom he found employed (with a much smaller number of men) in the operation of curing and drying fish.

"Most of this business was performed by women, some of whom were very stout and lusty, but excessively filthy." . . . . . "The first peculiarity about the women, which strikes the attention of a stranger, is the remarkable tightness of their dress about the breast, where the jacket is, from their early infancy; always kept so closely laced, as to be quite flat; which, while it must be a great inconvenience to them, entirely ruins their figure in the eyes of those who come from a more civilised part of the world. Their dress is not otherwise unbecoming, and, from its warmth, must be well suited to the coldness of this climate. Upon their heads, in their working or common dress, they wear a blue woollen cap, with a long point, which hangs down by the side of the head, and is terminated by a tassel, nearly resembling such as is worn by many of our horse soldiers, in their undress uniform; and this tassel is often ornamented with silver wire. When they have this head-dress, their long and dirty hair is suffered to hang over the shoulders to a great length; but not so, when the *fuldur*, or dress-cap, is worn: then the hair is carefully tucked up, so that none of it is seen."

"Over a great number of coarse woollen petticoats, and a shirt of the same materials, they wear a thick petticoat, or rather gown, without sleeves, (for there are two apertures for the arms) made of blue or black cloth, and fastened down the breast, either by lacing, or, as is more common, with sil-

clasps\*. A short jacket of the same, which has sometimes a little skirt, goes over this, and is fastened, likewise, about the breast with brass or silver clasps, or by lacing. Their stockings are of coarse wool, knitted and dyed black; and their shoes made of the skins of sheep or seals. Over the shoulders of many of them, on each side, were hanging thick ropes, made of horse-hair, coarsely braided, with a noose at the end, by which they carried the hand-barrows with fish."..... "As to the features of this group of ladies, the generality of them were, assuredly, not cast in nature's happiest mould; and some of the old women were the very ugliest mortals I had ever seen; but among the younger ones, there were a few who would be reckoned pretty, even in England; and, in point of fairness of complexion, an Iceland girl, who has not been too much exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, will stand the comparison with ladies of any country. They are generally of a shorter stature than our women, but have a good deportment, and, to judge from their appearance, enjoy an excellent state of health."

#### The ADOPTED CHILD.

(Continued from page 541.)

JENNY began with a panegyric on the virtues of her late mistress—a subject, upon which she was particularly eloquent.—She was proceeding with great energy to relate her uncommon patience under the various trials which she had experienced, when Mrs. Montague in-

\* This gown, as well as the petticoats, Mr. Hooker describes as very short—adding, that, otherwise, they would be "a great hindrance to their walking among the rocks"—and that he recollects "one old lady, a constant laborer on the beach, who never had her dress come lower than her knees."

terrupted her, by repeating her inquiry concerning the contents of the box.

"Ah! madam! I beg your pardon: but, whenever I talk of my dear lady, I never know when to stop.—The box, madam, contains, not only the poor little pittance which she left behind her, (which, alas! is but fifty pounds) but likewise the picture of her good-for-nothing husband—may all the plagues on earth for ever torment him!"—Here the symptoms of alarm, excited in Mrs. Montague's countenance by this sudden burst of unexpected virulence, convinced Jenny that she was wrong; and, immediately checking herself, "It contains also," she continued, in a milder tone, "some drawings of my late mistress—some letters—and a sealed paper, which will, at a proper time, inform Maina who her father is."

"Then Cavendish is not her real name?" said Mrs. Montague.

"No, madam, it is not," replied Jenny: "but I am bound by a solemn oath not to declare what that name is, till she has attained her one and twentieth year. It is sufficient for me to say, that the discovery could not at present be of any service to my dear child.—She knows she has a father living—knows, too, the cruelties of which he has been guilty towards her angel mother: and almost the last injunction she received from her, was, to avoid him, if possible (even when she did see him) till such time as he should consent to clear her mother's ruined reputation:—and of that injunction, while I have breath, I will perpetually remind her."

Mrs. Montague then questioned Jenny respecting the education of her young charge, and found that

the contracted circumstances of Mrs. Cavendish had obliged her to confine her daughter solely to her own instructions. Of French and Italian she was herself perfect mistress; and these languages Marina spoke fluently. Drawing also she had taught her; and such had been her wonderful progress in this art, that she had already sketched several beautiful landscapes: but of dancing and music she was totally ignorant:—the grace which distinguished itself in every movement, and the sweet warblings of her wild notes, were advantages which she derived from nature alone.

On the following day, application was made to Mr. Burnaby, for the names of those masters who taught the Miss Manbys; and, as soon as Mrs. Montague had obtained the desired information, a servant was immediately dispatched to the next town, to engage their attendance on Marina. She had been a fortnight at Sedley-House, when Mr. Burnaby announced his intention of introducing William and Caroline.

Though Marina had been always accustomed to the society of people much older than herself, and, from the natural gravity of her disposition, had never wished for any other, she was too much prepossessed in favor of William and Caroline Manby, (from the warm encomiums bestowed on them by her benefactress) not to feel more than usually interested upon this occasion. Her little heart dilated with pleasure; and her kind and considerate friend was no less delighted, in having obtained two such unexceptionable companions to amuse the leisure hours of her young favorite.

William was three months older than Marina: his fine countenance was the express image of his mind, open and ingenuous.—His sister Ca-

roline was one year younger, and was the lively emblem of ease and good-humour.—While they continued in the neighbourhood, an evening seldom passed, without their seeing each other.

Five years had now elapsed since Marina's abode at Sedley-House, unmarked by any particular circumstance, save only the loss of Caroline's society, who had been gone some time, with the rest of Sir William Manby's daughters, to receive the advantages of a London education—Marina had now reached her seventeenth year—adorned by all those graces “which charm the eye, and captivate the sense.” She was idolised by Mr. and Mrs. Montague, who acknowledged themselves amply repaid for the pains and expense which they had bestowed on her education, by her unwearied attention to their happiness.

She was the delight and admiration of the whole village: her affability and condescension endeared her to the meanest cottager; and, as the liberality of her patrons left her without a pecuniary wish, she supplied the wants of the villagers with a munificence which drew forth many a fervent blessing.—These honest effusions of grateful acknowledgement Marina piously and emphatically answered, by directing their gratitude to the great original source of every earthly good.

She was known by the few who visited at Sedley-House, as an orphan, whom Mrs. Montague had adopted: and, for the first two or three months, this act of humanity was variously canvassed. Numberless were the reasons assigned for such an uncommon instance of generosity; and many did not scruple to insinuate that the disinterested conduct of Mrs. Montague, and



from motives which (though honorable to her) reflected disgrace on the character of Mr. Montague.—These insinuations reached not the peaceful inhabitants of Sedley-House, who, unconscious of the slander, were meditating in what manner they should introduce Marina into life.

Hitherto Mr. and Mrs. Montague had confined their visits within a very narrow circle: but the increasing beauty of Marina, and her various accomplishments, continually reproached them for thus burying in obscurity talents which were calculated to adorn the most polished society.—They therefore determined to alter their former plan—to extend the sphere of their acquaintance—and associate with their neighbours more than they had hitherto been accustomed to do.—Their intention was no sooner made known to Mr. Burnaby, than he joyfully announced it to all the neighbouring families, who, curious to behold this long-sequestered pair, and judge, by their own eyes, of the beauty of the fair stranger, eagerly took advantage of the information; and, the following week, Mrs. Montague's drawing-room was crowded with visitors. But their eyes sought in vain for the principal object of their curiosity. No Marina appeared.—Though they were all pleased with the good sense of Mr. Montague, and greatly admired the dignified ease of his lady, they would have been much more gratified by a sight of Marina, of whose perfections they had heard such encomiums as almost surpassed belief. A slight indisposition had confined her to her chamber; which proved a mortifying circumstance to Mrs. Montague, who would gladly have deferred the reception of her visitors; but the entreaties of Marina

prevailed; and her protectress endeavoured, throughout the evening, to assume a cheerfulness which only Marina's presence could have realised.

Mr. Burnaby regretted her absence.—Attached to Mr. and Mrs. Montague, from a long and perfect knowledge of their worth, he was delighted with Marina, for having brought about an event which he had so ardently desired, viz. their return to that society, which they were formed to refine and improve.

He saw the growing attachment of his grandson to their amiable charge, with real satisfaction; and William was too amiable in his person and manners, not to possess a large share in the affections of Marina. Next to Mr. and Mrs. Montague, she loved William:—he was her constant companion: all his endeavours were exerted to please and amuse her; yet she never felt for him a more tender sentiment.

The Reading races were the scene of Marina's introduction to the *beau monde*. William was her partner at the ball, where, unconscious of the admiration which she excited, she was pained at perceiving that she alone was the object of general observation; and, modestly attributing it to the awkwardness of her carriage, she earnestly desired to return home; and Mrs. Montague complied, without being able to prevail on her to dance a minuet, in which the gracefulness of her figure would have displayed itself to still greater advantage.

Among the many who were captivated with the beauty of Marina, none more feelingly acknowledged the power of her charms than Mr. Tudway. He had beheld her for the first time at a friendly dinner, to which he was invited by Mr.

Montague, the week before the races. He had long been his companion in the field, and had frequently received invitations to Sedley-House: but the society of two such solitary beings had no charms for the volatile Tudway, till he learned from the voice of Fame the transcendent perfections of their adopted daughter, whom he saw, admired, and loved, before he was aware of the impression she had made on his heart.

He had solicited the honor of her hand at the ball, which William had previously engaged. William, however, was too young, in the estimation of Mr. Tudway, to be considered as a formidable rival: he therefore beheld, without emotion, the smiles which she lavished on her delighted partner.

Mr. Tudway was an only child; and his father had, by the sale of tea and sugar in the metropolis, accumulated a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds.—Mrs. Tudway was what the world styled a good sort of woman: she was the daughter of a linen-draper, and had married Mr. Tudway, in the early part of her life, without any other knowledge than what good housewifery had taught her.—Totally unacquainted with that refinement which marks the manners of the present age, one servant contented her; and she was perfectly satisfied to remain in Milk-Street, till Mr. Tudway left off business.—Her son received the first rudiments of his education at a school in Hereford: but, on finding their riches increase, they determined to make George a gentleman. He was accordingly sent to France; and, at the time of Mr. Montague's taking Sedley-House, old Tudway purchased an estate in the same neighbourhood, bought a post-chaise, and lived (to use Mrs. Tudway's ex-

pression) in a comfortable way. But neither the acquisition of wealth, nor his retreat from business, could correct the native vulgarity of old Tudway: he was the same at Strawberry-Hall, as he had been behind his counter in Milk-Street: and George, on his return from the continent, was not a little shocked by the narrowness of his father's ideas, and the coarseness of his language. Nevertheless, as young Tudway was neither a bad nor a vicious character, he behaved extremely well to both his parents, and, by his own liberality and good humour, extorted, even from pride itself, that personal respect and approbation, which not even his occasional levity and impetuosity ever diminished.

He communicated to his father his passion for Marina: and old Tudway, who was always for closing a bargain, did not long delay in the present instance. As soon as his son was gone out, he instantly ordered his chaise, and, in less than an hour, was at Mr. Montague's door.—He was ushered into the study, where Mr. Montague was sitting, ruminating on the events of his past life.—The unexpected sight of old Tudway roused him from his *rêverie*; and, though he felt chagrined at his entrance, he received him with his usual politeness.—He had scarcely desired him to be seated, when, to his utter astonishment, the blunt citizen abruptly addressed him in the following curious strain—

(To be continued.)

—

The CONTRAST;

or, the LIFE of a SAILOR.

How melancholy is the life of a sailor! From the first hour of embarkation, his habits and modes of life become essentially different from those of his brethren on shore. His habitation is not fixed

seems without foundation, now leaning to this side, now to that; acted upon by every wave and by every breath of wind. Even his food is unnatural, engenders diseases, and can be relished only through long habit. Often, for months, he does not behold the cheerful face of woman, nor green fields, nor cottages. So sad are the watery deserts which he traverses, that even a solitary and sterile land becomes to him an object of interest. At night he slumbers in a narrow hammock, from which, in the midst of dreams of home, he is often roused by the sound of danger. Rushing upon deck, he finds the vessel driving before the blast, or laid down upon her side by a sudden gale. The rest of the night is spent amidst cold and wet, and darkness, and storms. Even the morning light is hardly welcome, since it serves only to discover a turbulent and boundless ocean, in which he may possibly, ere long, be overwhelmed, and no sad memorial of him remain to tell his fate.

Yet, to some, how pleasant is the life of a sailor! For ever roving about, he enjoys, without care, that variety which the Epicurean so sedulously, and often so vainly, seeks, as alone capable of giving a zest to the pleasures of existence. The fruits, the productions, the manners, of distant climates, become to him as familiar as those of his own country. He sees nature under every aspect; and the widely varying races of mankind, the Chinese and the Negro, the Indian and the Malay, are brothers, with whom he has often conversed. It is the duty and the pride of a sailor to struggle with the tempest; which inures his mind and body to fatigue and danger. But storms do not always vex the surface of the deep, nor do clouds  
 tors: ~~darken~~ darken the face of heaven,

Favorable breezes at intervals bear him smoothly along. He sees the sun rise in all his glory from the eastern waves, and disappear in the evening as in a sea of fire. He contemplates with pleasure the tropical clouds, the rich and splendid colors of which bid defiance to the art of the painter, and awaken to admiration even the rudest mind. He alone, with his level horizon, can contemplate, in all its magnificence, the star-light canopy of heaven, or the moon reflected on every side from a thousand broken waves. Who would not undergo a few hardships and privations, to arrive at the enjoyment of objects so sublime? How pleasant is the life of a sailor!

—  
*A Visit*

*to the PRESIDENT MONTESQUIEU.*

IN the course of his continental travels, the late Earl of Charlemont (in company with an English gentleman) paid a visit to the celebrated author of the "*Esprit des Loix*," which is thus described in the noble traveller's own words—

"Arrived at Bordeaux, our first inquiry was concerning the President Montesquieu; but how great was our disappointment, when we found that he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all-timidty, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter: an answer quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished; and, the next morning, we set out so early, that we arrived at the President's villa before he was risen. The servant showed us into his library, where the first object of

## Pearls, and the Pearl-Fishery.

curiosity that presented itself, was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the President, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him; instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman. . . . . Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricaded with a movable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. "Come," said he, searching in his pocket, "it is not worth our while to wait for the key;—you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me." So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it; while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which he meant it should have: our conversation was now as free and as easy as if we had been his equals in years, as in every other respectable qualification. . . . .

"Having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house. Our dinner

was plain and plentiful; and . . . . after having dined, we made an offer to depart, the President insisted upon our stay: nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days; during which time his conversation was as sprightly, as instructive, and as entertaining as possible."

The noble earl's acquaintance with the President did not end here: he again met him in a very different sphere—in the gay city of Paris, "where" (adds his lordship) "I was no sooner arrived, than Monsieur de Montesquieu, who had been there some days before me, most kindly came to see me: and, during the time of my abode in that metropolis, we saw each other frequently; and every interview increased my esteem and affection for him. I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maitre* of Paris could not have been more amusing from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old."

### PEARLS, and the PEARL-FISHERY.

IN Persia, the pearl is employed for less noble ornaments than in Europe: there it is principally reserved to adorn the water-pipes, the tassels for bridles, some trinkets, the inlaying of looking-glasses and toys, for which indeed the interior kinds are used; or, when devoted more immediately to their persons, it is generally strung as beads, to twist about in the hand, or as a rosary for prayer.

It has been often contested whether the pearl in the live oyster

hard as it appears in the market ; or whether it acquires its consistence by exposure. A gentleman, who had been encamped near the place where the pearl-fishery was carried on—and who had often bought the oysters as they came out of the water—has declared that he had opened the shell immediately, and, when the fish was still alive, had found the pearl already hard and formed. He had frequently also cut the pearl in two, and ascertained it to be equally hard throughout, in layers, like the coats of an onion. But Sir Harford Jones, who has had much knowledge of the fishery, has been heard to declare, that it is easy, by pressing the pearl between the fingers, when first taken out of the shell, to feel that it has not yet attained its ultimate consistency. A very short exposure, however, to the air gives the hardness. The two opinions are easily reconcilable by supposing, either a misconception in language of the relative term “hard”—by which one authority may mean every thing in the oyster which is not gelatinous, while the other would confine it more strictly to the full and perfect consistency of the pearl—or by admitting that there may be an original difference in the character of the pearl ; there being two different species, the yellow and the white.

The fish itself is fine eating ; nor indeed, in this respect, is there any difference between the common and the pearl oyster. The seed pearls, which are very indifferent, are arranged round the lip of the oyster, as if they were inlaid by the hand of an artist. The large pearl is nearly in the centre of the shell, and in the middle of the fish.

The fishermen always augur a good season of the pearl, when there has been plentiful rains ; and so ac-

curately has experience taught them, that, when corn is very cheap, they increase their demands for fishing. The connexion is so well ascertained, (at least so fully credited, not by them only, but by the merchants) that the prices paid to the fishermen are, in fact, always raised, when there have been great rains.

The divers seldom live to a great age. Their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and blood-shot. They can remain under water five minutes ; and their dives succeed one another very rapidly, as by delay the state of their bodies would soon prevent the renewal of the exertion. They oil the orifice of the ears, and put a horn over their nose. In general life they are restricted to a certain regimen, and to food composed of dates and other light ingredients. They can dive from ten to fifteen fathoms, and sometimes even more ; and their prices increase according to the depth. The largest pearls are generally found in the deepest water, as the success on the bank of Kharrack, which lies very low, has demonstrated. From such depths, and on this bank, the most valuable pearls have been brought up.

*Remains of VOLTAIRE.*

(Continued from page 373.)

BAYLE has somewhere said, that “courtiers are like lacqueys—muttering among themselves about their wages and their perquisites, complaining of the petulance of their masters, and abusing them.”—Lord Halifax has remarked, that “courts are nothing more than a crowd of consequential paupers, and right honorable beggars.”—Another remark of his is, “that the man who has not a superfluity of wit and courage upon occasion, will often find that he has not enough.”

## POETRY.

*Verse written in DECEMBER.*

*By Mr. WEBB,*

*Author of "Haverhill," &c.*

THE roses are faded, that painted my walks,

And loaded with balm the fresh air.  
How void of attraction appear the rude stalks,

Of blossoms and foliage bare!

Sweet Philomel long has forsaken you spray,

And flown to fair regions of spring:  
Ah! why, sullen throstle, forbear thy soft lay?

Why cease, thou gay sky-lark, to sing?

The treasures of autumn are swept from the plains:

The fruitage is pluck'd from each tree:  
The eye of the world is close shrouded, nor deigns

To look on poor nature, and me.

Though nature is stripp'd of her verdant attire,

And winter can yield no delight,  
My Muse from the willows will take down her lyre,

And sing in the season's despite.

Sweet soothing companion, complacent and kind!

All hail to thy heart-cheering pow'r,  
That chases the fog which envelops the mind,

And shortens December's long hour!

Thy smiles can illumine the fair brow of success,

And the pangs of keen want can assuage,  
The season of youth, life's gay spring-tide, can bless,

And warm the cold winter of age.

*INVOCATIONS, serious and comic.*

*By J. M. LACEY,*

*Author of "The Farm-House," &c.*

*The DRESS-MAKER'S Invocation to FASHION.*

FASHION! dear arbitrary Goddess!  
Who reign'st supreme o'er female dress,  
Whether 'tis shawl, gown, cap, or bodice,  
Yet true it is, though true it odd is,  
All will, in all, thy pow'r confess.

Thee I invoke: and, while invoking,  
I pray thee, lend a partial ear;  
For, truly, it would be provoking,  
That you should think me only joking:—  
Of that, great Goddess! there's no fear.

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Grant, then, that dress may have its changes

As often as the varying moon;  
And be its deviating ranges  
To Russia now, and now the Ganges—  
To Spain, and eke to Scanderoon.

Let each kind fancy-loving fair one  
Travel, in thought, from zone to zone,  
To seek some fashion new, some rare one,  
Which, if it did not please, would scare  
If but by oddity alone. [one,

And, as their pretty whims shall waver,  
Grant, Goddess great! oh! grant to me—

Nor deem that I'm a saucy craver—  
Still to retain each lady's favor;  
For which, all praise I'll give to thee.

Teach me to fit well:—that will flatter.—  
Fitting procures a name for taste—  
Makes stout look thin, and thin look fatter:

For, though it seems a trifling matter,  
Much may depend upon a waist.

Make me thy priestess, Goddess arm—  
And let my room thy temple be. [ing!  
Thither send all thy vot'ries swarming:  
Their numbers ne'er can be alarming,  
Since they, of course, must deal with me.

Then o'er my door, in letters flowing,  
I'll tell the world that thou'rt my friend;  
Thy goodness and my thanks thus show—  
Fortune may follow—there's no know-  
ing— [end  
And give my hopes their wish'd-for

*The MIDNIGHT STORM.*

'Tis midnight; and the tempest's bitter  
breath [tone.  
Sweeps o'er the bending pine in awful  
Its ravings seem the harbingers of death,  
And fill the mind with misery not its  
own.

Where shall the seaman hide his aching  
head? [the sky?

Where shelter from the storm that fills  
No comfort waits him: ev'ry hope seems  
fled; [die!

And terror tells him he shall quickly  
His palsied arm forgets its wonted pow'rs:  
His once-firm mind an infant weakness  
knows, hours—  
As home, and all its round of happy

4 K

As love remember'd through his bosom  
glows.

Heard ye the awful scream that fill'd the  
blast? [gloom!—

It spoke a shipwreck!—Now 'tis silent  
The seaman's hour of hope at length is  
past; [tomh!

And death consigns him to a wat'ry  
J. M. LACEY.

*The INQUIRY.*

SAY, lovely maid, why falls that tear,  
Or wherefore heaves that sigh?

What sorrow can my charmer fear,  
When her lov'd Edwin's nigh?

Hast thou, dear maid, a woe conceal'd,  
A care unshar'd by me—

By me, whose thoughts are all reveal'd  
So candidly to thee?

Too sure, thou hast; or why this grief?  
Why turn those eyes away?

Oh! speak! and give this heart relief,  
To wretchedness a prey.

Oh! speak! and all thy griefs impart;  
Thy ev'ry care disclose.

You sweetly own'd I had your heart:—  
Then let me share its woes.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

*The Female MENDICANT; a Fragment.  
From the GILSLAND ALBUM.*

SHE pass'd me twice, ere she could sup-  
plicate.— [pale woe,

She seem'd no common mendicant—  
That fed upon her cheek, had not sub-  
dn'd

The listness of soul that fill'd her eye,  
Though 'twas o'ercast: and, as she me  
survey'd [mildly said,

With doubting gaze, that eye said—  
“'Tis hard to beg.”

I stopp'd, and question'd her—  
The mite I gave, seem'd to have wak'd  
the thought [gush'd forth,

That few had been so kind: and tears  
Which hastily she wip'd, as though she  
scorn'd

Vain pity to excite, or yield to aught  
Of needless feeling—“The unfortunate,”

She said, “think, each, *their* lot the  
bitterest [me,

And mine, perhaps, seems bitterer to  
Than neutral reason would admit.”—

Again

She thank'd me meekly, and proceeded.  
My heart was strangely mov'd:—I fol-  
low'd her:

I urg'd her further to disclose her tale,  
To let me sooth her—Pity warmer  
grew—

I promis'd to redress her wrongs—to be  
Her future friend and guide.

Stea fast she gaz'd

Upon me, as I spoke—Her pale cheek  
glow'd:

A sudden lustre landled in her eye:—

The maid appear'd to take another form.  
No more the mendicant—her air was as  
The forest oak, recover'd from the  
storm. [me,

“Many there are,” she said, “would pity  
Thus fall'n: but art *thou* he,

Who would have spar'd that fall?”

Oh! poor is pity when it comes too late.”  
My poor, forsaken, long-lost Rosa-  
bud!—

.... Oh! 'twas she! 'twas she, who now,  
With a disdain too proud for anger, with  
The conscious triumph of superior  
mind . . . . . [er—

Refus'd the friendship of a false betray-  
His penitence refus'd to trust—

Bade him adieu, and fled.

Not backward was my speed, and I  
overtook her.

Her energies were all exhausted!—

Pale, trembling, breathless—death hung  
o'er her face. [gay.]—

(When first I saw that face, 'twas fair and  
I caught the tottering ruin—Oh! 'twas I,

Had undermin'd it!—Justly punish'd,

'Twas I, receiv'd its fall!—

Ne'er since has gladness reach'd my soul.

*The three OFFS,*

*or BONAPARTÉ'S FLIGHT.*

BRAVE Kutús' *off*, and Plat *off* 'oo,

Are names quite free from scoff, Sir;

But of the *third*, pray, what think you,

Now Bonaparté's *off*, Sir?

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